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HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCVII.—DECEMBER, 1875.—Vol. LII.

UP THE ASHLEY AND COOPER.

THE OAKS, NEAR GOOSE CREEK CHURCH.

CHARLESTON is the picturesque city of the Southern Atlantic coast. Not hidden eighteen or twenty miles up some river, not stretching out a ragged fringe of straggling suburbs to the north and south, not new and glaring, not young and legendless, the city has a character of its own, and is like nothing but itself. It never seems to be growing or racing ahead, like the Northern towns; but finished, complete, with a background of colonial traditions, with a history, with a peculiar architecture, with settled, mature ways and habits, it lives calmly on its narrow peninsula, and sighs not for other miles to conquer. Under the full moon, we stood beneath the little archways high up on St. Michael's historic spire. Below lay the city, closely built, stretching from river to river, and abruptly ending there, with no continuations on the far sides of the silvery streams to perplex you with the thought that you have not seen it all, but must perforce cross over and ride on horse-cars through dusty miles of suburbs. The near streets stretch systematically east and west from side to side; and from end to end, north and south, run, from the Battery to the green of the country, two long avenues that meet and shake hands three miles out, and then blend into a lovely country road, shaded with moss-draped live-oaks, that leads out across the Neck to the rice and cotton lands of the outlying plantations. From our station in the spire we could see the whole of this and take it all in—the very beginning and the very end of Charleston. Lights were twinkling from

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VIEW IN CHARLESTON, SOUTH CAROLINA, SHOWING ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH.

the windows of the old houses, built generally with the narrow gable-end on the street, rising three stories high, with closed shutters and massive jealous garden walls, which had seemed to us like fortifications as we strolled by; but now, looking down in the brilliant moonlight, we could see the long side stretch of broad verandas adorning each story from ground to roof, and the mass of green in the hidden gardens, which, like Moorish court-yards, are for the dwellers within, and not for the passers-by. Turning, we looked out to sea, down the broad harbor. On one side shone out the white cottages of Sullivan's Island, with the earth-covered slopes of Fort Moultrie; on the other we traced the long low tongue of Morris Island lying on the water, with the old ridge of Battery Wagner faintly visible; and in the centre of the harbor, directly under the moon, rose Fort Sumter, round, dark, and frowning, the little movable light-house, that mars its symmetry with its all too short tower, perched on its eastern parapet. The white sails of a vessel out on the ocean, seven miles distant, seemed nearer than the Brooklyn shore as seen from New York, for the harbor is wide, and therefore seems near, the eastern outlook is boundless—away to the Bermudas if you like—and water miles are short miles always, especially under the moon.

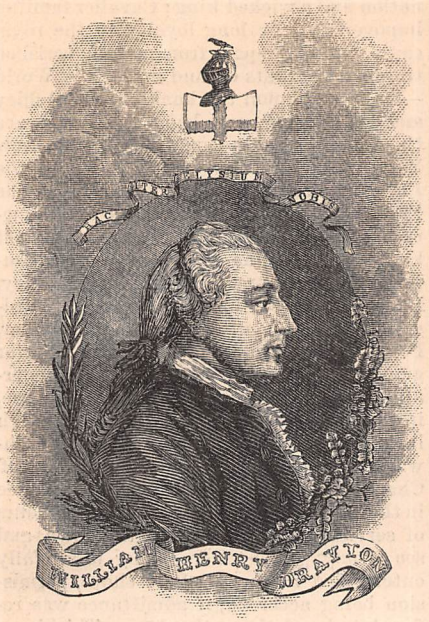
Then turning inland again, with the mind's eye full of this beautiful breezy harbor, we saw how it was formed. Two rivers come out from the land and flow into each other, their broad mingled tide sweeping down past the islands into the ocean. These rivers, the Kiowah and the Etiwan of the Indians, are the Ashley and the Cooper, by whose tides the city's sides are bound as with silvery ribbons, that stretch inland through the green country, shimmering and fading away into the pearly haze of the moon-lit night.

Below us the chimes rang out, sweetly telling the hour. "Nine o'clock, and a—all's well," chanted the watchman who keeps guard in the tower all night; and the returning cry answered him, chanted by the patrol from the street below. This is an old custom which has been preserved in Charleston, like many other old things so long gone from Northern cities that their very memory has faded. Visitors passing through, *en route* to and from Florida, seize upon this old spire with its chime and its watchman as something foreign, reminding them of quaint German towns they have seen abroad, and go away associating it with a mixture of wood-carvings, flaxen-haired maidens, and a ruined castle somewhere near, rather than with the olden times in their own country, to which it in reality belongs. St. Michael's Church was built in 1752 on the site of a wooden structure erected in 1690, the first Episcopal church in South Carolina; its chime of bells, eight in number, was brought from England. When the British evacuated Charleston in 1782, they removed these bells and sent them to New York, whence they were taken to England and sold. Rescued by a merchant there, formerly a resident of Charleston, they were returned to the city, where they hung in peace in their spire until 1861, when, as a matter of precaution, they were removed to Columbia;

there, passing through the great fire at the close of the war, they were so much injured that they were sent again to England, this time to be recast. On the 21st of March, 1867, they chimed again for the first time in their new garb from the old steeple, playing to the listening city the appropriate air, "Home again." St. Michael's spire is one hundred and sixty-eight feet high. Early in the Revolutionary war Captain Whipple, of the schooner *Defense*, who fired the first gun against the British in South Carolina, knowing that it was conspicuous far out at sea, conceived the idea of painting it black, in order that it might not serve as a landmark for the British fleet outside. This was done, but with another result than the one intended. Against the clear light Southern sky the obstinate spire, now black, stood out more conspicuously than ever. The Americans, while they occupied Charleston, kept a watchman in the tower, who reported the movements of the British, encamped on James Island, opposite; and during the late war the Confederates also kept a look-out there, to note the movements of the blockading fleet outside the bar and the position of the forces on Morris Island. This same spire was also the mark for the Federal artillery-men during the long siege of Charleston; but it was never struck, although more than twenty thousand shells were thrown, as closely aimed as could be, the guns being five miles distant. Other portions of the church were struck, but the injuries to the old walls were slight, and easily repaired.

The Ashley and the Cooper, the two silvery rivers we saw from this spire, were named after Ashley Cooper, afterward Earl of Shaftesbury, one of the lords proprietors to whom in 1693 Charles the Second granted a tract of land in that fine New World of his—a tract embracing with easy liberality the present domains of North Carolina, South Carolina, and Georgia. Locke, the philosopher, prepared a code of laws modeled upon Plato's republic for the infant colony, and among other things ordained a nobility, three orders, landgraves, cassiques, and barons, graduated by landed estates granted with the titles, which were to be hereditary, like the titles of the mother country. The titles and estates of landgrave were actually granted and enjoyed by several persons, forming the only *bona fide* United States nobility of which we have record. The people's government having been selected, the lords proprietors began to look about for the people, and owing to the confusion at home consequent upon the Restoration, they obtained two classes, widely different and widely disagreeing—classes that were not safely fused into one homogeneous mass until the Revolution came with its struggles and trials of fire: Roundhead families praying to leave a profligate nation and a wicked king; Cavalier families impoverished by long loyalty to the royal cause, and illy repaid from an impoverished treasury by grants of land in the New World—these met upon the banks of the Ashley and the Cooper, and kept the best peace they could. Later came Dutch from New York, when that city was captured by the English; and after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes came colonies of Huguenots, whose names are still among the best known in Carolina—Bonneau, Cordes, Dupont, De Saussure, Grimké, Huger, Horry, Legaré, Le Jau, Laurens, Mazyck, Manigault, Marion, Neufville, Prioleau, Porcher, Poyas, Ravenel, and others. The charter guaranteed liberty of conscience, and, generally speaking, this was allowed to all. True, in the old records later stand several church laws, one of which empowered the churchwarden, accompanied by two constables of Charles-town, once in the morning and once in the afternoon on Sunday, during the hours of service, to walk through the town and see if any persons were being unlawfully entertained at the vintners' shops, permission being accorded, if admittance was refused, to break down the door. This, however, is mild compared to Virginia, where the law compelled every new settler to appear before the rector of the parish for proper religious instruction; if he refused, he was to be admonished and whipped; if he refused a second time, he was to be admonished and whipped a second time; and if he refused a third time, he was to be whipped every day until he yielded, which must have brought him in a charming temper to the waiting rector. These laws, made to uphold Episcopal authority, smack of an intolerance not far behind that of the much-berated Puritans of Massachusetts Bay. They were, however, a dead letter, at least in Carolina, where the Dissenters were always a powerful body, and the Cavalier families, however influential, in point of numbers a minority.

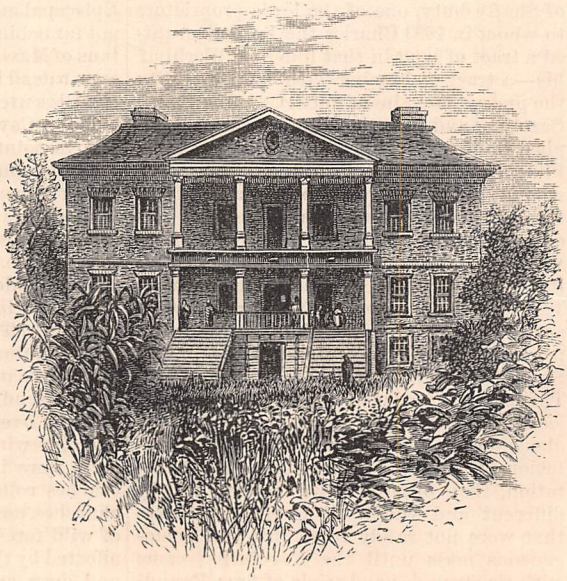
In colonial times Charleston was a favorite settlement of the mother country, owing to the value of its exports—indigo, rice, and naval stores. In 1731 forty thousand barrels of rice were exported, and, as it was said, "London and Liverpool looked lovingly on the brisk colony of the Ashley and Cooper." The sons of the wealthier planters were almost universally sent to England to be educated, no other colony in the New World sending so many. Fashions were brought over for the wives and daughters; Madeira wine, punch, tea, coffee, and chocolate were in common use; and four-horse coaches rolled up to the doors of the little churches, now almost lost in a second growth of wild forest. Out-door sports were much affected by the planters, who kept fine horses and dogs, and hunted over the country in English style, although on a larger scale



than was possible in that well-bounded, well-meted-out island. They killed foxes, deer, and bears, and now and then an Indian, for the forests were still full of the red-skinned foes. In 1674 the first regular government, other than military, was established in the province, in 1682 a Parliament was held, and in 1683 a landgrave was appointed Governor, succeeding the military rule of Landgraves Yeamans and West. One of these Carolina landgraves we shall find in our journey up the Cooper River; for, leaving Charleston with its oft-told and well-known story, we are going up the two rivers to search out the old manors, with their legends and history, now almost forgotten, of colonial times and of the Revolution.

The Ashley River, or "up the Ashley," was once the scene of great magnificence, the residences and the ways of living being modeled upon those of the English nobility, from whom, in many instances, the planters were descended. This style of living was even more liberal than its English prototype, owing to the warm climate—which almost necessarily promoted indolence and consequent lavishness—to the rich lands, and especially to the number of slaves owned and employed, making each estate patriarchal in its administration, government, and system of supplies.

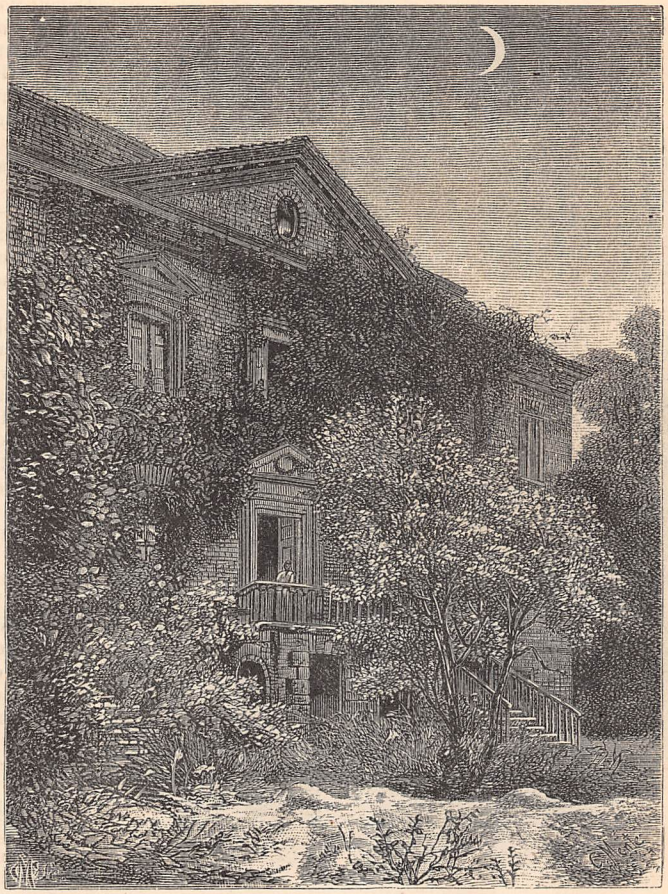
Drayton Hall, the only one of these old homes now remaining, was built in 1740 by Thomas Drayton, Esq., and named after the family residence, Drayton Hall, Northamptonshire, England; its cost at that early period being ninety thousand dollars. It is built of brick, the columns of Portland marble, and much of the finer material having been imported from England. Within, the stairway, the mantels, and the wainscot, which extends in a quaint fashion from floor to ceiling, are of solid mahogany, paneled and elaborately carved, the wainscot at a later period having been painted over, probably on account of the daily oiling and polishing which old-time ideas of shining mahogany required. Over the mantels are frames set in the wainscot for pictures or coats of arms, the fire-places are adorned with colored tiles, and the size of the rooms, together with the great kitchens and ovens below, take one back to the old baronial days in England when size was a criterion of grandeur, and every thing belonging to great families was great also, from the breadth of their apartments to the bulk of their four-horse coaches. In one of the cellars are to be seen a number of marble columns lying on the ground just as they came from England. These columns have given rise to the story that the old mansion was never entirely finished; but this is an error, the columns having been intended not for the house, but for a gateway outside. The Drayton family occupied the Hall for a num-



DRAYTON HALL, ON THE ASHLEY, WESTERN FRONT.

ber of years. Many persons in Charleston remember the stories told by their fathers and mothers of the dinner parties and other entertainments given at Drayton Hall, when carpets were laid down over the broad flights of steps at both entrances and out to the carriage-ways, that the ladies might alight and enter without endangering the satin of their robes.

Cornwallis occupied Drayton Hall as his head-quarters during portions of the years 1780 and 1781, appointing receivers for the estate, and doling out rations of provisions daily to those of the family who had remained at home. The letters "K.W." are still to be seen cut into one of the bricks by a German soldier—his way of spelling his commander's name.



DRAYTON HALL—RIVER FRONT.

The Draytons are one of the oldest Carolina families; they came to the province in 1671 with Sir John Yeamans. William Henry Drayton, a grandson of the first comer, was born at Drayton Hall in 1742. He was educated in England, at Westminster School and Oxford; but in spite of his English habits and affiliations, on his return to Carolina he took up the cause of liberty, and wrote and published several powerful pamphlets upon the rights of the injured colony. In 1775 he was elected a member of the Provincial Congress, and was afterward advanced to its presidency. It was while holding this office that he issued, on the 9th of November, 1775, the order for the first firing on the British, which was executed by Captain Whipple, of the schooner *Defense*, and opened hostilities in the South. This order, addressed to Colonel William Moultrie, directed him "by every military operation to endeavor to oppose the passage of any British naval armament that may attempt to pass Fort Johnson;" and as Congress had not at that time declared independence, it was a bold, self-reliant, and energetic measure. Before the Revolution Drayton had been one of the king's counselors and judge of the province, and after it he was made Chief Justice by his countrymen, who heaped honors of all kinds upon him in recognition of his distinguished character and services, one of the latter being a mission to the disaffected people of the back country, which, in connection with the Rev. William Tennant, he undertook and carried out with success in 1775. He was the author of a history of the Revolution; he designed one side of the arms and great seal of South Carolina, the other side having been contributed by Arthur Middleton, a signer of the Declaration of Independence; and he was considered one of the ablest political writers and speakers of the day—all this in what we should call his youth, since he died in Philadelphia, while attending Congress in 1779, at the early age of thirty-seven years.

At the close of the late war, when every other mansion in this parish was burned,

MAGNOLIA, ON THE ASHLEY.

Drayton Hall was spared. It is said that a negro declared that its owner was a Union man, which story had so much foundation in fact as this: A Northern Drayton, a near relative of the South Carolina family, was actually outside the bar with the fleet which had so long blockaded Charleston Harbor; this was Captain Percival Drayton, of the United States navy, who distinguished himself in the engagements at Port Royal, Fort Sumter, and Mobile Bay, and died in 1865 at Washington, Chief of the Bureau of Navigation. His tomb is in Trinity Church, New York city, and is annually adorned with flowers on Decoration-day.

The Rev. William Tennant, who accompanied Mr. Drayton on his mission to the disaffected people of the back country, was born in New Jersey, and educated at Princeton College; he became pastor of the Independent Church in Charleston in 1772, and although a clergyman, he was so ardently zealous in the cause that he was elected a member of the Provincial Congress. It was said of him that his whole soul was in the Revolution; he spoke and wrote with vigor, and made his influence felt wherever he went. He died, like Drayton, at the early age of thirty-seven, at the High Hills of the Santee. And a word here about that locality, the High Hills of the Santee—all in capitals—a title that stands out on the pages of Charleston history with a breezy prominence that carries the reader in imagination up, up, to far blue mountain-tops. On the principle of large rivers for large cities, the Santee, melodiously and appropriately formed by the Wateree and Congaree, is the river at whose mouth Charleston ought to have stood. It did not get the city, for some reason or other, and goes townless into the sea; but to make up for this, it has its hills—those High Hills that rise about two hundred feet above the plain, the favorite camping-ground of General Greene during the Revolutionary war, affectionately called by General Lee "the benign Hills of the Santee." Thither resorted many South Carolinians, apparently to die; at least one often reads of this or that distinguished man, "He died at the High Hills of the Santee."

But, Carolina, we will not smile at the small height of these high hills of thine; keep them for the poetical name they bear (always in capitals), and for the way they light up the story of thy poor foot-sore, weary little Revolutionary army. One is always so glad to read that they "went into camp at the High Hills of the Santee"—brave, patriotic little band!

Below Drayton Hall is Schievelin, an estate of the Izard family. Here was made one of the first treaties with the Indians of Carolina, and there is still to be seen here a block-house, intended as a retreat for the family in case of a sudden attack by the redskins. There was a dramatic scene at Schievelin once. The young heir, having wooed and won a foreign bride, brought her home to Charleston, and thence one fine morning the bridal party, with escort of friends, all on horseback, rode out to the manor-house on the Ashley. Just before they reached the long avenue of live-oaks that led to the entrance, the young husband, eager to give his bride the first glimpse of her new home, urged her horse forward, and galloping with

her into the arched roadway, called upon her to look. She did look—and saw nothing but flames. The house was burning, and the bride saw only its destruction. It is said that they went abroad again and never returned.

Below Schievelin, nearer Charleston, is Ashley Ferry. Here, on the 9th of May, 1791, George Washington, President of the United States, accompanied by his wife and suit, took breakfast on his way to Savannah. He was escorted as far as the ferry by General Moultrie, General Pinckney, and other distinguished citizens of Charleston. The young ladies of the last century were not unlike those of to-day, for we read that they sallied forth from all the houses round about, and crowned the Father of his Country with flowers as he sat over his cup of tea—or was it chocolate?

Still nearer Charleston is the old Bull estate; also Accabee, with its fortified walls.

Next above Drayton Hall is beautiful Magnolia, the residence of the Rev. J. Grimké Drayton. In the spring, when a little steamer carries the returning Florida tourists up the Ashley to see old Drayton Hall, many of the visitors go no farther than this enchanting garden, where they wander through the glowing aisles of azaleas, and forget the lapse of time, recalled from their trance of enjoyment only by the whistle of the boat, which carries them back to the city without so much as a glimpse of the old mansion they came to see.

"You went to Drayton Hall, of course?"

"Well, no. We landed at Magnolia, and the garden is so beautiful, so bewitchingly lovely, that we did not even think of the Hall, which is half a mile distant, you know, until it was too late," is the common answer to the common question during the spring season in Charleston, when the great hotel with white columns is thronged with returning tourists, all wearing palmetto hats and carrying sea-beans in their pockets. It is now understood that only a person of superior energy of character succeeds in passing through the beautiful garden and viewing the old Hall in spite of the azaleas.

AZALEAS—GARDEN AT MAGNOLIA.

LIVE-OAKS.

The garden, in its present beauty, has been in existence only ten or fifteen years, although Magnolia had, of course, the usual garden and live-oaks of the Ashley plantations; a pretty modern cottage has taken the place of the old house, which was destroyed. Seven persons, touching fingertips, can just encircle the trunks of some of the live-oaks here; there are camellias eighteen and twenty feet high, and a beautiful sylphide rose seventeen feet in height by twenty feet wide. There are also many rare trees and shrubs, among them the sacred tree of the Grand Lama, *Cupressus lusitanica*. But the glory of the garden is the gorgeous coloring of the azaleas, some of the bushes sixteen and seventeen feet through by twelve feet high, others nineteen and twenty feet through by thirteen feet high—solid masses of blossoms in all the shades of red, from palest pink to deepest crimson, and now and then a pure white bush, like a bride in her snowy lace. It is almost impossible to give a Northerner an idea of the affluence of color in this garden when its flowers are in bloom. Imagine a long walk, with the moss-draped live-oaks overhead, a fairy lake and bridge in the distance, and on each side the great fluffy masses of rose and pink and crimson, reaching far above your head, thousands upon tens of thousands of blossoms packed close together, with no green to mar the intensity of their color, rounding out in swelling curves of bloom down to the turf below, not pausing a few inches above it and showing bare stems or trunk, but spreading over the velvet, and trailing out like the rich robes of an empress. Stand on one side and look across the lawn; it is like a mad artist's dream of hues; it is like the Arabian nights; eyes that have never had color enough find here a full feast, and go away satisfied at last. And with all their gorgeousness, the hues are delicately mingled; the magic effect is produced not by unbroken banks of crude reds, but by blended shades, like the rich Oriental patterns of India shawls, which the

European designers, with all their efforts, can never imitate. Sometimes in Northern gardens one sees, carefully tended, a little bed of scarlet geraniums all in bloom, or else a mound of verbenas in various shades; imagine these twelve or thirteen feet high extending in long vistas in all directions as far as the eye can reach, and you have a faint idea of the beautiful spring garden of Magnolia.

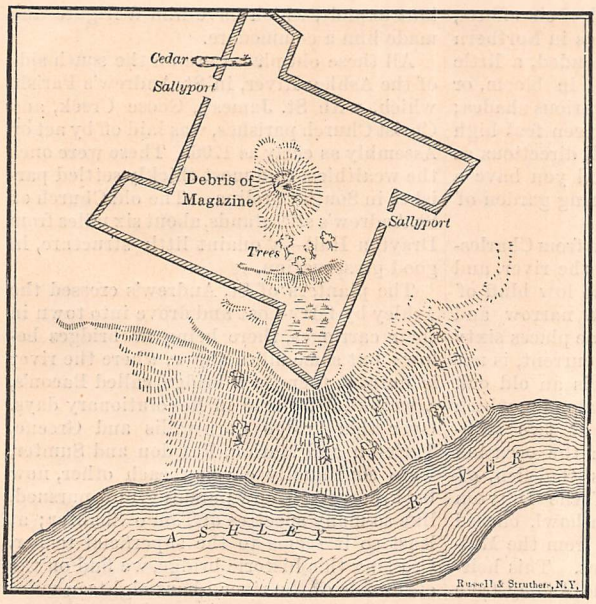
Although now thirteen miles from Charleston, the tide sets strongly up the river, and sweeps with force against the low bluff of Magnolia; the Ashley seems narrow and harmless, but it is deep, in some places sixty feet, and, owing to the swift current, is not without its dangers. There is an old oak not far from the landing at Magnolia, which has acted as life-preserver at two shipwrecks. In the old days, on the occasion of the marriage of a Miss Gadsden, of Charleston, to a member of the Drayton family, a large silver punch-bowl, chased and engraved, was borrowed from the Middletons to grace the festivities. This heirloom was voyaging down the Ashley from Middleton Place on its way to Charleston, when the schooner which bore it was wrecked directly under the old oak, the crew saving themselves by climbing into its overhanging branches; but the punch-bowl went to the bottom, where it still remains. In later years another shipwreck in the very same place was witnessed by the present owner of Magnolia, the crew saving themselves in the same way, by climbing into the tree like so many squirrels.

A few miles above Magnolia are the ruins of Middleton Place, once one of the most beautiful plantations in South Carolina. This was the home of Arthur Middleton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Here he lived and here he died. The old oaks, the hedges, the elaborate terraces and ponds, still remain, but the place is deserted, and the spirit of melancholy broods over it.

Next beyond is Ashley Hill, once the property of the Gillon family. Here can still be seen a heap of gravel which was brought over from Holland to gravel the walks nearly two centuries ago. General Greene encamped at Ashley Hill for some time previous to the recapture of Charleston, but the glory of the place is the story of its original owner, Commodore Gillon, of Revolutionary fame. During the years 1777 and 1778, when the British were blockading Charleston Harbor, three of their vessels were particularly troublesome, and Alexander Gillon, then a merchant of the city, volunteered to go out in the only armed vessel possessed by the Americans and attack them. By means of stratagem and the most daring bravery he captured all three, and came sailing back in triumph with his three prizes in tow—a brilliant exploit, which gave him a frigate and made him a commodore.

All these old places are on the south side of the Ashley River, in St. Andrew's Parish, which, with St. James's, Goose Creek, and Christ Church parishes, was laid off by act of Assembly as early as 1706. These were once the wealthiest and most thickly settled parishes in South Carolina. The old Church of St. Andrew's still stands, about six miles from Drayton Hall—a quaint little structure, in good preservation.

The planters of St. Andrew's crossed the Ashley by ferry-boat and drove into town in their carriages, there being no bridges below; but some miles above, where the river is narrow, there is a bridge, called Bacon's, a well-known name in Revolutionary days. Over this bridge Cornwallis and Greene, Tarleton and Marion, Rawdon and Sumter, were continually chasing each other, now back, now forth, now pursuing, now pursued, like so many spectres of Tam o' Shanter; at least so it seems to the superficial reader. Crossing this historic bridge, we find on the other side of the river, about eighteen miles from Charleston, two picturesque and, in the American sense of the word, ancient ruins—an old fort, built in a horseshoe bend of the Ashley, and not far from it a Gothic tower eighty feet in height, gracefully draped in vines. These two silent mementoes of colonial times and the Revolution are little known outside of their immediate neighborhood, and have never been photographed until now. They stand like sentinels over the site of a town, the once-flourishing town of Dorchester, where now not one hearth-stone remains, not one brick upon another. A party of patriots went out not long since, with speeches and toasts all prepared, to celebrate the centennial of an old fort up on Lake George. Arrived at the spot, however, they could not find even the site. But here on the Ashley is a well-preserved fortification, deserving remembrance and notice now, if ever. Its walls are of concrete, from eight to ten feet high; the inclosed ground within is covered with a thick growth of forest trees; in the centre is a mound, covering the *débris* of the magazine; cedars of venerable aspect line its outer face, and in some places have fallen across; but the old walls stand firmly, and the broad top is solid and even. It is known that this fort was built before 1719, as a protection against the Indians, and probably it dates even farther back. It was repaired in 1775 as a place of refuge in case Charleston should be captured, and was used as a gathering point for the militia and for covering the back country. Moultrie, the hero of the glorious little palmetto fortress on Sullivan's Island, and Marion, the brilliant, daring will-o'-the-wisp of the swamps, both commanded at different times this little fort on the Ash-



PLAN OF THE OLD FORT AT DORCHESTER.

ley. In Moultrie's memoirs there is the following:

"*November*, 1775.—Information having been received that the Scoffol lights" (Scoville light troops) "were coming down from the back country in great force to carry off the ammunition and public records that were lodged at Dorchester, I received orders to send a re-enforcement immediately to that place.

"*November* 10, 1775.

"*To Captain Francis Marion:*

"You are to proceed with all expedition, with yours and Captain Huger's companies, to Dorchester to re-enforce the troops there, and to take special care in guarding and defending the cannon, gunpowder, and public records at that place. You are to take command of the whole of the forces there until further orders. You are to apply to the committee at Dorchester for a sufficient number of negroes in the public service to remove the cannon lying near the water-side to a spot more safe near the fort.

(Signed) "WILLIAM MOULTRIE."

Later, in 1779, General Moultrie wrote to General Lincoln as follows:

"I have halted troops at Dorchester, where I intend to form my camp ready to support you.

"WILLIAM MOULTRIE."

In May, 1780, Charleston was taken by the British, and the next year, after the flight of Cornwallis into Virginia, Marion and Sumter kept the enemy in check in the vicinity of Charleston by harassing their outposts, one of which was this old fort at Dorchester. On one occasion General Wade Hampton, commanding some troops under them, charged down the Dorchester road with a small body of dragoons to the very walls of Charleston, while his associate, Colonel Lee, captured a heavily loaded wagon train belonging to the enemy, rode through the town of Dorchester, drove the British garrison out of the fort, and then away like a meteor, rejoining Hampton at the designated point, when the two bold raiders and their small bands went back in triumph with their spoil to the main body of the army. Another time General Greene approached Dorchester with two hundred horse and two hundred foot, hoping to surprise the fort; but the enemy, having received information of the movement, were prepared, and waited all night for the attack. In the morning they sent out fifty scouts, but Wade Hampton and his dragoons met them, and drove them helter-skelter back to the fort, from whose sally-port there presently issued forth a body of cavalry to pursue the dragoons, who were riding back to camp. But Hampton turned and charged down to the walls of the fort again, driving them before him, and so alarming the garrison that, thinking Greene's whole army was upon them, they destroyed their stores, threw their cannon into the river, and abandoned the post by night, retreating within the fortifications of Charleston. General Greene could not pursue them, as his whole force was less than half their number. There was a surprise of another kind at this old Dorchester fort, which illustrates also the previously mentioned depth and strong current of the apparently harmless little Ashley. An American sentinel on the south side of the river, seeing a red coat through the trees on the opposite bank, gave the alarm: "The enemy! the enemy!" Immediately all was commotion, a force was ordered to cross the river and examine the ground. A captain in charge, who knew something of the current, sent after boats; but at this moment up galloped Lieutenant-Colonel Laurens, and hearing the cause of the delay, plunged into the river, waving his sword, and crying out, "Ye who are brave men, follow me!" It is said that the captain, who was also a brave soldier, immediately followed at the head of all the men, indignant at the imputation; but his fears were verified, for it was with the greatest difficulty, and only after a severe struggle, that horses and riders reached the opposite bank, where, in their exhausted condition, they would infallibly have been captured if there had been any thing to take them save one old red soldier's coat accidentally left hanging in a tree.

The guns of this old fort once com-

manded the entire length of the principal street of Dorchester, and the church, whose ruined tower alone remains, stood at the forest end of the other, the two avenues crossing at right angles. In 1717 the town contained eighteen hundred inhabitants, and in 1723 it had a market, semi-annual fairs, and a free school. Now there is nothing left, not a trace of man's habitation; one or two recently plowed fields and a second growth of wild forest cover the spot. The little lost town has its story. In 1696 there came from Dorchester, Massachusetts, to Carolina a colony of Congregationalists, accompanied by their pastor; they selected a site on the Ashley River, and established themselves there, "to encourage," they said, "the promotion of religion on the Southern plantations." They called their village Dorchester, after their Massachusetts home, and also after the town of Dorchester in England, whence some of them had originally emigrated; and, with the industry and thrift of their race, they speedily built up a settlement of importance, and established a thriving trade with the surrounding country. Their old church, built in 1696, the year of their arrival, and rebuilt in 1794, still stands, in thick woods, with scarcely a track leading to its door. It was an Independent Congregational church, and is called in the neighborhood the Old White. It celebrated its one-hundred-and-fiftieth anniversary in 1846; but no services have been held there for many years save those of the wind, the rain, and the birds.

THE OLD WHITE MEETING-HOUSE, DORCHESTER.

Long before the days when incorrect spelling had grown into a fine art a humorist dwelt at Dorchester, who seems to have surpassed our later wits by his native talents in that line. Witness the following letter, which, with the unconsciousness of genius, he probably never considered funny at all. It is addressed to a member of the committee to whom had been intrusted the rebuilding of the Old White:

"*April 14th*, 1794.

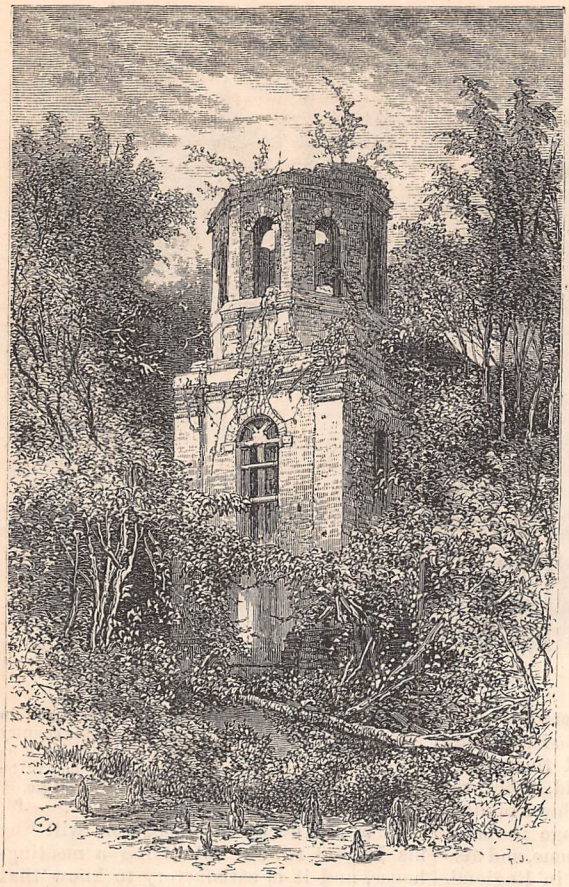
"SIR,—Eye am in formed that you ar wanting abricklare to do the work at the meeting-hors and if you do eye will do it as Cheap as it can be dun in the country Ether by Mesment or by the job likewise eye will ba my Might to words the meeting-hors You will be Kind enuf to Send me ananser Remain Yours &c.

"——."

It is not every workman who will "ba his Might" toward rebuilding a meeting-house, and it is satisfactory to know that this man secured the job.

In 1752 the little colony of Congregationalists on the Ashley removed in a body to Liberty County, Georgia, where they settled, and built Dorchester number four, about five miles from the town of Sunbury, from whose fort in the times of the Revolution Colonel M'Intosh sent out the gallant reply to the British commander, "Come and take it!" The trustees of Georgia were glad to get the thrifty Massachusetts settlers, who left the Ashley because they could not obtain there sufficient land for their purposes; but they could not take their old church, which, surrounded by graves, now stands alone in the forest, still showing, however, in the shape of the roof and in every sturdy squared timber, its plain Puritan origin.

In striking contrast to the Old White, stands the ruined Gothic tower, all that remains of St. George's Church, Dorchester. The lords proprietors had troubled themselves very little as to the religion of their new colony, in spite of the glowing hopes for the conversion of the natives which had given them their liberal charter. So far,



OLD TOWER OF ST. GEORGE'S, DORCHESTER.

but one teacher had gone out among the red men, and it is but just to add that he was highly successful, much more so, indeed, than many who came after: a French dancing-master took his courage in his hands and went boldly out into the woods, where he taught the young braves to dance politely, and to play upon the flute. His classes were held upon the banks of the Santee, and it is said that he retired at last with a handsome fortune, derived from the willing fees of his eager pupils. In 1707, however, the lords proprietors awoke, directed the province to be divided into districts, and established religious worship according to the forms of the Church of England; that is, they endeavored to do this, and for that purpose ordered churches to be erected, among them this of St. George's, Dorchester. The church was built of brick, seventy feet long by thirty feet wide, in shape cruciform, with Gothic windows; and the tower, which once held "a ring of bells," shows how beautiful, complete, and church-like the little sanctuary must have been. Services were held here, with some periods of discontinuance, for more than one hundred years, the walls having been several times repaired during the century, the last time in 1823 by Mr. Henry Middleton, then United States minister to Russia. Soon after this date Dorchester declined rapidly; it was discovered that the river-bottom rice lands were more productive than the inland-swamp rice lands of this neighborhood, and gradually the plantations were neglected, irrigation, which had been carried on extensively, was abandoned, and the country grew unhealthy. There is now nothing left of Dorchester save the old fort and tower, the church itself having been pulled down by Vandal hands for the sake of the bricks—a sake which has destroyed more than one beautiful ruin near Charleston, and which makes one long to send down several ship-loads of new bricks, if only the thoughtless hands would spare the relics of antiquity which our New World can not afford to lose. During the period when old St. George's still stood, although deserted, it was discovered that a black boy who tended sheep in the neighborhood was in the habit of driving his flock into the church during rain-storms, and the scene was put into verse as follows:

"When all the consecrated ground,
Nave, chancel, choir, and aisle,
Thronged by a bleating flock was found,
Quite crowded was the pile;
A stout black boy, with cord and crook,
Within the pulpit's chair
Kept watch with very sleepy look
Upon his fleecy care."

In the overgrown church-yard of St. George's are a number of old tombs, among them one covered with a horizontal slab upon which can be distinctly traced the marks of chopping-knives, the British soldiers having used the stone as a meat-chopping board while they were encamped in the neighborhood.

The fair dames of Revolutionary times stand out on the pages of the old chronicles, the very words that describe them seeming as stately as their manners and as rich as their brocades. One of these chronicles describes Mistress Waring, of Tranquil Hall, Dorchester, setting forth on Sunday morning to attend service at old St. George's.

It may here be remarked, by-the-way, that the title "Mrs." is to this day in the South ceremoniously pronounced "Mistress" always. The two dames, Mistress Waring and her sister, went together in a broad chaise, the gentlemen riding ahead on horseback, their swords by their sides; the dames wore musk-melon hats, and had large bouquets pinned on their stomachers, the curtain of the chaise being carefully fastened across to keep the dust and damp from their flowered satin gowns. Thus arrayed, when St. George's "ring of bells" sounded, forth they sallied from Tranquil Hall to attend the Sunday service.

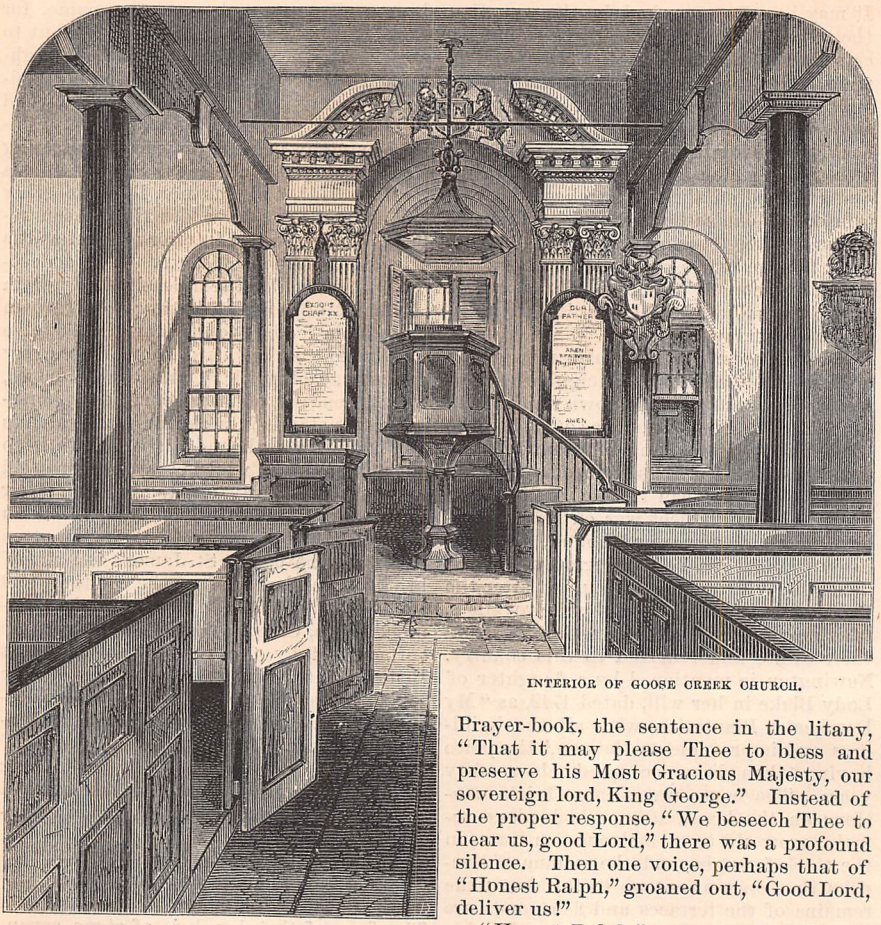
Within the past year the picturesque ruin of Newington, also in the neighborhood of Dorchester, has been torn down for the sake of the bricks. Newington was owned by the Blake family, descendants of Admiral Blake, who distinguished himself in engagements on the Mediterranean in 1654, and died on board ship as his fleet was entering Plymouth Harbor, homeward-bound, in 1657. Cromwell had his body interred with high honors in Westminster Abbey, but after the Restoration it was removed by the royalists, which so angered his children that they sold their estate and removed to this country. Newington is mentioned by a daughter of Lady Blake in her will, dated 1749, as "My Dorchester Plantation, with all the buildings and improvements thereon," the place having then been occupied about fifty years. The house was a large brick mansion; on the broad steps, which alone remain, grow old trees, and one can trace, in the thick forest beyond, the avenue of live-oaks that once swept up to the door; the remains of the terraces and fish ponds are still to be seen. It was here in this forest that we found supple-jacks (*Berchemia volubilis*) of extraordinary size, twining around each other, and every thing else they could reach, as tenaciously and closely as the strands of a new rope upon each other; up they went, from the ground to the tops of the tallest trees, like coils of serpents, coming down again like Japanese acrobats, hand over hand, the original Jacks of the bean-stalk.

At Dorchester we are near the head waters of the Ashley. Crossing to the eastward, we find Goose Creek, a branch of the Cooper, for these two Charleston rivers, in all their course, are not far apart. Goose Creek, seventeen miles from Charleston, is a classic region, in spite of its name. It was once the most wealthy and most thickly settled neighborhood in the province, and the favorite residence of distinguished families, who owned plantations also in other localities, but chose this for their home. The little stream which flows through the lovely land curves as a goose's neck curves—at least so they said—and they seem to have been well contented with the name, for they gave it not only to the river, but to the church, the parish, and the whole neighborhood, the "they" meaning the old residents, men of importance in Carolina. Old Goose Creek church (St. James's) is considered by many persons the most interesting relic of colonial times in the South. It was built in 1711, and has not, like the other old churches we have described, been rebuilt; the walls and interior are just as the original designer left them. It is a decorous little woodland temple, situated now in the heart of a forest, a narrow overgrown track alone leading to the door where twelve four-horse coaches used to roll up every Sunday morning, filled with stately dames, their attendant cavaliers coming on horseback. It stands in a church-yard which is fortified by a wall and ditch, not to keep out man, but the wild beasts that prowled by night; the gray old tombs, with their lichen-covered inscriptions, sadly need an Old Mortality to decipher their forgotten stories of the past. St. James's is built of brick, cherub-heads adorn the windows, and the high pulpit, marble tablets of the Commandments, Creed, and Lord's Prayer, are surmounted by the royal arms of Great Britain, tinted and in relief—a decoration which preserved the little temple from desecration and destruction during the Revolutionary war. The altar and the rails of the chancel are gone, but on the walls hang some highly colored and fantastic memorial tablets, one of them bearing this inscription:

> Under this lyes the late Col. JOHN GIBBES,
> who deceased on the 7th of August, 1711.
> Aged 40.

The floor of the church is of stone, seventeen mahogany pews fill it, and there is a gallery across one end. In front of the pulpit, set in the floor, is a tablet to the memory of the Rev. Francis Le Jau, D.D., of Trinity College, Dublin, who was the first rector of the parish, and died in 1717.

The name Gibbes, found on the most fantastic of the tablets in Goose Creek church, belongs to an old and well-known Cavalier family of Kent, England, who removed to Barbadoes at the time of the king's imprisonment, and thence came to Carolina. The name appears on the old paper money, among the governors of the province, and in the company of patriots who were sent as prisoners to St. Augustine, Florida, during the Revolutionary war. At a later date one of this family was noted for his wit, and many of his odd sayings and doings have come down to this day, among them the following: "After the Revolution Mr. Gibbes found himself, like most others, in narrow circumstances, and opened a counting-house as broker and auctioneer. A gang of negroes was sent to him for sale, and



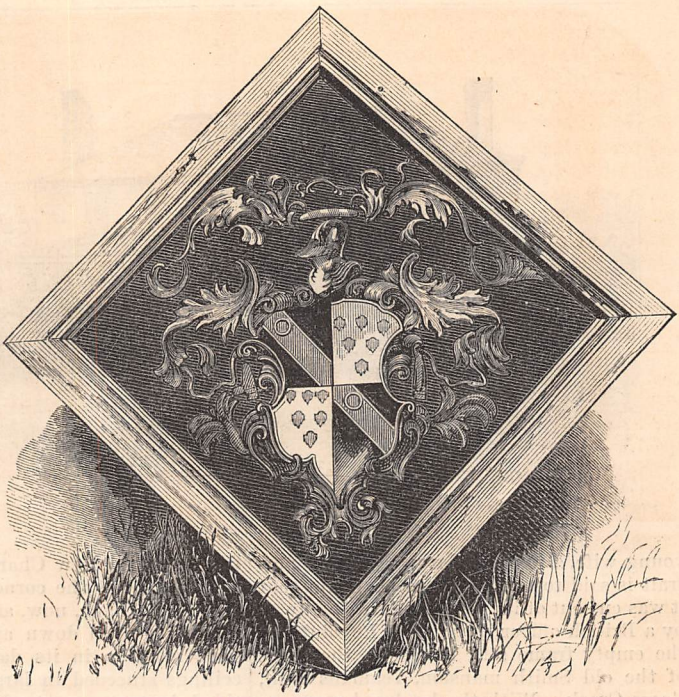
INTERIOR OF GOOSE CREEK CHURCH.

about the same time an English trader called with an invoice of wigs to inquire if there was any chance of selling them. He had been deceived by some wag in England, who had told him that wigs (Whigs) were all the rage now in America. Mr. Gibbes, however, promptly undertook to dispose of the wigs, and immediately advertised to sell the negroes on a certain day, 'each having on a new and fashionable wig.' Accordingly on the day of sale a great company assembled, and the negroes were put upon the stand, each with a powdered wig over his black wool, the wigs to be paid for at a guinea each, let the negroes sell for what they would. The novelty and humor of the idea aroused the audience, the bids were lively, and the negroes, with their powdered head-gear of long queues and great rolls of curls, were all well sold."

It was at Goose Creek church that the rector, after the capture of Charleston by the British and the extension of their lines through the neighborhood, read one Sunday morning, in conformity with the English Prayer-book, the sentence in the litany, "That it may please Thee to bless and preserve his Most Gracious Majesty, our sovereign lord, King George." Instead of the proper response, "We beseech Thee to hear us, good Lord," there was a profound silence. Then one voice, perhaps that of "Honest Ralph," groaned out, "Good Lord, deliver us!"

"Honest Ralph," a name called "Rafe" in Carolina, was a member of the Izard family, who resided at the "Elms," an old plantation in Goose Creek Parish. He obtained his title from Landgrave Smith, the influential Dissenter, who angrily writes it in a letter to England, dated June 3, 1703, the subject being some obnoxious legislation which grew out of an attempt to make all the members of the Assembly conform to the worship of the Church of England. It could hardly have been the first Rafe, however, who groaned out the reply; more probably it was a descendant—the Rafe whose marble tablet now adorns the walls of Goose Creek church, and whose quaint old hatchment, said to be the only hatchment in this country, is still to be seen there. This hatchment was borne before the body into the church at the time of the funeral, and remained there, hanging upon the wall, according to the English custom, after the body was committed to the ground. The Izards, one of the wealthiest families of colonial times, came to Carolina in 1694. The Rafe of Revolutionary fame was dele-

gate to Congress in 1781, and upon the formation of the United States government served as Senator from South Carolina for six years. His wife, Mistress Izard, was the beautiful Miss Alice De Lancey, of Westchester County, New York. There is in the old Manigault mansion in Charleston a large painting, by Copley, representing Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard, life-size, seated at a table, the lady holding a sketch she has just made. This fine work was executed in Rome in 1774, and is considered one of the best of Copley's works. Mr. Izard agreed to pay one thousand dollars for it, but, owing to the embarrassments of the Revolution, he was unable to comply with the terms of the agreement, and after the painting was finished it was rolled up and put away in Copley's garret in London, where it remained until 1825 (fifty years), when it was paid for and brought to America by Mr. Izard's grandson, the late Mr. Charles Manigault, of Charleston. There is also a smaller portrait of Mistress Izard, which is very beautiful.

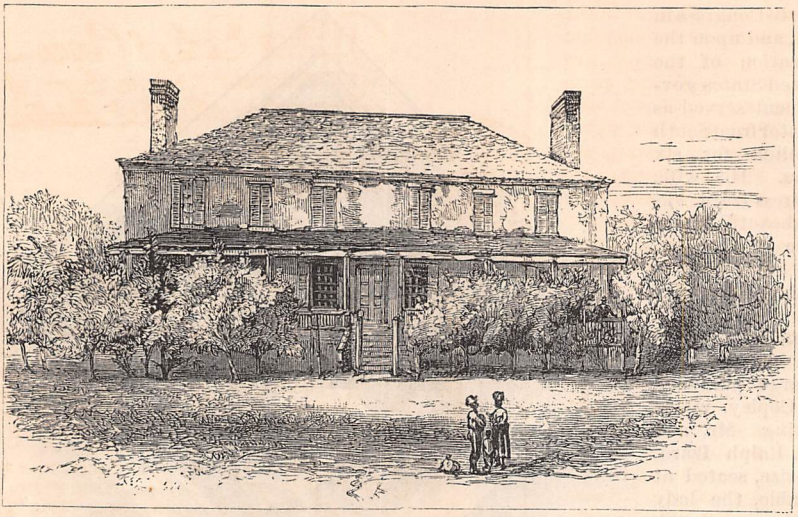


THE RALPH IZARD HATCHMENT, ST. JAMES'S, GOOSE CREEK.

When Lafayette revisited this country in 1824, Henry Izard, Esq., then residing at the Elms, built especially for his reception a lodge called "Lafayette Hall," attached to the main body of the house—an apartment which still bears the name. Lafayette's visit was the occasion of great festivities in South Carolina; it was on her shores that he first landed, nearly fifty years before, when he came on his generous errand to assist the struggling colonists; it was by a South Carolina gentleman, Major Huger, that he was received there and sent by carriage to Charleston, where arrangements were made for his journey northward. It was this Major Huger's son who afterward released him from the prison at Olmütz, and when Lafayette revisited Carolina the two had the pleasure of a long interview.

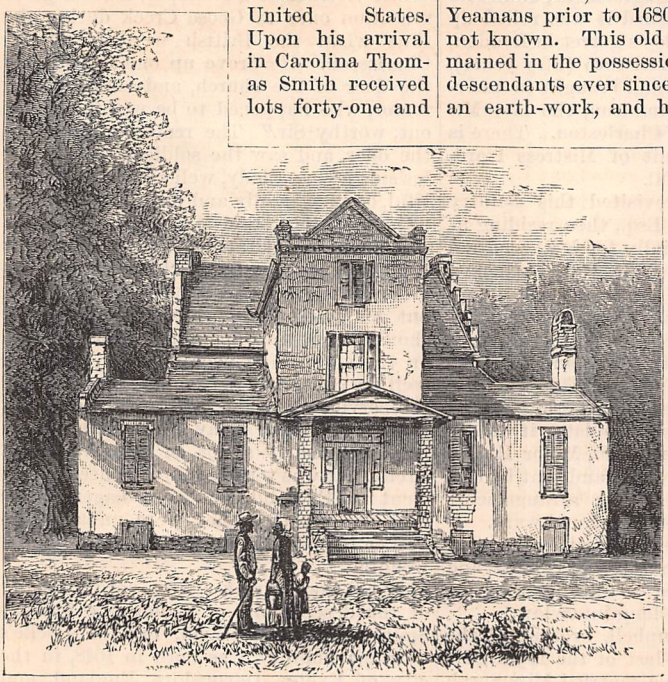
Lord William Campbell, brother of the Duke of Argyle, the last of the royal governors of the province, married Miss Sarah Izard, a member of this family. Another of the Campbells, a British officer, called by his companions "Mad Archy," on account of the violence of his temper, made a great sensation once at Goose Creek during the time when the British were occupying Charleston. He drove up one morning to the door of the church, and called to the rector, who happened to be within, "Come out, worthy Sir." The rector appeared at the door, and saw the soldier, who had by his side a young lady, well known and beautiful, of good family and position. "Marry us immediately," said Mad Archy. But the good rector hesitated. "Did the lady's friends give consent?" "That makes no difference," said Mad Archy; and drawing out his pistols, he swore that the rector should marry them instantly, or lose his life on the spot. The poor minister, knowing well the violence of his temper, went through the service then and there, and the twain, made one, drove away. The young lady had no idea, it seems, of marrying Mad Archy, but was terrified into silence. They went to England, but even eager rumor does not say that they were unhappy together, in spite of the summary wooing and wedding.

In old Goose Creek church-yard lie many of the descendants of Landgrave Thomas Smith. This gentleman, one of Locke's Carolina nobility, was born in 1648, in the city of Exeter, Devonshire, England, and came to this country in 1671 with his lovely



YEAMANS HALL, GOOSE CREEK.

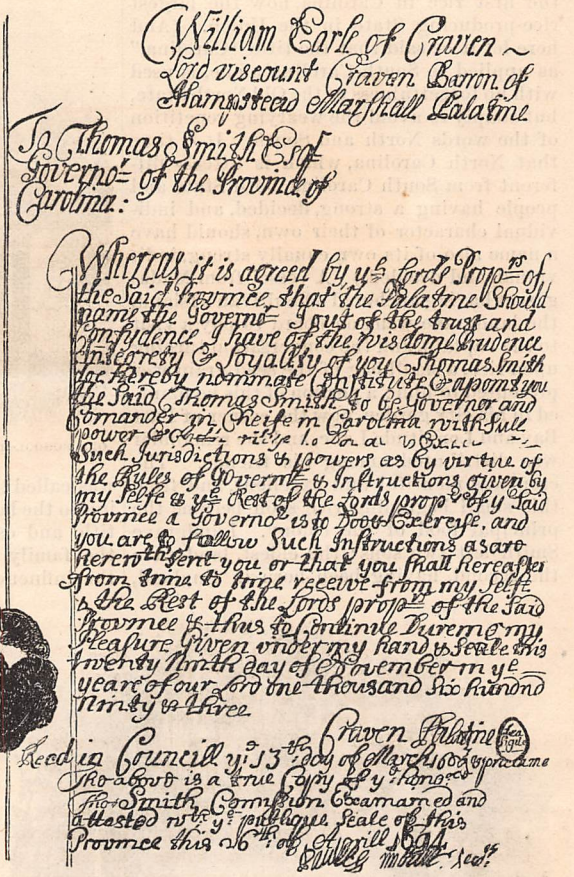
young wife, a German baroness, whose portrait is said to have been so beautiful that it was cut out of its frame and carried away by a British officer during the Revolution; the empty frame still hangs on the walls of the old Smith mansion, Yeamans Hall, Goose Creek. With the landgrave came a brother, who went to Boston; from him were descended Isaac Smith, called "the Deacon," and the father of the wife of John Adams, President of the United States. Upon his arrival in Carolina Thomas Smith received lots forty-one and fifty-seven in New Charles-town. His old town-house, at the corner of East Bay and Longitude Lane, now, at the present writing, being torn down at last, was an elegant mansion in its day, with walls and ceilings stuccoed in large panels. He resided, however, most of the year at Goose Creek, where he built on his Back River plantation the first brick house in Carolina, still standing. He afterward removed to Yeamans Hall, a mansion built by Sir John Yeamans prior to 1680; the exact date is not known. This old house, which has remained in the possession of the landgrave's descendants ever since, was surrounded by an earth-work, and had port-holes in its walls as a defense against the Indians; in the cellar was a deep well for supplying the garrison with water in case of a siege, and a subterraneous passage, whose entrance can still be seen, led out under the garden to the creek, where boats were kept securely concealed. Within, the halls were painted in landscapes, little gilded cherubs spread their wings over the arches, the guest chamber was hung with Gobelin tapestry, the floors tessellated, and the apartments adorned



LANDGRAVE SMITH'S BACK RIVER RESIDENCE.

with statues. There is in this old mansion a secret chamber, a small space between two walls, with a sliding panel leading into it; it was used as a hiding-place for valuables in times of danger, and during the Revolution the family silver was safely secreted there. The little chamber held a living occupant once, a boy named Paul, who secreted himself there for three weeks, only coming out at night, the mistress of the household supposing, meanwhile, that he had been carried off by Indians. The little hiding-place, which is still known as Paul's Hole, was called into service again during the late war, when it safely concealed the family valuables while a party of soldiers ransacked the house in vain from garret to cellar.

Old Yeamans Hall has its ghost story, as so old and dignified a mansion should have, of course. A lovely ancestral old lady, dressed in black silk, and with a white muslin handkerchief pinned across her breast, arose from her grave and appeared before a governess, who sat in her room at Yeamans Hall reading a novel on the Sabbath-day. Probably the ancestral old lady considered the education of her granddaughter endangered. The means she used were efficacious, for we are assured that the governess immediately became pious. The story relates with care that the novel was called *The Turkish Spy*. There is a comfort in knowing just what it was.


William Earle of Craven ~
Lord viscount Craven Baron of
Hamstead Marshall Palatine
To Thomas Smith Esq
Governo= of the Provinc of
Carolina:

Whereas it is agreed by y^e Lords Prop^rs of
the Said Provnce that the Palatine Should
name the Governo= & Gust of the trust and
confydence I have of the wisdome prudence
Secrecy & loyalty of you Thomas Smith
doe hereby nominate Constitute & apoint you
the Said Thomas Smith to be Governor and
Comander in Cheife in Carolina with Full
power & [illegible] to doe all
Such Jurisdictions & powers as by virtue of
the Rules of Govern^t & Instructions given by
my Selfe & y^e Rest of the Lords Prop^rs of y^e Said
Provnce a Governo^r is to doe & exercise. and
you are to follow Such Instructions as are
herewith sent you or that you shall hereafter
from time to time receive from my Selfe
& the Rest of the Lords Prop^rs of the Said
Provnce & this to Continue Dureing my
Pleasure Given under my hand & Seale this
twenty Ninth day of November in y^e
year of our Lord one thousand Six hundred
Ninety & three.

Read in Council y^e 13^th day of March 1693 & proclaimed
The above is a true Copy of y^e Patent
Tho: Smith Comission Examined and
attested w^th y^e publique Seale of this
Province this 16^th of April 1694

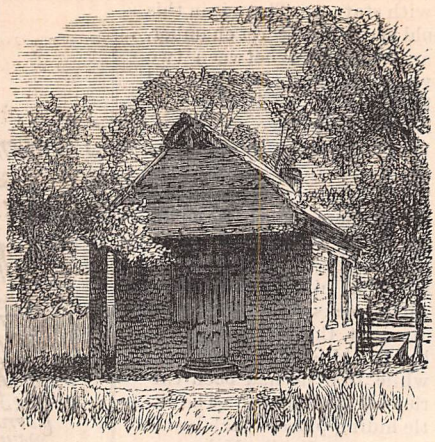
LANDGRAVE SMITH'S COMMISSION AS GOVERNOR.

In 1691 Thomas Smith was made a landgrave, or, in the language of the old document, "Thomas Smith, a person of singular merit, very serviceable by his great prudence and industry," was constituted a landgrave of Carolina, together with four baronies of twelve thousand acres each, the said title and the four baronies to descend forever to his legal heirs. Three years later he was appointed to the highest office in the gift of the lords proprietors, that of Governor of the province. He was at that time a man highly esteemed by all, possessing clear, strong judgment and energy of character, and removed above all petty ambitions by his position and wealth. But, as often happens in such cases, the duties of office galled him; he found himself unable, in the perplexing and diverse quarrels of the colonists, to come out instantly for the right, or what he at least considered the right, and finally he frankly wrote to the lords proprietors and told them that they must send over one of their own number with full powers for emergencies, but as for himself, he could not and would not hold the office longer. This "clear-headed, stern, faith-abiding Puritan" died almost immediately afterward, and was buried on his Back River plantation by the side of his wife, the beautiful Baroness Barbary. The old stone, broken in twain, still marks the grave; it bears the following inscription:

> Here Lyet. y^e Body of y^e Right Honorable
> Thomas Smith, Esquire,
> one of y^e Landgraves of Carolina,
> who departed this life y^e 16th November, 1694,
> Governor of y^e Province,
> in y^e 46th year of his Age.

To Landgrave Smith we owe, it is said, the law by which names of jurors are drawn indiscriminately from a box. He also planted

the first rice in Carolina, now the largest rice-producing State in the Union. (And here let it be said that the title "Carolina," as applied to South Carolina alone, is used with no forgetfulness of the Old North State, but simply to avoid the wearying repetition of the words North and South. It is time that North Carolina, which is utterly different from South Carolina, both State and people having a strong, decided, and individual character of their own, should have a name also of its own equally strong, individual, and decided.) A vessel from Madagascar having anchored off Sullivan's Island, the landgrave went on board to pay a visit to the captain, and the conversation turning upon rice, a small bag of the seed grain was presented to him; a portion of this he planted in his city garden, now the corner of East Bay and Longitude Lane, and the remainder was distributed among his friends. The crop was plentiful and excellent, and from this small beginning rice soon became the principal food of the colony. Landgrave Smith left two sons; the eldest, landgrave the second, having been born in England,



OLD SCHOOL-HOUSE ON THE BACK RIVER PLANTATION.

was called the "little Englishman;" according to the law of entail, he received both the title and estates. In later years many of the family became Episcopalians, through the influence of Church-nurtured wives, it is said, and their tombs are to be seen in old Goose Creek church-yard, bearing the names Smith, Coachman, Holmes, and Glover. It was a Glover, husband of the lady whose old-fashioned portrait we give, who was with Colonel Hayne when he was captured and carried to Charleston, there to meet his death at the hands of a man who wrote across one of the many petitions presented to him asking that the life of the gallant soldier might be spared, only these two words, "Major André." It is said that Hayne had a beautiful horse, to which he was much attached, and during the pursuit, coming to a high fence, rather than risk the life of the animal, he dismounted and took down the bars; this delay was fatal, and a few moments after he was taken. The same Mad Archy Campbell, the bold wooer of whom we have spoken, and who seems to have been a gallant fellow after all, was at the head of the party that captured Hayne. He openly regretted afterward that he had not shot his prisoner on the spot, that he might at least have died the death of the gentleman and brave soldier that he was. Charles Glover es-

TOMB OF LANDGRAVE SMITH.

caped, swam the Ashley River near Dorchester, and crossed safely to his home at Goose Creek. The family long preserved the saddle that bore him during this dangerous ride; it had a deep sabre cut across the leather, made by a British dragoon, which told a mute story of the narrow escape.

Ingleside is another of the old residences of Goose Creek; the house was built more than a century and a half ago, and belonged to the Parker family. During the time when the British occupied Charleston a party of marauders appeared at Ingleside and attacked the house, firing through one of the windows, near which Mistress Parker, who was a Middleton by birth, sat with her sewing; the bullet-hole is to be seen in the wall at the present day. Mr. Parker pursued the men, one of whom he killed; his grave is seen by the way-side now. He then sent word of what he had done to the British commander in Charleston, receiving this pithy answer: "I am, Sir, very glad of it."

The monument to the memory of this gentleman stands in the grounds at Ingleside; it bears the following inscription:

JOHN PARKER.
Born January 24th, 1749.
Died April 20th, 1822.
His Wife,
SUSANNAH MIDDLETON.
Born June ——, 1754.
Died August 20th, 1824.

A Member of the old Congress that met from 1774 to 1789.

Ingleside is now the residence of Professor Francis S. Holmes, a descendant of Landgrave Smith, and the discoverer of the phosphate rocks of Carolina. Behind the house is a lake of seventy acres, where grows in great profusion the sacred lily of the East, *Nelumbium luteum*—a beautiful blossom, resembling a magnolia, with golden tints inside. This lily is said to have been introduced into this country from Europe by a member of the Gadsden family. It grows wild, however, in Florida; and the vicinity of the old garden of the French botanist, André Michaux, makes it probable that he introduced it at Goose Creek. Michaux was sent over to America by the French government in 1786. He traveled extensively through the country, but resided for some time at Goose Creek, where he laid out a garden, and took pleasure in showing his neighbors rare exotics, as well as in introducing to them the more curious plants of their own country. It was Michaux who brought the first four camellias to America; they were planted by him at Middleton Place, on the Ashley River, above Drayton Hall, and one of them is now thirty feet high. Michaux published a history of North American oaks, and a North American flora. He died at Madagascar in 1803.

LANDGRAVE SMITH THE SECOND—"THE LITTLE ENGLISHMAN."—FROM A PORTRAIT PAINTED IN 1691.

MRS. CHARLES GLOVER.

There is no feature of these old estates around Charleston that stands out with greater beauty in Northern eyes than the venerable avenues of live-oaks that once swept from the borders of the plantation up to the front entrance, sometimes a long distance. The house is gone, perhaps, but the magnificent trees remain, stretching their giant limbs over the deserted roadway—a grand approach to memories of the past. In many instances these avenues are choked with underbrush, or they stand in a forest which has grown up around them so thickly that only by looking aloft can you trace

MONUMENT TO JOHN PARKER.

their route—ancient sentinels against the blue of the sky that mark a way where no longer a way is. One magnificent vista, however, remains unharmed—the avenue planted by Edward Middleton, Esq., in 1683, at his plantation, appropriately called "The Oaks," near Goose Creek church. The surveyor's certificate of the land is still in existence. This certificate is dated 1679, and reads as follows:

"By virtue of a Warr^{t} under y^{e} hands of yis Ex'y Coll. Joseph West, Governo^{r} and Landgrave, and y^{e} Lords Proprietors deputys to mee directed bearing date this 23^{d} day of Feb. 1679, I have admesured and layed out unto Ed. Middleton, gent., one thousand acres of land scittuate and being all y^{e} east of y^{e} Goose Creek, &c., &c. Certified By Mee, Surveyor Genrall."

It is said that Marion often encamped at The Oaks, the owners, the Middletons, having been from the first devoted patriots. And this brings up again Marion and Marion's Men, a little band who probably never dreamed that they were to go down on the page of history, embalmed in poetry and romance and song, figures strong in local South Carolina coloring, and yet known all over the country almost as widely as George Washington himself. General Francis Marion, who, as the angry and harassed British officer complained, "would not fight like a Christian and a gentleman," belonged to the Huguenot colony of the Santee, north of Charleston, the same Santee that owned those High Hills. On the formation of the Revolutionary army of Carolina, Marion was made a captain in the regiment commanded by Moultrie; he rose to a colonelcy before the evacuation of Charleston, and, escaping the fate of prisoner of war which fell to Moultrie and many other officers, he collected the fragments of his regiment together in the recesses of the swamps, and from that moment became a dread to the whole British army in the South. Marion made war in his own way; now here, now there, now seen, now gone, he was like a meteor in the night, and the successes gained by his extraordinary swiftness and daring seemed marvelous alike to friend and to foe. He selected young men for his band, generally from his own neighbors of French descent; he lived in the swamps; he swam rivers on horseback; his favorite encampment was a canebrake. He did not wait for all his troops, but sallied out frequently with only ten or twelve; he took saws from the mills, and turned them into swords; he frequently engaged when he had but three rounds to a man. Scouts were kept out constantly, and when word was brought in of a small party of the enemy any where, then forth went Marion's Men, like lightning, after them. It is said that he was so secret in his plans that his own soldiers had no idea when they were to be called out, and that their only way of knowing was to watch the negro cook: when the old man was seen cooking a little store of the poor food which was their only fare, then they prepared for departure. Marion's favorite time for starting was sunset, and then the march lasted all night. Marion's Men—brave, shoeless, ragged, blanketless, gallant little band—the following is a verse

MIDDLETON COAT OF ARMS.

of one of the many songs that were made about you:

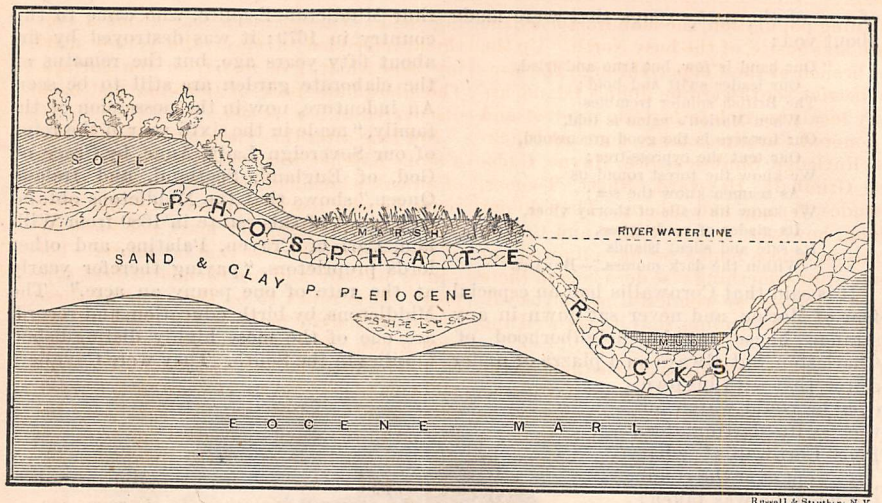
"Our band is few, but true and tried,
Our leader swift and bold;
The British soldier trembles
When Marion's name is told.
Our fortress is the good greenwood,
Our tent the cypress-tree;
We know the forest round us
As seamen know the sea;
We know its walls of thorny vines,
Its glades of reedy grass,
Its safe and silent islands
Within the dark morass."—BRYANT.

It is said that Cornwallis had an especial fear of Marion, and never sat down in any strange house in the neighborhood of Charleston, but always on a piazza or under a tree, that with his own eyes he could watch for the swift-darting foe. Poor Cornwallis! what joy swept over the country when he was taken! Even the Dutch watchmen of Philadelphia called the news after midnight, "Bast twelfe o'glock, and Cornwallis es dagen!"

One mile and a half from Ingleside is Winsor Hill, the old residence of General William Moultrie; here he died in 1805, and, with his wife, was buried on his plantation, according to the Carolina custom when the parish church was at some distance. But it is not pleasant to think that the very site of the grave of this old Revolutionary hero is lost. In 1850 a committee of gentlemen, wishing to remove the remains to the beautiful cemetery at Charleston, and erect a monument over them, could not, with diligent searching and the certainty that he was buried at Winsor, find the spot.

The Oaks has been mentioned as a Middleton plantation; but the family had another estate in Goose Creek Parish, called "Crowfield," which was laid out with great magnificence in the old Dutch style of gardening, the same now seen at Hampton Court—a style brought over from Holland by William the Third. Crowfield, which was named after the English estate of the family in Suffolk, was four miles from Goose Creek church, and seven miles from Dorchester. It contained fourteen hundred acres of land, and its gardens, fish ponds, hedges, terraces, and fountains surpassed any thing in the South. The house was built by Arthur Middleton, Esquire, who came to this country in 1679; it was destroyed by fire about fifty years ago, but the remains of the elaborate garden are still to be seen. An indenture, now in the possession of the family, "made in the sixth year of the reign of our Sovereign Lady, Anne, by Grace of God, of England, Scotland, and Ireland Queen," shows that the Middletons obtained a grant of this estate in 1680 from William, Earl of Craven, Palatine, and other lords proprietors, "paying therefor yearly at the rate of one penny an acre." The Middletons, by birth, education, and record, are one of the most highly distinguished families in the South. They were Cavaliers and Episcopalians. Two brothers, Arthur and Edward, sons of Henry Middleton, Esq., of Twickenham, Middlesex, England, came to Carolina in 1679. They were prominent in colonial times, one of them having headed the revolution against the lords proprietors in 1719, the same one who was afterward royal Governor; another was member of the Assembly in 1749, Speaker of the same in 1750, and afterward President of the Continental Congress. This was the father of the well-known Arthur Middleton, the signer of the Declaration of Independence. Arthur Middleton's son was Governor of South Carolina from 1810 to 1812, and minister to Russia from 1820 to 1830. Two youths, one killed at the battle of Manassas in 1861, and the other in Virginia in 1864,

COTTAGE—"THE OAKS."



GEOLOGICAL STRATA, SHOWING THE PHOSPHATE ROCK.

bring down the line of names to a recent day. One of the Middletons, Sir Edward, grandson of the first comer, went back to England in 1754, having inherited the family estates in Suffolk. He was member of Parliament in 1784, and his descendants still occupy the manor; his mother, however, lived and died on her plantation at Goose Creek.

Coming out on Cooper River, we find a number of places worthy of notice, among them the Palmettos, belonging to the Brown family, and Mulberry Castle, built by Governor Broughton in 1714; it has bastions and loop-holes, and persons now living remember when a cannon was planted on an earthwork near the house. It was near Mulberry Castle that a singular character named Mitchell lived in 1815; this man, for some years previous to his death, kept his coffin, which was made of iron, by him, using it as a safe. He left directions in his will that his body should be burned on a funeral pyre twelve feet long, of "alternate layers of hickory and light-wood, so that it should burn fiercely," and that his ashes should be collected and placed in the iron coffin, which was to be securely locked, and the key thrown into the middle of the Cooper River; the coffin was then to be deposited in the woods, above-ground, supported by brick piles. This strange wish was gratified; the iron coffin stands in the pine woods not far from the residence.

On another Cooper River plantation, Wantoot, is the grave of Major Majoribanks, a British officer of great bravery and distinction, who died on the march to Charleston, after the battle of Eutaw, and was buried by the road-side where he died. This memorable battle was fought on the 8th of September, 1781. In Greene's army, on the American side, were Lee, Marion, Pickens, Sumter, and Colonel William Washington—the Washington of the South; and on the British side Colonel Stewart and Major Majoribanks, the forces being about equal. All accounts agree in praising the brilliant gallantry of Majoribanks during the battle, and his bravery is adorned with the additional lustre of clemency, for, when a British soldier was about to transfix Colonel Washington, wounded and lying helpless under his fallen horse, Majoribanks rushed forward and seized his arm, crying out, "Stop! It is Washington." In after-years, Mr. Daniel Ravenel, upon whose plantation the gallant officer lay buried, observing that the little wooden head-board was falling into decay, wrote to the English government on the subject, but received the reply that they had majors buried all over the world, and could not undertake to supply tombstones for them all. A marble monument was then erected by the Ravenels themselves, all the family contributing. It now marks the grave—a generous tribute to a gallant enemy. The old flag borne in the battle of Eutaw by the troop of this same Colonel Washington whose life was spared by Majoribanks is still in existence, a piece of faded damask silk, in size twenty by thirty inches; it has been strengthened by quilting on to it another piece of strong silk of a similar color. This historic little banner was carried to the Bunker Hill celebration in Boston, June 17, 1875, by the Washington Light Infantry, of Charleston.

But the half has not been told, nor can it be told here. The neighborhood of Charleston is rich in colonial memories and Revolutionary legends, verified and emphasized by the old houses and gardens which still remain, not having been swept away by the

crowding population, the manufactories, the haste and bustle, of the busy North. Up the east branch of the Cooper, through the Santee district, southward on John's Island, are many localities rich in historic interest and in honored Carolina names, such as Pinckney, Rutledge, Shubrick, Bee, Hayne, Gadsden, Grimball, Heyward, Rhett, Toomer, Lowndes, Wragg, and others. They do not belong, however, to our Ashley and Cooper rivers, to whose banks we have limited our story. But something else does belong there which is in itself so wonderful, as well as valuable to South Carolina, that it may well find mention here.

In November, 1837, in an old rice field on the Ashley River, Professor Francis S. Holmes, the same gentleman already mentioned as residing at Ingleside, Goose Creek, found a number of rolled or water-worn nodules of a rocky material filled with the impressions or casts of marine shells (we use his own language). These nodules or rocks were scattered over the surface of the land, and in some places had been gathered into heaps, so that they should not interfere with the cultivation of the field. At that time Professor Holmes was a young student of geology and paleontology, and the beautifully preserved forms of shells, teeth, and bones, mingled with the rocks filled with the casts of shells, corals, and corallines, attracted his attention, and in a short time he enriched his cabinet with thousands of specimens. These, during a term of six years, he carefully studied and labeled as best he could. About this time the attention of South Carolina planters was directed to marl, which had been successfully used by the farmers of Virginia as a fertilizer. In the search for marl, which he, being a planter himself, wished to use upon his own land, Professor Holmes discovered, in December, 1843, a stratum of the same rolled nodules as those previously found on the surface of the adjoining field. This stratum was about a foot thick, imbedded in clay; the yellow marl lay beneath it, five feet from the surface. The phosphate rock of Carolina had been discovered at last, *in situ*.

Not long after this, stone arrow-heads and a stone hatchet were found under the roots of an oak which had been cut down to make room for the marling operations; for they were still searching for marl, not knowing of the greater richness that lay nearer. The young student and his friends at first supposed these relics to be the same as those found in Indian mounds, the work of the aborigines. But when specimens were discovered under the oak and among the marl rocks, as phosphate rocks were then termed, they were satisfied that the specimens belonged to the same geological age to which the bones and teeth of the mastodon, elephant, and rhinoceros belong, and which are found associated with them in the same matrix or mother bed of clay, which is of the post-pliocene period, the prehistoric age of man. Human bones were afterward found in the same locality; and it has since been shown that the beds of the post-pliocene not only on the Ashley, but in Switzerland, France, and other European countries, contain human bones associated with the remains of extinct animals. As the European discoveries were not made until 1854, and those in South Carolina were known in 1849, to this country should be awarded the honor of determining the paleontological age of the post-pliocene beds.

At the close of the late war the dormant discovery awoke to life again. Professor Holmes and Dr. N. A. Pratt, a distinguished chemist of Georgia, united their energies for the development of these remarkable beds. It was found that the marl rocks contained nearly sixty per cent. of phosphate of lime; and the two came North to make known their discovery to capitalists,

PHOSPHATE MINE.

finding in Philadelphia two gentlemen of means who, impressed with the value of the offered investment, took the matter in hand, and in 1867 formed the first phosphate mining association.

Phosphate rock is a mineral manure, a fertilizer. While the Peruvian guanos, imported at large expense, contain about twenty-three per cent. of phosphate of lime and the Pacific guanos about eighty-three per cent., the phosphate rock of Carolina, here in our own country, at our own doors, contains from forty to sixty per cent. of phosphatic strength. Every ton properly prepared is worth sixty dollars in the market as a fertilizer, and the deposit has been found extending along the entire coast of the State and up the beds of the rivers. Phosphates have become a staple article of commerce. Foreign vessels go out of Carolina harbors

PHOSPHATE ROCK—NATURAL SIZE.

daily loaded with the rock in its rough state. Six millions of dollars have been invested by Northern capitalists in the works on the Ashley and Cooper, and it is estimated that the rock actually sold has already brought in nearly five millions of dollars. The State holds thus upon her own soil an exhaustless treasure, which seems to have waited until it was sorely needed before it made itself known, just as petroleum was discovered when the discouraged whalemen were coming home with ships half empty, declaring that the useful whales were nearly extinct.

Phosphate mines are near the surface, worked generally by means of long trenches. Machinery has been invented and applied that handles the rock, crushes and washes it, with ease and rapidity. Phosphates are sold in the raw state and also in the form of soluble superphosphates, and find their market not only at home, but all over the world.

In the mean time the various works are stretching their long necks up the two rivers, and the trenches of the mines are invading the grounds of our old plantations. At Drayton Hall children run after the visitors to sell "sharks' teeth." One of these teeth weighed two pounds and a quarter, and measured six inches from tip to tip. The shark in whose terrible mouth it belonged must have been one hundred feet in length. On the whole, what with these sharks, with zeuglodons, squalodons, huge alligator-like creatures of giant size, and lizards eighteen feet long, one is glad to have not lived in those days on the banks of the two beautiful rivers, the Ashley and the Cooper.

A THOUSAND YEARS FROM NOW.

By PAUL H. HAYNE.

I SAT within my tranquil room;
The twilight shadows sank and rose
With slowly flickering motions, waved
Grotesquely through the dusk repose.
There came a sudden thought to me,
Which thrilled the spirit, flushed the brow—
A dream of what our world would be
A thousand years from now!

If Science on her heavenward search,
Rolling the stellar charts apart,
Or delving hour by hour to win
The secrets of Earth's inmost heart,
If that her Future apes her Past,
To what new marvels men shall bow—
Marvels of land and air and sea—
A thousand years from now!

If Empires keep their wonted course,
And blind Republics will not stay
To count the cost of laws which lead,
Unerring, to the state's decay,
What changes vast of rule and realm—
The low upraised, the proud laid low—
May greet the unborn ages still
A thousand years from now!

Our creeds may change with mellowed times
Of brightening truth and love increased,
And some new Advent flood the world
In glory from the haunted East;
While souls on nobler heights of faith
May mark the mystic pathway grow
Clearer between their stand and Heaven's
A thousand years from now!

Such things *may be*, but what perforce
Must with the ruthless epochs pass?
The millions' breath, the centuries' pomp,
Sure as the wane of flowers or grass:
The earth so rich in tombs to-day,
There scarce seems space for Death to sow—
Who, who shall count her church-yard wealth
A thousand years from now?

And we, poor waifs, whose life-term flies
(When matched with AFTER and BEFORE)
Fleet as the aimless wind, or wave
Breaking its frail heart on the shore—
We, human toys that Fate sets up
To smite or spare, I marvel how
These souls shall fare, in what strange sphere,
A thousand years from now?

Too dim, too vague, for mortal ken
That far phantasmal Future lies;
But Love! one sacred truth I read
Just kindling in your tear-dimmed eyes:
That states may rise and states may set,
With age Earth's tottering pillars bow,
But sinless Love can ne'er forget;
And though we know not "where" nor "how,"
Our conscious loves shall blossom yet
A thousand years from now!

CARICATURE IN THE UNITED STATES.

THOMAS NAST.

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN was the first American caricaturist. That propensity of his to use pictures whenever he desired to affect strongly the public mind was an inheritance from the period when only a very small portion of the people could read any other than pictorial language. Among the relics of his race preserved in Boston there is an illustrated handbill issued by his English uncle Benjamin, after whom he was named, which must have been a familiar object to him from the eighth year of his age. Uncle Benjamin, a London dyer when James II. fled from England, wishing to strengthen the impression made by his printed offer to "dye into colors" cloth, silk, and India calico, placed at the head of his bill a rude wood-cut of an East Indian queen taking a walk, attended by two servants, one bearing her train, and the other holding over her an umbrella. At the door of his shop, too, in Princes Street, near Leicester Fields, a figure of an Indian queen appealed to the passer-by.

Such was the custom of the time. The diffusion of knowledge lessened the importance of pictorial representation; but the mere date of Franklin's birth, 1706, explains in some degree his habitual resort to it. Nearly all the ancient books were illustrated in some way, and nearly every ancient building appears to have had its "sign." When Franklin was a boy in Boston a gilt Bible would have directed him where to buy his books, if he had had any money to buy them with. A gilt sheaf probably notified him where to get those three historic rolls with which he made his entry into Philadelphia. The figure of a mermaid invited the thirsty wayfarer to beer, and an anchor informed sailors where sea stores were to be had. The royal lion and unicorn, carved in wood or stone, marked public edifices. Over the door of his father's shop, where soap and candles were sold, he saw a blue

ball, which still exists, bearing the legible date 1698. Why a blue ball? He was just the boy to ask the question. A lad who could not accept grace before meat without wishing to know why it were not better to say grace once for all over the barrel of pork, would be likely to inquire what a blue ball had in common with soap and candles. His excellent but not gifted sire probably informed him that the blue ball was a relic of the time when he had carried on the business of a dyer, and that he had continued to use it for his new vocation because he "had it in the house." Benjamin, the gifted, was the boy to be dissatisfied with this explanation, and to suggest devices more in harmony with the industry carried on within, so that the very incongruity of his father's sign may have quickened his sense of pictorial effect.

Franklin lived long, figured in a great variety of scenes, accomplished many notable things, and exhibited versatility of talent: man of business, inventor, statesman, diplomatist, philosopher; and in each of these characters he was a leader among leaders; but the ruling habit of his mind, his *forte*, the talent that he most loved to exercise and most relished in others, was humor. He began as a humorist and he ended as a humorist. The first piece of his ever printed and the last piece he ever wrote were both satirical: the first, the reckless satire of a saucy apprentice against the magnates of his town; the last, the good-tempered satire of a richly gifted, benevolent soul, cognizant of human weakness, but not despising it, and intent only upon opening the public mind to unwelcome truth—as a mother makes a child laugh before inserting the medicine spoon. So dominant was this propensity in his youthful days that if he had lived in a place where it had been possible to subsist by its exercise, there had been danger of his becoming a professional humorist, merging all the powers of his incomparable intellect in that one gift.

Imagine Boston in 1722, when this remarkable apprentice began to laugh, and to make others laugh, at the oppressive solemnities around him and above him. It is not difficult to imagine it, for it has changed in nothing but magnitude. Then, as now, it was a population industrious and moral, extremely addicted to routine, habitually frugal, but capable of magnificent generosity, bold in business enterprises, valiant in battle, but in all the high matters averse to innovation. Then, as now, the clergy, a few important families, and Harvard College composed the ruling influence, against which it were martyrdom to contend. But then, as now, there were a few audacious spirits who rebelled against these united powers, and carried their opposition very far, sometimes to a wild excess, and thus kept this noblest of towns from sinking into an inane respectability. The good, frugal, steady-going, tax-paying citizen, who lays in his coal in June and buys a whole pig in December, would subdue the world to a vast monotonous prosperity, crushing, intolerable, if there were no one to keep him and the public in mind that, admirable as he is, he does not exhaust the possibilities of human nature. When we examine the portraits of the noted men of New England of the first century and a half after the settlement, we observe in them all a certain expression of *acquiescence*. There is no audacity in them. They look like men who could come home from fighting the French in Canada, or from chasing the whale among the icebergs of Labrador, to be scared by the menaces of a pontiff like Cotton Mather. They look like men who would take it seriously, and not laugh at all, when Cotton Mather denounced the Franklins, for poking fun at him in their newspaper, as guilty of wickedness without a parallel. "Some good men," said he, "are afraid it may provoke Heaven to deal with this place as never any place has yet been dealt withal."

Never was a community in such sore need of caricature and burlesque as when James Franklin set up in Boston in 1721 the first "sensational newspaper" of America, the *Courant*, to which his brother Benjamin and the other rebels and come-outers of Boston contributed. The Mathers, as human beings and citizens of New England, were estimable and even admirable; but the interests of human nature demand the suppression of pontiffs. These Mathers, though naturally benevolent, and not wanting in natural modesty, had attained to such a degree of pontifical arrogance as to think *Boston* in deadly peril because a knot of young fellows in a printing-office aimed satirical paragraphs at them. Increase Mather called upon the government to "suppress such a cursed libel," lest "some awful judgment should come upon the land, and the wrath of God should rise, and there should be no remedy." It is for such men that burlesque was made, and the Franklins supplied it in abundance. The *Courant* ridiculed them even when they were gloriously in the right. They were enlightened enough and brave enough to recommend inoculation, then just brought from Turkey by Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The young doctors who wrote for the paper assailed the new system, apparently for no other reason than because Increase and Cotton Mather were its chief defenders.

When Benjamin, at the age of sixteen, began to contribute to his brother's paper, he aimed at higher game even than the town pontiffs. He dared to lampoon Harvard College itself, the temple of learning

where the clergy were formed, whose precincts he had hoped to tread, his father having dedicated this tenth son to the church. He may have had his own father in mind when he wrote, in one of his early numbers, that every "peasant" who had the means proposed to send one of his children to this famous place, and as most of them consulted their purses rather than their children's capacities, the greater number of those who went thither were little better than blockheads and dunces. When he came to speak of the theological department of the college, he drew a pen caricature, having then no skill with the pencil: "The business of those who were employed in the temple of theology being laborious and painful, I wondered exceedingly to see so many go toward it; but while I was pondering this matter in my mind, I spied *Pecunia* behind a curtain, beckoning to them with her hand." He draws another when he says that the only remarkable thing he saw in this temple was one Plagius hard at work copying an eloquent passage from Tillotson's works to embellish his own.

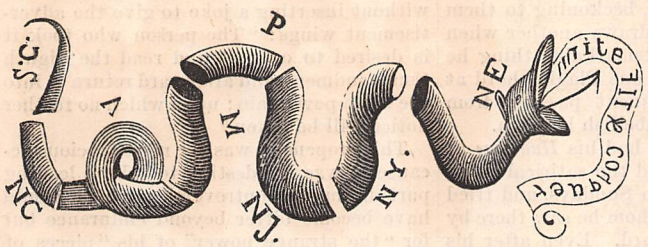
This saucy boy, who had his *Hudibras* at his tongue's end, carried the satirical spirit with him to church on Sundays, and tried some of the brethren whom he saw there by the Hudibrastic standard. Even after his brother James had been in prison for his editorial conduct, Benjamin, who had been left in charge of the paper, drew with his sub-editorial pen a caricature of a "Religious Knave, of all Knaves the worst:" A most strict Sabbatarian, an exact observer not of the day only, but of the evening before and the evening after it; at church conspicuously devout and attentive, even ridiculously so, with his distorted countenance and awkward gesticulation. But try and nail him to a bargain! He will dissemble and lie, snuffle and whiffle, overreach and defraud, cut down a laborer's wages, and keep the bargain in the letter while violating its spirit. "Don't tell me," he cries; "a bargain is a bargain. You should have looked to that before. I can't help it now." Such was the religious knave invented by the author of *Hudibras*, and borrowed by this Boston apprentice, who had, in all probability, never seen a character that could have fairly suggested the burlesque.

The authorities rose upon these two audacious brothers, and indicated how much need there was of such a sheet in Boston by ordering James Franklin to print it no more. They contrived to carry it on a while in Benjamin's name; but that sagacious youth was not long in discovering that the Mathers and their adherents were too strong for him, and he took an early opportunity of removing to a place established on the principle of doing without pontiffs. But during his long, illustrious career in Philadelphia as editor and public man he constantly acted in the spirit of one of the last passages he wrote before leaving Boston: "Pieces of pleasantry and mirth have a secret charm in them to allay the heats and tumults of our spirits and to make a man forget his restless resentments. They have a strange power in them to hush disorders of the soul and reduce us to a serene and placid state of mind." He was the father of our humorous literature. If, at the present moment, America is contributing more to the innocent hilarity of mankind than other nations, it is greatly due to the happy influence of this benign and liberal humorist upon the national character. "Poor Richard," be it observed, was the great comic almanac of the country for twenty-five years, and it was Franklin who infused the element of burlesque into American journalism. He could not advertise a stolen prayer-book without inserting a joke to give the advertisement wings: "The person who took it is desired to open it and read the Eighth Commandment, and afterward return it into the same pew again; upon which no further notice will be taken."

This propensity was the more precious because it was his destiny to take a leading part in many controversies which would have become bitter beyond endurance but for "the strange power" of his "pieces of pleasantry and mirth" to "hush disorders of the soul." He employed both pen and pencil in bringing his excellent sense to bear upon the public mind. What but Franklin's inexhaustible tact and good humor could have kept the peace in Pennsylvania between the non-combatant Quakers and the militant Christians during the long period when the province was threatened from the sea by hostile fleets and on land by savage Indians? Besides rousing the combatant citizens to action, he made them willing to fight for men who would not fight for themselves, and brought over to his side a large number of the younger and more pliant Quakers. Even in that early time (1747), while bears still swam the Delaware, he contrived to get a picture drawn and engraved to enforce the lessons of his first pamphlet, calling on the Pennsylvanians to prepare for defense. He may have engraved it himself, for he had a dextrous hand, and had long before made little pictures out of type-metal to accompany advertisements. Hercules sits upon a cloud, with one hand resting upon his club. Three horses vainly strive to draw a heavy wagon from the mire. The wagoner kneels, lifts his hands, and implores the aid of Hercules's mighty arm. In the background are trees and houses, and under the picture are Latin words signifying, "Not by offerings nor by womanish prayers is the help of gods obtained." In the text, too, when he essays the difficult task of reconciling the combat-

ants to fighting for the non-combatants, he becomes pictorial, though he does not use the graver. "What!" he cries, "not defend your wives, your helpless children, your aged parents, because the Quakers have conscientious scruples about fighting!" Then he adds the burlesque picture: "Till of late I could scarce believe the story of him who refused to pump in a sinking ship because one on board whom he hated would be saved by it as well as himself."

At the beginning of the contest which in Europe was the Seven Years' War, but in America a ten years' war, Franklin's pen and pencil were both employed in urging a cordial union of the colonies against the foe. His device of a snake severed into as many pieces as there were colonies, with the motto, "*Join or Die*," survived the occasion



A COMMON NEWSPAPER HEADING IN 1776; DEVISED BY FRANKLIN IN MAY, 1754, AT BEGINNING OF FRENCH WAR.

that called it forth, and became a common newspaper and handbill heading in 1776. It was he, also, as tradition reports, who exhibited to the unbelieving farmers of Pennsylvania the effect of gypsum, by writing with that fertilizer in large letters upon a field the words, "*This has been plastered.*" The brilliant green of the grass which had been stimulated by the plaster soon made the words legible to the passer-by. During his first residence in London as the representative of Pennsylvania he became intimately acquainted with the great artist from whom excellence in the humorous art of England dates—William Hogarth. The last letter that the dying Hogarth received was from Benjamin Franklin. "Receiving an agreeable letter," says Nichols, "from the American, Dr. Franklin, he drew up a rough draught of an answer to it." Three hours after, Hogarth was no more.

A few of Franklin's devices for the coins and paper money of the young republic have been preserved. He wished that every coin and every note should say something wise or cheerful to their endless succession of possessors and scrutinizers. Collectors show the Franklin cent of 1787, with its circle of thirteen links and its central words, "*We are one*," and outside of these, "*United States.*" On the other side of the coin there is a noonday sun blazing down upon a dial, with the motto, "*Mind your Business.*" He made the date say something more to the reader than the number of the year, by appending to it the word "*Fugio*" (I fly). Another cent has a central sun circled by thirteen stars and the words "*Nova Constellatio.*" He suggested "*Pay as you go*" for a coin motto. Some of his designs for the Continental paper money were ingenious and effective. Upon one dingy little note issued during the storm and stress of the Revolution we see a roughly executed picture of a shower of rain falling upon a newly settled country, with a word of good cheer under it, "*Serenabit*" (It will clear). Upon another there is a picture of a beaver gnawing a huge oak, and the word "*Perseverando.*" On another there is a crown resting upon a pedestal, and the words "*Si recte facias*" (If you do uprightly). There is one which represents a hawk and stork fighting, with the motto, "*Exitus in dubio est*" (The event is in doubt); and another which shows a hand plucking branches from a tea-plant, with the motto, "*Sustain or Abstain.*"

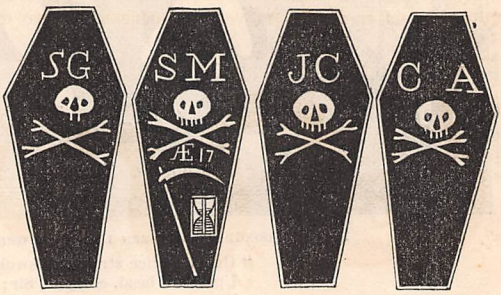
The famous scalp hoax devised by Franklin during the Revolutionary war, for the purpose of bringing the execration of civilized mankind upon the employment of Indians by the English generals, was vividly pictorial. Upon his private printing-press in Paris he and his grandson struck off a leaf of an imaginary newspaper, which he called a "Supplement to the Boston *Independent Chronicle.*" For this he wrote a letter purporting to be from "Captain Gerrish, of the New England Militia," accompanying eight packages of "scalps of our unhappy country folks," which he had captured on a raid into the Indian country. The captain sent with the scalps an inventory of them, supposed to be drawn up by one James Cranford, a trader, for the information of the Governor of Canada. Neither Swift nor De Foe ever surpassed the ingenious naturalness of this fictitious inventory. It was indeed *too* natural, for it was generally accepted as a genuine document, and would even now deceive almost any one who should come upon it unawares. Who could suspect that these "eight packs of scalps, cured, dried, hooped, and painted, with all the Indian triumphal marks" upon them, had never existed except in the imagination of a

merry old plenipotentiary in Paris? There were "forty-three scalps of Congress soldiers, stretched on black hoops four inches diameter, the inside of the skin painted red, with a small black spot to denote their being killed with bullets;" and there were "sixty-two farmers, killed in their houses, marked with a hoe, a black circle all around to denote their being surprised in the night." Other farmers' scalps were marked with "a little red foot," to show that they stood upon their defense; and others with "a little yellow flame," to show that they had been burned alive. To one scalp a band was fastened, "supposed to be that of a rebel clergyman." Then there were eighty-eight scalps of women, and "some hundreds of boys and girls." The package last described was "a box of birch bark containing twenty-nine little infants' scalps of various sizes, small white hoops, white ground, no tears, and only a little black knife in the middle to show they were ripped out of their mothers' bellies." The trader dwells upon the fact that most of the farmers were young or middle-aged, "there being *but* sixty-seven *very* gray heads among them; which makes the service more essential." Every detail of this supplement was worked out with infinite ingenuity, even to the editor's postscript, which stated that the scalps had just reached Boston, where thousands of people were flocking to see them.

Franklin was more than a humorist; he was an artist in humor. In other words, he not only had a lively sense of the absurd and the ludicrous, but he knew how to exhibit them to others with the utmost power and finish. His grandson, who lived with him in Paris during the Revolutionary period, a very good draughtsman, used to illustrate his humorous papers, and between them they produced highly entertaining things, only a few of which have been gathered. The Abbé Morellet, one of the gay circle who enjoyed them, remarks that in his sportive moods Franklin was "Socrates mounted on a stick, playing with his children." To this day, however, there are millions who regard that vast and somewhat disorderly genius, who was one of the least sordid and most generous of all recorded men, as the mere type of penny prudence. Even so variously informed a person as the author of *A Short History of the English People*, published in this very year, 1875, speaks of the "close-fisted Franklin."

It is in vain that we seek for specimens of colonial caricature outside of the Franklin circle. Satirical pictures were doubtless produced in great numbers, and a few may have been published; but caricature is a thing of the moment, and usually perishes with the moment, unless it is incorporated with a periodical. Almost all the intellectual product of the colonial period that was not theological has some relation to the wise and jovial Franklin, the incomparable American, the father of his country's intellectual life, whether manifested in literature, burlesque, politics, invention, or science.

The Boston massacre, as it was called, which was commemorated by the device of a row of coffins, often employed before and since, might have been more properly styled a street brawl, if the mere presence of British troops in Boston in 1774 had not been an outrage of international dimensions. The four victims, Samuel Gray, Samuel Maverick, James Cauldwell, and Crispus Attucks, were borne to the grave by all that was most distinguished in the province, and the whole people seemed to have either followed or witnessed the procession. Amidst the frenzy of the time these coffin lids served to express and relieve the popular feeling. The subsequent acquittal of the innocent soldiers, who had shown more forbearance than armed men usually do when taunted and assailed by an unarmed crowd, remains one of the most honorable of the early records of Boston.



BOSTON MASSACRE COFFINS; BOSTON, MARCH, 1774.—FROM "AMERICAN HISTORICAL RECORD."

There were attempts at caricature during the later years of the Revolutionary war. From 1778, when inflated paper, French francs, British gold, and Hessian thalers had given the business centres of the country a short, fallacious prosperity, there was gayety enough in Philadelphia and Boston. There were balls and parties, and sending to France for articles of luxury, and profusion of all kinds—as there was in the late war, and as there must be in all wars which are not paid for till the war is over. There are indications in the old books that the burlesquing pencil was a familiar instrument then among the merry lads of the cities and towns. But their efforts, after having answered their momentary purpose, perished.

But the habit of burlesque survived the war. There are few persons, even among the zealous fraternity of collectors, who are

FIGHT IN CONGRESS BETWEEN LYON AND GRISWOLD, FEBRUARY 15, 1798.

"He in a trice struck Griswold thrice
Upon his head, enraged, Sir;
Who seized the tongs to ease his wrongs,
And Griswold thus engaged, Sir."

aware that a New York dramatist in the year 1788 endeavored to burlesque in a regular five-act comedy the violent debates which distracted all circles while the acceptance of the new constitution was the question of questions. A copy or two of this comedy, called *The Politician Outwitted*, have been preserved. In lieu of the lost pictures take this brief scene, which exhibits a violent squabble between an inveterate opponent of the constitution and a burning patriot who supports it. They enter, in proper comedy fashion, after they are in full quarrel.

Enter old Loveyet and Trueman.

Loveyet. I tell you, it is the most infernal scheme that ever was devised.

Trueman. And I tell you, Sir, that your argument is heterodox, sophistical, and most preposterously illogical.

Loveyet. I insist upon it, Sir, you know nothing at all about the matter! And give me leave to tell you, Sir—

Trueman. What! Give you leave to tell me I know nothing at all about the matter! I shall do no such thing, Sir. I'm not to be governed by your *ipse dixit.*

Loveyet. I desire none of your musty Latin, for I don't understand it, not I.

Trueman. Oh, the ignorance of the age! To oppose a plan of government like the new constitution! *Like* it, did I say? There never *was* one like it. Neither Minos, Solon, Lycurgus, nor Romulus ever fabricated so wise a system. Why, it is a political phenomenon, a prodigy of legislative wisdom, the fame of which will soon extend ultramundane, and astonish the nations of the world with its transcendent excellence. To what a sublime height will the superb edifice attain!

Loveyet. Your aspiring edifice shall never be erected in this State, Sir.

Trueman. Mr. Loveyet, you will not listen to reason. Only calmly attend one moment. [*Reads.*] "We, the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide—"

Loveyet. I tell you I won't hear it.

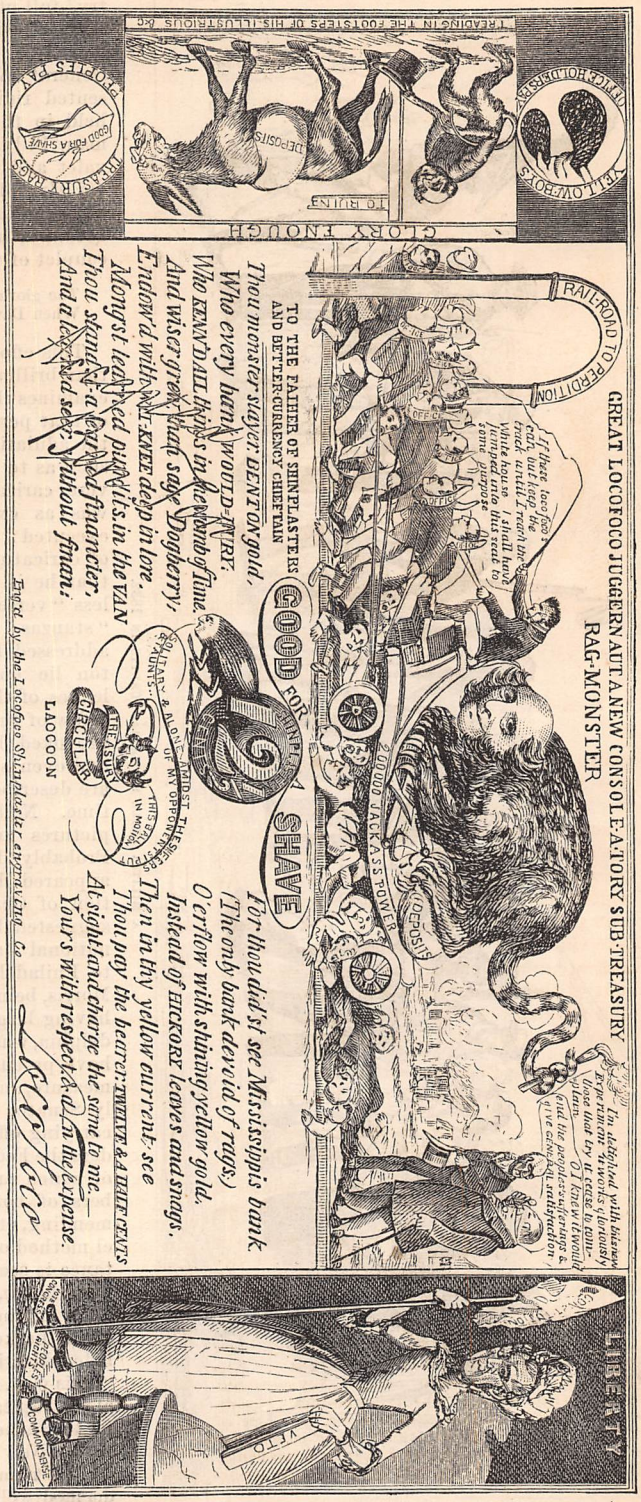
Trueman. Mark all that. [*Reads.*] "Section the First. All legislative power herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives." Very judicious and salutary, upon my erudition! 'Section the Second—"

Loveyet. I'll hear no more of your sections.

They continue the debate until both disputants are in the white heat of passion. Old Mr. Loveyet rushes away at last to break off the match between his daughter and Trueman's son, and Trueman retorts by calling his fiery antagonist "a conceited sot." This comedy is poor stuff, but it suffices to reveal the existence of the spirit of caricature among us at that early day, when New York was a clean, cobble-stoned, Dutch-looking town of thirty thousand inhabitants, one of whom, a boy five years of age, was named Washington Irving.

General Washington was inaugurated President at the same city in the following year. How often has the world been assured that no dissentient voice was heard on that occasion! The arrival of the general in New York was a pageant which the entire population is supposed to have most

heartily approved; and a very pleasing spectacle it must have been, as seen from the end of the island—the vessels decked with flags and streamers, and the President's stately barge, rowed by thirteen pilots in white uniforms, advancing toward the city, surrounded and followed by a cloud of small boats, to the thunder of great guns. But even then, it seems, there were a few who looked askance. At least one caricature appeared. "All the world here," wrote John Armstrong to the unreconciled General Gates, "are busy in collecting flowers and sweets of every kind to amuse and delight the President." People were asking one another, he adds, by what awe-inspiring title the President should be called, even plain Roger Sherman, of Connecticut, regarding "His Excellency" as beneath the grandeur of the office. "Yet," says Armstrong, "in the midst of this admiration there are skeptics who doubt its propriety, and wits who amuse themselves at its extravagance. The first will grumble and the last will laugh, and the President should be prepared to meet the attacks of both with firmness and good nature. A caricature has already appeared, called 'The En-



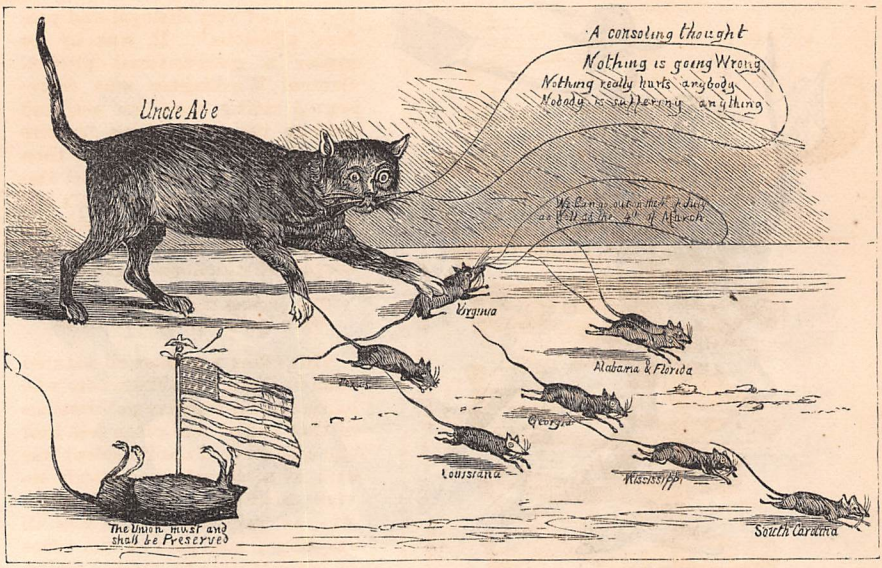
SHIN-PLASTER CARICATURE OF GENERAL JACKSON'S WAR ON THE UNITED STATES BANK, AND ITS CONSEQUENCES, 1837.

A MILITIA DRILL IN MASSACHUSETTS IN 1832.

try,' full of very disloyal and profane allusions." It was by no means a good-natured picture. General Washington was represented riding upon an ass, and held in the arms of his favorite man, Billy, once huntsman, then valet and factotum; Colonel David Humphreys, the general's aid and secretary, led the ass, singing hosannas and birthday odes, one couplet of which was legible:

> "The glorious time has come to pass
> When David shall conduct an ass."

This effort was more ill-natured than brilliant; but the reader who examines the fugitive publications of that period will often feel that the adulation of the President was such as to provoke and justify severe caricature. That adulation was as excessive as it was ill executed; and part of the office of caricature is to remind Philip that he is a man. The numberless "verses," "odes," "tributes," "stanzas," "lines," and "sonnets" addressed to President Washington lie entombed in the dingy leaves of the old newspapers, but a few of the epigrams which they provoked have been disinterred, and even some of the caricatures are described in the letters of the time. Neither the verses nor the pictures are at all remarkable. Probably the best caricature that appeared during the administration of General Washington was suggested by the removal of the national capital from New York to Philadelphia. Senator Robert Morris, being a Philadelphian, and having large possessions in Philadelphia, was popularly supposed to have procured the passage of the measure, and accordingly the portly Senator is seen in the picture carrying off upon his broad shoulders the Federal Hall, the windows of which are crowded with members of both Houses, some commending, others cursing, this novel method of removal. In the distance is seen the old Paulus Hook ferry-house, at what is now Jersey City, on the roof of which is the devil beckoning to the heavy-laden Morris, and crying to him, "This way, Bobby." The removal of the capital was a fruitful theme for the humorists of the day. Even then "New York politicians" had an ill name, and Congress was deemed well out of their reach.



VIRGINIA PAUSING.

A rude but very curious specimen of the caricature of the early time is one, given on page 30, of the collision on the floor of the House of Representatives between Matthew Lyon and Roger Griswold, both Representatives from Connecticut. Lyon, a native of Ireland, was an ardent Republican, who played a conspicuous part in politics during the final struggle between the Republicans and the Federalists. Roger Griswold, on the contrary, a member of an old and distinguished Connecticut family, a graduate of its ancient college, and a member of its really illustrious bar, was a pronounced Federalist. He was also a gentleman who had no natural relish for a strong-minded, unlettered emigrant who founded a town in his new country, built mills and foundries, invented processes, established a newspaper, and was elected to Congress. If Hamilton and Griswold and the other extreme Federalists had had their way in this country, there would have been no Matthew Lyons among us to create a new world for mankind, and begin the development of a better political system. Nor, indeed, was Matthew Lyon sufficiently tolerant of the old and tried methods that had become inadequate. He was not likely, either—at the age of fifty-two, standing upon the summit of a very successful career, which was wholly his own work—to regard as equal to himself a man of thirty-six, who seemed to owe his importance chiefly to his lineage. So here was a broad basis for an antipathy which the strife of politics could easily aggravate into an aversion extreme and fiery—fiery, at least, on the part of the Irishman.

Imagine this process complete, and the House, on the last day of the year 1798, in languid session, balloting. The two members were standing near one another outside the bar, when Griswold made taunting allusion to an old "campaign story" of Matthew Lyon's having been sentenced to wear a wooden sword for cowardice in the field. Lyon, in a fury, spat in Griswold's face. Instantly the House was in an uproar; and although the impetuous Lyon apologized to the House, he only escaped expulsion, after eleven days' debate, through the constitutional requirement of a two-thirds vote. This affair called forth a caricature in which the Irish member was depicted as a lion standing on his hind-legs wearing a wooden sword, while Griswold, handkerchief in hand, exclaims, "What a beastly action!"

The vote for expulsion—52 to 44—did not satisfy Mr. Griswold. Four days after the vote occurred the outrageous scene rudely delineated in the picture already mentioned. Griswold, armed with what the Republican editor called "a stout hickory club," and the Federalist editor a "hickory stick," assaulted Lyon while he was sitting at his desk, striking him on the head and shoulders several times before he could extricate himself. But at last Lyon got upon his feet, and, seizing the tongs, rushed upon the enemy. This is the moment selected by the artist. They soon after closed and fell to the floor, where they enjoyed a good "rough-and-tumble" fight, until members pulled them apart. A few minutes after they chanced to meet again at the "water table," near one of the doors. Lyon was now provided with a stick, but Griswold had

M'Clellan. Barlow. Belmont.

M'Clellan. "You must coax him along: conciliate him. Force won't do. I don't believe in it; but don't let go. Keep his head to the rear. If he should get away he might go to Richmond, and then my plans for conquering the Rebellion will never be developed."

B–lm—t. "Hold fast, B–rl–w, or he *will* get to Richmond in spite of us; and then my capital for the European market is all lost."

B–rl–w. "I've got him fast; there's no danger. He's only changing his base to the Gun-boats."

B–lm—t. "Look out for that letter to the President which you wrote for him. Don't lose that."

B–rl–w. "No; I have it safe here in my pocket. When his change of base is effected I will make him sign the letter, and send it to old Abe."

"ON TO RICHMOND!"—THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN, 1862.

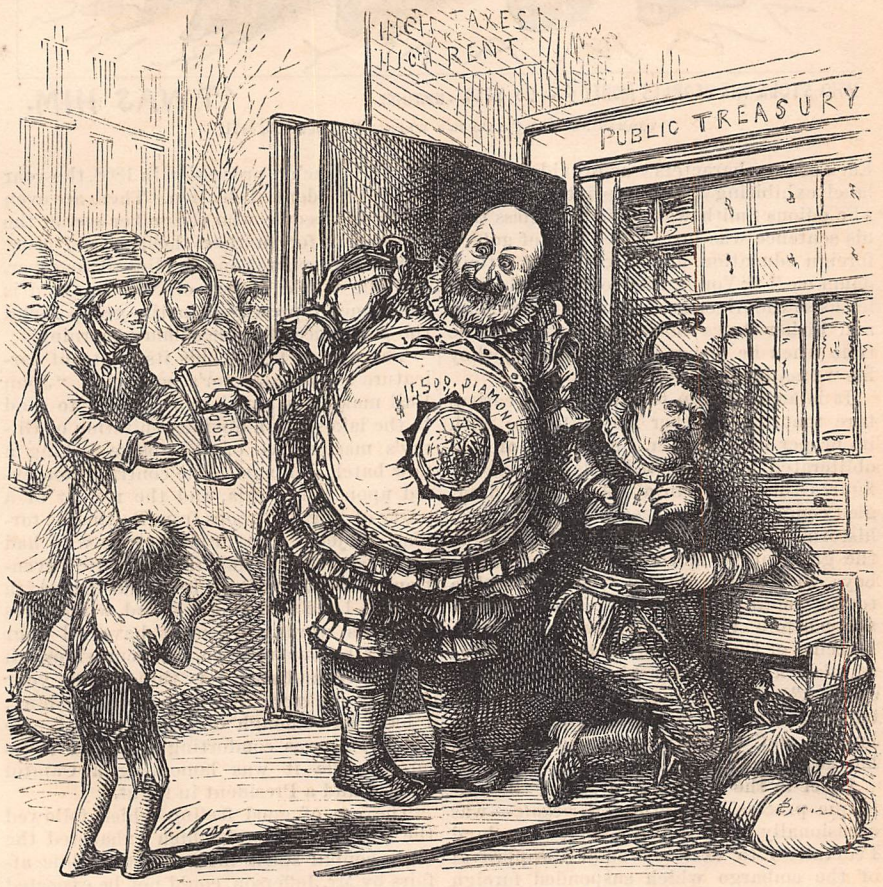
none. "Their eyes no sooner met," says the Federalist reporter, "than Mr. Lyon sprang to attack Mr. Griswold." A member handed Griswold a stick, and there was a fair prospect of another fight, when the Speaker interfered with so much energy that the antagonists were again torn apart. The battle was not renewed on the floor of Congress.

But it was continued elsewhere. Under that amazing sedition law of the Federalists, Lyon was tried a few months after for saying in his newspaper that President Adams had an "unbounded thirst for ridiculous pomp," had turned men out of office for their opinions, and had written "a bullying message" upon the French imbroglio of 1798. He was found guilty, sentenced to pay a fine of a thousand dollars, besides the heavy costs of the prosecution, to be imprisoned four months, and to continue in confinement until the fine was paid. Of course the people of his district stood by him, and, while he was in prison, re-elected him to Congress by a great majority; and his fine was repaid to his heirs in 1840 by Congress, with forty-two years' interest. These events made a prodigious stir in their time. Matthew Lyon's presence in the House of Representatives, his demeanor there, and his triumphal return from prison to Congress, were the first distinct notification to parties interested that the sceptre was passing from the Few to the Many.

The satire and burlesque of the Jeffersonian period, from 1798 to 1809, were abundant in quantity, if not of shining excellence. To the reader of the present day all savors of burlesque in the political utterances of that time, so preposterously violent were partisans on both sides. It is impossible to take a serious view of the case of an editor who could make it a matter of boasting that he had opposed the Republican measures for eight years "without a single exception." The press, indeed, had then no independent life; it was the minion and slave of party. It is only in our own day that the press begins to exist for its own sake, and descant with reasonable freedom on topics other than the Importance of Early Rising and the Customs of the Chinese. The reader would neither be edified nor amused by seeing Mr. Jefferson kneeling before a stumpy pillar labeled "Altar of Gallic Despotism," upon which are Paine's *Age of Reason* and the works of Rousseau, Voltaire, and Helvetius, with the demon of the French Revolution crouching behind it, and the American eagle soaring

aloft, bearing in its talons the constitution and the independence of the United States. Pictures of that nature, of great size, crowded with objects and emblems and sentences, an elaborate blending of burlesque and enigma, were much valued by that generation. Some specimens have come down to us engraved upon copper.

The politicians of the Jefferson period, borrowing the idea from Catholic times, employed stuffed figures and burlesque processions in lieu of caricature. While the people were still in warm sympathy with the French Revolution, William Smith, a Representative in Congress from South Carolina, gave deep offense to many of his constituents by opposing certain resolutions offered by "Citizen Madison" expressive of that sympathy. There was no burlesque artist then in South Carolina, but the Democrats of Charleston contrived, notwithstanding, to caricature the offender and "his infernal junto." A platform was erected in an open place in Charleston, upon which was exhibited to a noisy crowd, from early in the morning until three in the afternoon, a rare assemblage of figures: A woman representing the Genius of Britain inviting the recreant Representatives to share the wages of her iniquity, William Smith advancing toward her with eager steps, his right hand stretched out to receive his portion, in his left holding a paper upon which was written "*Six per cents*," and wearing upon his breast another with "£40,000 *in the Funds*;" Benedict Arnold with his hand full of checks and bills; Fisher Ames labeled "£400,000 *in the Funds*;" the devil and "Young Pitt" goading on the reprobate Americans. In front of the stage was a gallows for the due hanging and burning of these figures when the crowd were tired of gazing upon them.



TWEEDLEDEE AND SWEEDLEDUM.

(*A New Christmas Pantomime at the Tammany Hall.*)

Clown (*to Pantaloon*). "Let's Blind them with *this*, and then take *some more*."

TWEED'S GIFT OF FIFTY THOUSAND DOLLARS TO THE POOR OF HIS NATIVE WARD.—"HARPER'S WEEKLY," JANUARY 14, 1871.

THOMAS NAST, IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," AUGUST 19, 1871.

Each of the characters was provided with a label exhibiting an appropriate sentiment. The odious Smith was made to confess that his sentence was just: "The love of gold, a foreign education, and foreign connections damn me." "Young Pitt" owned to having let loose the Algerines upon the Americans, and Fisher Ames confessed that from the time when he began life as a horse-jockey his "*Ames* had been villainy."

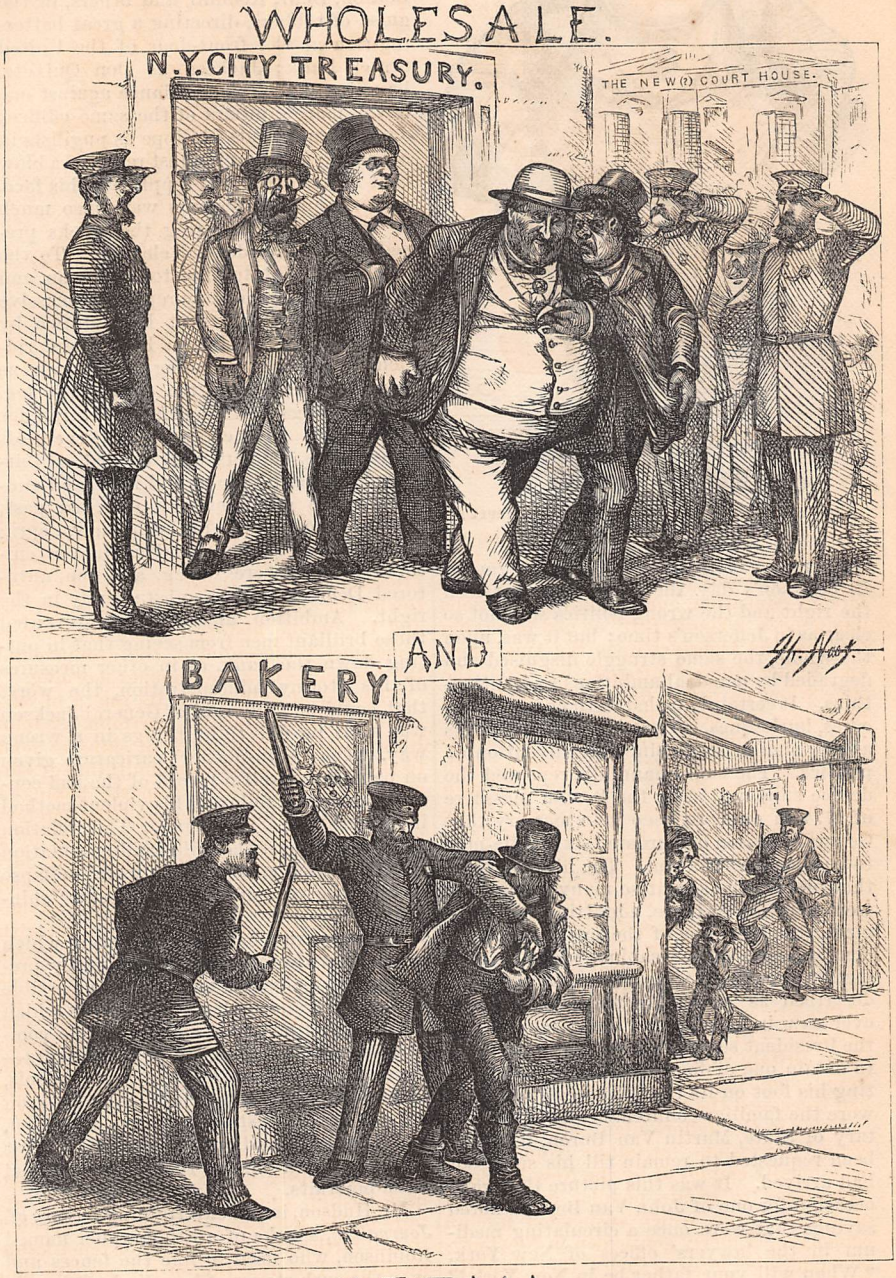
It is an objection to this kind of caricature that the weather may interfere with its proper presentation. A shower of rain obliterated most of those labels, and left the figures themselves in a reduced and draggled condition. But, according to the local historian, the exhibition was continued, "to the great mirth and entertainment of the boys, who would not quit the field until a total demolition of the figures took place," nor "before they had taken down the breeches of the effigy of the Representative of this State and given him repeated castigations." In the evening the colors of Great Britain were dipped in oil and *French* brandy, and burned at the same fire which had consumed the effigies.

Later in the Jeffersonian period the burlesque procession—*caricature vivante*—was occasionally employed by the New England Federalists to excite popular disapproval of the embargo which suspended foreign commerce. Elderly gentlemen in Newburyport remember hearing their fathers describe the battered old hulk of a vessel, with rotten rigging and tattered sails, manned by ragged and cadaverous sailors, that was drawn in such a procession in 1808, the year of the Presidential election. There are even a few old people who remember seeing the procession, for in those healthy old coast towns the generations are linked together, and the whole history of New England is sometimes represented in the group round the post-office of a fine summer morning.

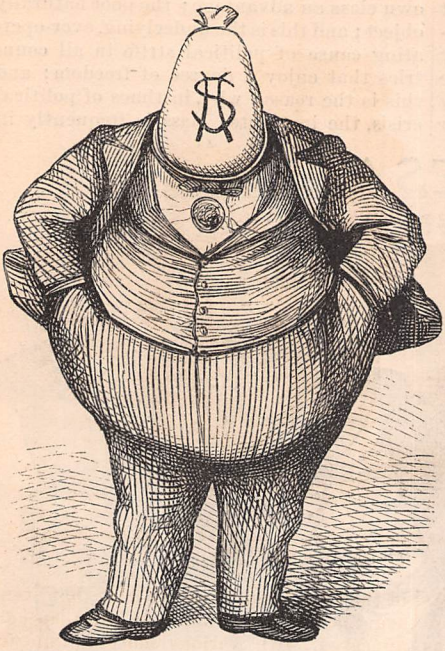
The war of 1812 yields its quota of caricature to the collector's portfolio. "John Bull making a new batch of ships to send to the lakes" is an obvious imitation of Gilray's masterpiece of Bonaparte baking a new batch of kings. The contribution levied upon Alexandria, and the retreat of a party of English troops from Baltimore, furnish subjects to a draughtsman who had more patriotic feeling than artistic invention. His "John Bull" is a stout man, with a bull's head and a long sword, who utters pompous words. "I must have all your flour, all your tobacco, all your ships, all your merchandise—every thing except your *Porter* and *Perry*. Keep them out of sight; I have had enough of *them* already." No doubt this was comforting to the patriotic mind while it was lamenting a Capitol burned and a President in flight.

The era of good feeling which followed the war of 1812, and which exhausted the high, benign spirit infused into public affairs by Mr. Jefferson, could not be expected to call forth satirical pictures of remarkable quality. The irruption of the positive and uncontrollable Jackson into politics made amends. Once more the mind of the country was astir, and again nearly the whole

of the educated class was arrayed against the masses of the people. The two political parties in every country, call them by whatever disguising names we may, are the Rich and the Poor. The rich are naturally inclined to use their power to give their own class an advantage; the poor naturally object; and this is the underlying, ever-operating cause of political strife in all countries that enjoy a degree of freedom; and this is the reason why, in times of political crisis, the instructed class is frequently in



PUBLISHED IN "HARPER'S WEEKLY," SEPTEMBER 16, 1871.



THE BRAINS OF THE TAMMANY RING.—"HARPER'S WEEKLY," OCTOBER 21, 1871.

the wrong. Interest blinds its judgment. In Jackson's day the distinction between the right and the wrong politics was not so clear as in Jefferson's time; but it was, upon the whole, the same struggle disguised and degraded by personal ambitions and antipathies. It certainly called forth as many parodies, burlesques, caricatures, and lampoons as any similar strife since the invention of politics. The coffin handbills repeated the device employed after the Boston massacre of 1774 in order to keep it in memory that General Jackson had ordered six militia-men to be shot for desertion. The hickory poles that pierced the sky at so many cross-roads were a retort to these, admitting but eulogizing the hardness of the man. The sudden break-up of the cabinet in 1831 called forth a caricature which dear Mrs. Trollope described as "the only tolerable one she ever saw in the country." It represented the President seated in his room trying hard to detain one of four escaping rats by putting his foot on its tail. The rat thus held wore the familiar countenance of the Secretary of State, Martin Van Buren, who had been requested to remain till his successor had arrived. It was this picture that gave occasion for one of John Van Buren's noted sayings that were once a circulating medium in the lawyers' offices of New York. "When will your father be in New York?" asked some one. The reply was, "When the President takes off his foot."

Then we have Van Buren as a baby in the arms of General Jackson, receiving pap from a spoon in the general's hand; Jackson and Clay as jockeys riding a race toward the Presidential house, Clay ahead; Jackson receiving a crown from Van Buren and a sceptre from the devil; Jackson, Benton, Blair, Kendall, and others, in the guise of robbers, directing a great battering-ram at the front-door of the United States Bank; Jackson, as Don Quixote, breaking a very slender lance against one of the marble pillars of the same edifice; Jackson and Louis Philippe as pugilists in a ring, the king having just received a blow that makes his crown topple over his face.

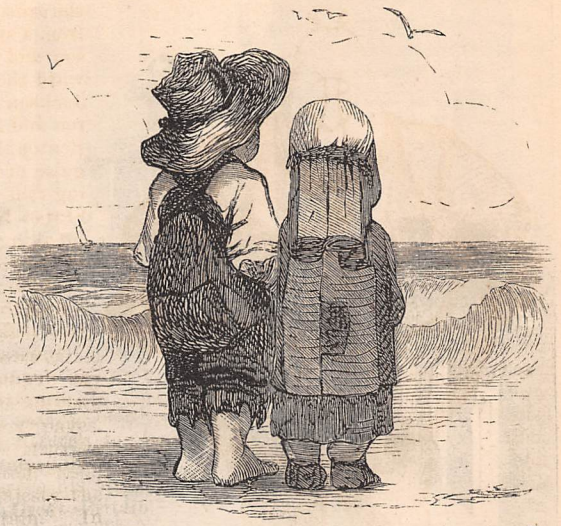
Burlesque processions were also much in vogue in 1832 during the weeks preceding the Presidential election. To the oratory of Webster, Preston, Hoffman, and Everett the Democracy replied by massive hickory poles, fifty feet long, drawn by eight, twelve, or sixteen horses, and ridden by as many young Democrats as could get astride of the emblematic log, waving flags and shouting, "Hurrah for Jackson!" Live eagles were borne aloft upon poles, banners were carried exhibiting Nicholas Biddle as Old Nick, and endless ranks of Democrats marched past, each Democrat wearing in his hat a sprig of the sacred tree. And again the cultured orators were wrong, and the untutored Democrats were substantially in the right. Ambition and interest prevented those brilliant men from seeing that in putting down the bank, as in other measures of his stormy administration, the worst that could be truly said of General Jackson was that he did right things in a wrong way. The "shin-plaster" caricature given on page 31 is itself a record of the bad consequences that followed his violent method in the matter of the bank. The inflation of 1835 produced the wild land speculation of 1836, which ended in the woful collapse of 1837, the year of bankruptcy and "shin-plaster."

To this period belongs the picture which caricatures the old militia system by presenting at one view many of the possible mishaps of training-day. The receipt which John Adams gave for making a free commonwealth enumerated four ingredients—town-meetings, training-days, town schools, and ministers. But in the time of Jackson the old militia system had been outgrown, and it was laughed out of existence. Most of the faces in this picture were intended to be portraits.

Mr. Hudson, in his entertaining *History of Journalism*, speaks of a lithographer named Robinson, who used to line the fences and even the curb-stones of New York with rude caricatures of the persons prominent in public life during the administrations of Jackson and Van Buren. Several of these have

been preserved, with others of the same period; but few of them are tolerable, now that the feeling which suggested them no longer exists; and as to the greater number, we can only agree with the New York *Mirror*, then in the height of its celebrity and influence, in pronouncing them "so dull and so pointless that it were a waste of powder to blow them up."

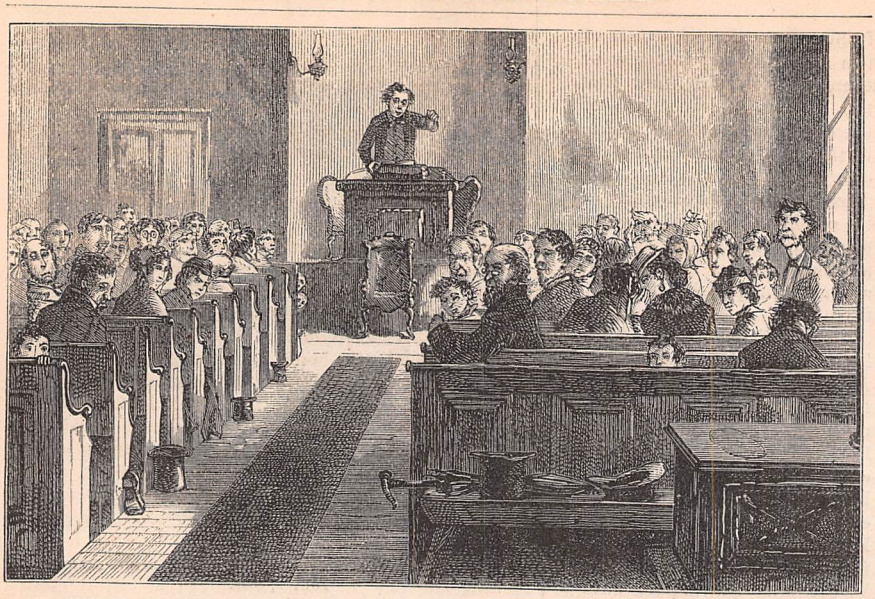
The publication of Mrs. Trollope's work upon the *Domestic Manners of the Americans* called forth many inanities, to say nothing of a volume of two hundred and sixteen pages, entitled, "*Travels in America*, by George Tibbleton, Esq., ex-Barber to his Majesty the King of Great Britain." In this work Mrs. Trollope's burlesque was burlesqued sufficiently well, perhaps, to amuse people at the moment, though it reads flatly enough now. The rise and progress of phrenology was caricatured as badly as Spurzheim himself could have desired, and the agitation in behalf of the rights of women evoked all that the pencil can achieve of the crude and the silly. On the other hand, the burning of the Ursuline convent in Boston was effectively rebuked by a pair of sketches, one exhibiting the destruction of the convent by an infuriate mob, and the other a room in which Sisters of Charity are waiting upon the sick. Over the whole was written, "Look on this picture, and on this."



"WHAT ARE THE WILD WAVES SAYING?"—"HARPER'S WEEKLY," JULY 9, 1870.

The thirty years' word war that preceded the four years' conflict in arms between North and South produced nothing in the way of burlesque art that is likely to be revived or remembered. If the war itself was not prolific of caricature, it was because drawing as a part of school training was still neglected among us to a degree unknown in any other civilized country. That the propensity to caricature existed is shown by the pictures on envelopes used during the first weeks of the war. The practice of illustrating envelopes in this way began on both sides in April, 1861, at the time when all eyes were directed upon Charleston Harbor. The flag of the Union, printed in colors, and covering the whole envelope, was the first device. This was instantly imitated by the Confederates, who filled their mails with envelope-flags showing seven stars and three broad stripes, the middle (white) one serving as a place for the direction of the letter. Very soon the flags began to exhibit mottoes and patriotic lines, such as, "Liberty and Union," "The Flag of the Free," and "Forever float that Standard Sheet." The national arms speedily appeared, with various mottoes annexed. General Dix's inspiration, "If any one attempts to haul down the American flag, shoot him on the spot," was the most popular of all for several weeks. Portraits of favorite generals and other public men were soon added—Scott, Fremont, Dix, Lincoln, Seward, and others. Before long the satirical and burlesque spirit began to manifest itself in such devices as a black flag and death's-head, with the words, "Jeff Davis—his mark;" a gallows, with a man hanging; a large pig, with "Whole Hog or None;" a bull-dog with his foot on a great piece of beef, marked Washington, with the words, "Why don't you take it?" The portrait of General Butler figured on thousands of letters during the months of April and May, with his patriotic sentence, "Whatever our politics, the government must be sustained;" and, a little later, his happy application of the words "contraband of war" to the case of the fugitive negroes was repeated upon letters without number. "Come back here, you old black rascal!" cries a master to his escaping slave. "Can't come back nohow," replies the colored brother; "dis chile contraban'." On many envelopes printed as early as May, 1861, we may still read a prophecy under the flag of the Union that has been fulfilled, "I shall wave again over Sumter."

Such things as these usually perish with the feeling that called them forth. Mr. William B. Taylor, then the postmaster of New York, struck with the peculiar appearance of the post-office, all gay and brilliant with heaps of colored pictures, conceived



A COUNTRY CONGREGATION—DISTURBED BY A LATE-COMER.—FROM A SKETCH BY MARY C. M'DONALD. "HARPER'S WEEKLY," JUNE 13, 1872.

the fancy of saving one or two envelopes of each kind, selected from the letters addressed to himself. These he hastily pasted in a scrap-book, which he afterward gave to swell the invaluable collection of curiosities belonging to the New York Historical Society.

We should not naturally have looked for caricature in Richmond in April, 1861, while the convention was sitting that passed the ordinance of secession. But the reader will perceive on page 33 that the pencil lent its aid to those who were putting the native land of Washington and Jefferson on the wrong side of the great controversy. This specimen appeared on the morning of the decisive day, and was brought away by a lady who then left Richmond for her home in New York. The rats are arranged so as to show the order in which the States seceded: South Carolina first, Mississippi second, Alabama and Florida on the same day, and Virginia still held by the negotiations with Mr. Lincoln. This picture may stand as the contribution of the Confederacy to the satiric art of the world.

Few readers need to be informed that it was the war which developed and brought to light the caricaturist of the United States, Thomas Nast. When the war began he was a boyish-looking youth of eighteen, who had already been employed as a draughtsman upon the illustrated press of New York and London for two years. He had ridden in Garibaldi's train during the campaign of 1860 which freed Sicily and Naples, and sent sketches of the leading events home to New York and to the London *Illustrated News*. But it was the secession war that changed him from a roving lad with a swift pencil for sale into a patriot artist burning with the enthusiasm of the time. *Harper's Weekly*, circulating in every town, army, camp, fort, and ship, placed the whole country within his reach, and he gave forth from time to time those powerful emblematic pictures that roused the citizen and cheered the soldier. In these early works, produced amidst the harrowing anxieties of the war, the serious element was of necessity dominant, and it was this quality that gave them so much influence. They were as much the expression of heart-felt conviction as Mr. Curtis's most impassioned editorials, or Mr. Lincoln's Gettysburg speech. This I know, because I sat by his side many a time while he was drawing them, and was with him often at those electric moments when the idea of a picture was conceived. It was not till the war was over, and President Andrew Johnson began to "swing round the circle," that Mr. Nast's pictures became caricatures. But they were none the less the utterance of conviction. Whether he is wrong or right in the view presented of a subject, his pictures are always as much the product of his mind as they are of his hand.

Concerning the justice of many of his political caricatures there must be, of course, two opinions; but happily his greatest achievement is one which the honest portion of the people all approve. Caricature, since the earliest known period of its existence, far back in the dawn of Egyptian history, has accomplished nothing else equal

to the series of about forty-five pictures contributed by Thomas Nast to *Harper's Weekly* for the explosion of the Tammany Ring. These are the utmost that satiric art has done in that kind. The fertility of invention displayed by the artist, week after week, for months at a time, was so extraordinary that people concluded, as a matter of course, the ideas were furnished him by others. On the contrary, he can not draw from the suggestions of other minds. His more celebrated pictures have been drawn in quiet country places, several miles from the city in which they were published.

The presence in New York of seventy or eighty thousand voters, born and reared in Europe, and left by European systems of government and religion totally ignorant of all that the citizens of a free state are most concerned to know, gave a chance here to the political thief such as has seldom existed, except within the circle of a court and aristocracy. The stealing, which was begun forty years before in the old corporation tea-room, had at last become a system, which was worked by a few coarse, cunning men with such effect as to endanger the solvency of the city. They stole more like kings and emperors than like common thieves, and the annual festival given by them at the Academy of Music called to mind the reckless profusion of Louis XIV. when he entertained the French nobles at Versailles at the expense of the laborious and economical people of France. Their chief was almost as ignorant and vulgar, though not as mean and pig-like, as George IV. of England. In many particulars they resembled the gang of low conspirators who seized the supreme power in France in 1851, and in the course of twenty years brought that powerful and illustrious nation so near ruin that it is even now a matter of doubt whether it exists by strength or by sufferance.

What an escape we had! But, also, what immeasurable harm was done! From being a city where every one wished to live, or, at least, often to remain, they allowed New York to become a place from which all escaped who could. Nothing saved its business predominance but certain facts of geology and geography which Rings can not alter. Two generations of wise and patriotic exertion will not undo the mischief done by that knot of scoundrels in about six years. The press caught them at the full tide of their success, when the Tammany Ring, in fell alliance with a railroad ring, was confident of placing a puppet of its own in the Presidential chair. The history of this melancholy lapse, from the hour when an alderman first pocketed a quire of note-paper, or carried from the tea-room a bundle of cigars, to the moment of Tweed's rescue from a felon's cell through the imperfection of the law, were a subject worthier far of a great American writer in independent circumstances than any he could find in the records of the world beyond the sea. The interests of human nature, not less than the special interests of this country,

CHRISTMAS-TIME—WON AT A TURKEY RAFFLE.—DRAWN BY SOL EYTINGE, JUN.—"HARPER'S WEEKLY," JANUARY 3, 1874.

"De Breed am Small, but de Flavor am Delicious."

"HE COMETH NOT, SHE SAID."—M. WOOLF, IN "HARPER'S BAZAR," JULY 31, 1875.

demand that it should be written; for all the nations are now in substantially the same moral and political condition. Old methods have become every where inadequate before new ones are evolved; and meanwhile the Scoundrel has all the new forces and implements at his command. If ever this story should be written for the instruction of mankind, the historian will probably tell us that two young men of the New York press did more than any others to create the feeling that broke the Ring. Both of them naturally loathed a public thief. One of these young men in the columns of an important daily paper, and the other on the broad pages of *Harper's Weekly*, waged brilliant and effective warfare against the combination of spoilers. They made mad the guilty and appalled the free. They gave, also, moral support to the able and patriotic gentlemen who, in more quiet, unconspicuous ways, were accumulating evidence that finally consigned some of the conspirators to felons' cells, and made the rest harmless wanderers over the earth.

Comic art is now well established among us. In the illustrated papers there are continually appearing pictures which are highly amusing, without having the incisive, aggressive force of Mr. Nast's caricatures. The old favorites of the public, Bellew, Eytinge, Reinhart, Beard, are known and admired by all the readers of this Magazine, and the catalogue continually lengthens by the addition of other names. Interesting sketches, more or less satirical, bear the names of Brackmere, C. G. Parker, M. Woolf, G. Bull, S. Fox, Paul Frenzeny, Frost, Wust, Hopkins, Thomas Worth, and others. Among such names it is delightful to find those of two ladies, Mary M'Donald and Jennie Browscombe. The old towns of New England abound in undeveloped and half-developed female talent, for which there seems at present no career. There will never be a career for talent undeveloped or half developed. Give the schools in those fine old towns one lesson a week in object-drawing from a teacher that knows his business, keep it up for one generation, and New England girls will cheer all homes by genial sketches and amusing glimpses of life, to say nothing of more important and serious artistic work. The talent exists; the taste exists. Nothing is wanting but for us all to cast away from us the ridiculous notion that the only thing in human nature that requires educating is the brain. We must awake to the vast absurdity of bringing up girls upon algebra and Latin, and sending them out into a world which they were born to cheer and decorate unable to walk, dance, sing, or draw; their minds overwrought, but not well nourished, and their bodies devoid of the rudiments of education.

There is no country on earth where the humorous aspects of human life are more relished than in the United States, and none where there is less power to exhibit them by the pencil. There are to-day a thousand paragraphs afloat in the press which ought to have been pictures. Here is one from a newspaper in the interior of Georgia: "A sorry sight it is to see a spike team, consist-

ing of a skeleton steer and a skinky blind mule, with rope harness, and a squint-eyed driver, hauling a barrel of new whisky over poor roads, on a hermaphrodite wagon, into a farming district where the people are in debt, and the children are forced to practice scant attire by day and hungry sleeping by night." The man who penned those graphic lines needed, perhaps, but an educated hand to reproduce the scene, and make it as vivid to all minds as it was to his own. The country contains many such possible artists.

RICHARD BAXTER.

TALKS, WALKS, AND DRIVES IN AND AROUND LEA CASTLE, NEAR KIDDERMINSTER, ENGLAND, IN THE SUMMER OF 1872

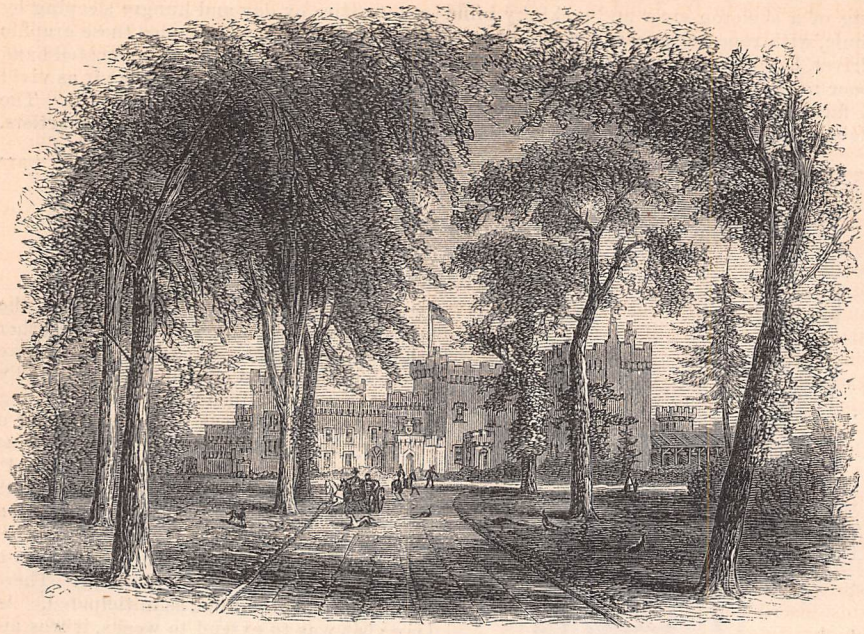
By the Hon. WILLIAM W. CAMPBELL.

STATUE OF RICHARD BAXTER, THE PURITAN DIVINE, AT KIDDERMINSTER.

"Castle Lea, my memory carries
All thy scenes of peace around;
Still thy mossy dingle tarries,
Still I see the upland mound.
There the belt of gloomy larches,
Here the valley deep and green,
Leading to the emerald arches
Where the June sun ne'er is seen.
Joyous creatures, furred and feathered,
Feed and play in fearless glee,
And I see them tamely gathered
Round the walls of Castle Lea."

—Eliza Cook.

AS I stepped from the railroad car at the station of Kidderminster. a young man very civilly addressed me, asking if I was going to Lea Castle, and adding that the carriage was waiting for me on the other side of the dépôt. In a few minutes we were out of the old city, and rolling rapidly along the avenue lined with beeches leading to the castle. It was just a quarter of a century since I was driven up the avenue by my friend, then as now the owner, J. P. Brown Westhead, M.P. Twenty-five years had come and gone—a large portion of a human life, however long that life may be. For many of those years Mr. W. had been a member of Parliament for old York. There was a cordial reception, as anticipated. As my visit was to extend to weeks, it was arranged that a portion of each long summer day when the weather was pleasant was to be spent in walks and drives to places of interest in the vicinity. When Charles II., in 1651, fled from the, to him, fatal field of Worcester, he skirted Kidderminster by Chester Lane to Kinver Edge, and thence to Boscobel, a lone house on the borders of Staffordshire, and where he was concealed in the famous Royal Oak. The lane ran on the north side of the castle, and is still regarded with interest, and the tale is still repeated of the flight of the young king along the lane and down to the valley below. Early in the morning we walk along a portion of this lane, stopping to look in upon friends in Lion House, where the celebrated printer John Baskerville was born in 1706. We are in the town, and look up at the Church of St. Mary, said to have been founded in 1315, the ancient Chi Dwr minster, the minster or church on the hill overlooking the water giving the name of Chiderminster, changed to Kidderminster. The church would thus seem to have antedated the town or city. The church still looks down on the river Stour, flowing along below the rocky edge to the left of the view. The waters of the river, impregnated with iron and fuller's-earth, are said to be of great value to the extensive carpet manufactories for which Kidderminster is celebrated. To this Chi Dwr minster, this church on the hill overlooking the waters, there came as a preacher of the Gospel in March, 1640, a young man then scarcely twenty-five years of age, who was to labor there for the greater part of twenty years, whose name was to



LEA CASTLE.

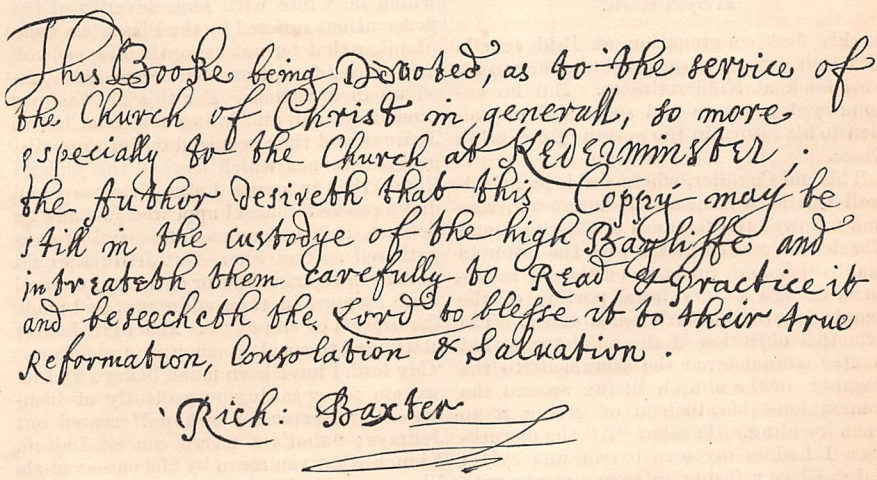
be thereafter spoken with reverence, and whose works were to be read and studied wherever Protestant Christianity should find a home in any portion of the four quarters of the globe. Though of a feeble constitution, he was destined to live on for more than fifty years thereafter; to outlive all the four kings of the house of Stuart; to suffer exile, persecution, fine, and imprisonment during the reigns of the last two monarchs; and finally to die in a good old age and in peaceful times, when the Protestant religion had been restored to power after the Revolution, with William and Mary on the throne of England. This young and zealous preacher of the Gospel was Richard Baxter. He was born in the neighboring county of Shropshire, the son of respectable parents, but not in affluent circumstances. Fond of learning, he early gave promise of scholarship, and by the aid and influence of partial friends he was sent up to London at the age of seventeen to make his way to influence at the court of Charles the First. But he was then of a religious temper and thought, and found no pleasure in the frivolities and surroundings of a court, and after a tarry of a few weeks returned home. Devoting himself to study, by economy he was prepared and entered the university. He did not complete a full university course. Leaving the university, he became tutor and school-teacher, and, pursuing theological studies, was admitted to orders in the Established Church of England. His first settlement was at Bridgenorth, a few miles from Kidderminster, among, as he said, a hardened people. Baxter says he found the church a "most convenient temple, very capacious, and the most commodious and convenient that ever I was in." The congregation increased under his preaching to such an extent that five galleries were built to hold the hearers.

In 1787 the spirit of renovation seems to have possessed the church wardens and authorities. The veneration for Baxter's memory was no longer cherished. His pulpit was taken down, and that, with his communion-table, was sold at auction to the highest bidder. The pulpit and the carved seats found resting-places in the Independent chapels. Not far from St. Mary's Church an alley-way leads up to the old meeting-house (Independent). Here in the session-room we found the pulpit, not used by the preacher, but placed near the corner of the room, and flanked on each side by the large folio volumes containing the writings of Baxter. The pulpit, as will be seen, is elaborately carved, and appears, by an inscription on it, to have been the gift of a widow, probably an admiring member of his congregation. Baxter found his hearers at Kidderminster not sermon-proof as at Bridgenorth, and he said, "Also it is but the least part of a minister's work which is done in the pulpit; Paul taught them also from house to house, day and night, with tears." But the great labor which he performed is witnessed by his numerous works, amounting to no less than one hundred and sixty, several of them quarto volumes.

"What books of Baxter's should I read?"

said Boswell to Dr. Johnson. "Read any of them; they are all good," was the emphatic reply. In a very recent lecture by the Bishop of Peterborough, he says, "Those were precious things that Baxter had given to Christendom;" and looking back to those stormy times in which he lived, we might see rising above the dust and tumult of the conflict that ensign of truth which men still carry forth in their wars of good against bad, right against wrong, righteousness against sin and misery. The best known of his works is *The Saints' Everlasting Rest*, amplifying and illustrating that consoling utterance of St. Paul, "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God." *The Saints' Rest*, he says, was conceived by him in his chamber in a friend's house in Derbyshire, "when sentenced to death by the physicians." He survived, and finished the work at his own house in Kidderminster, and it was published in 1649. He was then thirty-four years of age. A second edition was published in 1651.

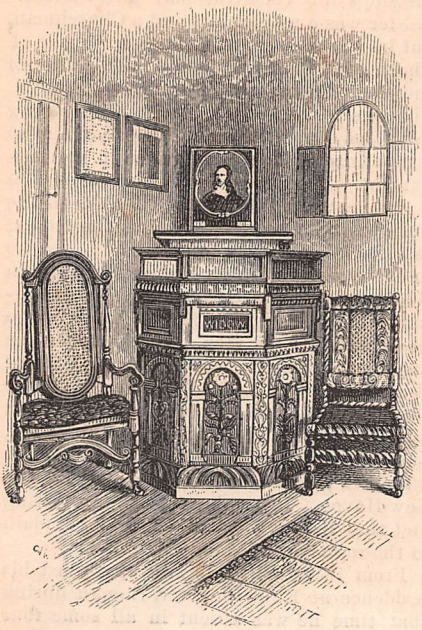
A copy of this second edition was presented to the bailiff of Kidderminster, with this inscription on the fly-leaf in his own handwriting:



This book has been carefully preserved by the successive bailiffs, and it is said has only twice been out of their custody, and then only for inspection and some temporary purpose, such as tracing or photographing the inscription on the fly-leaf.

In the spring of 1640 Baxter commenced his labors at Kidderminster, and in November of that year was assembled that Parliament known familiarly as the Long Parliament, and whose actions were to have much to do with the future events of his life: "that renowned Parliament which, in spite of many errors and disasters, is justly entitled to the reverence and gratitude of all who in any part of the world enjoy the blessings of constitutional government." Baxter was a monarchist and a Churchman, but he was opposed to the arbitrary rule of Charles the First, and he did not hold to all the doctrines of the Established Church. Nor was he a Roundhead; but his strong religious convictions doubtless led him to sympathize with the majority of the Parliament. The times were turbulent, and in a few years we find him a chaplain in the Parliamentary army, preaching the Gospel as earnestly to the soldiers as he had done to his congregation at Kidderminster. In that memorable document, the death-warrant which consigned Charles the First to the block, will be seen, directly under the name of Cromwell, the name of Edward Whalley—that Colonel Whalley who, after the Restoration, fled to North America, and who, after long years of exile and hiding, found, at a good old age, a quiet and almost unknown grave in one of the grave-yards of New Haven. It may be to us an interesting fact that Baxter filled the office of chaplain in the regiment of Colonel Whalley.

From 1640 to 1660 Baxter continued his residence at Kidderminster, though during that time he was absent in all some four years. Charles the Second arrived in London in May, 1660, and was received with great favor, and the restoration of the monarchy was complete. The Commonwealth had come and gone. The regicides were called to a strict account. But Baxter, instead of being marked out for punishment, was an object of royal favor. Clarendon, who had followed the fortunes of Charles, was now at the head of affairs. The vacant see of Hereford was tendered to Baxter, but he did not desire the office of a bishop, and he declined the offer. He was appointed chaplain to the king, and preached once or twice before his majesty. He found the dissolute monarch probably as sermon-proof



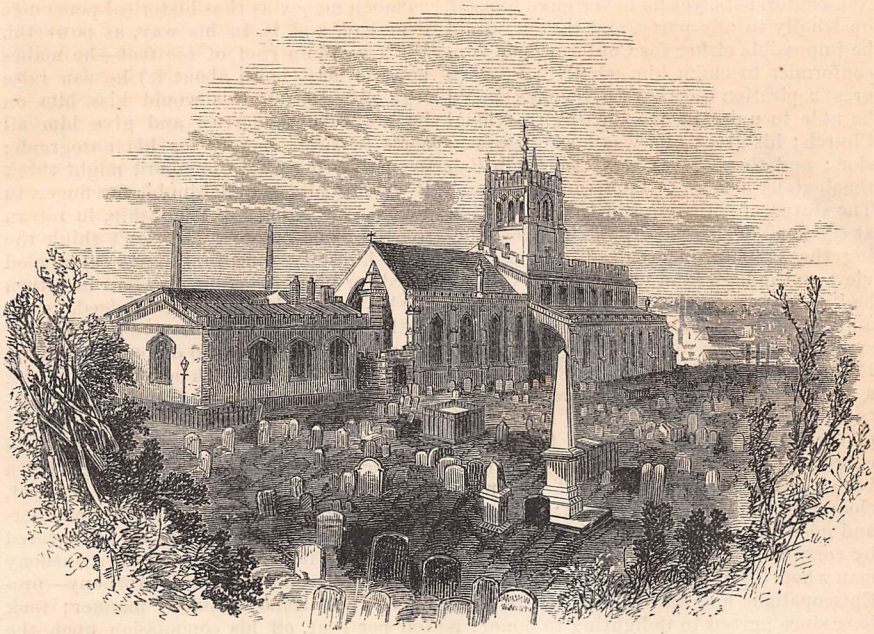
BAXTER'S PULPIT.

as his first congregation at Bridgenorth. His desire was to return and minister to his own flock at Kidderminster. But he encountered a severe and successful opposition to his return in the person of Sir Ralph Clare.

This old Cavalier, whose residence, Caldwell Castle, was near Kidderminster, who had followed the fortunes of Charles I. and Charles II., and had been with the latter in his banishment, made a persistent resistance, though a very large portion of the people favored Baxter's continuance. The principal objection of the knight was that Baxter administered the sacrament to the members of the church sitting around the communion-table, instead of giving it to them kneeling. He says: "All the disturbance I had in my own parish was by Sir Ralph Clare refusing to communicate with us, unless I would give it to him kneeling on a distinct day, and not with those that received it standing." And he adds, "I had no mind to be the author of such a schism, and to make, as it were, two churches of one."

Baxter went out, never to return as preacher at his pleasant home at Kidderminster. He said that when he went there first there were whole streets where a praying family could not be found, and when he left there were few streets where prayer and praise did not ascend daily from almost every dwelling. He was succeeded by the sequestered vicar Rev. George Dance, "a man of peculiarly unsavory and unclerical mode of life." The doughty old knight Sir Ralph Clare died a few years after at an advanced age, and was buried in the south aisle of the nave of the old church. For many years, owing to alterations, his grave was covered, but recent changes have again brought it to view, and the visitor can read the inscription on the stone which covers his ashes, telling how he had attended at the coronation of Charles I., and served him through all his glorious misfortunes, and was servant to Charles II. in his banishment and return. Caldwell Castle, on the outskirts of Kidderminster, has mostly been torn down, one tower alone remaining, and the name of Sir Ralph Clare comes down to us with unenviable notoriety as the man who drove out Richard Baxter from his home and his successful labors at Kidderminster. Baxter was comparatively a young man—forty-five years of age—when he left Kidderminster. His after-years, more than thirty, were spent in London and vicinity, preaching as occasion offered, and continuing his labor of writing. Indeed, he said writing was his labor, and preaching his recreation. Among his other writings was a commentary on the New Testament, in which he wrote with some severity of the persecutions suffered by the Dissenters, complaining that for not using the Prayer-book men were driven from their homes and locked up in dungeons. For this he was proceeded against, and brought to trial before Jeffreys, and then occurred one of those disgraceful scenes which marked the judicial life of that infamous judge. Learned and distinguished counsel appeared in Baxter's defense, and numerous influential friends gathered around him. But Jeffreys would not listen to argument or entreaty; counsel were stopped in their addresses, and made the objects of vile abuse. At length Baxter attempted to speak, commencing as follows: "My lord, I have been much blamed by Dissenters for speaking respectfully of bishops—" "Baxter for bishops!" roared out Jeffreys; "that's a merry conceit, indeed. I know what you mean by bishops—vassals like yourself; Kidderminster bishops; factious, sniveling Presbyterians. Richard, dost thou think we will let thee poison the court? Richard, thou art an old knave. Thou hast written books enough to load a cart, and every book as full of sedition as an egg is full of meat." Resistance was of no avail, and Baxter was convicted, and sentenced to imprisonment and to pay a heavy fine. Such was the treatment of a man of whom Macaulay says: "No eminent chief of a party has ever passed through many years of civil and religious dissension with more innocence than Richard Baxter. He belonged to the mildest and most temperate section of the Puritan body."

And thus it happened that two men of



KIDDERMINSTER CHURCH, WHERE BAXTER PREACHED.

England of that age, whose names are held in most reverence, and whose works are to this day most extensively read throughout Protestant Christendom, were suffering persecution at the same time and for the same cause—freedom to worship God according to the dictates of their own consciences and of their own understanding of the Holy Scriptures. For while the author of *Saints' Rest* was a condemned prisoner in the King's Bench Prison in London, John Bunyan, the author of that immortal allegory, *The Pilgrim's Progress*, was immured in the common jail of Bedford. Baxter lay in prison eighteen months, when he was released through the intercession of influential friends. After the Revolution and the accession of William and Mary to the throne, and when the Toleration Act was passed, Baxter gave in his adhesion, and qualified under the act. But before doing so he put on record an explanation of the sense in which he understood those propositions which might admit of misconstruction. He declared that his approbation of the Athanasian Creed was confined to that part which was properly a creed, and that he did not mean to express any assent to the damnatory clauses. He also declared that he did not, by signing the article which anathematized all who maintain that there is any other salvation than through Christ, mean to condemn those who entertain a hope that sincere and virtuous unbelievers may be admitted to partake in the benefits of redemption. This was among the last of his public acts, for he died in London in 1691, at the age of seventy-five. During many of the last years of his life he had realized in his own person the truths which he had so earnestly taught, that the saints' rest is not to be expected on earth.

Nearly a quarter of a century ago William Hancoks, Esq., of Blakeshall House, a pious and enlightened gentleman, erected on his own grounds in the parish of Wolverley, about four miles from Kidderminster, an obelisk fifty feet high, bearing the following inscription: "To commemorate that devoted man, Richard Baxter, minister of the Old Church, Kidderminster, about the year 1650, whose unwearied labors were so greatly blessed to that town and neighborhood. Read his *Saints' Everlasting Rest*, and *Call to the Unconverted*." A few months before the writer of this article was in Kidderminster, in 1872, looking at the interesting Baxter relics, a public meeting had been held in the town, and measures adopted and funds raised to erect a statue in honor and remembrance of him. All religious denominations united. The vicar said: "There were many in that town who revered and honored that beloved man, and who believed that to be baptized into the spirit of Baxter would be one of the greatest privileges that could be conferred upon them." The Non-conformist minister said: "During the whole course of his ministry in Kidderminster, Baxter was in conformity with the Established Church; and though in after-years, for very powerful reasons, he had to cast in his lot with the

Non-conformists, yet he never gave himself up wholly to any party, and that it would be impossible either for Conformist or Non-conformist to claim him wholly. Baxter's great aspiration was that Englishmen should be able to unite in one Christian national Church; his great aim was for comprehension; and there never was among British theologians a more Catholic-minded man." The statue, of which an illustration is given at the head of this paper, was unveiled during the summer just passed. It rises to view on the high land near the Old Church looking down on the Stour, on the town and extensive manufactories, and on the spot where once arose the home of Sir Ralph Clare, Caldwell Castle; and many a stranger, many a passing traveler, will turn aside to view the places and scenes of the labor, and to look upon the marble effigy, of him of whom the Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Magee, in a recent lecture so eloquently and truthfully said: "A great and good man; a man long since canonized by consent of all Protestant Christians; a man whom Churchmen and Non-conformists, Episcopalians and anti-Episcopalians, have long since agreed in delighting to honor; a man whose virtues lay on the surface of his character; a man with a love for disputation, and a desire to resolve others rather than be resolved himself; yet patient, generous, brave, forgiving; foremost as a divine; unequaled, save by Jeremy Taylor, as a casuist; a man who, fearing his Master, feared no other man: this was Richard Baxter."

HER IMPERIAL GUEST:

A MAYFAIR MYSTERY.

I.—INVITATION.

THERE are great people and great people in London. If any honest folks from the country should chance to pass Mrs. Patterini's door in Evelyn Lodge on any afternoon in the season, when that lady's splendid equipage is stopping the way there, and through the open portal should behold the powdered footmen who await her coming, they would doubtless think Mrs. Patterini a very great personage indeed; much greater than Mrs. Marmaduke Eyre next door, for example, whose neat little unpretentious brougham is cast into the shade by Mrs. P.'s magnificent vehicle, and whose footman wears not even a shoulder-knot. Yet Mrs. P. would give her ears—or at least her diamond ear-rings—to get an inclination of the head from the other lady, who unhappily has no inclination for her. There is nothing whatever against the character of Mrs. Patterini; she is fit to be Cæsar's wife, so far as any breath of personal scandal is concerned; and if she is not Cæsar's, she is the wife of a man who has probably as much money as that historical personage ever had, and is, in his way, as powerful. With a stamp (not of his foot—he makes not the least noise about it) he can raise legions. Don Carlos would kiss him on both cheeks to-morrow and give him all sorts of titles merely for his autograph; even the Comte de Chambord might think it worth while to give him his forefinger, in token of a legitimate friendship, in return for the same favor; and I don't think the Pope himself would hesitate to say a good word for him in certain quarters in return for his heretical assistance. Indeed, for assisting some struggling sovereign—or half sovereign—Mr. Patterini did once acquire a patent of nobility, which he has been known to exhibit to confidential friends in his smoking-room, and is entitled, he has assured them, to write himself Baron. Baron and Baroness Patterini! can any thing have a finer or more harmonious sound? And yet, for the life of her, Mrs. P. dare not call herself Baroness. People are *so* ill-natured that they will be sure to say dear Anthony—the good man's name is Anthony—procured it in some infamous manner; took ten per cent. off his commission upon the Monaco loan, perhaps; whereas, as every body knows, a real nobleman is constructed in quite a different manner. He must be a gentleman first (though this is not absolutely indispensable); then he must have an estate in some county, and represent it in Parliament after a contested election; and even then, unless he "rats" at a political crisis, when the thing is often done at once, it is a tedious affair to get ennobled. It was the more to be regretted that such steps should be necessary, for the name of Patterini seemed to its female owner singularly adapted for a noble prefix; the word Mrs. in connection with it appeared to her a waste, a bathos, like a handle of bone prefixed to a silk parasol; it had a certain Norman ring about it, and even if it was Greek (as was the fact), the modern Greeks, as Cyril Clarke assured her, resemble in their predatory habits the ancient Normans. Mrs. Patterini did not know what "predatory" meant, and she was quite satisfied with the assertion. She had the utmost confidence in Mr. Cyril Clarke as a gentleman and a gentile; for both those classes, to say the truth, were, among her immediate acquaintances, rather scarce. He was a barrister, a "rising" one he called himself, but upon cross-examination would admit frankly that he only meant a young barrister—rising twenty-six. He was handsome, intelligent, and sprightly, but the attorneys had not fallen in love with him, nor had he fallen in love with an attorney's daughter. He had fallen in love with Miss Myra Patterini, who by rights should have been a Baroness like her mother, for one of the great charms

of a foreign title is that it descends and spreads, so that one's whole stock is glorified, and one begets, not boys and girls, like the common herd of parents, but Barons and Baronesses.

Any thing more ludicrous than Mr. Cyril Clarke's pretensions to this young lady's hand it would have been difficult to conceive. His family, though respectable enough—his father was a minor canon of some cathedral or another, and had a living in the Fens—were by no means Norman; he had not a shilling in the world—that is to say, judged by an Evelyn Lodge standard; he had in reality an allowance of £250 a year, paid quarterly by his papa, and how he managed to clothe himself in the way he did, and smoke such excellent cigars, was a marvel except to those who knew that he paid nobody except the bankers of his club on the 1st of January. He was not a poet nor a novelist; he had discovered no new religion nor any flaws in the old ones. He had no distinction of any kind which could be supposed by the most charitable to bridge over the great gulf that lay between him and Miss Myra. And yet he dared to love her, and one of her parents knew it. Of course it was the female one. Patterini *père* knew nothing except the share list, British and foreign, and which of the great City houses was "shaky"—a piece of intelligence he always managed to acquire in time to prevent it shaking *him*. One thing more he knew—that under no circumstances whatsoever was he to interfere with the plans of Mrs. Patterini; his privilege was confined to paying for their execution. To look at him you would say he was the honestest man, I don't say in Greece, but in England. And far be it from me to hint that he was not honest. He looked like a highly respectable grazier, whose talk should have been of beeves when it was not of repairing his parish church, situated in a pastoral district. He had not only the air of a churchwarden, but of the parson's own churchwarden. The keys which he was wont to rattle in his pocket when taking his wife's orders might have belonged to the vestry, instead of fitting desks full of mysterious documents, with seals and stamps upon them—mostly foreign—that represented tens of thousands of pounds.

He rather liked Cyril Clarke, and was pleasurably surprised that the young man had never asked him to lend him money. His calling was that of a lender, and nothing had yet occurred to him in the semblance of friendship with needy men that had not sooner or later taken that professional turn. He had done several "smart" things—a term used in the City for benevolent actions—to such persons during his commercial career, and would have been very willing to have given Cyril Clarke a hundred or two for the asking. If he had asked for his daughter, he would not have been angry, but would probably have offered to provide for him for life in a first-class lunatic asylum.

The Baroness, as I am afraid the young barrister was wont to call his hostess in the family circle, had even a higher ambition with respect to the disposal of her daughter's hand than her husband, and yet she permitted this young man to pay her Myra marked attentions. Nothing serious could possibly come of it, and Cyril was extremely useful to her, and could be retained by no other sort of fee. He was a pleasant, agreeable young fellow, and "knew every body." He brought people—chiefly males, however—to Evelyn Lodge who would never have come thither of their own accord, and he relieved the otherwise insufferable tedium of her dinner parties.

There are three classes of society in London each of whom "entertain" in a magnificent fashion: the aristocracy, whose reunions are sometimes lively, but more generally dull; the Bohemian rich (a small body, who despise convention, and gather around them all those who have talent to recommend them, though it is essential that their lady guests, at least, should be of good character); and the millionaires. These last, of course, can give you every thing that money can buy; but "good company" not being in the market, is rarely found under their roof. The table groans with delicacies, but the guest, if he likes to be amused as well as fed, groans also. When you have been told in a stage whisper that your next neighbor has four hundred thousand pounds, and that the man opposite has made a hundred thousand by "an operation" upon Turks (by which is indicated the Turkish Loan), there is little else to learn. The old gentlemen are mere walking money-bags; they chink, but can not converse. The young ones are hateful imitations of the real "gilt youth" of the aristocracy, and disgust as well as bore one. The ladies—well, the ladies are not nice. They are mostly very "fine women." I have an idea that their husbands buy them by weight. But they are not good-natured, as all fat people are bound to be. To dine, in short, at Evelyn Lodge was a social martyrdom. The glare of the women's diamonds and of the men's studs; the glare of the gold plate; the enormous length of the entertainment, and the extreme tenuity of the small-talk; the stoutness of the people; their large noses; the absence of the letter *h*, and the substitution of the letter *b* for the letter *p*—the moral and material oppression caused by all this splendid vulgarity was overwhelming. Now the Baroness was sagacious enough to perceive this; she remarked that when Cyril Clarke was present, the heavy atmosphere lifted a little, that

where he sat there was an oasis in this desert of dullness where laughter rippled. In time he grew to be indispensable. She had wit enough to see that he didn't like it, that rich wines and a fine feast were not sufficient attractions to a man of his stamp, that he came, in short, after Myra; and yet the Baroness encouraged him. If she discarded him, the men he had brought to the Lodge, and who leavened her parties so pleasantly, would in all likelihood go away, and every thing would be as it used to be—as dull as ditch-water. Moreover, she did not give up all hope of getting into society—real society—through Cyril's good offices. He had procured invitations for Myra for a ball or two at houses of undoubted fashion, and the girl had attended them under the escort of a great lady, whose footman had left her card at the Lodge. But these fashionable doors had never been opened for the Baroness herself, and to her they were the gates of paradise.

To have had a square card from the Duchess of Doldrum, requesting the pleasure of Mr., Mrs., and Miss Patterini's company at Doldrum House, she would have sacrificed half her fortune; to have procured her Grace's presence under her own roof, she would almost have bartered her hopes of heaven.

She had left no stone unturned to "get into society;" she had taken a house at Ascot every season, and thrown it open during the race week; she had actually ventured upon having outriders to her carriage—a distinction reserved by tacit consent for royalty and Lady Blanche Mildew—but had only got laughed at for her pains. Once she had been upon the very brink of bliss. Cyril Clarke had somehow arranged for her to be presented at court; it was to cost a thousand pounds "in fees, etc.," none of which, it is fair to say, was to go into *his* pocket. She would have been quite content to pay the money had it been twice as much. But at the very last moment the affair broke down, and ended in a very ill-natured paragraph in the *Court Intelligencer*.

Myra was not very pretty nor very distinguished-looking, but she was a good-looking, intelligent girl—evidently a well-to-do grazier's daughter—and would have found no difficulty in getting a fitting mate, had she not had £25,000 of her own, and been heiress to as much per annum. This made it very difficult. No one who was in a social position to merit such a prize made any advances; the score or two of young gentlemen who did were "not to be thought of," as her mother said. I am afraid, however, Myra did think of one of them.

"If I could only get my mother's consent, Cyril, I would marry you to-morrow," she had told the young barrister; "but you know that that is impossible. I will never marry you without it, so you had much better cease your visits to the Lodge, which only give me unnecessary pain."

She was a very sensible girl, who saw through her mother's weakness for fashionable life, and despised it; but she had honest scruples. I am afraid Mr. Cyril Clarke did not share them. He thoroughly understood his position at the Lodge, and resented the Baroness's treatment of him, as any man of spirit would have done; but he loved Myra quite independently of her fortune—although he was not one to despise fortune—and he persevered in his attentions. I shall make no apologies for what he afterward did, for it was indefensible; but I must say that there were excuses for him.

A few years ago it was noised abroad that a great Eastern potentate, the Shah of Persia, was about to visit England. Cyril Clarke brought the news, twenty-four hours before it was published in the papers, to Evelyn Lodge: one of his missions was to bring the Baroness early intelligence of all fashionable movements, and he was very skilled in acquiring it. But these particular tidings he had learned from a friend of his in the Foreign Office under peculiar circumstances. This gentleman had at one time resided in Persia, and could speak its tongue, and he had been sounded by the chief of his department that very morning as to whether, in case his Imperial Majesty the Shah should come, he would be attached to his sacred person while in England. News of this kind was meat, drink, and clothing to the Baroness.

"My dear Cyril," said she, "you are invaluable, and you will find Myra in the conservatory."

She knew that a squeeze of her daughter's hand would repay him for all his trouble in pumping the Foreign Office clerk, as indeed it did.

Her twenty-four hours' start of the newspapers gave the Baroness quite a reputation, and would have made her very happy had the public she enlightened by it been other than of her own class; but she was already one of its chiefs, and little cared for such supremacy. As time went on, and the tidings came to be common property, she envied Baron Reuter, at whose instance the Shah was said to have determined upon his Western journey, above every body. If she could only get his Imperial Highness to take any notice of *her*, that would be bliss indeed, and Mr. Cyril Clarke actually gave her hopes of it. He thought it not impossible that through his friend in the Foreign Office the Shah might be induced to believe that Evelyn Lodge was one of the centres of financial greatness, and, as such, worth his while to visit it; the Persian Loan would certainly be all the better for the backing

of Patterini and Company, while at Patterini's mansion his Imperial Majesty would have the opportunity of beholding a type of social life in financial circles.

Cyril broke this gorgeous project to his patroness with extreme caution, lest the vision of greatness thus disclosed should be too much for her, and his prudence was not misplaced.

She didn't, however, faint, but she cried like a child, and wobbled all over like a jelly.

"If you do it, Cyril," gasped she—"if you bring his Imperial Highness the Shah of Persia beneath my humble roof, there is nothing—*nothing* that I can deny you. You have only to name your reward."

"Myra," said Cyril, with his usual presence of mind.

The Baroness turned pale and swallowed something in her throat; but she was not one to go back from her word.

"If the Shah comes here," said she, "you shall have Myra."

II.—DUBITATION.

The excitement caused in London by the arrival of the Shah of Persia was greater than that produced by any other event since the visit of the allied monarchs after Waterloo. Indeed, in some respects it exceeded that, for the element of wonder and romance was wanting in the latter case. Moreover, the personal appearance of the Eastern despot was itself attractive. A king in military uniform looks, after all, but like any other general officer; but his Majesty of Persia was, in his apparel, at least, all that could be expected of such a potentate. His frame and face, it is true, reminded our Indian officers so strongly of a low-caste native servant that it is said they felt scruples in paying him due honor; but he gleamed with diamonds and precious stones, rode a horse with a painted tail, and was evidently a person of distinction. The way the little wretch was worshiped in my native land is a subject I must decline to dwell upon; it was humiliating to human nature. He was dirty, I have no doubt, but he looked much worse than what is implied by that moderate adjective; he ate like a savage and spilled his food like a baby; and wherever a young person of title (and he saw few others) took his fancy, he generally made an offer, if single, to her father, if married, to her husband, to buy her. But he was "the rage" for all that, and ladies of fashion were dying to make him their guest even for half an hour. The Lord Chamberlain (through whom alone he was accessible) was importuned as he had never been before to grant a share of his company to my Lady This and my Lady That. If his Imperial Majesty could not come to dine with her, could he not come to lunch? and if not to lunch, could he not come to five-o'clock tea? The Lord Chamberlain "consigned" him to this great house and that, and very proud was the consignee when the precious article came to hand on loan. I think the happiest day of Mrs. Patterini's existence was that on which the *Morning Post* announced that his Majesty the Shah of Persia would honor her reception at Evelyn Lodge on Tuesday next with his Imperial presence.

From her point of view she well might be so, for his promised visit had broken down the barriers between herself and the highest in the land. I don't know how much she paid to procure the honor, or in what proportions the bribe was divided between the gentlemen in the Foreign Office and the ministers of the Shah, but I have heard that the expenses of the entertainment itself were as nothing compared with what the acceptance of the invitation cost. The ball, however, must have cost something; for in the first place the Baroness "threw out" the drawing-room so as to extend half over the garden, and in the second she drove archways through all the partition walls, so that the whole floor should be *en suite*. But what were a few trifling alterations in Evelyn Lodge when taken in connection with the alteration in the feelings of good society as respected its mistress? It is scarcely too much to say that for a whole week there was no woman in London more "sought after" than the Baroness Patterini. She adopted her rightful title on the instant, and issued her cards of invitation with a baron's coronet embossed upon them in blue and silver. So far from there being any doubt of filling her largely increased ballroom, her only difficulty was to say "No" to those of her own personal acquaintances whose *h*'s were too pronounced (or unpronounced), and whose *p*'s were too obviously *b*'s. The whole fashionable world was at her feet. Ladies of title (English) intrigued for an invitation; the Duchess of Doldrum signified through a certain lady, herself of distinction, that she would come if she were asked. Her future hostess talked of her from that moment as her "dear Duchess"—a term which had more truth in it than her friends imagined who had not seen Mr. Patterini's check (drawn "to bearer," you may be sure), which Cyril Clarke had disposed of in the proper quarters. Not a shilling of it had soiled his hands, though if trouble be worth payment, he deserved all that could have been given him. He worked like a slave (Persian), and passed his days between Buckingham Palace, where H.I.M. was located, and the Lord Chamberlain's office. For the fact is that the august sovereign of Persia was every bit as slippery as he looked. His word was never to be depended on, though at that time there were

some people who believed in his bonds; and he did not know his own mind—and no wonder: it was unrecognizable except through a microscope—for two hours together. It was true, he had promised, or his chief minister and chibouk-carrier had promised for him, that he would be at Evelyn Lodge on Tuesday; but rumors were flying about that he proposed to quit England earlier than he had intended, and indeed on that very day. The mere report caused tortures to the Baroness, and (what was very rare) made her lose her temper.

"Cyril, have you seen *this?*" cried she, pointing to the paragraph in the morning paper, which stated that in consequence of a special dispatch from Ispahan it was more than probable his Imperial Majesty would be compelled to leave the shores of England on the ensuing Tuesday. "Is it possible it can be true?"

"Of course it is possible, Baroness; but I do not believe it. I have done every thing—"

"I don't care *what* you have done," cried the infuriated woman; "but if this villain"—so she spoke of her expected Imperial guest—"should break his word to me, after all, mind, I break mine to you. You, penniless adventurer that you are, shall never marry Myra."

If it was possible for such a very handsome young fellow as Mr. Cyril Clarke to look ugly, such was the expression of his countenance at this speech; but he instantly recovered his good looks, and bowed profoundly. It is a very foolish thing in a vulgar person to take advantage of a gentleman's necessities to insult him. The successful Black should be careful not to make the White man dangerous.

"I didn't mean to say any thing offensive, Cyril," continued the Baroness, whose native sagacity had returned to her; "but the fact is, I scarcely know what I say. The bare idea of that odious monster throwing us over at the last moment almost deprives me of my senses. I positively believe every thing that has been said against him—about his smothering people in blankets and sawing them asunder—and about his nine hundred and ninety-nine wives."

"I believe them all," said Cyril, coolly. "I hope you won't let him have Myra for the thousandth, if he should happen to ask you."

"Upon my word, I won't," said the Baroness, earnestly, yet in a manner that convinced him that the idea was not a novelty to her. "She is of age, and, of course, therefore her own mistress; but you know on which side my influence would be exerted, Cyril. Indeed, I look upon her, if all goes well, as engaged to yourself."

"And the Baron?" demanded Cyril.

"The Baron's views are my views," answered the lady, in the tone of M. Auguste Comte when addressing his disciples: it was the whole science of positivism in a single sentence.

On the day before the ball Cyril received formal news, while breakfasting at Evelyn Lodge, that the Shah's appointment would be kept, and in her ecstasy the Baroness kissed him.

"You are a duck and a darling," exclaimed she; "and I don't wonder that our Myra is devoted to you. I look upon you from this moment as our son-in-law."

Under these circumstances I think Mr. Cyril Clarke was justified in ratifying the agreement by kissing Myra. It was the first time he had ventured upon it—in public—and the young lady playfully remonstrated with him.

"Remember, Sir, the Shah has not come yet."

"Pshaw!" answered Cyril; "he is as safe as the bank."

"I don't quite agree with you *there*," said the Baron, looking up from the newspaper in which he was studying the prospects of the Persian Loan.

"Cyril means he is safe to come to-morrow night," observed the Baroness, in explanation. "To tell you the honest truth, my dear," continued she, with frankness, "if he had not come, I think it would have been the death of me. When he has once been, I don't care what happens. Persia may burst up, and the Shah be bowstringed on Wednesday morning; but he will, so to speak, have consecrated Evelyn Lodge forever, and the Duchess *must* ask us back again to Doldrum House."

The preparations for the ball, which included a *fête* in so much of the garden as the throwing out of the ball-room had spared, were completed in ample time. A whole army of work-people had occupied the house for days, and absolutely nothing was omitted which could insure the success of an entertainment which the fashionable papers had described beforehand as of "unique magnificence;" and yet the Baroness was consumed with anxiety lest there should be a screw loose, the least screw any where. The greatness of the occasion was too supreme for positive enjoyment. She wished in her heart—as a hostess generally does in similar circumstances—that the whole thing was over, and that she might begin to talk about it. "Would it were supper-time and all were well!" is an aspiration that most persons in her position are prone to echo; only in her case the supper itself was a difficulty, because no one could give her any certain information as to what his Imperial Majesty liked in the way of food, or how he chose to eat it, except that he used his Imperial fingers instead of a fork. A little table was put

apart for him, as is placed for conjurers at juvenile entertainments, and every thing rich and rare that earth and air could furnish was provided to tempt his Imperial palate. Some wicked wags (friends, I am sorry to say, of Cyril's) had suggested that nautch girls were indispensable to dance before him as he sat at table; and the Baroness would have taken the matter into her serious consideration, and had the whole *corps de ballet* from the Italian Opera, had it not been for Cyril. There was also a question whether he *did* sit at table; and a pile of Persian carpets was kept in readiness in case it should be found that he could not be comfortable in a chair.

"Can't sit in a chair!" exclaimed the Baron, to whom this piece of information was vouchsafed on that eventful morning. "Ah, that comes of putting him on horseback at the review, I suppose."

"My dear Baron, you are ridiculously ignorant," said the lady. "Don't you know that Persians never sit down at home—that is, except cross-legged?"

"Bless my soul!" said the Baron. For the first time he had begun to entertain a ray of interest in their expected guest. "Fancy a fellow with his legs crossed—like a check!"

At that moment a telegram—he used to have one about every half hour—arrived for Cyril.

"What is it about?" asked the Baroness, excitedly. "You look annoyed. Nothing has happened, I do hope;" and she held out her hand for the missive.

But Cyril had already torn it up into small pieces. "It seems," said he, "that chibouks must be provided for the Shah and all his suit."

"What does that matter? What are chibouks? Do you mean to say they can't be got?"

The Baroness had dreadful suspicions that they were animals peculiar to Persia, sacred to the sovereign, and without which he never moved, like white elephants in Burmah.

"They are only Eastern pipes," laughed Cyril.

"Then send for five-and-forty of the best that can be procured," said the Baroness. "Why on earth should that annoy you, Cyril? Upon my word, you looked so queer that it gave me quite a turn."

"Well, these Persian fellows are a dirty lot, you know, as Jack remarks" (Jack was Jack Delayne, in the Foreign Office, who had sent the telegram), "and I was thinking that they'd spoil your new carpet."

"Carpet!" echoed the Baroness, scornfully; "what signifies about the carpet?"

"I suppose I had better not come home to dinner to-day, my dear," remarked the Baron, mildly, as he rose from his chair.

"Dinner!" repeated she, with even greater scorn. "The idea of a man thinking of his dinner who has got the Shah of Persia coming to sup with him!"

A few minutes afterward Cyril and his beloved object were left alone in the conservatory together.

"Cyril," said she, "you have not deceived *me;* you would never have changed color if that telegram had been only about the chibouks. What *was* it about?"

He whispered something in her ear which made her turn as pale as the camellias among which they stood; she tottered and would have fallen; and as there was nowhere for her to fall except upon the tessellated pavement, Cyril considerately opened his arms, and she fell into them.

"Oh, my gracious goodness!" were her first words. It would be a breach of confidence to repeat the conversation further, which was carried on in tender murmurs. Suffice it to record its conclusion.

"You are quite, *quite* sure, Cyril darling, that the man will come?"

"I will lay my life upon it, sweetest. Your dear mother shall not be disappointed so far."

III.—DELECTATION.

The day of our Baroness's delight only began to dawn after it had been long over for the majority of her fellow-creatures. The Shah was not expected at Evelyn Lodge till eleven o'clock P.M., and his movements were so erratic that he might not make his appearance till even a yet later hour. Long before eleven o'clock, however, and indeed immediately after the time named in the invitation for the ball, Evelyn Lodge was thronged with rank and fashion. The Baron and Baroness stood to receive their company on either side of the ball-room door which opened upon the great hall; the former behaved like a well-constructed automaton; his head inclined, his lips parted with a smile, he put out his hand and arm like a pump-handle, at every arrival. The lady, on the other hand, had, it was evident, her heart in the matter; she had a gracious look and a pleasant word (pretty much the same look and the same word, it must be owned, however) for every body; but when any body very magnificent was announced—on the arrival of the Duchess of Doldrum, for example—she advanced a step over the threshold, beckoning with an imperious gesture her lord and master to do the like. This latter manœuvre was repeated about twenty times; the ordinary welcome motions about eight hundred. So the papers had not been far wrong in predicting that there would be a thousand persons of rank and fashion at Evelyn Lodge that night, including many of very eminent distinction; there were even rumors of the presence of a royal duke (the circulation of which, be-

tween ourselves, cost the Baroness a pretty penny), but that was merely a little garnish to the affair. Her Imperial guest, as she delighted to call him, was an attraction that could afford to be independent of all others.

In the mean time Cyril Clarke and some of his trusty friends did their very best to set things going; the music struck up, and a few languid dances were got through; but there was a sense of expectation upon all the company that dulled it and forbade enjoyment. They could dance and eat and drink and go to a garden *fête* any day of the week, but they had come to Evelyn Lodge to meet the Shah of Persia. At a quarter past eleven the last guest of the Patterinis had arrived, except the one for whom all eyes were straining, all ears upon the stretch. The Baroness sent for Cyril, and suggested that a messenger should be dispatched to Buckingham Palace to inquire the cause of the delay.

"That would be madness," was his reply; "to be hurried would be intolerable to his Imperial Majesty. He would probably cut the messenger's head off."

The Baroness would not have minded *that* if he would only have started for Evelyn Lodge immediately afterward, and it was with some difficulty that she refrained from saying so.

However, she had not much longer to wait. There was a clatter of hoofs at the house door greater than any that had preceded it, and a wild cheer broke forth from the crowd assembled without.

At last the Shah had come.

Through the long hall of marble, between the banks of flowers and the rows of statues, the Baroness could perceive his dusky Majesty coming slowly toward her, followed by the officers of his household. On one side of him, but a little behind, walked Jack Delayne, the supernumerary, or "flying" interpreter, as he called himself. The presence of this gentleman gave the Baroness almost as much pleasure as that of her Imperial guest himself; for she knew about as much French as the Shah did, and could never have made herself intelligible to him without assistance. It had cost her days to make up her mind what to say to him, for dreadful tales had been told her of his quickness to take offense; how somebody, for example, had observed to him that the sun was very bright; to which he had replied that that was more his (the Shah's) lookout than that of the person making the observation, inasmuch as the sun was his object of worship. She had resolved, after much cogitation, to say, "Welcome to our humble roof, your Imperial Majesty," and then leave him to choose his own topics of conversation.

"I don't think much of his suit," observed the Baron, beneath his breath. He meant his *suite*—which was certainly smaller than might have been expected—but he pronounced the word like a suit of clothes.

"What *would* you have?" replied the Baroness, angrily. "Look at his fez cap; look at his sabre; he is one blaze of diamonds, and every diamond worth a million at the very least."

The Baron shook his head; he very seldom dared to do so at any thing his wife observed, but upon a question of money's worth he considered he had some right to an opinion. He thought within his breast that if his distinguished guest should be driven to raise money upon his personal apparel, a million would be a long price for the whole of it.

The general style of progression of the Shah of Persia when put in motion was, as every body knew by that time, a species of imbecile shamble that at once distinguished him from the common herd; but on the present occasion it was remarked that he moved with a certain dignity—ill-natured persons said because he was aware that he was performing an act of unusual condescension in coming to Evelyn Lodge at all. This dignity, combined with the splendor of his garments, which glistened like a suit of mail with precious stones, made his progress up the hall, as the Baroness said, "a truly Imperial spectacle." His attendants glistened little less than himself, and would have cast the flying interpreter, in his ordinary evening clothes, quite into the shade, but for the extraordinary brightness and intelligence of Jack's eyes. He was a person not easily depressed by hereditary greatness of any kind, and was accustomed to describe his peregrinations with the Shah in confidence as "a jolly lark." On the present occasion, when every body else was on the tenter-hooks of ceremony and sublime expectation, and the Baroness was, as she afterward confessed, "ready to drop" with an overpowering sense of personal responsibility, Jack was evidently quite at his ease. His eyes roved hither and thither, and presently fixed themselves on Cyril Clarke with such an expression of comic enjoyment as brought a look of severe reproof into his friend's face.

"Welcome to our humble roof, your Imperial Majesty," observed the Baroness, in a clear, triumphant voice, at the same time advancing three steps to meet her august visitor.

The Shah's arms fell flat on his sides, and he bowed profoundly.

"His Imperial Majesty bids me say that he is very glad to come," said Jack, in respectful tones, "and that he congratulates you upon the weather."

Then the Baron came forward.

"Proud to see your Majesty, I'm sure. Hope it won't be the last time."

This was the observation he was accustomed to make to every guest to whom he wished to be civil, and he had not the faculty enjoyed by the Poet Laureate and others of gracefully varying his phrases.

"Impossible; starts for Teheran to-night," whispered Jack, hastily. Then aloud, in grave and deferential tone, he added, "His Imperial Majesty reciprocates your good wishes, but is not inclined for prolonged conversation upon any topic."

This was an immense relief to the hostess, who, with her rounded arm—on which he kept his eyes fixed as though it were some species of sausage forbidden to the true believer—linked in that of her distinguished guest, began to make a progress through the rooms. The Shah looked exquisitely uncomfortable; his face betrayed that mixture of fear and fierceness peculiar to Eastern despots when in European society, and every now and then he addressed his interpreter in the Persian language in a tone of manifest dissatisfaction. Only when Myra came forward to be introduced to him did he show any symptoms of interest. She was generally mistress of herself, and on this occasion manifested a calmness and dignity that were beyond all praise. The Duchess, who was a witness to the introduction, remarked that the Patterini girl rather overdid it, and would have showed better taste in manifesting a little more humility. But the Shah himself (and nobody cared for the Duchess in comparison with him) appeared more than satisfied.

"After having seen your daughter, Baroness," said the interpreter, "his Imperial Majesty feels that there can be nothing left to see worth speaking about, and he would rather go home at once."

"Go home! What does he want to go home about? He's only just come," whispered the Baroness, remonstratingly. The Shah's attention was fortunately engaged at the moment in looking at himself in a mirror.

"He wants to go home and think about her—whether he can afford to buy her," answered Jack, imperturbably. "Don't say that money won't do it, because you'll make him angry. He is not in a sweet temper. That's why he's got such a short suit. He has just put to death—"

"Supper is served," said the major-domo, approaching his mistress with a respectful obeisance, and cutting short the sanguinary details.

The supper was an immense success. So far from the Shah being particular in his food, he ate of every thing. But the sherbet which had been provided for him did not seem to his taste.

"What *can* we do?" whispered the Baroness, in great distress.

"Hush! put some brandy in it," said Jack.

"Brandy? Why, I thought all spirituous drinks were contrary to his religion."

"Of course they are: that's why he likes them. Put lots of brandy in it."

The Shah drank *this* sherbet like a fish. As the temporal head of the Persian Church, he abstained, however, from the Champagne, which his two attendants partook of from large goblets.

The ball was proceeding by this time with great vigor, and every thing going on propitiously.

"Would his Imperial Majesty like a turn in the garden?" inquired the Baroness, willing that her guest should show himself to those who were unable to penetrate the crowd in the banqueting hall. Jack repeated the invitation, but the Shah shook his twinkling fez.

"He knows what's good for him, and I don't think the open air would quite suit him, Baroness. He has had too much b. and s.—brandy and sherbet. He starts to-night for Teheran, and the sooner I can get him off, the better."

The Baroness looked at her illustrious visitor with an admiration even greater than before. Her mind reverted to his august ancestor in the *Arabian Nights*, who was wont to make his journeys through the air upon an enchanted carpet. It did not seem to her that he was likely to go to Teheran that night by any other means of progression, and yet the air would be certain to disagree with him.

"There are some chibouks, Mr. Delayne," she whispered; "if you think—"

"Not for worlds," answered the interpreter, hastily. "Get a cup of very strong coffee; then make the band strike up something strong—the 'Rogue's March,' or any thing—and I'll get him away."

The coffee was brought. The Shah looked at it for a moment with grave displeasure, as though he detected chiccory in it, or a drowning fly, and then kicked it out of the attendant's hand. Fortunately at that instant the band struck up a wild and piercing Eastern air, and assisted—indeed, compelled—by the arm of his flying interpreter, his Imperial Majesty rose from his divan and proceeded diagonally, and now and then with an unexpected movement at right angles, like the knight at chess, toward the entrance hall. The Baron hastened forward to escort him, but his politeness had nearly cost him dear, for the Eastern potentate, mistaking the object of his haste, and ever on the watch for treachery, half drew his sabre, and yelled something in the Persian tongue which sounded uncommonly like an execration. Jack hurried him through the hall, closely followed by his two prime ministers, or whatever they were, and at the door found the royal carriage in waiting, which whirled him off to the palace.

Every body said that nothing had been more characteristic of the illustrious visitor, more redolent of Eastern customs, than the mode of his departure. His breaking the coffee-cup to symbolize how his heart was torn at having to leave his host, his half drawing his yataghan, as though his despair at parting would have almost led him to cut short his own illustrious existence, and his manifest reluctance to leave the house, were the themes of universal admiration.

If a king can do no wrong, a shah is in a still more unassailable position; and it is my belief, if he had cut the Baron's head off, it would have been set down to his Majesty's geniality and condescension.

Every body who had caught a glimpse of the Shah that evening was dazzled and delighted. The Duchess of Doldrum publicly acknowledged to her hostess that she had spent a delightful evening, and the Baroness was overwhelmed with congratulations and invitations from "the best people" in Mayfair.

That very morning, ere the mid-day beams began to stream into the deserted ball-room, and the mistress of Evelyn Lodge was still sunk in dreams of greatness, Cyril Clarke was married by special license, in a neighboring church, to Myra Patterini.

The consent of both her parents, as we know, had been obtained, and had set her scruples quite at ease, and Cyril, who, unlike his father-in-law, was averse to speculation or risks of any kind, had thought it better to settle the matter. He had been kept "hanging on and off" so long that he dreaded any more delays.

When the Baron and Baroness came down to their *déjeuner à la fourchette*, they found it was a marriage breakfast, and there was nothing for it but to congratulate the bride and bridegroom.

"After the magnificent event of yesterday, Cyril, you might have taken my approbation for granted," was the only reproof that fell from his mother-in-law's lips.

"My dear Baroness, I *did* take it for granted," said Cyril, naïvely.

The Baron even went so far as to compliment him upon his sagacity. "You are a deuced sight" (he was certainly not a real nobleman) "cleverer fellow than I took you to be," was his very expression; nor did his encouragement end in words, for he gave him a check for his daughter's dowry upon the spot. He was not pleased with what had happened, but he was a man who never cried over spilled milk; when he made a bad debt he wiped it off his books, and thought no more about it—nay, he never even spoke ill of his debtor.

There was still another surprise awaiting the Baroness that morning when she came to look at the newspapers. In most of them the *fête* of the previous night was described in the most glowing colors, and the house of Patterini complimented in the highest terms upon the honor that had been conferred upon it; but one or two had not a word about the matter. They described the movements of the Shah in other directions, and announced his departure for that morning, but not a syllable did they print about his visit to Evelyn Lodge. Those representatives of the press who had not taken advantage of the Baroness's invitations to her ball had quietly ignored it altogether. They had been asked, of course. The Baroness had been careful to ask them all; but some malign influences had been at work even upon an incorruptible press, and her politeness had been thrown away. The force of spite and envy on the part of certain people—people who pronounced their *p*'s like *b*'s, but who had influence with the "babers"—could not further go, as the little party all agreed. Still, as the judge observed in the famous murder case, the testimony of ten witnesses called to prove that they did not see the crime committed was a small thing when weighed against the testimony of one who did see it. And not only had eight hundred persons of fashion seen the Shah at Evelyn Lodge, but the representatives of a dozen newspapers.

This latter fact became afterward of great importance, for, incredible as it may seem, no sooner had his Imperial Majesty left England—*i. e.*, that very afternoon—and been thereby prevented from contradicting the ridiculous statement in person, than a rumor got afloat that *he had never been at the Patterini ball at all!*

The conflict of evidence was very curious. Eight hundred persons of fashion *plus* twelve newspaper reporters on one side, and all the people of fashion who had not been able to obtain invitations and all the newspapers *minus* twelve upon the other. Immense influence—I am sorry to say even that of the Lord Chamberlain himself—was thrown into the latter scale; but people who had met the Shah of Persia at supper were not likely to be browbeaten out of *that* fact, and the twelve newspapers, of course, stuck to their guns. Nobody ever heard of a newspaper acknowledging itself in the wrong, except under pressure of an action for libel, and the action (and the idea of bringing one was at one time seriously debated at Evelyn Lodge) would have been instituted in this case, if at all, by the other side. Cyril persuaded the Baroness, with difficulty, to treat the scandal with the contempt it deserved, and so the matter rested.

The divan on which the Shah had sat in solitary state—the Persian Lone, as Jack had called him—and the chibouk which he would have smoked had he not taken so much brandy with his sherbet, were pre-

served with reverent care, and shown to particular friends as a special favor for long afterward.

Only two things, as it seems to me, gave any color to the ridiculous and malicious rumor to which I have alluded. The one was Jack Delayne's sudden retirement from the Foreign Office, in consequence, it was stated, of some transgression in connection with his Imperial Majesty's visit, but which might, of course, have been for any other reason, for there were plenty. The other was even a still slighter ground for the scandal: it was only the fact that among the numerous members of the household of Cyril Clarke, Esq., was to be seen an Eastern retainer, said to have been *the* Persian crossing-sweeper in Regent Street, who disappeared at the very date of the great event I have been describing—the ball at the Patterini's. This was in all probability a mere coincidence; and what it could possibly have to do with the Shah of Persia's visit to Evelyn Lodge I leave every reader to judge. Cyril proved an excellent son-in-law; and again and again I have heard the Baron Patterini remark that he was "a deuced sight," etc., etc.; in fact, he had the very highest opinion of his sagacity. He used to have rows with his mother-in-law—who has not? But with regard to the Shah of Persia, not a word ever passed between them. As to Myra, if any thing *was* wrong about that Imperial visit (and far be it from me to hint there was), it is certain that she knew all about it from the moment that telegram came for Cyril, when he assured her that "the man" would come, and offered to "lay his life that her dear mother should not be disappointed."

"BARRY CORNWALL" AND SOME OF HIS FRIENDS.—(*Concluded.*)

By JAMES T. FIELDS.

PROCTER was a delightful prose writer, as well as a charming poet. Having met in old magazines and annuals several of his essays and stories, and admiring their style and spirit, I induced him, after much persuasion, to collect and publish in America his prose works. The result was a couple of volumes, which were brought out in Boston in 1853. In them there are perhaps no "thoughts that wander through eternity," but they abound in fancies which the reader will recognize as agile

"Daughters of the earth and sun."

In them there is nothing loud or painful, and whoever really loves "a good book," and knows it to be such on trial, will find Barry Cornwall's *Essays and Tales in Prose* most delectable reading. "Imparadised," as Milton hath the word, on a summer hill-side, or tented by the cool salt wave, no better afternoon literature can be selected. One will never meet with distorted metaphor or tawdry rhetoric in Barry's thoughtful pages, but will find a calm philosophy and a beautiful faith, very precious and profitable in these days of doubt and insecurity of intellect. There is respite and sympathy in this fine spirit, and so I commend him heartily in times so full of turmoil and suspicion as these. One of the stories in the first volume of these prose writings, called "The Man-Hunter," is quite equal in power to any of the graphic pieces of a similar character ever written by De Quincey or Dickens, but the tone in these books is commonly more tender and inclining to melancholy. What, for instance, could be more heart-moving than those passages of his on the death of little children?

"I scarcely know how it is, but the deaths of children seem to me always less premature than those of elder persons. Not that they are in fact so; but it is because they themselves have little or no relation to time or maturity. Life seems a race which they have yet to run entirely. They have made no progress toward the goal. They are born—nothing further. But it seems hard, when a man has toiled high up the steep hill of knowledge, that he should be cast, like Sisyphus, downward in a moment; that he who has worn the day and wasted the night in gathering the gold of science should be, with all his wealth of learning, all his accumulations, made bankrupt at once. What becomes of all the riches of the soul, the piles and pyramids of precious thoughts which men heap together? Where are Shakspeare's imagination, Bacon's learning, Galileo's dream? Where is the sweet fancy of Sidney, the airy spirit of Fletcher, and Milton's thought severe? Methinks such things should not die and dissipate, when a hair can live for centuries, and a brick of Egypt will last three thousand years! I am content to believe that the mind of man survives (somewhere or other) his clay.

"I was once present at the death of a little child. I will not pain the reader by portraying its agonies; but when its breath was gone, its *life* (nothing more than a cloud of smoke!), and it lay like a waxen image before me, I turned my eyes to its moaning mother, and sighed out my few words of comfort. But I am a beggar in grief. I can feel and sigh and look kindly, I think; but I have nothing to give. My tongue deserts me. I know the inutility of too soon comforting. I know that *I* should weep were I the loser, and I let the tears have their way. Sometimes a word or two I can

muster: a 'Sigh no more!' and 'Dear lady, do not grieve!' but further I am mute and useless."

I have many letters and kind little notes which Procter used to write me during the years I knew him best. His tricksy fancies peeped out in his correspondence, and several of his old friends in England thought no literary man of his time had a better epistolary style. His neat and elegant chirography on the back of a letter was always a delightful foretaste of something good inside, and I never received one of his welcome missives that did not contain, no matter how brief it happened to be, welcome passages of wit or affectionate interest.

In one of his early letters to me he says: "There is no one rising hereabouts in literature. I suppose our national genius is taking a mechanical turn. And, in truth, it is much better to make a good steam-engine than to manufacture a bad poem. 'Building the lofty rhyme' is a good thing, but our present buildings are of a low order, and seldom reach the Attic. This piece of wit will scarcely throw you into a fit, I imagine, your risible muscles being doubtless kept in good order."

In another missive he writes: "I see you have some capital names in the *Atlantic Monthly*. If they will only put forth their strength, there is no doubt as to the result, but the misfortune is that persons who write anonymously *don't* put forth their strength, in general. I was a magazine writer for no less than a dozen years, and I felt that no personal credit or responsibility attached to my literary trifling, and although I sometimes did pretty well (for me), yet I never did my best."

As I read over again the portfolio of his letters to me, bearing date from 1848 to 1866, I find many passages of interest, but most of them are too personal for type. A few extracts, however, I can not resist copying. Some of his epistles are enriched with a song or a sonnet, then just written, and there are also frequent references in them to American editions of his poetical and prose works, which he collected at the request of his Boston publishers.

In June, 1851, he writes:

"I have encountered a good many of your countrymen here lately, but have been introduced only to a few. I found Mr. Norton, who has returned to you, and Mr. Dwight, who is still here, I believe, very intelligent and agreeable.

"If all Americans were like them and yourself, and if all Englishmen were like Kenyon and (so far as regards a desire to judge fairly) myself, I think there would be little or no quarreling between our small island and your great continent.

"Our glass palace is a perpetual theme for small-talk. It usurps the place of the weather, which is turned adrift, or laid up in ordinary for future use. Nevertheless, it (I mean the palace) is a remarkable achievement, after all; and I speak sincerely when I say, 'All honor and glory to Paxton!' If the strings of my poor little lyre were not rusty and overworn, I think I should try to sing some of my nonsense verses before his image, and add to the idolatry already existing.

"If you have hotter weather in America than that which is at present burning and blistering us here, you are entitled to pity. If it continue much longer, I shall be held in solution for the remainder of my days, and shall be remarkable as 'Oxygen, the poet' (reduced to his natural weakness and simplicity by the hot summer of 1851), instead of

"Your very sincere and obliged
"B. W. PROCTER."

Here is a brief reference to Judd's remarkable novel, forming part of a note written to me in 1852:

"Thanks for *Margaret* (the book, *not* the woman) that you have sent me. When will you want it back? and who is the author? There is a great deal of clever writing in it—great observation of nature, and also of character among a certain class of persons. *But* it is almost too minute, and for *me* decidedly too theological. You see what irreligious people we are here. I shall come over to one of your camp-meetings and *try* to be converted. What will they administer in such a case? brimstone or brandy? I shall try the latter first."

Here is a letter bearing date "Thursday night, November 25, 1852," in which he refers to his own writings, and copies a charming song:

"Your letter, announcing the arrival of the little preface, reached me last night. I shall look out for the books in about three weeks hence, as you tell me that they are all printed. You Americans are a rapid race. When I thought you were in Scotland, lo, you had touched the soil of Boston; and when I thought you were unpacking my poor MS., tumbling it out of your great trunk, behold! it is arranged—it is in the printer's hands—it is *printed*—published—it is—ah! would I could add, SOLD! That, after all, is the grand triumph in Boston as well as London.

"Well, since it is not sold yet, let us be generous and give a few copies away. Indeed, such is my weakness, that I would sometimes rather give than sell. In the present instance you will do me the kindness to send a copy each to Mr. Charles Sumner, Mr. Hillard, Mr. Norton: but no—my wife requests to be the donor to Mr. Norton, so you must, if you please, write his name in the first leaf and state that it

comes 'from *Mrs.* Procter.' I liked him very much when I met him in London, and I should wish him to be reminded of his English acquaintance.

"I am writing to you at eleven o'clock at night, after a long and busy day, and I write *now* rather than wait for a little inspiration, because the mail, I believe, starts to-morrow. The unwilling Minerva is at my elbow, and I feel that every sentence I write, were it pounded ten times in a mortar, would come out again unleavened and heavy. Braying some people in a mortar, you know, is but a weary and unprofitable process.

"You speak of London as a delightful place. I don't know how it may be in the white-bait season, but at present it is foggy, rainy, cold, dull. Half of us are unwell and the other half dissatisfied. Some are apprehensive of an invasion—not an impossible event; some writing odes to the Duke of Wellington; and I am putting my good friend to sleep with the flattest prose that ever dropped from an English pen. I wish that it were better; I wish that it were even worse; but it is the most undeniable twaddle. I must go to bed, and invoke the Muses in the morning. At present, I can not touch one of their petticoats.

"A SLEEPY SONG.

"Sing! sing me to sleep!
With gentle words, in some sweet slumberous measure,
Such as lone poet on some shady steep
Sings to the silence in his noonday leisure.

"Sing! as the river sings,
When gently it flows between soft banks of flowers,
And the bee murmurs, and the cuckoo brings
His faint May music, 'tween the golden showers.

"Sing! O divinest tone!
I sink beneath some wizard's charming wand;
I yield, I move, by soothing breezes blown,
O'er twilight shores, into the Dreaming Land!

"I read the above to you when you were in London. It will appear in an Annual edited by Miss Power (Lady Blessington's niece).

"FRIDAY MORNING.

"The wind blowing down the chimney; the rain sprinkling my windows. The English Apollo hides his head—you can scarcely see him on the 'misty mountain-tops' (those brick ones which you remember in Portland Place).

"My friend Thackeray is gone to America, and I hope is, by this time, in the United States. He goes to New York, and afterward I *suppose* (but I don't know) to Boston and Philadelphia. Have you seen *Esmond?* There are parts of it charmingly written. His pathos is to me very touching. I believe that the best mode of making one's way to a person's head is—through his heart.

"I hope that your literary men will like some of my little prose matters. I know that they will *try* to like them; but the papers have been written so long, and all, or almost all, written so hastily, that I have my misgivings. However, they must take their chance.

"Had I leisure to complete something that I began two or three years ago, and in which I have written a chapter or two, I should reckon more surely on success; but I shall probably never finish the thing, although I contemplated only one volume.

"(If you can not read this letter, apply to the printer's devil.—Hibernicus.)

"Farewell. All good be with you. My wife desires to be kindly remembered by you. Always yours, very sincerely,

"B. W. PROCTER.

"P.S.—Can you contrive to send Mr. Willis a copy of the prose book? If so, pray do."

In February, 1853, he writes:

"Those famous volumes, the advent of which was some time since announced by the great transatlantic trumpet, have duly arrived. My wife is properly grateful for her copy, which, indeed, impresses both of us with respect for the American skill in binding. Neither too gay to be gaudy, nor too grave, so as to affect the theological, it hits that happy medium which agrees with the tastes of most people and disgusts none. We should flatter ourselves that it is intended to represent the matter within, but that we are afraid of incurring the sin of vanity, and the indiscretion of taking appearances too much upon trust. We suspend our conjectures on this very interesting subject. The whole getting up of the book is excellent.

"For the little scraps of (critical) sugar inclosed in your letter, due thanks. These will sweeten our imagination for some time to come.

"I have been obliged to give all the copies you sent me away. I dare say that you will not grudge me four or five copies more, to be sent at your convenience, of course. Let me hear from you at the same time. You can give me one of those frequent quarters of an hour which I know you now devote to a meditation on 'things in general.'

"I am glad that you like Thackeray. He is well worth your liking. I trust to his making both friends and money in America, and to his *keeping* both. I am not so sure of the money, however, for he has a liberal hand. I should have liked to have been at one of the dinners you speak of. (When shall you begin that *bridge?* You seem to be a long time about it. It will, I dare say, be a bridge of boats, after all.).....

"I was reading (rather re-reading) the other evening the introductory chapter to the *Scarlet Letter*. It is admirably written. Not having any great sympathy with a custom-house—nor, indeed, with Salem, except that it seems to be Hawthorne's birth-place

—all my attention was concentrated on the *style*, which seems to me excellent.

"The most striking book which has been recently published here is *Villette*, by the authoress of *Jane Eyre*, who, as you know, is a Miss Brontë. The book does not give one the most pleasing notion of the authoress, perhaps, but it is very clever, graphic, vigorous. It is 'man's meat,' and not the whipped syllabub, which is *all* froth, without any jam at the bottom. The scene of the drama is Brussels.

"I was sorry to hear of poor Willis. Our critics here were too severe upon him.....

"The Frost King (vulg. Jack Frost) has come down upon us with all his might. Banished from the pleasant shores of Boston, he has come with his cold scythe and ice pincers to our undefended little island, and is tyrannizing in every corner and over every part of every person. Nothing is too great for him, nothing too mean. He condescends even to lay hold of the nose (an offense for which any one below the dignity of a King—or a President—would be kicked). As for me, I have taken refuge in

"A SONG, WITH A MORAL.

" When the winter bloweth loud,
And the earth is in a shroud,
Frozen rain or sleety snow
Dimming every dream below—
There is e'er a spot of green
Whence the heavens may be seen.

" When our purse is shrinking fast,
And our friend is lost (the last!),
And the world doth pour its pain,
Sharper than the frozen rain—
There is still a spot of green
Whence the heavens may be seen.

" Let us never meet despair
While the little spot is there;
Winter brighteneth into May,
And sullen night to sunny day—
Seek we then the spot of green
Whence the heavens may be seen.

"I have left myself little space for more small-talk. I must, therefore, conclude with wishing that your English dreams may continue bright, and that when they begin to fade you will come and *relume* at one of the white-bait dinners of which you used to talk in such terms of rapture.

"Have I space to say that I am very truly yours? B. W. PROCTER."

A few months later, in the same year (1853), he sits by his open window in London on a morning of spring, and sends off the following pleasant words:

"You also must now be in the first burst and sunshine of spring. Your spear-grass is showing its points, your succulent grass its richness, even your little plant [?] (so useful for certain invalids) is seen here and there; primroses are peeping out in your neighborhood, and you are looking for cowslips to come. I say nothing of your hawthorns (from the common May to the classic Nathaniel), except that I trust they are thriving, and like to put forth a world of blossoms soon.

'With all this wealth, present and future,
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose,'

you will doubtless feel disposed to scatter your small coins abroad on the poor, and, among other things, to forward to your humble correspondent those copies of B—— C——'s prose works which you promised I know not how long ago. 'He who gives *speedily*,' they say, 'gives twice.' I quote, as you see, from the Latins.

"I have just got the two additional volumes of De Quincey, for which — thanks! I have not seen Mr. Parker, who brought them, and who left his card here yesterday, but I have asked if he will come and breakfast with me on Sunday—my only certain leisure day. Your De Quincey is a man of a good deal of reading, and has thought on divers and sundry matters; but he is evidently so thoroughly well pleased with the Sieur 'Thomas De Quincey' that his self-sufficiency spoils even his best works. Then some of his facts are, I hear, *quasi* facts only, not unfrequently. He has his moments when he sleeps, and becomes oblivious of all but the aforesaid 'Thomas,' who pervades both his sleeping and waking visions. I, like all authors, am glad to have a little praise now and then (it is my hydromel), but it must be dispensed by others. I do not think it decent to manufacture the sweet liquor myself, and I hate a coxcomb, whether in dress or print.

"We have little or no literary news here. Our poets are all going to the poor-house (except Tennyson), and our prose writers are piling up their works for the next 5th of November, when there will be a great bonfire. It is deuced lucky that my immortal (ah! I am De Quinceying)—I mean my humble—performances were printed in America, so that they will escape. By-the-bye, are they on foolscap? for I forgot to caution you on that head.

"I have been spending a week at Liverpool, where I rejoiced to hear that Hawthorne's appointment was settled, and that it was a valuable post; but I hear that it lasts for three years only. This is melancholy. I hope, however, that he will 'realize' (as you transatlantics say) as much as he can during his consulate, and that your next President will have the good taste and the good sense to renew his lease for three years more.

"I have not seen Mrs. Stowe. I shall probably meet her somewhere or other when she comes to London.

"I dare not ask after Mr. Longfellow. He was kind enough to write me a very agreeable letter some time ago, which I ought to have answered. I dare say that he has for-

gotten it, but my conscience is a serpent that gives me a bite or a sting every now and then when I think of him. The first time I am in fit condition (I mean in point of brightness) to reply to so famous a correspondent, I shall try what an English pen and ink will enable me to say. In the mean time, God be thanked for all things!

"My wife heard from Thackeray about ten days ago. He speaks gratefully of the kindness that he has met with in America. Among other things, it appears that he has seen something of your slaves, whom he represents as leading a very easy life, and as being fat, cheerful, and happy. Nevertheless, *I* (for one) would rather be a free man—such is the singularity of my opinions. If my prosings should ever in the course of the next twenty years require to be reprinted, pray take note of the above opinion.

"And now I have no more paper; I have scarcely room left to say that I hope you are well, and to remind you that for your ten lines of writing I have sent you back a hundred. Give my best compliments to all whom I know, personally or otherwise. God be with you!

"Yours, very sincerely,
"B. W. PROCTER."

Procter always seemed to be astounded at the traveling spirit of Americans, and in his letters he makes frequent reference to our "national propensity," as he calls it. "Half an hour ago," he writes in July, 1853, "we had three of your countrymen here to lunch—countrymen, I mean, Hibernically, for two of them wore petticoats. They are all going to Switzerland, France, Italy, Egypt, and Syria. What an adventurous race you are, you Americans! Here the women go merely 'from the blue bed to the brown,' and think that they have traveled and seen the world. I myself should not care much to be confined to a circle reaching six or seven miles round London. There are the fresh winds and wild thyme on Hampstead Heath, and from Richmond you may survey the Naiades. Highgate, where Coleridge lived, Enfield, where Charles Lamb dwelt, are not far off. Turning eastward, there is the river Lea, in which Izaak Walton fished; and farther on—ha! what do I see? What are those little fish frisking in the batter (the great Naval Hospital close by), which fixed the affections of the enamored American while he resided in London, and have been floating in his dreams ever since? They are said by the naturalists to be of the species *Blandamentum album*, and are by vulgar aldermen spoken carelessly of as *white-bait*.

"London is full of carriages, full of strangers, full of parties feasting on strawberries and ices and other things intended to allay the heat of summer; but the Summer herself (fickle virgin) keeps back, or has been stopped somewhere or other—perhaps at the Liverpool Custom-house, where the very brains of men (their books) are held in durance, as I know to my cost.

"Thackeray is about to publish a new work in numbers—a serial, as the newspapers call it. Thomas Carlyle is publishing (a sixpenny matter) in favor of the slave-trade. Novelists of all shades are plying their trades. Husbands are killing their wives in every day's newspaper. Burglars are peaching against each other: there is no longer honor among thieves. I am starting for Leicester on a week's expedition amidst the mad people; and the Emperor of Russia has crossed the Pruth, and intends to make a tour of Turkey.

"All this appears to me little better than idle, restless vanity. O my friend, what a fuss and a pother we are all making, we little flies who are going round on the great wheel of time! To-day we are flickering and buzzing about, our little bits of wings glittering in the sunshine, and to-morrow we are safe enough in the little crevice at the back of the fire-place, or hid in the folds of the old curtain, shut up, stiff and torpid, for the long winter. What do you say to that profound reflection?

"I struggle against the lassitude which besets me, and strive in vain to be either sensible or jocose. I had better say farewell."

On Christmas-day, 1854, he writes in rather flagging spirits, induced by ill health:

"I have owed you a letter for these many months, my good friend. I am afraid to think *how* long, lest the interest on the debt should have exceeded the capital, and be beyond my power to pay.

"You must be good-natured and excuse me, for I have been ill—very frequently—and dispirited. A bodily complaint torments me, that has tormented me for the last two years. I no longer look at the world through a rose-colored glass. The prospect, I am sorry to say, is gray, grim, dull, barren, full of withered leaves, without flowers, or if there be any, all of them trampled down, soiled, discolored, and without fragrance. You see what a bit of half-smoked glass I am looking through. At all events, you must see how entirely I am disabled from returning, except in sober sentences, the lively and good-natured letters and other things which you have sent me from America. They were welcome, and I thank you for them now, in a few words, as you observe, but sincerely. I am somewhat brief even in my gratitude. Had I been in braver spirits, I might have spurred my poor Pegasus, and sent you some lines on the Alma, or the Inkerman—bloody battles, but exhibiting marks not to be mistaken of the old English heroism, which, after all is said about

the enervating effects of luxury, is as grand and manifest as in the ancient fights which English history talks of so much. Even you, sternest of republicans, will, I think, be proud of the indomitable courage of Englishmen, and gladly refer to your old paternity. I, at least, should be proud of Americans fighting after the same fashion (and without doubt they *would* fight thus), just as old people exult in the brave conduct of their runaway sons. I can not read of these later battles without the tears coming into my eyes. It is said by 'our correspondent' at *New York* that the folks there rejoice in the losses and disasters of the allies. This can never be the case, surely? No one whose opinion is worth a rap can rejoice at any success of the Czar, whose double-dealing and unscrupulous greediness must have rendered him an object of loathing to every well-thinking man. But what have I to do with politics, or you? Our 'pleasant object and serene employ' are books, books. Let us return to pacific thoughts.

"What a number of things have happened since I saw you! I looked for you in the last spring, little dreaming that so fat and flourishing a 'Statesman' could be overthrown by a little fever. I had even begun some doggerel, announcing to you the advent of the white-bait, which I imagined were likely to be all eaten up in your absence. My memory is so bad that I can not recollect half a dozen lines, probably not one, as it originally stood.

"I was at Liverpool last June. After two or three attempts I contrived to seize on the famous Nathaniel Hawthorne. Need I say that I like him *very* much? He is very sensible, very genial—a little shy, I think (for an American!)—and altogether extremely agreeable. I wish that I could see more of him, but our orbits are wide apart. Now and then—once in two years—I diverge into and cross his circle, but at other times we are separated by a space amounting to 210 miles. He has three children, and a nice little wife, who has good humor engraved on her countenance.

"As to verse—yes, I have begun a dozen trifling things, which are in my drawer unfinished; poor rags with ink upon them, none of them, I am afraid, properly labeled for posterity. I was for six weeks at Ryde, in the Isle of Wight, this year, but so unwell that I could not write a line, scarcely read one; sitting out in the sun, eating, drinking, sleeping, and sometimes (poor soul!) imagining I was thinking. One Sunday I saw a magnificent steamer go by, and on placing my eye to the telescope I saw some Stars and Stripes (streaming from the mast-head) that carried me away to Boston. By-the-way, when *will* you finish the bridge?

"I hear strange hints of you all quarreling about the slave question. Is it so? You are so happy and prosperous in America that you must be on the look-out for clouds, surely! When you see Emerson, Longfellow, Sumner, any one I know, pray bespeak for me a kind thought or word from them."

Procter was always on the look-out for Hawthorne, whom he greatly admired. In November, 1855, he says, in a brief letter:

"I have not seen Hawthorne since I wrote to you. He came to London this summer, but, I am sorry to say, did not inquire for me. As it turned out, I was absent from town, but sent him (by Mrs. Russell Sturgis) a letter of introduction to Leigh Hunt, who was very much pleased with him. Poor Hunt! he is the most genial of men; and now that his wife (who has been his evil angel all his life) is confined to her bed by rheumatism, is recovering himself, and, I hope, doing well. He asked to come and see me the other day. I willingly assented, and when I saw him—grown old and sad and broken down in health—all my ancient liking for him revived.

"You ask me to send you some verse. I accordingly send you a scrap of recent manufacture, and you will observe that instead of forwarding my epic on Sevastopol, I select something that is fitter for these present vernal love days than the bluster of heroic verse:

"SONG.

"Within the chambers of her breast
Love lives and makes his spicy nest,
'Midst downy blooms and fragrant flowers,
And there he dreams away the hours—
There let him rest!
Some time hence, when the cuckoo sings,
I'll come by night and bind his wings—
Bind him that he shall not roam
From his warm white virgin home.

"Maiden of the summer season,
Angel of the rosy time,
Come, unless some graver reason
Bid thee scorn my rhyme;
Come from thy serener height,
On a golden cloud descending,
Come ere Love hath taken flight,
And let thy stay be like the light,
When its glory hath no ending
In the Northern night!"

Now and then we get a glimpse of Thackeray in his letters. In one of them he says:

"Thackeray came a few days ago and read one of his lectures at our house (that on George the Third), and we asked about a dozen persons to come and hear it, among the rest, your handsome country-woman, Mrs. R—— S——. It was very pleasant, with that agreeable intermixture of tragedy and comedy that tells so well when judiciously managed. He will not print them for some time to come, intending to read them at some of the principal places in England, and perhaps Scotland.

"What are you doing in America? You are too happy and independent! 'O for-

tunatos Agricolas, sua si bona nôrint!' I am not quite sure of my Latin (which is rusty from old age), but I am sure of the sentiment, which is that when people are too happy, they don't know it, and so take to quarreling to relieve the monotony of their blue sky. Some of these days you will split your great kingdom in two, I suppose, and then—

"My wife's mother, Mrs. Basil Montagu, is very ill, and we are apprehensive of a fatal result, which, in truth, the mere fact of her age (eighty-two or eighty-three) is enough to warrant. Ah, this terrible *age!* The young people, I dare say, think that we live too long. Yet how short it is to look back on life! Why, I saw the house, the other day, where I used to play with a wooden sword when I was five years old! It can not surely be eighty years ago! What has occurred since? Why, nothing that is worth putting down on paper. A few nonsense verses, a flogging or two (richly deserved), and a few white-bait dinners, and the whole is reckoned up. Let us begin again." [Here he makes some big letters in a school-boy hand, which have a very pathetic look on the page.]

In a letter written in 1856 he gives me a graphic picture of sad times in India:

"All our anxiety here at present is the Indian mutiny. We ourselves have great cause for trouble. Our son (the only son I have, indeed) escaped from Delhi lately. He is now at Meerut. He and four or five other officers, four women, and a child escaped. The men were obliged to drop the women a fearful height from the walls of the fort, amidst showers of bullets. A round shot passed within a yard of my son, and one of the ladies had a bullet through her shoulder. They were seven days and seven nights in the jungle, without money or meat, scarcely any clothes, no shoes. They forded rivers, lay on the wet ground at night, lapped water from the puddles, and finally reached Meerut. The lady (the mother of the three other ladies) had not her wound dressed, or seen, indeed, for upward of a week. Their feet were full of thorns. My son had nothing but a shirt, a pair of trowsers, and a flannel waistcoat. How they contrived to *live* I don't know; I suppose from small gifts of rice, etc., from the natives.

"When I find any little thing now that disturbs my serenity, and which I might in former times have magnified into an evil, I think of what Europeans suffer from the vengeance of the Indians, and pass it by in quiet.

"I received Mr. Hillard's epitaph on my dear kind friend Kenyon. Thank him in my name for it. There are some copies to be reserved of a lithograph now in progress (a portrait of Kenyon) for his American friends. Should it be completed in time, Mr. Sumner will be asked to take them over. I have put down your name for one of those who would wish to have this little memento of a good kind man.....

"I shall never visit America, be assured, or the continent of Europe, or any distant region. I have reached nearly to the length of my tether. I have grown old and apathetic and stupid. All I care for, in the way of personal enjoyment, is quiet, ease—to have nothing to do, nothing to think of. My only glance is backward. There is so little before me that I would rather not look that way."

In a later letter he again speaks of his son and the war in India:

"My son is *not* in the list of killed and wounded, thank God! He was before Delhi, having *volunteered* thither after his escape. We trust that he is at present safe, but every mail is pregnant with bloody tidings, and we do not find ourselves yet in a position to rejoice securely. What a terrible war this Indian war is! Are all people of black blood cruel, cowardly, and treacherous? If it were a case of great oppression on our part, I could understand and (almost) excuse it; but it is from the *spoiled* portion of the Hindostanees that the revengeful mutiny has arisen. One thing is quite clear, that whatever luxury and refinement have done for our race (for I include Americans with English), they have not diminished the courage and endurance and heroism for which I think we have formerly been famous. We are the same Saxons still. There has never been fiercer fighting than in some of the battles that have lately taken place in India. When I look back on the old history books, and see that *all* history consists of little else than the bloody feuds of nation with nation, I almost wonder that God has not extinguished the cruel, selfish animals that we dignify with the name of men. No—I cry forgiveness: let the women live, if they can, without the men. I used the word 'men' only."

Here is a pleasant paragraph about *Aurora Leigh:*

"The most successful book of the season has been Mrs. Browning's *Aurora Leigh.* I could wish some things altered, I confess; but as it is, it is by far (a hundred times over) the finest poem ever written by a woman. We know little or nothing of Sappho—nothing to induce comparison—and all other wearers of petticoats must courtesy to the ground."

In several of his last letters to me there are frequent allusions to our civil war. Here is an extract from an epistle written in 1861:

"We read with painful attention the accounts of your great quarrel in America. We know nothing beyond what we are told by the New York papers, and these are the stories of *one* of the combatants. I am afraid

that, however you may mend the schism, you will never be so strong again. I hope, however, that something may arise to terminate the bloodshed; for, after all, fighting is an unsatisfactory way of coming at the truth. If you were to stand up at once (and finally) against the slave-trade, your band of soldiers would have a more decided *principle* to fight for. But—

"—But I really know little or nothing. I hope that at Boston you are comparatively peaceful, and I know that you are more abolitionist than in the more southern countries.

"There is nothing new doing here in the way of books. The last book I have seen is called *Tannhäuser*, published by Chapman and Hall—a poem under feigned names, but *really* written by Robert Lytton and Julian Fane. It is not good enough for the first, but (as I conjecture) too good for the last. The songs which decide the contest of the bards are the worst portions of the book.

"I read some time ago a novel which has not made much noise, but which is prodigiously clever—*City and Suburb*. The story hangs in parts, but it is full of weighty sentences. We have no poet *since* Tennyson except Robert Lytton, who, you know, calls himself Owen Meredith. Poetry in England is assuming a new character, and not a better character. It has a sort of pre-Raphaelite tendency which does not suit my aged feelings. I am for Love, or the World well lost. But I forget that, if I live beyond the 21st of next November, I shall be *seventy-four* years of age. I have been obliged to resign my Commissionership of Lunacy, not being able to bear the pain of traveling. By this I lose about £900 a year. I am, therefore, sufficiently poor even for a poet. Browning, as you know, has lost his wife. He is coming with his little boy to live in England. I rejoice at this, for I think that the English should live in England, especially in their youth, when people learn things that they never forget afterward."

Near the close of 1864 he writes:

"Since I last heard from you, nothing except what is melancholy seems to have taken place. You seem all busy killing each other in America. Some friends of yours and several friends of mine have died. Among the last I can not help placing Nathaniel Hawthorne, for whom I had a sincere regard.....He was about your best prose writer, I think, and intermingled with his humor was a great deal of tenderness. To die so soon!

"You are so easily affronted in America, if we (English) say any thing about putting an end to your war, that I will not venture to hint at the subject. Nevertheless, I wish that you were all at peace again, for your own sakes and for the sake of human nature. I detest fighting now, although I was a great admirer of fighting in my youth. My youth? I wonder where it has gone. It has left me with gray hairs and rheumatism, and plenty of (too many other) infirmities. I stagger and stumble along, with almost seventy-six years on my head, upon failing limbs, which no longer enable me to walk half a mile. I see a great deal, all behind me (the Past), but the prospect before me is not cheerful. Sometimes I wish that I had tried harder for what is called Fame, but generally (as now) I care very little about it. After all—unless one could be Shakspeare, which (clearly) is not an easy matter—of what value is a little puff of smoke from a review? If we could settle permanently who is to be the Homer or Shakspeare of our time, it might be worth something; but we can not. Is it Jones, or Smith, or ——? Alas! I get short-sighted on this point, and can not penetrate the impenetrable dark. Make my remembrances acceptable to Longfellow, to Lowell, to Emerson, and to any one else who remembers me.

"Yours, ever sincerely,

"B. W. PROCTER."

And here are a few paragraphs from the last letter I ever received from Procter's loving hand:

"Although I date this from Weymouth Street, yet I am writing 140 or 150 miles away from London. Perhaps this temporary retreat from our great, noisy, turbulent city reminds me that I have been very unmindful of your letter, received long ago. But I have been busy, and my writing now is not a simple matter, as it was fifty years ago. I have great difficulty in forming the letters, and you would be surprised to learn with what labor *this* task is performed. Then I have been incessantly occupied in writing (I refer to the *mechanical* part only) the *Memoir of Charles Lamb*. It is not my book—*i. e.*, not my property—but one which I was hired to write, and it forms my last earnings. You will have heard of the book (perhaps seen it) some time since. It has been very well received. I would not have engaged myself on any thing else, but I had great regard for Charles Lamb, and so (somehow or other) I have contrived to reach the end.

"I *have* already (long ago) written something about Hazlitt, but I have received more than one application for it, in case I can manage to complete my essay. As in the case of Lamb, I am really the only person living who knew much about his daily life. I have not, however, quite the same incentive to carry me on. Indeed, I am not certain that I should be able to travel to the real Finis.

"My wife is very grateful for the copies of my dear Adelaide's poems which you sent her. She appears surprised to hear that I

have not transmitted her thanks to you before.

"We get the *Atlantic Monthly* regularly. I need not tell you how much better the poetry is than at its commencement. Very good is 'Released,' in the July number, and several of the stories; but they are in London, and I can not particularize them.

"We were very much pleased with Colonel Holmes, the son of your friend and contributor. He seems a very intelligent, modest young man; as little military as need be, and, like Coriolanus, not baring his wounds (if he has any) for public gaze. When you see Dr. Holmes, pray tell him how much I and my wife liked his son.

"We are at the present moment rusticating at Malvern Wells. We are on the side of a great hill (which you would call small in America), and our intercourse is only with the flowers and bees and swallows of the season. Sometimes we encounter a wasp, which I suppose comes from over seas!

"The Storys are living two or three miles off, and called upon us a few days ago. You have not seen *his* Sybil, which I think very fine, and as containing a *very great* future. But the young poets generally disappoint us, and are too content with startling us into admiration of their first works, and then go to sleep.

"I wish that I had, when younger, made more notes about my contemporaries; for, being of no faction in politics, it happens that I have known far more literary men than any other person of my time. In counting up the names of persons known to me who were, in some way or other, *connected* with literature, I reckoned up more than one hundred. But then I have had more than sixty years to do this in. My first acquaintance of this sort was Bowles, the poet. This was about 1805.

"Although I can scarcely write, I am able to say, in conclusion, that I am

"Very sincerely yours,

"B. W. PROCTER."

Procter was an ardent student of the works of our older English dramatists, and he had a special fondness for such writers as Decker, Marlowe, Heywood, Webster, and Fletcher. Many of his own dramatic scenes are modeled on that passionate and romantic school. He had great relish for a good modern novel, too; and I recall the titles of several which he recommended warmly for my perusal and republication in America. When I first came to know him, the duties of his office as a Commissioner of Lunacy obliged him to travel about the kingdom, sometimes on long journeys, and he told me his pocket companion was a cheap reprint of Emerson's *Essays*, which he found such agreeable reading that he never left home without it. Longfellow's *Hyperion* was another of his favorite books during the years he was on duty as a commissioner.

Among the last agreeable visits I made to the old poet was one with reference to a proposition of his own to omit several songs and other short poems from a new issue of his works then in press. I stoutly opposed the ignoring of certain old favorites of mine, and the poet's wife joined with me in deciding against the author in his proposal to cast aside so many beautiful songs—songs as well worth saving as any in the volume. Procter argued that, being past seventy, he had now reached to years of discretion, and that his judgment ought to be followed without a murmur. I held out firm to the end of our discussion, and we settled the matter with this compromise: he was to expunge whatever he chose from the English edition, but I was to have my own way with the American one. So to this day the American reprint is the only complete collection of Barry Cornwall's earliest pieces, for I held on to all the old lyrics, without discarding a single line.

The poet's figure was short and full, and his voice had a low, veiled tone habitually in it, which made it sometimes difficult to hear distinctly what he was saying. When he spoke in conversation, he liked to be very near his listener, and thus stand, as it were, on confidential ground with him. His turn of thought was apt to be cheerful among his friends, and he proceeded readily into a vein of wit and nimble expression. Verbal felicity seemed natural to him, and his epithets, evidently unprepared, were always perfect. He disliked cant and hard ways of judging character. He praised easily. He had no wish to stand in any body's shoes but his own, and he said there is no literary vice of a darker shade than envy. Talleyrand's recipe for perfect happiness was the opposite to his. He impressed every one who came near him as a born gentleman, chivalrous and generous in a marked degree, and it was a habit of all who knew him to have an affection for him. Altering a line of Pope, this counsel might have been safely tendered to all the authors of his day—

"Disdain whatever *Procter's mind* disdains."

AT LAST.

WHEN first the bride and bridegroom wed,
They love their single selves the best;
A sword is in the marriage bed,
Their separate slumbers are not rest;
They quarrel and make up again,
They give and suffer worlds of pain.
Both right, and wrong,
They struggle long,
Till some good day, when they are old,
Some dark day, when the bells are tolled,
Death having taken their best of life,
They lose themselves, and find each other;
They know that they are husband, wife,
For, weeping, they are Father, Mother!

AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

WINDSOR CASTLE, NORTHWEST VIEW—FROM THE RIVER.

THERE is one town in England which, notwithstanding that the epithet "royal" is commonly applied to it, is always attractive to the cultivated American. The sternest republican of us all can not restrain a feeling of pride and exultation when that magnificent mansion—the finest ever built by man for man—called Windsor Castle, first strikes upon his gaze. It has a majesty of its own quite independent of kingship, though it has been always the habitation of kings. Its towers and terraces are not trodden by privileged feet only, but the whole nation take their pride and pleasure in it; a nation that was once our own, and whose annals, so far at least as that glorious structure is connected with them, are *our* annals. A cathedral has been defined by a great poet as "a petrified religion;" and so may this fair dwelling-house, "so royal, rich, and wide," containing the habitations of so many degrees of men, and associated with events such as every generation of English-speaking races will read of with interest to the end of time, be considered "petrified history." The standard of England that floats to-day from its highest tower, proclaiming that the Queen is now in residence, has floated over scores of kings and queens in that same place: those mighty ramparts, used now only "for pleasure and for state," were thrown up near a thousand years ago for a defense by the first William, who "loved the tall deer as though he was their father," and whose favorite hunting-seat was at Windsor, in the centre of the same fair forest that surrounds it now. Not even William the Conqueror was, however, the first monarch who had his dwelling here, though he first fortified the place. Its original founder is lost in the mists of time—

> "Whether to Cæsar, Albanact, or Brute,
> The British Arthur, or the Danish Knute,"

the merit of choosing such a spot is to be ascribed will never now be known; its position upon that lordly hill, with six fair counties visible from it, was such as indeed "to invite the builder," though in those early years the picturesqueness of the spot was probably not so much a recommendation as the opportunities it offered for sport. The Conqueror himself thus describes it: "*Maxime utilis et commodus est visus propter contiguam aquam et silvam venationibus aptam*" —a very "desirable residence" (as the auctioneers term it) by reason of its wood and water, and because it was a good hunting country.

Edward the Confessor, who would give any thing away to the priests, had made over this charming seat to the Abbey of Westminster; but William said, "Pooh, pooh, those excellent monks ought not to be tempted with deer parks and such vanities," and got it restored to the crown.

What hunting parties—the one relaxation of his iron sway—must have been held here! What tenderness—save while he hunted them—did he show to beast, what cruelty to man, in those far-stretching fields! How harshly must the curfew have sounded over them as it bade fire and candle "out" with its sullen tongue! What lust and wrong and crime once reigned here, unchecked by any law save one man's will! King John (another selfish monarch, and of a viler type) "lay here," as the old phrase goes, while that first installment of English liberty was being arranged for, called *Magna Charta*, and which he had to sign, very unwillingly, at Runnymede, on the Thames, hard by. Another King John was brought here, even still more against the grain, in the person of the prisoner of Poitiers, John of France, who with his fellow-captive, David, King of Scots, is said (by Stow) to have suggested to their conqueror, Edward III., that the castle would have been "better set" if built on higher ground. Edward took their advice, and with the aid of the famous William of Wykeham, bishop and architect, commenced the palace, which successor after successor has enlarged, until it became the princely home we now behold it. Edward IV. built at its foot St. George's Chapel, itself one of the architectural boasts of England, and the resting-place of many of her kings. Henry VII. erected the Tomb-house, which has received the later monarchs, and Henry VIII. the great gateway. To the antiquary there is probably no place, with the exception of the Tower of London, so associated with historical memories as Windsor Castle; nor is it less interesting to the poet, not only on account of the wonderful beauty of its landscape, but from the associations of love and song that linger around it. For in this castle young James of Scotland pined from ten years old to twenty-eight, his captivity mitigated only by the tender passion for Jane Beaufort, which he has described in his own pathetic poem:

INTERIOR OF ST. GEORGE'S CHAPEL.

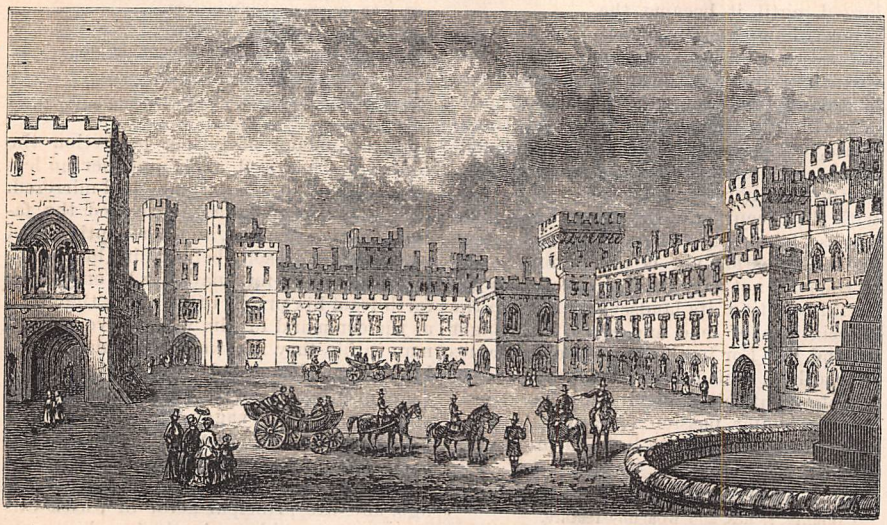
"In her was youth, beauty with humble port,
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature,
God better wote than my pen can report;
Wisdom, largesse, estate, and cunning lure,
In every poynt so guided her mesure
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That Nature might no more her child advance."

And this model of girlish perfection the young king married, and found her no less worthy than his poetic fancy had mirrored. In the castle, too, was imprisoned the famous Earl of Surrey, another captive bird who has left his song behind him, but whose fate was not so fortunate, for he only came forth from his prison to die upon the block at the command of him who "never spared man in his fury nor woman in his lust"—bluff, cruel-hearted Hal. But, after all, these events are too far back to arouse any feeling beyond a vague pathetic interest. To my mind there is nothing more striking in the history of Windsor Castle than an event that occurred there but sixty years ago, and the principal actor in which was that contemptible and selfish voluptuary,

the Prince Regent, afterward George IV. This was the opening of the coffin of Charles I., whose remains, indeed, Lord Clarendon had stated in his history to be "buried at Windsor," but none knew exactly where. The public ignorance of the spot, in fact, had caused the circulation of a most extraordinary story. Every body knows that at the Restoration the body of Cromwell, "the greatest prince that ever ruled in England," who had taught Rome charity and bent the knee of Spain, and who when in life no man durst contend with, was dug up from its grave in Westminster Abbey and hung in chains, as though he had been a felon, at Tyburn. But very soon after that infamous and cowardly sacrilege it was rumored that some friends of Cromwell had anticipated this act of baseness, and placed the body of Charles I. in the Protector's coffin, so that it was in reality "the martyr king" who was gibbeted by his own son, and whose bones received the insults of the turncoat mob. This curious statement received some corroboration from the fact that the head was separated from the trunk.

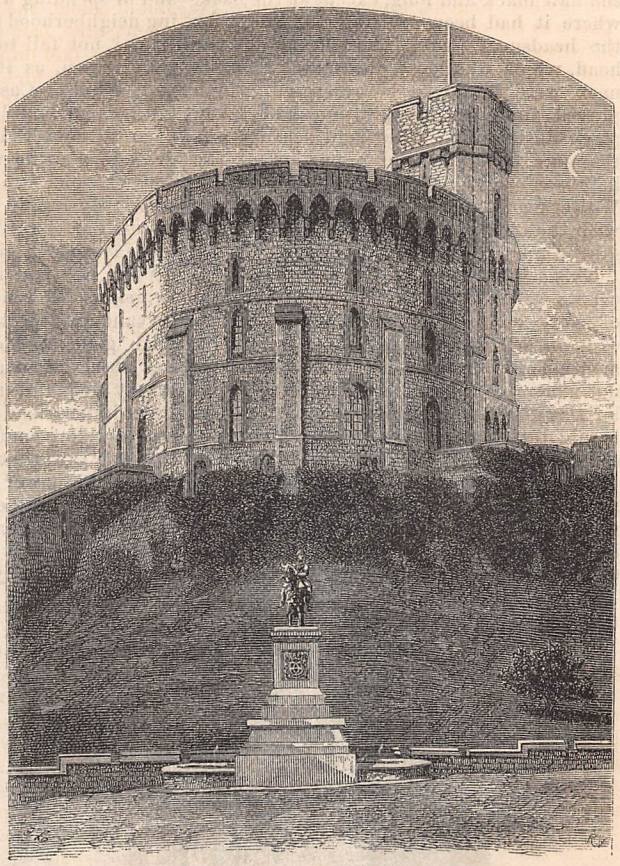
One Mr. Barkstead, son of the regicide of that name, asserts that his father, being lieutenant of the Tower of London and a great confidant of the Protector, asked him on his death-bed where he would be buried, to which Cromwell answered, "Where he had obtained the greatest victory and glory, namely, on the field at Naseby," in Northamptonshire, which was accordingly thus performed. "At midnight, soon after his death, being first embalmed in a leaden coffin, the body was in a hearse conveyed to the said field, the said Mr. Barkstead, by order of his father, attending close to the hearse; and being come to the field, they found about the midst of it a grave dug about nine feet deep, with the green sod carefully laid on one side and the mould on another, in which, the coffin being soon put, the grave was instantly filled up, and the green sod laid carefully flat upon it, care being taken that the surplus mould was clean taken away. Soon after like care was taken that the said field was entirely plowed up, and sown three or four years successively with corn."

In the Harleian Miscellany this version is repeated, after which is added the following: "Talking over this account of Barkstead's with the Rev. Mr. Sm——, of G——, whose father had long resided in Florence as a merchant, and afterward as minister from King Charles II., and had been well acquainted with the fugitives after the Restoration, he assured me he had often heard the same account by other hands, those miscreants always boasting that they had wreaked their revenge against the father, as far as human foresight could carry it, by beheading him while living, *and making his best friends the executors of the utmost ignominies upon him when dead.* He (Cromwell) contrived his own burial, as owned by Barkstead, having all the honors of a pompous funeral paid to an empty coffin, *into which afterward was removed the corpse of the martyr*, that if any sentence should be pronounced as upon his body, it might effectually fall upon that of the king.....The secret being only among that abandoned few, there was no doubt in the rest of the people but the body so exposed was that it was said to be, had not some whose curiosity had brought them nearer the tree observed with horror the remains of a countenance they little had expected there, and that on tying the cord



THE QUADRANGLE.

there was a strong seam about the neck, by which the head had been, as was supposed, immediately after the decollation, fastened again to the body. This being whispered about, and the numbers that came to the dismal sight hourly increasing, notice was immediately given of the suspicion to the attending officer, who dispatched a messenger to court to acquaint them with the rumor, and the ill consequences the spreading or examining into it further might have, on which the bodies were immediately ordered down to be buried again.....Many circumstances make this account not altogether improbable, as all those enthusiasts to the last moment of their lives ever gloried in the truth of it." To this view of the matter, as we have said, Lord Clarendon's vague account of the burial of Charles has given some countenance. Upon those who bore the king's body entering St. George's Chapel, at Windsor, with which they had before been well acquainted, "they found it so altered and transformed, all inscriptions and those land-marks pulled down by which all men knew every particular place in that church, and such a dismal mutation over the whole, that they knew not where they were; nor was there one old officer that had belonged to it, or knew where our princes had used to be interred. At last there was a fellow of the town who undertook to tell them where there was a vault in which King Henry VIII. and Jane Seymour were interred. And as near that place as could conveniently be they caused the grave to be made."



ROUND TOWER, WINDSOR CASTLE—WEST END.

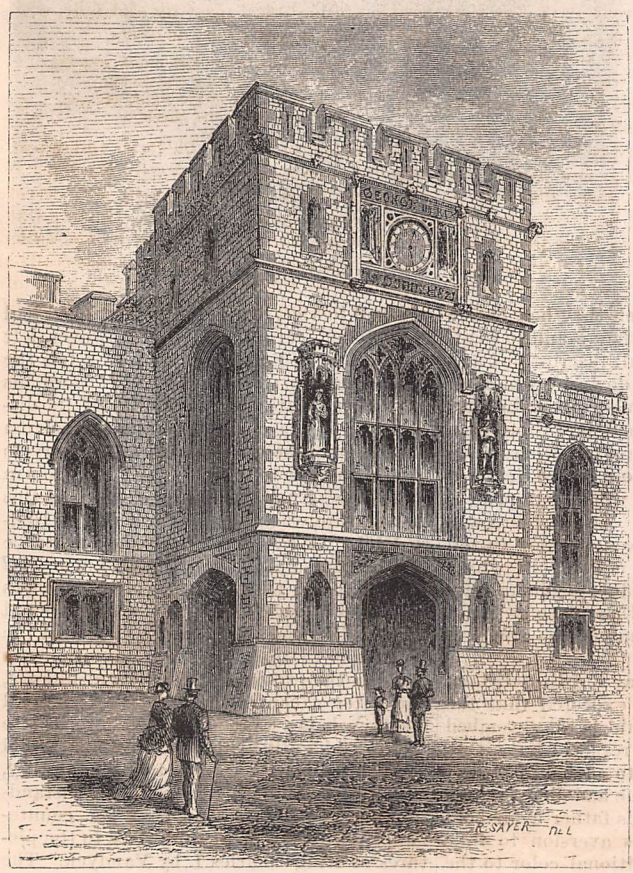
So stood the matter at the Restoration, when it was naturally expected that the royal martyr's body would be disentombed and buried with greater respect; but either Charles II. was averse to such unpleasant proceedings, or thought he had done enough in the way of honoring his father by dishonoring his enemies. His aversion to take any such step gave additional color to the substitution story, which, for the sake of poetical justice, it is much to be wished had been found correct. It was, however, left for the Prince Regent, in 1813, to settle the whole question; and Sir Henry Halford, his physician, relates the incidents of its discovery. While completing the mausoleum in the Tomb-house it became necessary to form a passage to it from under the choir in St. George's Chapel, and in constructing this an aperture was made in the vault of Henry VIII. In this vault were known to be laid himself and Jane Seymour, but a *third* coffin, covered with a black velvet pall, was now beheld in it; and this was supposed (and, as it turned out, correctly) to hold the remains of Charles I. The examination was made in the presence of the Regent himself, and after a century and a half the royal martyr's bones were once more brought to light, and identified beyond question. It had been embalmed, of course, though clumsily, and "it was difficult to deny, notwithstanding much disfigurement, that the countenance bore a strong resemblance to the pictures of King Charles I. by Vandyck." The beard was a reddish-brown, but the rest of

the hair black and long, except at the back, where it had been probably cut short for the headsman's axe. On holding up the head, which was loose, the muscles of the neck were found to be retracted, which proved that the decapitation had taken place during life. The identification was therefore complete, and a portion of the hair was sent by Sir Henry Halford to Sir Walter Scott, who had it set in a gold ring, with the king's last word, "Remember," engraved upon it.

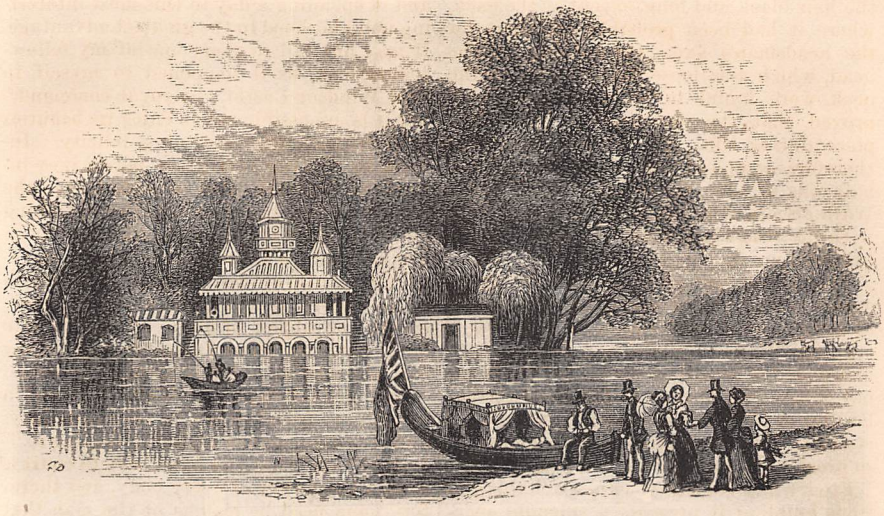
This is but one of a hundred historical events which crowd upon the recollection of every man of cultivation as he first sets eyes on Windsor Castle, and I have only mentioned it because some of its details are not generally known. In Mr. Jesse's popular *Day at Windsor*, for example, not a word is said of the substitution story, which gives so great an interest to the *dénouement*.

From whatever side you approach this glorious building it presents a splendid spectacle; but for the advantage of the American visitor I am about to state what seems to me to be the best method of doing so, and of spending a day in this most interesting neighborhood to the greatest advantage. It may not fall to every one of my fellow-countrymen, as it happened to myself, to visit Windsor Castle "by royal command," but it is impossible not to enjoy its beauties even without that crowning felicity. Indeed, in visiting very great personages indeed the pleasure often consists less in the fact itself than in the satisfaction of talking about it afterward to others who have been less favored—a circumstance which, on reflection, gentle reader, you will allow should by no means render your present humble servant an object of envy. "One likes to have gone up Mont Blanc, merely to say so," observed an athletic young gentleman of my acquaintance. "Well," rejoined a less Alpine friend of his, "I am rather lazy, and therefore confine myself to 'saying so.'" Now to "say" that you have been to court is within the power of every body, and therefore none need be jealous of the man that has absolutely gone through with it.

The usual way of approaching Windsor from London is by the Great Western Railway, from which, as it crosses the Thames, you get a view of the castle that is (save from one other position to be described) absolutely incomparable; and it was from this spot that Turner took his famous picture of the stately place. Yet if the reader will take my advice, he will visit Windsor from the opposite direction, namely, by coming by the Southwestern Railway to Virginia Water, which is itself a portion of the forest, and driving or walking through it to the town. This lake is the largest piece of artificial water in England, and was laid out by the order of the Duke of Cumberland, the hero of Culloden; but it is chiefly noted as being the occasional resort of George IV. and his mistresses. It is very pretty, and a few hours may be pleasantly spent in exploring it; but the forest itself, of which it forms but the extremity, has more pressing claims on the attention. Nowhere in Great



GEORGE IV.'S GATEWAY, CENTRE OF SOUTH WING, WINDSOR CASTLE.

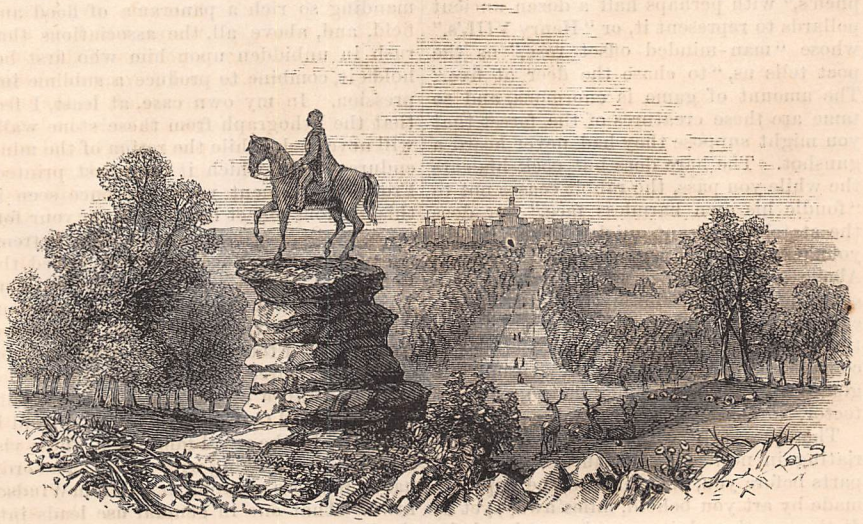


VIRGINIA WATER.

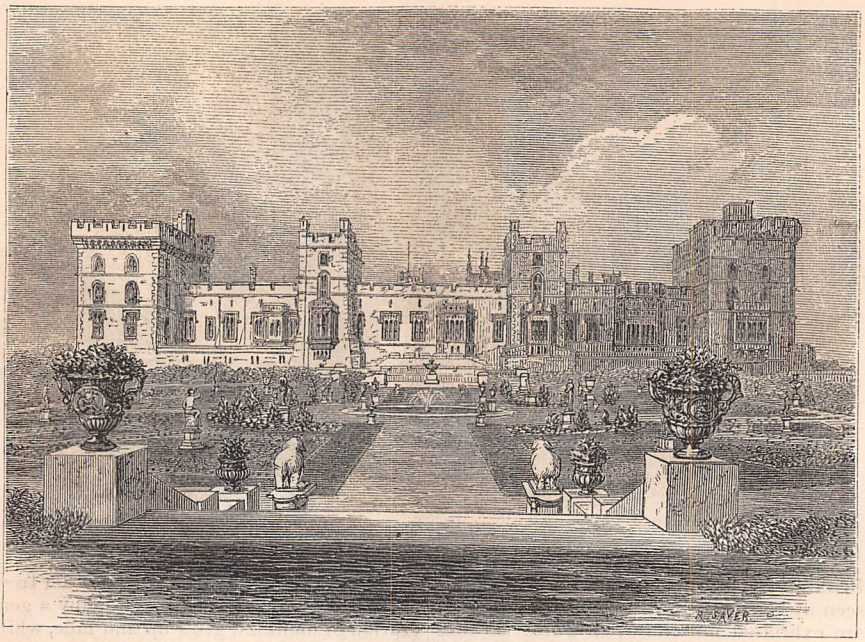
Britain, nor perhaps in all the world, are seen at once such fertility and grandeur as are exhibited in "the Great Park," as that vast portion of the forest is called which extends for many miles to the south of Windsor. The finest trees of which the country boasts, and those which for generations have been carefully tended, so that their age is undoubted, are here to be seen. The pollards are of vast size. One beech-tree near Sawyer's Lodge Mr. Jesse found to be thirty-six feet round at six feet from the ground, and two oak-trees near Cranbourn Lodge are even larger. One of these is termed William the Conqueror's Oak. Whether it dates from that monarch's time or not, it is certain that it and a thousand other trees around it have seen many and many a generation of mankind grow up and fade, while they are hale and green as ever.

"Old summers, when the monk was fat,
And issuing strong and sleek,
Would twist his girdle tight, and pat
The girls upon the cheek."

The aspect of these noble boles and spreading branches suggests not only the lapse of time, but their victory over it, and invests them with a living majesty. Herne's Oak, or Sir John Falstaff's Oak, as it was called after Shakspeare's genius had immortalized it, is not in this portion of the park; but there is no doubt that Shakspeare himself,



LONG WALK, AND STATUE OF GEORGE III.



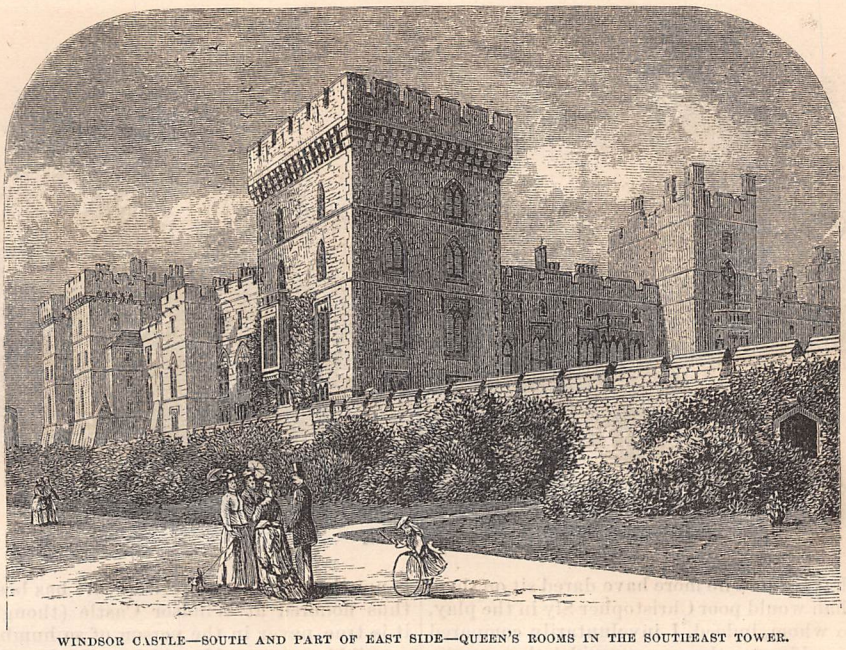
EAST VIEW—THE SOVEREIGN'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS.

as well as many of the men and women of his *Merry Wives of Windsor*, have trod the turf, have sought the shade, that are so grateful to us now. New plantations, too, are perpetually growing up, as though to assure us of the perpetuation of this noble forest, and in front of each is placed a small iron pillar, with the date of planting. How interesting would such pillars be, had the practice been instituted from the first! Then, as well as "Prince Albert's Plantation," we should have had "King Stephen's," with perhaps half a dozen ancient pollards to represent it, or "Henry VIII.'s," whose "man-minded offset rose," as the poet tells us, "to chase the deer at five." The amount of game is enormous, and so tame are these creatures of the forest that you might suppose they had never heard a gunshot. The hare does but cock his ears the while you pass, the rabbit ceases not to "fondle his own harmless face," nor does the stately pheasant quicken its speed for your presence as it runs across the "drive." Above all, the deer are every where; "in copse and form twinkle the innumerable ear and tail;" underneath the trees and in the open, mostly in herds, but sometimes in companies of six or seven, they throng the glades as thickly as under their great protector, Norman William.

Then presently, while you are still luxuriating in new sylvan beauties, the forest parts before you, and through the gap thus made by art you behold, miles away, yet as distinct as though it were close at hand, for nothing lies between to mar the view, "that royal dwelling, above the rest beyond compare," Windsor Castle.

It is the fashion to exaggerate the effect of architecture upon the mind, and I must confess that I have looked upon many a fair cathedral without experiencing those transcendental emotions which are supposed to be proper to the occasion; but the spectacle of Windsor Castle is really overpowering. Its colossal size, its beauty, and the variety of it, its position, set on a high hill, commanding so rich a panorama of flood and field, and, above all, the associations that rush in unbidden upon him who first beholds it, combine to produce a sublime impression. In my own case, at least, I feel that the lithograph from those stone walls will never fade while the retina of the mind endures upon which it was first printed. From the moment you have once seen it this glorious object haunts you on your forest way, till at last, as you reach the extremity of that magnificent avenue called the Long Walk, it appears right in front of you. This avenue, however, though so broad that, while lined by the tallest trees, no shadow from one ever touches its opposite neighbor, extends for three miles in a straight line.

The entrance of the castle now opposite to us is called George IV.'s Gateway, and is only used by the royal family and those visitors who are staying with them. The ordinary entrances are approached from Windsor town. That one in general use leads into the Lower Ward, as it is called, the great



WINDSOR CASTLE—SOUTH AND PART OF EAST SIDE—QUEEN'S ROOMS IN THE SOUTHEAST TOWER.

court-yard in which St. George's Chapel stands and the houses of the military knights, and thence through the Middle Ward, by the Norman Gate, to the terraces and the state apartments open to the public when the Queen is not in residence. But we ourselves (for one can not really stoop to use the singular on such an occasion) are admitted through George IV.'s Gateway into the Upper Ward, and are set down—just think of this, reader, and respect your author—at the "Sovereign's Entrance." Many a crowned head, even in these latter days, from Alexander of Russia to the Shah of Persia, has passed beneath that stately portal, to behold such wonders as, I will venture to say, are not to be found in their own royal abodes.

The Queen's Audience-Chamber, with its ceiling by Verrio, its festoons of flowers by Grinling Gibbons, and its tapestries by hands unknown, indeed, but which must have spent a lifetime in the work; the Queen's Presence-Chamber; the Guard-Chamber; St. George's Hall (200 feet long), with its throne, the twenty-four shields with the armorial bearings of all the English kings from Edward III., and with the full-length portraits of eleven sovereigns by Vandyck, Lely, Kneller, and Lawrence; the Ball-Room, with its Louis XIV. furniture and appropriate tapestries of Jason and the Golden Fleece; the Throne-Room; the famous Waterloo Chamber, with its six-and-thirty heroes upon canvas, almost all by Lawrence; the Vestibule; the King's Drawing-Room, illustrated by Rubens only; the King's Council-Chamber; the King's Closet; the Queen's Closet; the Queen's Drawing-Room—all adorned by the finest painters of the purest times; and the Vandyck Room, itself a treasury of art—all these are included in the State Apartments, and may be seen by any visitor at Windsor between certain hours. But the Sovereign's Private Apartments, which occupy the whole east wing of the castle, are reserved for those whom she or some member of her family "delights to honor," or, at all events, is so good as to do so. Never before have I been impressed by the mere sight of splendid furniture; but here the fine taste goes so harmoniously with the costliness that one can not choose but admire; the splendor is by no means the most striking feature, and when I was told that a little cabinet whose quiet beauty had attracted me had cost ten thousand guineas, I felt extreme surprise. The private drawing-rooms, to the number of which there appeared no limit, are generally termed Blue, Red, etc., according to the prevailing color of their fittings; and from every window of the "house" (as its royal tenants call their dwelling, and which is one of the few things by which in their unaffected talk you can discern their proprietorship of this superb abode) there is a view of garden and forest such as might well take a poet's heart by storm. The Shah, I was told, who is, of course, a stranger to fine foliage, was more impressed by the view than by the furniture; but a simple citizen like myself may be excused for dwelling upon the latter. The tapestry of the chairs alone was in some cases so exquisite

ETON COLLEGE.

that I would no more have dared sit on them than would poor Christopher Sly in the play, to whom, indeed, I involuntarily compared myself more than once amidst those unaccustomed splendors.

The finest of all the internal decorations are thought to be those of the Queen's Corridor, a golden gallery, as it seemed to me, which runs round half the castle, though never approaching any public room. Perhaps the most interesting chamber is the suit of rooms on the North Terrace that form the Library, into which, as a humble follower of the profession of letters, I was inducted and allowed to roam at will. The contents of this place are simply priceless: the original MSS. of the most valued poets and prose writers, the original editions of the most ancient printed books, the most splendid illuminated MSS. of Asia and Africa (still being collected, for some were brought from the Abyssinian campaign), the most gorgeous missals, and all arranged so that the eye can at once behold their contents, though the brain to master them is indeed but rarely brought with it. Most curious of all is the private collection of miniatures of the royal family, including many who were lost before the public grew familiar with them, and also many who were a little less than kin and more that kind—for example, the famous "Perdita," and other mistresses of George IV. Indeed, the secret history of this princely race may be read here in brief—the richest store that ever was laid bare to eye of gossip.

I, however, have no such itching tongue, nor would it be fit return, as it seems to me, for unsought though deeply appreciated favor, were I to describe the particular kindness that I received from my royal host. It is not the first time that literature has been thus honored at Windsor Castle (though, it is true, never in the person of so humble a scribbler as myself), and I would fain not be the first to abuse such hospitality. If any attempt had been made to knight me, I might, indeed, have revenged myself by such a breach of confidence; but being a republican, no such experiment was, of course, attempted on me. It may seem a stroke of bathos, and an admission of great want of dignity of mind, but the size of the servants who attended upon "our royal progress" through the castle, or noiselessly arose from their comfortable chairs at our approach, made considerable impression on me. I wonder whether it is no use to apply for a situation in the royal household of Great Britain unless one is over six feet high! The obsequiousness of these scarlet giants to myself, who am wholly unaccustomed to such respect, amused me vastly, especially as it continued after I had parted company with my royal entertainer. I was not the rose of England, but I had been near the rose, and was respected accordingly.

A great contrast to all this magnificence awaited me that evening in an experience which was in its way, however, quite as interesting, and which also lies within the reach of any American who goes to Windsor. Instead of taking up his quarters for the night within the town, or returning to London, I would recommend him, by all means, to walk through the grounds of Eton College to Salthill, where an old-fashioned hotel, called Botham's—its immense front covered when I visited it by the blossoms of the wistaria, and presenting a most attractive spectacle—will afford him excellent entertainment. It is here that in old days

the *Montem* of the Eton boys used to be held, on a little *hill* where they collected *salt*, as the money was called, for which every visitor was put under contribution. The king, who always attended in person, gave one hundred pounds, and every nobleman at least five pounds, nor, I believe, was less than gold taken from any body. The collectors were the head boys of the school, dressed in magnificent fancy costumes, and each with a bundle of tickets, one of which he gave you when he had received your "salt," to exempt you from further demands. The sum thus collected, often amounting to a thousand pounds, was given to the head boy of the college *on the foundation*, that is, a poor scholar, not a rich "oppidan," as most Etonians are, to support him during his residence at the university. When this head boy was unpopular, his gains used to be much lessened by the damages which his school-fellows committed, in order to spite him, in Botham's beautiful garden, and for which he had to pay.

The garden is still in existence, with a space cut in the trees for a fine view of Windsor Castle, and also, at this present writing, Mr. Botham, a perfect repository of old-world Eton stories. Attractive as will be his hospitality, I must, however, trouble my reader, after he has partaken of it, to accompany me in an evening walk of some two miles. This will bring him to a sequestered church-yard, with an ancient church and yew-tree as old as itself, surrounded on one side by rugged elms, on the other by a charming pastoral landscape. This is Stoke Pogis church-yard, the scene of Gray's world-famous Elegy. He himself lies buried in a humble tomb which his piety erected to his mother, whom, says he, with more pathos than reason, "I had the misfortune to survive;" but a huge cenotaph has been erected at a little distance, upon which are engraved some of the finest verses from his immortal "Ode to Eton College," and his "Elegy in a Country Church-Yard," each of which objects lies within view. Fresh from the splendors of the palace, the simple lines that describe the life of the poor, and contrast it not ignobly with that of the great, made a profound impression upon me; but in such a time and place they can scarcely fail to do otherwise under any circumstances:

"The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth, e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but to the grave,"

is a lesson that not only princes need, but all of us in our degree.

It may not be generally known that Gray struck out no less than three stanzas from his original MS. of the Elegy; after "to meet the sun upon the upland lawn," came the following verse:

"Him have we seen the greenwood side along,
While o'er the heath we hied, our labor done,
Oft as the wood-lark piped her farewell song,
With wistful eyes pursue the setting sun."

Mason was of opinion that what follows was equal to any of the better known verses:

"Hark, how the sacred calm that breathes around
Bids every fierce, tumultuous passion cease,
In still small accents whispering from the ground
A grateful earnest of eternal peace;"

and certainly those beautiful lines described exactly the poet's favorite scene under the influences beneath which I beheld it. Beyond all doubt upon the cenotaph itself should be inscribed this last (which originally preceded the epitaph), in the place of some less local couplet:

"There scattered oft, the earliest of the year,
By hands unseen, are showers of violets found;
The redbreast loves to build and warble there,
And little footsteps lightly print the ground."

IN THE GOLD AVENUE.

By the Author of "The Calderwood Secret."

I.—A MYSTERIOUS LETTER.

FRANCIS IREDELL prepared his own breakfast, which consisted of a cup of smoky tea and a dry biscuit. The battered kettle on the gas-fixture and the box of biscuits under the table represented the lowest ebb ever attained in the tide of Mr. Iredell's resources, and there had been many fluctuations in his finances of late years. Poverty may have a picturesque side as well as a droll or a lugubrious one. The poverty of this artist's studio sat lightly on room as well as occupant. One read the man's character and history in all his surroundings. A large window admitted a wealth of daylight, which fell alike on a beautiful *jardinière*, dusty draperies, a broken lay figure, heaps of paint-brushes, rare specimens of Daimio bronze, and a tropical butterfly poised on sapphire wings, flecked with silver, above a collection of pipes. The very walls took up the thread, and reflected the inmates in as many separate mirrors of mood, from the half-completed clay model of a classical head, the glimpses of dreamy Mediterranean skies, and the hasty copies of Titian's flesh-tints, to the realistic farm scenes lacking the poetry of the Flemish and French schools of art. A desultory fancy had always led Francis Iredell to pursue the latest whim, and here and there the sketches had caught a sunbeam of true inspiration. He was too proud to solicit patronage or propitiate critics, and then he took refuge in the superiority of the unappreciated. To the public he was known as a promising artist, if he would settle down to any one thing. This very settling down was the bane of his existence; and in the mean while he made smoky tea for his own breakfast.

His slight repast ended, he kindled his meerschaum, and prepared to set about the day's labor, when he was aroused by a knock on the door, and the janitor passed in a letter.

"Who the deuce has written to me?" soliloquized Mr. Iredell, turning the small envelope in his hand. "A woman's chirography evidently. I am not a lady's man."

He was in no haste to open the missive and solve the question; time had never been precious to Francis Iredell.

"Perhaps I have found a patroness of art," he said, with a little grimace.

The sheet contained these guarded lines:

"Mr. Francis Iredell is earnestly requested to visit Holmcroft immediately. If he will be in the summer-house at the end of the maple avenue, on Mrs. Meston's property, at five o'clock this afternoon, he will have no cause to regret the step. A FRIEND."

"Shades of romance! Why, my respected aunt, Mrs. Meston, lives at Holmcroft. To be sure! I had forgotten; and if I had remembered, I fancy the old girl would think I wanted something of her—the sale of a picture, or to be mentioned in her will. Bah! she is surrounded by toadies now, no doubt."

He laughed and tossed aside the letter, then took it up to read again, with a frown.

"Whom am I to see in the summer-house? Pooh! I am too old a bird for this sort of chaff. Somebody wishes to make me ridiculous."

He leaned out the window. The October day was perfect, with a cloudless sky, radiant sunshine, and a soft south wind. Nature lured him away from the studio; the element of curiosity, which combines self-love, also began to exert an influence. What if any person at Holmcroft did wish to dupe him, might it not be amusing to afford the unknown an opportunity?

He formed a sudden resolution. If Spofford could lend him ten dollars, he would make the journey. He crossed the hall to another door precisely like his own, which opened on an *atelier* also impregnated with the pathetic atmosphere of waiting. A man wearing the same mask of cheerful *bonhomie* over patient heroism was tracing the ghost of some future great work on a canvas with red chalk.

"Hard up, eh? Oh yes, I can let you have ten dollars as well as not. I only wish I had ten thousand, my boy."

Mr. Iredell returned to his own quarters, brushed his hat, and surveyed himself in a cracked fragment of looking-glass. A faint sensation of pleasurable excitement was beginning to infect him, all due to a few lines traced in a slanting feminine hand. The glass reflected a large, well-formed man of thirty, with a massive head, broad, open brow, calm, penetrating gray eye, and a luxuriant brown beard. The hair worn rather long, the beard, and attire were unconventional, but there was about him the easy grace which stamped unmistakably the gentleman. May not the negligent costume of a man forgetful of his coat be charming in a world which owes so much of painful self-consciousness to the tailor?

Still yielding to that guidance of destiny which captivated him this morning, he took the next step. If he was not too late for a train which would bear him to Holmcroft before five o'clock, he would keep the appointment.

A tide of humanity streamed through the open door of the great dépôt. Too late? No; the ten-o'clock train, bound east, was there, panting with suppressed steam, and ready to start.

Fleeting miles strung like beads on fleeting moments; past shining rivers, past wide stretches of hill-side draped in autumn's gorgeous livery, the awakened thoughts of Francis Iredell keeping pace with flying motion. He reached Holmcroft at four o'clock and fifty minutes. The locomotive swept on, and he was left gazing about him a trifle blankly. Why had he come? Surely *he* could not tell. The station was a pretty Gothic structure, with the name Holmcroft placed prominently above the door. A telegraph girl with a pink bow in her hair glanced coquettishly through the window of her office; a lank young man with a large cigar leaned against the wall; three barefooted urchins pattered away in search of other excitement; a rusty wagon containing a cider barrel creaked slowly by.

The stranger climbed the road toward the Hall, a red brick house overlooking the village, and by no means equaling the pretension of its name. A little brook, spanned by a bridge, flowed at the foot of the hill, and to the right a steep path branched from the drive leading up to the door. Following this path, he found himself in the summer-house as his watch pointed to the hour of five.

In the peaceful stillness of earth the smoke rising from the village chimneys seemed to pause before melting into ether, and the balm of silence bathed all his jaded senses. From the rose-flushed horizon where the sun was setting a purple bloom veiled the hills; at his feet the sumac glowed in fiery splendor; on the air floated the last fragrance of expiring summer—the aromatic scent of dying leaves. He turned to the maple walk, which the season had converted to an avenue of gold, where each tree stood in perfect symmetry, yellow merging into russet-red, and beheld a figure advancing toward him. The last rays of the sun made for her a path of glory, with the maples arching above, her uncovered head catching the gleam of reflected light as she moved.

Something stirred within Francis Iredell at sight of her, as if the wings of his genius were unfurled for the first time.

"A saint in black garments against pale gold, after Fra Angelico," he muttered.

Then he removed his hat as she stood before him.

"Have I the honor of addressing one of Mrs. Meston's household?"

"I sent for you," she replied, in a low, firm voice.

II.—MRS. MESTON AT HOME.

Both were silent for a moment. The artist awaited explanation with a shade of reserve in his manner. If a woman wished to dupe him by this anonymous summons, he had best be on his guard. He observed her closely without appearing to do so. Now that she had quitted the Gold Avenue, and the day was waning, she was a young lady of about five-and-twenty, with chestnut hair and pale complexion. It occurred to Francis Iredell that she was oddly unlike the young lady of the period; her black robe was almost conventual in simplicity, yet became the supple, rounded figure; the waving luxuriant hair, which gleamed with auburn threads here and there, was gathered in a knot at the back of the small head. There was not an ornament about her; even her fingers were devoid of rings. She possessed that individuality which would have made one observe her in a crowd without being able to define the attraction.

"I sent for you," she repeated, hurriedly, as if losing her composure. "This is the home of your aunt, Mrs. Meston."

"So I perceive," rather dryly. He would not help her in the least.

She looked at him almost appealingly.

"Have you ever made yourself known to her? Have you ever shown her any of the courtesy her age exacts, at least from her kinsman?"

What a smoothly modulated voice it was, with a sweet, penetrating inflection, putting these actually impertinent questions to him! Francis Iredell laughed; the humor of the situation overcame him.

"My dear child, you should deliver lectures on etiquette to poor relations. It is a good rule in life to only associate with those one meets on an equality."

"Such a rule should not hold in families," said the girl, in a sombre tone.

"There more than elsewhere, because tyrannical distinctions can be made."

The girl moved closer to him, and laid her hand impulsively on his arm. "What do you know about it? What *can* you know?"

The sudden change in her manner surprised him, but before he could speak she had drawn back into her habitual calm.

"I must explain myself to the best of my poor ability, Mr. Iredell. I took the liberty of sending for you, to try to induce you to remember your duty toward Mrs. Meston."

"You are kind," ironically.

"I am not altogether disinterested," she returned, quickly.

"Let Godfrey Noy be devoted," he said, somewhat bitterly.

"Why leave every thing to Godfrey Noy? Now that you are here, Mr. Iredell, will you not call this evening? Mrs. Meston can infer that you are sketching through the country: and not a word about me, I beg."

"Shall I see you again, if I come?" he inquired, extending his hand with that masculine *empressement* natural in addressing a young woman.

A man trudged across the slope—a burly tramp, ragged, dusty, travel-stained, with a bundle slung over his shoulder on a stick. He looked up at the pair with a sullen, ferocious gaze, in which was reflected the smouldering envy of the vicious poor. He went slowly on, and disappeared with a muttered curse at the sharp stones of the path, which wounded his feet.

"I do not play a part in the drama at all," said the girl, ignoring the proffered hand, and hastening away up the walk.

A trifle piqued by this abrupt leave-taking, Francis Iredell betook himself to the village tavern—a low white building on the street, with a long piazza, a flavor of tobacco smoke and kerosene oil, and the imposing name of the United States Hotel. At eight o'clock he again climbed the hill, at the same time heartily wishing himself at his club instead. In the starlight the house was dimly defined only by illuminated windows in different portions of the building; the trees of the avenue, the evergreens on the lawn, were masses of shadow. He was admitted into a marble-paved hall, where a tinted lamp swung from the ceiling, revealing large Chinese vases, a medallion coat of arms on the wall, and a circular stairway rounding upward as if to support statues in niches. He smiled at the coat of arms: his uncle had made a fortune as a master-carpenter.

In a small parlor, opening on a larger dimly lighted drawing-room, sat an old lady and an old gentleman playing *bézique*, with much lively recrimination as to the points of the game. Francis laid down his weapon of satire on the threshold, as Mrs. Meston rose to greet him. A master-carpenter, forsooth! If she chose to play the *grande dame*, she filled the *rôle* remarkably well. Purple moiré and rich lace may be worn by a hostess to entertain a gentleman in a wig, if she chooses, especially if she possesses bright black eyes, strongly marked brows, and puffs of milk-white hair arranged about a delicate yellow old face. Jewels sparkled in her ears and loaded her thin wrinkled hands.

"To be sure!" she said, in a high, cracked voice; "Francis Iredell, of all the world! I am glad to see you, my dear, although you

do not often afford me the pleasure. It is ten years, if it is a day, since you have given me a civil word."

"My dear aunt, what possible importance can my movements have to you?" he replied, lightly saluting one soft old cheek.

"We do not like a Mordecai at our gate, Sir. Politeness is cheap to old women."

"Had I supposed you needed it, I would have come before," he said, quietly.

Mrs. Meston regarded him sharply. He was no longer an awkward boy blushing at her notice, and his very independence of bearing pleased the capricious woman. Could she by any means chain him to her chariot wheel?

"Dr. Sharpe, my nephew, Mr. Francis Iredell. I don't know whether he is a genius or a lunatic."

The old gentleman in the wig took off his spectacles.

"Please remember that it is my deal, ma'am. How are you, Sir?"

"Where is Hannah? How stupid young girls are in these days!"

"I am here," said a quiet voice from a dark corner.

"Miss Lejeune, Francis."

The girl of the summer-house placed her hand in his with downcast eyelids.

"Now tell me how it is that Holmcroft is honored by your presence," pursued Mrs. Meston, with a gayety which suggested an uncertain temper.

Francis could not resist stealing a glance at Miss Lejeune, who was intently absorbed in drawing worsted through a bit of canvas.

"Oh! the country about Holmcroft is charming, aunt. An artist must gather honey while the sun shines."

Mrs. Meston nodded her head in great good humor, and cast a triumphant glance at her venerable admirer opposite, who looked scornfully incredulous.

"I am doing my best to improve Holmcroft, but I meet with opposition at every turn. I had to build the railway station with my own money, and I battled for two years before I changed the village name from Pott's Corners to Holmcroft. Fancy my letters dated from Pott's Corners! Is the country really pretty, my dear?"

"Very beautiful, I should say."

Mrs. Meston nodded again at Dr. Sharpe.

"You hear that? Hannah, tell Mr. Iredell the two plans. Not a word from you, doctor."

It was droll to see the two old people stiffen with repressed excitement as this proposition was made. A faint color stole into the girl's cheek, her lips curved into a smile revealing a dimple. Francis decided that animation made her almost pretty.

"Holmcroft is considered to possess great advantages by those best acquainted with its resources," she began, like a guide-book; "the climate is salubrious, the scenery fine, the drives unsurpassed, the lakes most romantic. It has been suggested that no more desirable spot could be selected for a watering-place. Would a fashionable hotel or a sanitary retreat be best in your opinion?"

"A hotel," said Francis, promptly; "then the invalids could build a house afterward, or if the hotel failed, it could be converted into a water-cure."

Mrs. Meston skipped up to her nephew and kissed him.

"My very words!" she exclaimed.

The discomfited physician upset the card-table, and became purple in the face in the effort to recover the pack. Hannah Lejeune beamed on the new-comer in the sudden radiance of rare beauty: laughter wrought the change, sparkling in the sad blue eyes, and revealing a row of pearly teeth. She placed her finger archly on her lip. Evidently Francis Iredell had won favor at court, most unexpectedly to himself. His conscience pricked him when Mrs. Meston urged him to remove from the tavern, and he declined firmly. He felt somehow like an impostor, deceiving his aunt as to the object of his visit, of which he was, indeed, ignorant as well, and would only promise to remain in Holmcroft another day.

Dr. Sharpe accompanied him down the hill. A whimsical person evidently, who had retired from the city world to slumber away the remnant of existence in seclusion, but who could no more attain the required somnolency than an electric eel can remain inactive when attacked. The old Frenchman may close his days over truffled turkey and children's games in a château; the old American, turned farmer, must work, experiment, manage the politics of the village.

"You have seen Miss Hannah before, young man?" said Dr. Sharpe. "Don't tell me! There's a girl in a million—sensible, active, and a lady."

"My dear Sir, you are mistaken. I have never met Miss Lejeune before to-day."

Then Francis entered the tavern, wondering what manner of girl this was who had sent for him in such an absurd fashion, and, lighting a cigar, began to draw on a sheet of paper a black figure, with trees arching overhead.

Hannah Lejeune slipped into the dim drawing-room, and leaned her forehead against the pane of the long French window, gazing blankly into the darkness beyond.

"I like him, perhaps because he is poor," she murmured.

She was trying to fathom that mysterious abyss of self. No one understood Hannah Lejeune, and she least of all. She had bethought her of neglected, almost forgotten

Francis Iredell in a moment of hysterical defiance. The most timid animal will turn at bay, and Hannah Lejeune had thus turned on Mrs. Noy and her son, handsome Godfrey Noy, presumptive heir of Mrs. Meston's property.

Two years before, Hannah had run away in the early morning from Mrs. Noy's town-house, goaded to the rash act by the injustice of that lady, whose dead husband had promised always to shelter and protect the orphan niece. Mrs. Noy had been somewhat alarmed, but when she discovered that Hannah had fled to her old nurse Bridget, and proposed to support herself in some way, the lady washed her hands of her, said it was all that could be expected of Hannah's blood, she being a Lejeune, and decided it was just as well to have a pretty girl out of the house before Godfrey returned from his German university. Godfrey from early youth had shown a truly lamentable disposition to fall in love with every girl he met. The traces of these two years were to be read in Hannah's sober blue eyes and firm, rather thin lips. There were warm hearts and a reckless generosity in the little dingy room back of Bridget's crockery shop, where the old woman's nurseling received the best; but Hannah, launching her little fleet of hopes on a stormy tide, saw many of them perish like glass bubbles on the rocks. Three months before Francis met her in the Gold Avenue she had answered Mrs. Meston's advertisement for a companion, and been received at the Hall only to discover that her patroness was a connection of Mrs. Noy's. Hannah awaited the result in silence. Godfrey Noy came to visit his aunt, brought his handsome assured self, his dog-cart and groom, his gun and silver-mounted dressing-case. The young man performed his duty according to his lights. He flattered Mrs. Meston, he cajoled Alice, the maid, with presents, and he flirted with Hannah Lejeune, ignorant of her identity. The companion trod the rim of her volcano with rebellious pride. She was very necessary to Mrs. Meston, snubbed by Alice, and tossed back the ball to Godfrey Noy with a secret amusement which she strove not to find pain. The inevitable resulted. Mrs. Noy came to see her dear sister-in-law, and fetch away her naughty boy who was so happy at Holmcroft.

Hannah confronted the cold stare of her relative, and inhaled again a perfume of rose, hateful to her childhood from wounding association. Mrs. Noy bowed when introduced, but afterward she pounced on Hannah alone.

"What are you doing here?" she demanded, haughtily.

"I am Mrs. Meston's companion."

"You must go away," said Mrs. Noy, fixing her black eyes steadily on the girl.

"Do your worst," replied Hannah, flushing and trembling.

"I advise you not to force me to extremities. You were always a wild girl. I have only to tell Mrs. Meston that you ran away from my house under suspicious circumstances."

Hannah turned white. All the world was against her, a penniless, homeless girl, striving to gain her own independence. Of course Mrs. Meston would be infected with this poison of suspicion, and discharge her. Life at Holmcroft was dreary enough; still, it had been a safe shelter, and she must lose that for Mrs. Noy's cruel caprice. Mrs. Noy also pondered on the situation, and held her peace. Hannah might be a lady's companion, provided it was not known as a reproach in her own world, and also provided it were not at Holmcroft. Still, the girl was an enemy in this camp, and must be driven off at any cost. The code of her class is to crush and intimidate by insolence, and "Learn to know thine adversary" was a rule of subtle analysis quite beyond Mrs. Noy's range of intellect.

Mrs. Meston's laughing farewell on the door-step was, "I have made my will," as mother and son departed.

Alice said, primly and sourly, "I think you should have told us you was Mrs. Noy's niece."

Alice knew, then. Hannah awaited her doom; and in the interval of restless anxiety remembered Francis Iredell, who could alone rival the people at Holmcroft.

As she stood at the window a face suddenly grew on the other side of the pane—a large face with fierce eyes. Alice came in to close the shutters.

"I believe I saw a man," whispered Hannah.

"Don't tell her," returned Alice. "She will not sleep a wink for thinking of robbers."

"What do you say? A man's face!" cried Mrs. Meston, shrilly. "Alice, light the lamps. We can't be too careful in these dreadful days of murder and violence."

A twinkling lamp was placed in every window of the large house, and Mrs. Meston insisted on detaining her two companions in her chamber all night, where she sat within reach of the rope communicating with the great bell. When Holmcroft heard this bell the village was to rush to the rescue, for Mrs. Meston was afraid to have a man-servant sleep beneath her roof. "Shall I put the knife to my own throat by admitting one of the wretches?" she would say. Thus the three lonely women watched.

III.—THE OPAL STUD.

"What did she mean by telling me about her will?" questioned Godfrey Noy, in a grumbling tone, permissible in one's family.

"That you are her heir, I suppose, darling," said his mother, soothingly.

But handsome Godfrey persisted in taking a gloomy view of his prospects, perhaps because he had supped on deviled crabs and Champagne at one o'clock that very morning.

"She may outlive all of us; and ten chances to one she will finally turn to that artist fellow, Francis Iredell. I don't believe in these old women who last forever! If I only knew how matters stood. She keeps her papers in the house, and that girl Hannah mounts guard. Look here! I shall have to cut stick before the races unless—"

He went out, leaving his mother with a furrowed brow; and he had already made up his mind how to act.

This happened on Friday morning, at the very moment when Francis Iredell was strolling in the Gold Avenue with Hannah Lejeune, moved by all pleasant and soothing influences; a better man, he told himself, for the emancipation into a purer atmosphere. It was another perfect October day, dreamy and soft. His companion fairly sparkled with animation as she showed him Mrs. Meston's favorite views; but he returned again to the maple walk, striving to transmute something of the mellow radiance of color to his own memory, even as he studied the face beside him, to which expression was as a magician's wand.

As for Hannah, this was her one holiday out of life, and she enjoyed it almost desperately, in the belief that she would never have another. She regarded Francis Iredell with a curious sort of pride, and thrilled with delight at every clever anecdote told by him, every *bonmot* in tilt with Mrs. Meston, who delighted in repartee. Had she not brought him to Holmcroft? Was he not more worthy of Mrs. Meston's regard in every way than was Godfrey Noy?

There was a second evening at the Hall, where Dr. Sharpe, in his brown wig, appeared punctually, and Mrs. Meston was as coquettish in her rich attire as a girl. Hannah could not determine whether Mrs. Noy had written about herself or not, but she felt that electric foreboding which often precedes a great change. Certainly Mrs. Meston must search a long while before she replaced this companion, who read aloud well, made all the dainty trifles of needlework that great ladies like to bestow on their friends, and traced by intuition the meaning of those patterns sent into the country for the benefit of dress-making womankind.

"She saves me two or three hundred a year by her taste in trimming," Mrs. Meston had said to Mrs. Noy; but it had not occurred to her to add the sum to Hannah's slender salary.

Francis Iredell was charming. His heart really warmed to the people who received him so kindly, although his curiosity was not yet fully satisfied as to Hannah's motive in sending for him; and he brought to the country-house that atmosphere of interest which can only be imparted by those out in the world, who gather crumbs from many sources of public gossip. Hannah listened with parted lips and changing color. Did not Othello's periods become more eloquent and flowery for the attention of Desdemona, think you? The day had not been without excitement in the society of a winning girl. Francis Iredell had not indulged in a similar luxury for years. He was a poor Bohemian; yet if he could afford to marry, his ideal wife was not unlike Hannah, in her broad straw hat, with a knot of red berries on her breast.

The two gentlemen again walked down the hill together, and in sentimental mood Dr. Sharpe told his companion of his profound admiration for Mrs. Meston.

"I think we might get married, quite in a sensible way, of course," said the doctor, pensively, "only I can not give up my place, and she will not leave the Hall."

Restlessness pursued the artist to the gloomy tavern. He never composed himself to sleep before two o'clock, and here was Holmcroft sleeping soundly at ten. He wandered down the village street without purpose, and then the fancy impelled him to climb to the summer-house where he first saw Hannah Lejeune, and evolve in the stillness and darkness the picture which haunted him. The night was warm. He stretched himself on the seat comfortably. Not a soul stirred abroad; he was the solitary watcher. His cigar went out. Reverie may have merged into stupor, when he was aroused to full consciousness. Mrs. Meston's bell was sending forth a wild, startling peal through the night.

Alice, the maid, slept in a room connected by a passage with Mrs. Meston's chamber. Alice, most prim and exacting of privileged servants, had betaken herself to rest on this night with more alacrity from having spent the previous one in an arm-chair, owing to the face seen at the window by Hannah. She was aroused from heavy sleep by a slight noise in her closet.

"It's the Maltese cat. Poor puss!"

Alice opened the closet, and confronted a *man*—the blood-curdling fulfillment of the household dread—burly, ragged, fierce in aspect. The candle dropped as Alice sank on her knees. A ring of cold steel pressed her temple, a hoarse voice spoke in her ear, a heavy hand grasped her shoulder.

"Where's the silver kept? Scream, and I'll—"

"Mercy!" groaned cowering Alice. "The box is in the passage-way."

She thought her moment had come. She was lifted into the closet, and the key turned on her. The tramp groped his way into the passage. As he did so the door of Mrs. Meston's room was closed softly and bolted in his very face. He waited in silence.

A thread of light crossed Hannah's eyelids, and waked her. A man stood beside her with a crape mask concealing his features. The girl felt the fate of the house in her hands: she swooned away, to all appearance, and her flesh did not shrink when he lifted one nerveless arm, and suffered it to fall again, as if to assure himself of her unconsciousness. Thought does not revive more vividly with the drowning than it did with Hannah Lejeune at that perilous moment. The intruder was searching for something in the sandal-wood box on her bureau, where she kept Mrs. Meston's keys. What did he know about that particular box?

Gathering all her courage for the effort, she made one spring to the open door, tore the key from the lock, closed, and locked it outside. It was the work of a moment. Clasping the door-knob she paused, expectant, in the almost palpable darkness of the hall, for unknown hands to seize her. How many robbers were in the house? The silence was terrible. She guided herself to Mrs. Meston's door, which was also wide open. Where were Mrs. Meston and Alice? She dared not whisper, but one fierce resolve possessed her; she must gain the bell-cord, and sound the alarm for which Holmcroft had waited, with many a scoff, all these years. As her fingers closed over it, a heavy blow fell on the door leading to Alice's room.

"Open this door, or it will be wuss for ye," said a savage voice.

Hannah pulled the cord violently, then fled, just as the prisoner in her own room put his foot through the panel of the locked door with a rending crash. If he found her! Shrinking along the wall as if imploring the very house to shield her, in cold dread and terror she crouched in the space behind the tall clock. The pursuer came straight on. She felt her limbs stiffen; her brain was on fire; the dull ringing of innumerable voices sounded in her ears; then she believed herself dead, beneath the pall of some indefinable horror.

Francis Iredell, hastening up the Gold Avenue, now all darkness, encountered a man in full shock. There was a rush, a struggle, then the man had vanished, leaving a heavy box in his astonished antagonist's arms. The report of a gun made him hurry on. A second shape ran toward him, evidently in flight: Francis dropped the box and seized him.

"No, my fine fellow, I have you fast," he exclaimed.

The second man was slight and supple.

"Is it Francis Iredell? Let me go, for God's sake!"

"Godfrey Noy!" ejaculated Francis. "Well, Sir, your pal has escaped—"

"My pal?" interposed Godfrey, haughtily. "Do you take me for a thief? I am alone, and I have been playing the fool, trying to see the old lady's will. Quick! don't betray me."

"Go! I shall know where to find you," said Francis, sternly, recovering the box.

Dr. Sharpe had fired the gun and lost his man. When he recognized Francis he insisted on discharging the weapon down the avenue again, in great excitement, until his companion diverted him.

"We must go into the house," he said, and both men felt a little thrill of fear.

An affrighted cook and a house-maid responded from a window of the wing, and utterly refused to come down to open a door. How did they know what had happened? Francis broke in one of the windows, and the two gentlemen entered. Mrs. Meston was discovered sitting up in her bed, she having extricated herself from the folds of her own India shawl, in which she had been well-nigh smothered. A burglar with crape over his face had awakened her; she had struggled to rise, when he enveloped her in the great shawl. Mrs. Meston, wild and disheveled, held something fast clutched in her hand, which she raised to the light. It was a fragment of linen, with an opal stud of curious workmanship attached. Inside was the inscription: "Godfrey Noy, 1870."

"I gave it to him," she said, and lay back on her pillow without another word.

Sunset again over the purple hills; Francis Iredell and Hannah Lejeune lingering in the summer-house. Mrs. Meston came slowly down the Gold Avenue with Dr. Sharpe.

"Children," he cried, in his brisk, chirping voice, "she has accepted me as the best of burglar protectors."

Mrs. Meston had never appeared so grave and dignified; the sunset gleamed on her dress and jewels.

"I am not a great match: I have been making another will, and it is best we should all understand that Hannah Lejeune is my heiress."

"No, no," exclaimed the girl, quickly, in a pained tone. "You do not know what I have done. Godfrey is my cousin."

"My dear, I know more than you imagine. I repeat, Hannah Lejeune is my heiress—provided she marries to suit me."

With that she laid her hand on the shoulder of Francis Iredell.

"I have been here but two days," said the young man, musingly; and then he looked eagerly into Hannah's shy, reluctant eyes.

Showers of leaves fell softly in the Gold Avenue.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Fourteenth Paper.]

THE PROGRESS OF THE EXACT SCIENCES.—I.

IN any review of the progress of science during the first century of the republic, the period which lies between the declaration of independence and the close of the eighteenth century may, without danger of any important omission, be passed over in silence. There were men, it is true, in the colonies and in the newly emancipated States whose native abilities and distinguished attainments as astronomers or physicists won for them a reputation which in their time reached to other lands, and which has since come down to us; but these, though they were masters, were not originators, and their names are but incidentally connected with the history of science. Of this class David Rittenhouse is an honorable example. His scientific activity is illustrated in his numerous communications to the American Philosophical Society, of which he was a member, and in the presidency of which he succeeded Franklin —communications which display not only a powerful but also a remarkably versatile mind; and his singular ingenuity and extraordinary mechanical skill are attested by his orreries, still to be seen in the College of New Jersey and the University of Pennsylvania, which, according to the account given in the Transactions of the Philosophical Society, show the movements of the heavenly bodies for a period of five thousand years, and their positions in each year, month, day, and hour, with such accuracy as not in all this time to differ sensibly from those given by the astronomical tables.

Toward the close of the century the celebrated Priestley, whose discoveries entitle him to a high place among the original investigators of his day, made our country his home; but as the successes to which his fame is due were achieved before he left his native country, and as his later years were mainly occupied with the profitless task of defending a now long exploded theory, which his own discoveries had already rendered indefensible, and which his contemporaries were every where even then abandoning, he can not be counted as having materially contributed to the advancement of science in America. Another illustrious name belongs to this time, which should have been ours, but which was lost to us by influences not wholly unlike those which gained us Priestley. Benjamin Thompson, afterward Count of Rumford, was an American who early in life abandoned a home and a country which his fellow-citizens had made intolerable. Received into the service of a foreign prince, his force of character, activity of intellect, and singularly practical turn of mind at once commanded appreciation, and secured to him a position which enabled him to achieve a noble reputation not only as an efficient administrative officer and a zealous philanthropist, but also as an original and sagacious scientific investigator. To Rumford belongs the immortal honor of having boldly announced, before the close of the eighteenth century, a truth which the world was not very ready to receive till near the middle of the nineteenth, a truth which lies at the foundation of the mechanical theory of heat, and through that theory leads to the grandest generalization in the history of science—the truth that heat is a mode of motion. Now that this truth has come to be as universally admitted as it was then questioned, America may be justly proud that its discovery was made by one of her own sons.*

That the government of the United States, though it has as yet made no systematic and permanent provision for promoting scientific investigation, has not been wanting in liberality when solicited to lend its occasional aid to special objects of scientific interest, will be evident when we call to mind the Wilkes exploring expedition of 1838, the Lynch Dead Sea exploration of 1848, the solar parallax expedition under Gilliss in 1849, the expedition of the *Polaris* in 1871, and the more recent provision for the dispatch of parties to distant parts of the world to observe the transit of Venus of 1874. But besides these instances, in which the advancement of science for its own sake has been the exclusive aim of Congressional appropriations, many other examples may be mentioned in which legislation has been indirectly favorable to the same end. The Coast Survey is, from the necessity of things, a scientific institution and a school for training scientific men. The same is true of the public survey of the great lakes, of the boundary commissions, of the exploring expeditions in the heart of the continent, of the Naval Observatory, of the Nautical Almanac Office, and of the special commissions from time to time created for investigating experimentally certain questions regarded as practical, which have nevertheless important scientific relations, such as the heat

* Bacon and Locke, it is true, spoke of heat as motion; but with them the view was a pure hypothesis; with Rumford it was a demonstrated certainty. Speaking of the paper in which it was communicated to the Royal Society, Professor Tyndall says: "Rumford in this memoir annihilated the material theory of heat. Nothing on the subject more powerful has since been written."

developed in the combustion of coal, the tenacity, rigidity, and other useful qualities of different descriptions of iron and steel, the causes producing the explosions of steam-boïlers, and others of like character.

Though we can attempt no history of scientific associations or organizations, there is one exception which may properly be made to this rule. The Smithsonian Institution is an organization unique in its character, which for the past thirty years has held a peculiar relation to the science of the country, of which it has been, also, one of the most powerful promoters. In the language of the will of its founder, an English gentleman of wealth who had never visited this country, it has for its large and liberal object "the increase and diffusion of knowledge among men." The fund from which it derives its revenue is bequeathed in trust to the United States of America, and its affairs are administered by a Board of Regents appointed principally by the Senate. During the infancy of the institution there was at one time danger that, instead of being made an instrumentality for the increase of knowledge by the encouragement of original research, it would become merely a depository of objects of interest in natural history or archæology, and of books of general literature, exhausting itself thus in the creation of a museum and a library. To this it was proposed to add a show of diffusing knowledge by means of popular lectures delivered annually in Washington during the winter. Such lectures were, in fact, given down to about 1860; but the danger menaced by the other part of the project was averted by the earnest zeal and conclusive logic with which the purposes of the founder were set forth and defended by the able secretary of the institution, Professor Joseph Henry. Thus for a long period of years the institution has employed all its available income in defraying, in whole or in part, the expense of original investigations, and in publishing the results of these, and of any others independently made which, after careful examination by expert judges, have appeared to be substantially valuable contributions to knowledge. Under the title of *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge* there have now been published nineteen large quarto volumes, embracing elaborate monographs on a large variety of subjects in exact science, in natural history, in ethnology, and in linguistics, including among them the important astronomical researches of Walker, Newcomb, and Stockwell, the ingenious discussions of rotary motion by General Barnard, the elaborate investigations of terrestrial magnetism by Bache, the grammar and vocabulary of the Dakota language by Riggs, and the explorations of the North American earth mounds by Squier and Davis.

In addition to its usefulness in provoking scientific research, of which it would be difficult to measure the value, the institution has also fulfilled, and is now fulfilling, a most important function in acting as the organ of a widely extended system of scientific exchanges between our own and foreign countries. Its correspondents and agents are scattered every where throughout the civilized world. Plants, minerals, books, specimens in natural history, objects of archæological interest—every thing, in short, which belongs to the material, or is serviceable for the illustration, of science is through its instrumentality expeditiously forwarded to the remotest destination, without any expense, except that which attends the local delivery, to sender or receiver. No such agency any where else exists. The degree to which it is promotive of scientific activity, not only by stimulating individual effort, but by bringing distant individuals into frequent communication with each other, and inducing systematic co-operation, need hardly be insisted on.

In the pure mathematics our country has an honorable, if not a very extensive, record. In this honorable record no name stands higher than that of Nathaniel Bowditch, whose voluminous and lucid commentary on the *Mécanique Celeste* of Laplace not only eclipsed the multitude of his previous admirable performances, but drew from analysts and physical astronomers of the highest eminence abroad most enthusiastic expressions of commendation. Professor Benjamin Peirce, of Harvard University, a pupil and friend of Bowditch, still in the vigor of life, stands hardly second to his master in the originality and value of his contributions to mathematical literature. His *Analytic Mechanics*, which is professedly an attempt to consolidate the latest researches and the most exalted forms of thought of the great geometers into a consistent and uniform treatise, is more than it professes to be. It is rather an attempt—successfully accomplished—to carry back the fundamental principles of the science to a more profound and central origin, and thence to shorten the path to the most fruitful forms of research. The most remarkable and most original of Professor Peirce's publications is the description of a new mathematical method, called by him "Linear Associative Algebra." This method seems to be a step in the direction of quaternions, but a larger one. It therefore oversteps the power of human conception to grasp its essence, while its visible machinery is algebraic, and in the modes of its use it has analogies both with algebra and with quaternions. The method is of too recent origin to have been largely developed in its capabilities or tested in its applications.

Of other eminent mathematicians whose labors deserve a more extended notice our

limits allow but a mere mention. The algebra of Professor Theodore Strong, the memoir on "Musical Temperament" by Professor A. M. Fisher, the essay of Professor A. D. Stanley on the "Calculus of Variations," Professor Patterson's "Calculus of Operations," Professor Newton's memoirs on questions of higher geometry and on transcendental curves, General Alvord's "Tangencies of Circles and Spheres," General Barnard's "Theory of the Gyroscope and Problems in Rotary Motion," Professor Ferrel's "Converging Series," and his investigation of the movements of the atmosphere, are all valuable contributions to mathematical science; and this list might easily be greatly enlarged.

ASTRONOMY.

There are several distinct departments of astronomical science which are often pursued independently of each other. The elder Herschel occupied himself chiefly with discovery; Tycho Brahe, with the accurate determination of the places of known objects; and the same is true in general of the practical astronomers of the present day. Our gifted countryman, Mitchell, was especially interested in devising new methods of observation and record; our esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Rutherfurd, with the application of photography to astronomy. Some astronomers, like Newton, Lagrange, and Laplace at an earlier period, or like Adams, Leverrier, Peirce, Newcomb, and Stockwell in our own time, have engaged in the theoretic investigation of the laws of celestial motion, and of the action of the heavenly bodies on each other. Others—and the number is large, including at present De la Rue, Huggins, Lockyer, Faye, and Secchi abroad, and Young, H. Draper, and Langley among ourselves—have been busied in the fascinating study of solar and stellar physics. Finally, comets and shooting-stars, and the recently detected connection between these two seemingly very different classes of bodies, have been a subject of long-continued study, fruitful of interesting results, to a series of observers, among whom are most prominent at present Professor Schiaparelli, of Milan, and Professor Newton, of our own country.

In connection with *discovery*, an interesting chapter might be written on the history of the agencies to which discoveries are mainly due, that is, of observatories—a history which the limitation of our space necessarily excludes. Half a century ago such a thing as an astronomical observatory was unknown in the United States. At present the number is considerably greater than the necessity. Though the work of the observatory is the basis on which the theory of the existing universe must rest, it is not a work which needs to be indefinitely repeated. With the very superior instruments which the skill of recent times has furnished, a few observatories, judiciously distributed over the earth's surface, are all that the physical astronomer requires. There are at present in the United States not fewer than thirty astronomical observatories, probably more. If so many had been needed, they would still in many cases have been founded in vain, since no suitable provision has accompanied their erection for maintaining them subsequently in use. Some of them, connected with the colleges of the country, have, perhaps, been made sufficiently useful for purposes of instruction to justify their erection; but it is perfectly clear that the founders in general have been laboring under the delusion that an observatory when once brought into existence will somehow work itself. It has accordingly happened that, except in the case of the Naval Observatory, at Washington, that of Harvard University, and, in its earlier period, that of the Cincinnati Observatory, the responsibility for the use of the instruments, provided at great expense in these various establishments, has fallen upon men overburdened with heavy duties as instructors, occupying the greater part of their time by day, and rendering continuous systematic observation by night physically impossible. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, several of the gentlemen here referred to have found time in the midst of their distractions to render so signal services to astronomical science as to connect their names permanently with the history of its progress. There exists, however, no adequate provision, and in general no provision at all, for the training of observers and the support of observations; and hence much of this costly apparatus has been hitherto comparatively useless for the purposes of practical astronomy. Still less has there been a provision for what is now the most urgent necessity of the science—the encouragement and maintenance of a class of astronomers of a superior order of scientific culture, devoted to the study and reconstruction of theory. This is a consideration to which the benefactors of this noblest of sciences, who have provided it with so many instruments of magnificent proportions as monuments of their liberality speaking to the eye, would do wisely in the future to turn their attention.

Some of the most interesting of the astronomical discoveries of the century have been due to the keen-sightedness of American observers. The great telescope of the Cambridge Observatory was mounted in the summer of 1847. On the 16th day of September, 1848, it was the means of rendering for the first time visible to human eyes the eighth satellite of the planet Saturn—the eighth in the order of discovery, though the

seventh in the order of distance from the planet. Five satellites of this planet had been discovered in the seventeenth century; two more, very close to the ring, were seen in 1789 by Sir William Herschel, who, as illustrated in this example and in several others, seems to have been endowed with an almost preternatural keenness of vision; but his observations were not confirmed until his son, more than forty years after (1836), rediscovered one of them, and caught a single doubtful glimpse of the other. Ten years later (1846) Mr. Lassell, of Liverpool, recovered the remaining one. The new satellite discovered by the Messrs. Bond is fainter than either of these two extremely difficult objects, though more distant from the planet than any other, except that known as Iapetus. Between this satellite and Titan, the next interior, a wide gap had been noticed to exist, Titan revolving around the primary in a little less than sixteen days, and Iapetus in more than seventy-nine. Bond's satellite, which has received the name Hyperion, has a period of a little over twenty-one days, so that it is comparatively near to Titan, and leaves still a large seemingly unoccupied space between itself and Iapetus. It is remarkable that Hyperion was noticed by Mr. Lassell on the 18th of September, only two days after its discovery by Bond.

The most wonderful object in the universe, as well to the physical astronomer as to the observer who surveys the heavens only for the gratification of his curiosity, is the double or multiple ring surrounding the planet Saturn. The ring is certainly double, a wide space, through which in one or two instances fixed stars have been seen, separating the inner, broader, and brighter from the outer, narrower, and less bright. Some very good observers have occasionally noticed what appeared to be lines of division in the breadth of both these rings, and these appearances, together with the deductions of theory as to the conditions necessary to the stability of the system, have led to the general belief that the rings are not rigid solids. Until the year 1850, however, only two rings had been suspected to exist, unless by occasional and temporary subdivision. But on the 11th of November in that year there was noticed by the Messrs. Bond a shadowy appearance interior to the broad ring, which led them to suspect the existence of a third and almost nebulous ring, having a breadth about two-thirds as great as that of the narrow or outer ring. Subsequent observations confirmed them in this belief; and the same appearances were later noticed by Dawes and Lassell in England. An interesting question hereupon arose as to whether this dusky ring was of recent formation, or had been noticed but not understood before. It was ascertained that Galle had mentioned appearances of a similar kind in a memoir published in 1838; and Father Secchi testified that such had been noticed in the observatory at Rome as early as 1828. Mr. Otto Struve also adduced evidences from the observations of J. Cassini in 1715, and those of Halley in 1720 and 1723, that the obscure ring had been noticed by those observers, and assumed by them to be a belt upon the planet itself. Mr. Struve created some excitement in the astronomical world by stating that on a comparison of the measurements of the apparent distance between the inner edge of the broad bright ring and the planet's disk made by his father in 1826 and by himself in 1851, together with an examination of similar measurements by Huyghens, Cassini, Bradley, Herschel, Encke, and Galle, he was satisfied that the inner edge of the bright ring is gradually approaching the planet, while the total breadth of the two rings is constantly increasing. This proposition was too startling to meet with ready acceptance by astronomers generally, and up to the present time the question remains where Struve left it, with, however, an apparently growing disposition to accept his conclusions. If it is true that the ring is slowly subsiding toward the planet, the hypothesis is not without plausibility that Bond's dusky ring may be composed of loosely scattered fragments, which, from causes possible to assign, have been accelerated in their descent beyond the general mass.

The astronomical discovery next in interest deserving mention, as an American contribution to science during the century, was remarkably enough made in the immediate neighborhood of the observatory which the successes of the Messrs. Bond had already made famous. Mr. Alvan Clark had just completed the great telescope of eighteen and a half inches designed for the University of Mississippi, and now at Chicago, when on the night of January 31, 1862, his son, Mr. Alvan G. Clark, directing the instrument toward Sirius, the brightest of the fixed stars, detected almost in contact with it a minute point of light which he recognized immediately as a companion star. Curiously enough, a well-founded suspicion had long been entertained that this star is double. Minute as are the annual proper motions of the fixed stars in the heavens, they are in general uniform and well ascertained. But the motion of Sirius was long ago discovered by Bessel to be affected by an irregularity such as would be produced by the action of some other body revolving with it around a common centre. The orbit of the imaginary attendant star had, in fact, been inferred by Peters, of Altona, and Safford, then of the Cambridge Observatory. No scrutiny with instruments then existing

had, however, been successful in detecting this attendant, when the newly finished glass of Mr. Clark made it visible without effort. After its discovery it was seen with the Harvard equatorial and others of less power; but the 9½-inch Munich glass of the Naval Observatory has never shown it. This admirable discovery, or more properly the construction of a glass capable of making a discovery so difficult, was rewarded by the Academy of Sciences of France by the presentation to Mr. Clark of the Lalande Medal —a prize annually decreed to the author of the most interesting discovery of the year.

Several comets have been discovered by American astronomers, among which may be mentioned, the first of 1846, discovered February 26, 1846, by William C. Bond, of which the elliptic elements were determined by Peirce, giving a period of ninety-five years. The comet known by the name of Miss Maria Mitchell was first seen by her on October 1, 1847, at her private observatory in Nantucket. Two days later it was also seen by De Vico at Rome, and Mr. H. P. Tuttle at Cambridge. The comet 1862, III., which was discovered by Mr. Tuttle July 18, 1862, and by Mr. Thomas Simons, of Albany, on the same evening, but later, belongs to the August stream of meteoroids. An interesting fact in regard to Miss Mitchell's comet is that, four days after its discovery, it passed centrally over a fixed star of the fifth magnitude without in the slightest degree obscuring it. For a brief time the star was, in fact, so truly in the centre of the nebulosity that it appeared like the proper nucleus of the comet.

Of the swarm of minute planets which occupy the place between Mars and Jupiter, where the law of Bode indicates a member of the solar system to be missing, about one-third have been discovered by American observers. It is remarkable that all of this numerous group, now amounting to no fewer than 146, belong to the nineteenth century, the first to be detected having been discovered on the evening of the first day of the century, January 1, 1801, by Piazzi, at Palermo. Three others were discovered within the seven years next succeeding, after which nearly forty years elapsed without adding to the number. Up to the close of 1850 the total number known amounted to thirteen only. Within the twenty-five years which have since elapsed there have been discovered 133 more, or about five per annum. It is to be observed that discovery in recent years has been greatly facilitated by the Berlin star maps and other celestial charts, in which every star down to the ninth magnitude is set down. When an object is seen which is not in the map, therefore, the probability is great that it is an asteroid, and the question will be settled by a second observation on the following night, or even a few hours later on the same night. The first American astronomer to detect an asteroid previously unknown was Mr. James Ferguson, of the Naval Observatory, by whom the thirty-first of the series, now known as Euphrosyne, was found on September 1, 1854. Two others were subsequently discovered by him, making three in all. Besides these, there have been discovered one by Searle, two by Tuttle, sixteen by Watson, and twenty-two by Peters, making a total of forty-four, all discovered within a period of about twenty years.

Practical Astronomy.—The automatic registration of time observations by means of electro-magnetism is an improvement in practical astronomy due to American ingenuity. The merit of its first suggestion has been somewhat in dispute, but the earliest experimental demonstration of its feasibility was certainly made by Professor John Locke, of Cincinnati, who in 1848 introduced a clock provided with a suitable mechanism into the circuit of the electric telegraph between Cincinnati and Pittsburg. The distance is four hundred miles, and the experiment was continued for two hours, during which the beats were regularly registered at every station throughout the whole line. The application to astronomical observations immediately followed. In recognition of the value of this invention, Congress awarded to Dr. Locke the sum of ten thousand dollars, and ordered a clock of the same description to be constructed for the Naval Observatory. As a recording instrument, the ordinary telegraphic register of Professor Morse was at first employed. More convenient forms of apparatus were subsequently devised by Professor Mitchell, Mr. Joseph Saxton, of the Coast Survey, and Messrs. W. C. and George P. Bond, who introduced the regulator which has since been so almost universally employed in these instruments, known as Bond's spring governor. More recently (1871) a printing chronograph has been invented by Professor George W. Hough, of the Dudley Observatory, which records to the nearest tenth of a second, and saves to the observer who employs it the labor and time required for deciphering and recording in figures the indications of the register in common use. The electro-magnetic method of recording transits was adopted without delay in the observatories of the United States, and soon after found its way into those of Great Britain and the continent of Europe, where it was known as the American method. Of its great value in promoting accuracy it is not necessary to speak; but only those who have had experience in observation can adequately appreciate the degree to which it has lightened the labor of the observer. Previously to its introduction the clock divided with the

object viewed the observer's attention, and the necessity for unceasing vigilance was exhausting in the extreme. If nothing else had been gained by it but this, the benefit would be incalculable.

The introduction of the electric chronograph into observatories furnished a very simple means of determining differences of longitude between any two places connected by a telegraphic wire. These determinations are made by comparing the exact times of transit of a given celestial object over the meridians of both places, a single clock giving the times for both, or by transmitting time signals alternately in opposite directions compared with the clocks at both ends. The earliest observations of this kind were made in January, 1849, between Washington and Cambridge, Massachusetts. The method has since been brought into very extensive use throughout the world. In 1867, and again in 1871 and in 1872, it was employed to determine the difference of longitude between Greenwich and Washington, by means, in the first instance, of the Anglo-American cable, and, in the second and third, of the French, from Brest to St. Pierre, and Danbury, Massachusetts.

In observing for longitude, the velocity of propagation of electric impulses in the wires of the circuit becomes a matter requiring attention, and thus the telegraph has become the means of throwing light upon this interesting question in physics.

Improvement of Instruments.—Until about 1850 the observatories of the United States were furnished with instruments of foreign manufacture exclusively. Since that time the telescopes of American opticians have rivaled, if they have not surpassed, in excellence those of the most celebrated constructors of the Old World. The 12½-inch equatorial of the Michigan University is one of many admirable instruments produced by Mr. Henry Fitz, of New York, an ingenious artisan, who was removed by a premature death just as his reputation had been firmly established, and as he was preparing for a bolder attempt than any of those in which he had been previously so successful —the construction of an objective of twenty-four inches aperture. Mr. Charles A. Spencer, of Canastota, New York, in the year 1848 suddenly acquired an extraordinary celebrity for superior skill in constructing objectives for microscopes. Having proved himself to be without a superior in this field, he turned his attention to the construction of telescopes with a success no less signal. One of the most remarkable examples on record of a career commenced without previous preparation, rather late in life, in a most difficult art, and leading in the end to the highest eminence, is to be found in the history of Mr. Alvan Clark, whose latest achievement has been the construction of the grand 26-inch objective erected in 1873 in the Naval Observatory at Washington. Mr. Clark's superior merit as an optician was recognized by the very skillful observer, Rev. W. R. Dawes, of Haddenham, England, some years before it was generally known to his own countrymen; but the work by which he first attained the assured celebrity which he now enjoys was the construction, in 1860 and 1861, of the magnificent telescope of 18½ inches aperture, for the observatory of the University of Mississippi, then under the direction of the writer of this article, which the troubles of the times diverted from its destination, and which was subsequently erected at the observatory of Chicago.

Some of the most successful constructors of astronomical instruments in our country are to be found among the astronomers themselves. Mr. Lewis M. Rutherfurd, of New York, is the originator of a department of practical astronomy requiring the use of instruments specially adapted to its purposes; and as the most expeditious and satisfactory mode of providing these instruments, he resolved to construct them himself. His idea was to make photography subservient to the uses of astronomy, and especially of uranography. Considering how rare are the occasions in which atmospheric conditions are altogether favorable to the observation of difficult objects in the heavens, and how large is the necessary consumption of time in making measurements of position and distance between the objects observed, it occurred to him that if these favorable opportunities should be seized to make exact photographic maps of the groups under examination, measurements of these maps might take the place of direct measurements of the stars, and that thus a single evening might be made productive of results as numerous and valuable as those obtained in many months in the ordinary course of observation. His first attempts at a practical realization of this idea were made with a reflecting telescope, for the reason that a parabolic speculum is free from aberration both of color and figure. The Cassegrainian form was adopted, as best suited to the purpose; but the tremors produced by passing street vehicles were so largely magnified by the double reflection in this instrument that he was soon compelled to abandon it for the refractor. A little experience, however, taught him that the refracting telescopes in common use, whatever their degree of excellence for purely optical purposes, would not furnish him celestial photographs exhibiting the stars with the degree of sharpness which his plan required. Though the luminous rays are well concentrated, the actinic rays are scattered, giving indistinct images of the larger stars, and failing to exhibit minute ones at all. He therefore undertook

the construction of an objective corrected for actinic effect, without regard to color. The whole of the work, theoretic and practical, was done by himself, and about the year 1863 he completed an actin-aplanatic objective of eleven and a quarter inches aperture, which gave results entirely satisfactory. With this he speedily obtained many sharply defined maps of star groups upon glass, and it remained only to effect the intended measurements upon these maps. Here was presented a new mechanical problem of peculiar difficulty. No known micrometric apparatus was adapted either in form or in dimensions to effect these measurements. Mr. Rutherfurd met the difficulty with his characteristic ingenuity, and with his own hands constructed an instrument in which, by means of an observing microscope directed toward the plate, and having motion in two directions at right angles to each other, the co-ordinates of position of the objects observed may be measured with a delicacy which leaves nothing to be desired. In the original form of this instrument a micrometer screw was depended on to give these dimensions, and an immense amount of labor was expended in the construction of such a screw and in determining its error. The investigation resulted, however, in demonstrating that the error of the screw is not constant, no matter how faultless the workmanship or how excellent the material. Discarding the screw, therefore, for purposes of measurement, Mr. Rutherfurd introduces into the instrument, as at present constructed, two auxiliary microscopes traveling with the observing microscope, one in each direction, and reading the distances traveled upon fixed scales ruled on glass. In a paper read before the National Academy of Sciences in 1866 Mr. Rutherfurd gave an account of his method; and at the same meeting a discussion of measurements made at his observatory upon photographs of the Pleiades was presented by Dr. B. A. Gould, who reached the conclusion that the micrometric measurements of a single such plate, with the customary corrections for refraction, etc., would give results about as accurate as those obtained by Bessel with thirteen years' labor—the time employed by him in mapping this group.

Another American astronomer, whose ingenuity in the construction of instruments is no less remarkable than his skill in the use of them, Dr. Henry Draper, has devoted himself to the improvement of reflecting telescopes. The use of silvered glass for astronomical specula had been suggested by Foucault, as being a material lighter and less brittle than speculum metal, and as reflecting a larger proportion of the light; and he had practically illustrated the value of this suggestion by actually grinding and silvering one or two such specula with his own hands. With no light to guide him but the knowledge of these facts, Dr. Draper undertook an investigation of the best mode of proceeding in the construction of such specula, recording the results of his experiments as he went on; and having at length attained a triumphant success, he published his method among the *Smithsonian Contributions*, in an elaborate memoir, which has become a standard authority on the subject, and is continually quoted as such at the present day. The telescope described in this memoir is of fifteen and a half inches aperture, and it was for a long time the largest in the country; but it is now surpassed by one of twenty-eight inches, also constructed by Dr. Draper, and mounted in his observatory equatorially under a dome. With both these telescopes Dr. Draper has taken splendid photographs of the moon, one representing the satellite in the third quarter, which has borne an enlargement to fifty inches in diameter; and also the spectroscopic photographs of Alpha Lyræ, mentioned later in this article.

Physical Astronomy.—No incident in the history of astronomy has ever excited more universal interest than the detection, in August, 1846, by a method purely mathematical, of a planet which had been previously lurking unseen upon the confines of the system ever since the creation. This marvelous achievement, of which the history is too well known to need repetition here, was simultaneously accomplished by two foreign astronomers, and does not belong to American science. But it is a curious fact that the planet thus discovered fell immediately after into the hands of American astronomers, and that they have made it practically their own ever since. Owing to the exceedingly slow motion of the body, the elements of its orbit could not be determined from the observations of a few months. Assuming the orbit to be circular, several European astronomers reached early and concurrently the conclusion that its mean distance from the sun is less than the discoverers had supposed by between five and six hundred millions of miles. But the first approximately correct theory of its motions was wrought out by Professor Sears C. Walker, of the Naval Observatory at Washington, in February, 1847. When Herschel discovered the planet Uranus in 1781, Lexell was enabled to determine its orbit by means of observations made of the same body (supposed then to be a fixed star) by Bradley and Mayer nearly thirty years before; and the number of such previous accidental observations of this body which have since been discovered amounts to no less than nineteen. It was naturally hoped that the examination of star catalogues of earlier years would furnish some similar help to the solution of the problem presented by Neptune. Of these

catalogues, however, most were for one reason or another useless in this inquiry. One only offered a possibility that the newly discovered body might have been by good fortune recorded in it. This was the *Histoire Céleste* of Lacaille, embracing 50,000 stars; and Mr. Walker soon discovered that Lacaille had swept over the probable path of the planet on two days nearly following each other—the 8th and 10th of May, 1795. Having, therefore, from the observations made at Washington, combined with those received from Europe, computed as well as he could the place of the body for these dates, varying the elements so as to include the entire region within which it could possibly have been at that time, he selected from Lalande all the stars within one degree of the computed path. There were nine of these, but among the nine one only seemed likely to be the planet. The question then presented itself, Is this star still in the place in which Lalande saw it? Two days after this question had been raised by Mr. Walker, the telescope of the Washington Observatory was directed to the spot, and found it vacant. Assuming, therefore, this missing star to have been the planet, Mr. Walker computed an elliptic orbit which represented with gratifying precision all the modern observations. The elliptic elements first obtained were, however, only approximate. In order to their more exact determination it was necessary that the theory of the perturbations should be revised. Here Professor Peirce, of Harvard University, lent his powerful assistance, and with the perturbations furnished by him, and revised normal places, Walker computed an ephemeris of the planet which he published in the *Smithsonian Contributions*. The only attempt at a theory of Neptune made abroad was by Kowalski, of Kasan, Russia, in 1855; but this, though formed on a much larger number of recent observations, did not represent the motions of the body more exactly than that of Walker.

The ephemerides founded on these early theories were affected more or less with error. Toward 1865 the errors were increasing with rapidity, and it was evident that without a new determination of the orbit, they would reach, before the end of the century, the serious amount of 5′ of longitude. Professor Simon Newcomb, of the Naval Observatory, Washington, now addressed himself to the laborious task of reconstructing the theory from the foundation. His results are published in the *Smithsonian Contributions*, and embrace (1) a determination of the elements of the orbit from observations extending through an arc of 40°; (2) an inquiry whether the mass of Uranus can be determined from the motion of Neptune; (3) an examination of the question whether these motions indicate the action of an extra-Neptunian planet; (4) tables and formulæ for finding the place of Neptune at any time, but more particularly between the years 1600 and 2000.

In the computation of the tables the elements adopted are not the mean elements, but their values at the present time as affected by secular inequalities and inequalities of long period, particularly that of 4300 years arising out of the near approach of the mean motion of Uranus to twice and a half that of Neptune, these being adapted to give the place of the planet with the highest degree of accuracy during the period for which the tables are specially designed, *i. e.*, till the year 2000. The work is one involving an enormous amount of labor. As to the mass of Uranus, Professor Newcomb concludes that no trustworthy value can be deduced from the motions of Neptune, nor, had this body been unknown, could even its existence have been detected from all the observations of the exterior planet hitherto made. It results, almost of course, that no evidence yet appears of the existence of any still more distant planet remaining yet undiscovered.

Soon after the publication of Professor Walker's "Elements of Neptune," Professor Peirce, in a communication to the American Academy of Arts and Sciences, after demonstrating that this planet, with the mass deduced from Bond's observations of Lassell's satellite, and with the orbit assigned by Walker, would fully reconcile all the modern observations and all the ancient accidental ones better than the hypothetical planet of Leverrier or Adams (Flamsteed's observation of 1690 being discordant with Adams to the extent of 50″ and with Leverrier to 20″, but harmonizing with the computation from the Walker and Peirce theory within a single second), ventured upon the bold assertion that the planet actually discovered by Galle, searching under Leverrier's direction, was not the planet predicted or expected, but a very different body, which occupied that place at that time only by a happy accident. Leverrier had fixed the distance of his planet from the sun at 36.154 times the earth's distance, and Professor Peirce demonstrated that at the distance 35.3 (at which a planet would have a periodical time equal to twice and a half that of Uranus) so important a change takes place in the character of the perturbations as to make it impossible to extend to the space within that distance any investigations relating to the space beyond. The observed distance is slightly over 30; and it appears that a second similar peculiarity occurs at 30.4, where a planet would have a period just double that of Uranus. The perturbations produced by it on this latter would, therefore, for a twofold reason, be of very different character from those re-

sulting from the supposed planet at the distance of 36. Though these criticisms of Professor Peirce are well founded, and have never been satisfactorily answered, yet they can not materially affect our estimate of the merit of Adams and Leverrier. A planet such as that indicated by their analysis would have produced very nearly the actually observed irregularities of motion of Uranus, and must have been occupying very nearly the place in the heavens of that which was actually found. Any planet capable of doing this must have been in this neighborhood at the time of the discovery, and it was the merit of the analysis that it indicated the quarter in which the disturbing body was to be looked for—a merit which remains, though the actual planet differs from the planet predicted in mass, distance, and period.

Besides his "Theory of Neptune," Professor Newcomb has made numerous very valuable contributions to physical astronomy. His "Investigation of the Orbit of Uranus," published in the *Smithsonian Contributions* in 1873, is a work of great labor, commenced as early as 1859, but necessarily deferred till after the completion of the "Theory of Neptune."

In 1871 he published in Liouville's *Journal*, Paris, a "Theory of the Perturbations of the Moon produced by the Action of the Planets." Of this very able and very original investigation it is sufficient to cite the opinion expressed by Professor Cayley, president of the Royal Astronomical Society of London, who pronounces it, "from the boldness of the conception and the beauty of the results, a very remarkable memoir, constituting an important addition to theoretical dynamics."

Another very interesting memoir by Professor Newcomb embraces an investigation of the secular variations and mutual relations of the orbits of the asteroids, for the purpose of testing the question, from a theoretic point of view, whether the theory of Olbers, that these bodies are the fragments of a single shattered planet, is tenable or not. Twenty-five asteroids are included in the comparison, and the conclusion is unfavorable to the hypothesis in question.

In the Washington observations for 1865 there appeared an investigation by Professor Newcomb of the value of the solar parallax, reached by a discussion of the observations made in 1862 at six observatories in the northern hemisphere and two in the southern, and a combination of these with other results furnished by micrometrical measures of Mars by Professor Hall, the parallactic equation of the moon, the lunar equation of the earth, and finally the transit of Venus of 1769 recomputed by Professor Powalky. The inference is that the true parallax is 8.85″, with a probable error of 0.013″. Apparently the conclusion from the transit of 1874 will not be far from 8.87″, a result very near to that previously obtained by Professor Newcomb.

The great geometers who succeeded Newton in applying the principle of gravitation to the explanation of planetary motions assume that those minute inequalities, of which the effects only become sensible after long intervals, and produce considerable changes only after many centuries, or, perhaps, myriads of centuries, are developed uniformly with the time—a supposition which answered the immediate purpose, though it is by no means true. Yet a knowledge of the laws which govern these inequalities is important to the settlement of a number of interesting questions, especially such as concern the stability of the system, and the vicissitudes of heat and cold to which our own planet has been manifestly subjected in the distant past. Lagrange pointed out the mathematical criterion by which the general question of stability might be determined. Its application required a knowledge of the masses of the planets. These were not accurately known, but by substituting approximate values for them he was able to announce that none of the variations of the planetary elements could go on increasing forever. Laplace went further than this, and proved that, provided the direction of revolution is the same for all the planets, the stability of the system is independent of the masses. In this case he showed that the sum of the products of the several masses by the squares of the eccentricities and the square roots of the mean distances is constant, and that if the eccentricities are small, the variations will be small, so that the system will not only be stable, but will undergo no large departures from its mean condition. This is the state of things in our solar system. The actual condition of physical astronomy at present has seemed to demand a more complete investigation of this intricate subject, and such an investigation has been recently undertaken and successfully accomplished by Mr. J. N. Stockwell, of Cleveland, Ohio, whose elaborate memoir relating to it has been published among the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*. The object of the investigation has been to determine the numerical values of the secular changes of the elements of all the planetary orbits. The elements considered are four: the eccentricities and inclinations of the orbits, and the longitudes of the nodes and of the perihelia. The fluctuations of value are largest in the case of Mercury, and smallest in the case of Neptune. We are concerned chiefly with what relates to our own planet, and more especially with the fluctuations in the eccentricity of its orbit. This eccentricity may vary between the limits zero and

0.0694, involving a difference between the aphelion and perihelion distance of the earth from the sun of 13,000,000 miles, and also a difference between the duration of the summer and the winter half year of thirty-two days. It can hardly now be doubted that to these changes of eccentricity have been due the remarkable vicissitudes of climate to which, as geology informs us, the earth has been subjected. At present the winter of the southern hemisphere occurs in aphelion, and is longer than the summer by eight days. The consequence is that the south pole is capped with massive ice, which occupies an area of probably more than 2000 miles in diameter. When the eccentricity is maximum, the hemisphere which has the winter in aphelion is probably ice-bound nearly or quite down to the tropic.

The stability of the Saturnian system and the mechanical condition of the material of Saturn's rings form the subject of an important memoir read by Professor B. Peirce at the meeting of the American Association for the Advancement of Science held at Cincinnati in 1851. The conclusion arrived at is that the rings could not possibly be stable unless sustained by the mutual attraction between them and the inner satellites; and consequently that, in the absence of such satellites, they could have no existence. Also, that inasmuch as no solid material known is sufficiently tenacious to resist without rupture the immense divellent forces to which a solid ring under such circumstances must be subjected, therefore the rings must be fluid, and not solid. Laplace had recognized the difficulty attendant on the hypothesis of a continuous solid ring of such breadth, and had therefore assumed that the rings, though apparently presenting continuous plane surfaces, are nevertheless divided into many concentric and comparatively narrow rings. He also perceived that such rings would necessarily be in a condition of unstable equilibrium with the planet in case their centres of gravity should coincide, as would seem from their appearance to be most probable, with their centres of figure; and he accordingly supposed that there exist irregularities in the disposition of their substance imperceptible to us, which, by displacing the centres of gravity, give them the necessary stability. He failed to show that these two hypotheses can both be true and at the same time consistent with the optical phenomena, and, in fact, left the theory of this system incomplete. In 1857 Mr. J. Clerk Maxwell, in a prize essay presented to the University of Cambridge, in England, investigated these hypotheses of Laplace, and showed conclusively that they are untenable. On the hypothesis of fluidity he investigated the tidal movements which must take place in the rings, and rejected equally this supposition. But his analysis did not extend to the movement of the rings in mass, and therefore it is not in conflict with the view of Professor Peirce. If this be discarded, there remains no other but to suppose the rings to be made up of innumerable small discrete solid masses so near together that, in a zone having the generally admitted thickness of one or two hundred miles, they present to a distant observer the appearance of a continuous solid. This view is that which is held by Mr. R. A. Proctor.

Few of our American astronomers have contributed more abundantly to the literature of the science than Professor Stephen Alexander, of Princeton. In 1843 Professor Alexander presented to the American Philosophical Society an elaborate memoir upon the physical phenomena attending eclipses, transits, and occultations, which excited much interest in the astronomical world. In 1874 there was published among the *Smithsonian Contributions* a paper by the same astronomer, entitled, "Exposition of certain Harmonies of the Solar System." The design is to show inductively a tendency in nature to the arrayment of the planets according to a law of distances from the sun's centre, in which the distance of each succeeding planet is five-ninths of that of the last preceding, and to explain the actual departures from this law in the existing solar system by the supposition that in one or two instances two planets (called, therefore, half-planets) have been formed in the place of one. The earth and Venus constitute a pair of this kind. This ingenious speculation may be classed among the curiosities of astronomy, as it does not appear practicable to test its probability by mathematical analysis.

In the year 1849 Professor Daniel Kirkwood, then of Delaware College, Newark, now of the State University of Indiana, announced a remarkable law connecting the masses and distances of the planets of the solar system and their periods of rotation on their axes. To understand this, let it be premised that between any two planets succeeding each other in order as numbered from the sun outward, there is, when the bodies are in conjunction at their mean distances, a point of equal attraction, that is to say, a point in which a body free to move would be held *in equilibrio* by the opposing attractions of the two planets. Suppose these neutral points to be found for all the planets of the system, and the distance between the two neutral points above and below each planet to be called the diameter of the sphere of attraction of that planet, then, according to this law, it will be true that the cubes of these diameters for any two planets will be to each other as the squares of their respective numbers of rotations during one sidereal revolution of each. This law was subjected to a close examina-

tion by Professor Sears C. Walker in 1850, with a favorable conclusion. It is to be observed, however, that the uncertainty existing as to the masses of several of the planets, and as to the periods of rotation of some of them, gives to this conclusion the character of a probable rather than of a certain result. In order to extend the analogy throughout the system, Mr. Walker interpolates a planet in the region of the asteroids between Mars and Jupiter, which he places very nearly at the distance given by Bode's law. He finds also that if there exists a planet nearer the sun than Mercury, its distance must be one-fifth that of the earth, or about 18,000,000 miles. For the doubtful masses, Mr. Walker finds that the values demanded by the law are within the limits, often pretty wide, of those actually employed by different authorities in the investigations of physical astronomy and in the construction of tables. It will only be after a higher degree of perfection shall be attained in the theory of every planet than has yet been reached, that the accuracy of Kirkwood's analogy can be conclusively tested.

The physical condition of the sun is a subject which has occupied very much of late years the attention of the scientific world. Ever since the invention of the telescope the solar spots have been observed with careful and curious interest, and these, together with the varying features of the photosphere itself, when minutely examined, led early to a general though hardly universal acquiescence in the opinion expressed by Wilson in the Philosophical Transactions of 1774, and adopted by Sir William Herschel, that the luminous surface which we see is not the surface of a solid. The question what is beneath this surface remained a subject of controversy; and on any hypothesis of the state of the sun's mass, the essential nature of the spots and the causes producing them were matters equally unsettled. The vastly improved instruments of recent years, the employment of photography in aid of observation, and above all, the application of the spectroscope to the study of the chromosphere and the photosphere, have shed a flood of light upon this difficult subject, which is likely soon to harmonize all opinions, though it can hardly be said to have done so yet.

Immediately after the erection of the great Munich achromatic at the Harvard Observatory, this splendid instrument was employed by Mr. W. C. Bond in a continuous series of observations of the solar spots continued for a period of more than two years, maps of the spots being carefully drawn at every observation. The results are published in full in the Annals of the Harvard Observatory, and furnish a valuable means of studying the varying aspects of the spots, their growth, decline, and duration. More recently many foreign observers have devoted themselves to the investigation; among whom may be mentioned Mr. De La Rue, Mr. Balfour Stewart, and Mr. Loewy in England, who have given special attention to the laws governing the variations of the total area of sun spot and its distribution over the solar disk; Mr. Faye, in France, and Father Secchi, in Rome, who have engaged not only in observations, but in speculations on theory. The British observers arrived at the conclusion that the maxima and minima of spot development are periodic, the period coinciding with the synodical revolution of the planet Venus, to the influence of which body they therefore ascribe it. They attribute a similar and perhaps as powerful an effect to Jupiter; but in this case the irregularities are less, on account of the greater distance of the disturbing body. Professor Loomis, of New Haven, investigated the question of the period of maximum, in a paper published in 1870, arriving at the conclusion, somewhat different from that above mentioned, that the period is determined by Jupiter, and is about ten years; the magnitude of the maximum fluctuating, and dependent on Venus, with irregularities unaccounted for still outstanding. As to the sun's physical constitution, Professor Sterry Hunt is the author of a theory which is essentially a part of his theory of chemical geology, according to which the solar sphere consists wholly of matter in a gaseous condition, all the elements being mingled but not combined, their affinities being held in check by the intensity of the heat. The partial cooling of the surface by radiation depresses the temperature to the point at which combination is possible, and thus are formed vast volumes of finely divided solid or liquid matter, which, suspended in the surrounding gases, become intensely luminous, and form the source of the solar light. This view is sustained also by Mr. Faye and by Mr. Balfour Stewart, but is dissented from by Father Secchi, who inclines to believe the luminous envelope to form a kind of liquid or viscous shell. Recent observations by Professor S. P. Langley, with the admirable thirteen-inch objective of the Allegheny Observatory, have furnished probably the most conclusive evidence on this subject which has yet been obtained, and are entirely favorable to the theory of Professor Hunt. Professor Langley's papers have been published in the *American Journal of Science* for 1874 and 1875, and are full of interest not only as to the phenomena of the spots, but as to the minute features of the sun's general superficies. Accompanying his latest paper is a magnificent engraved illustration from a drawing of a typical solar spot observed in December,

1873. It represents what is commonly called the penumbra as being formed of long-drawn luminous filaments which in their curvature give evidence of gyratory movements, indicating that the spots are formed by tremendous vortices spirally ascending or descending. Professor Langley remarks of the apparently black centre or nucleus of the spot, that he has found it by direct experiment, when all extraneous light is excluded, to be not only intrinsically bright, but insupportably intense to the naked eye.

One of the most interesting contributions to the knowledge of the solar physics was the discovery in 1871 by Professor C. A. Young of that comparatively limited but well-defined solar envelope called the chromosphere, where the lines which in the ordinary solar spectrum are black become reversed, and assume the brilliant tints which characterize the spectra of the elements to which they belong, as seen in experiments artificially instituted.

A very ingenious device recently suggested by Professor A. M. Mayer, of Hoboken, for the study of the laws of the distribution of heat upon the sun's surface is the latest addition which has fallen under our notice to the means of investigating the physical condition of that body. The double iodide of copper and mercury becomes discolored when raised to a certain ascertained temperature. Let a thin paper, blackened on one surface and coated with the iodide on the other, receive the solar image on the blackened side, the aperture of the object-glass being reduced to such an extent that no discoloration of the salt may occur. Then let the aperture be gradually enlarged. Presently a spot will appear, which marks in the image the point of maximum temperature in the solar disk. By successive additional enlargements of aperture the spot on the paper will be correspondingly enlarged, and its borders will indicate the isothermal lines of the solar disk.

Comets.—In 1843 Professor Alexander, of Princeton, presented to the American Philosophical Society an investigation of the orbit of the great comet of that year, according to which it appeared that the body must almost have touched the sun, this result being explained on the hypothesis that the centre of gravity of the comet was not coincident with its centre of figure. In 1850 he published in the *Astronomical Journal* a memoir on the classification and special points of resemblance of certain periodic comets, and the probability of a common origin in the case of some of them. Three classes were distinguished. The possible rupture by the planet Mars of a large comet—that of 1315 and 1316—to furnish three of the third class was suggested as an example. This hypothesis was very lightly treated by Humboldt in his *Cosmos*, but it has found unexpected corroboration in the observations of our own time.

In regard to cometary physics some very important speculations, or, perhaps, more properly discoveries, are due to American physicists and astronomers. The nature of the appendages called tails and the causes producing them have been in all ages subjects of perplexing discussion, and have given rise to a variety of hypotheses, many of which are more or less wild. This character can not be attributed to the theory presented in 1859 by Professor W. A. Norton, of Yale College, in which the formation of comets' tails is assumed to be due to electrical repulsion, exerted both by the nucleus and by the sun, upon the attenuated matter sublimed from the mass by the solar heat. The particles, under the action of these forces, pass off in hyperbolic orbits. An application was made of this theory to the case of the remarkable comet of 1858, known as Donati's, by Professor Peirce. This comet had been continuously observed and mapped through all its varying and wonderful aspects, during the entire five months of its visibility, by Mr. George P. Bond, whose monograph on the subject, published in the Annals of the Harvard Observatory, with its numerous and beautifully executed illustrations, will always make it an authority of the highest character on the subject of cometary changes. Professor Peirce's analysis led to results entirely in harmony with the hypothesis, explaining not only the phenomena in general, but the special aspects, including the simultaneous exhibition of one or more rectilinear tails, along with the principal tail, which was curved in the form of a sabre. He applied a similar analysis to the great comet of 1843, with results equally satisfactory. Here also the investigation explained the existence of two tails, one of which did not reach the comet's head. The theory of electrical repulsion as applied to comets was proposed by some foreign astronomers, perhaps independently, at about the same time with the appearance of Professor Norton's memoir. It is frequently spoken of abroad as Professor Zöllner's view.

Auroras.—The aurora borealis has formed the subject of a pretty voluminous literature, both at home and abroad, during the last half century. All the scientific journals teem with articles on the subject, and the transactions of societies contain numerous elaborate memoirs relating to it. We can mention but a few of these publications, and those only briefly. In the first volume of Transactions of the Connecticut Academy there appeared the results of seventeen years' study of auroras by Edward C. Herrick, of New Haven, an observer unsurpassed for accuracy of observation and soundness of judgment. This paper will ever be a high authority in regard to the

facts. Professor Loomis, of New Haven, examined a few years since the question of the periodicity of the aurora, and of its relation to the maxima and minima of solar disturbance as indicated by the spots, with reference to the possibility that both phenomena are dependent on a common cause. He found the periods nearly equal, but the auroral period less regular than the other, and the coincidences in general only approximate. This question was at the same time occupying Professor Lovering, of Harvard University, who has investigated it, so far as records go, to exhaustion. The tenth volume of the Transactions of the American Academy contains a catalogue by him of every aurora to be found in accessible records from the year 502 B.C. down to A.D. 1868. The total number is about 12,000; and this immense catalogue is carefully analyzed with a view to determine the daily, the yearly, and the secular periodicity, if such exists. The results, which are not only tabulated, but expressed in curves, do not exhibit all the regularity which might be anticipated, but they show, nevertheless, evidences of a periodicity, subject manifestly to large disturbances from unknown causes.

Meteoric Astronomy.—To American astronomers is due the credit of having first correctly interpreted the phenomena presented by the frequent intruders from the regions of space into our atmosphere called shooting-stars. In regard to the nature of these bodies the most widely various hypotheses had from the earliest times been held by different speculators, none of them supported by proofs, or resting on any systematic observation. Some of the earliest conjectures regarding them seem to have been soundest. Anaxagoras, whose general views of the structure of the universe were so much in advance of his time, supposed that there are non-luminous bodies revolving about the earth, from which meteors may proceed, though this idea is marred by the supposition that such bodies may have been thrown off from the earth itself by centrifugal force. Diogenes of Apollonia, whose own writings are not extant, but who wrote on cosmology, is said to have held that, besides the visible planets, there are other planets which are invisible. These sagacious conjectures, however, were overborne by the later authority of Aristotle, who inculcated the doctrine that shooting-stars are terrestrial meteors originating in the atmosphere itself—a doctrine generally received as the most probable down to the present century.

On the morning of November 13, 1833, there occurred one of the most wonderful displays of celestial pyrotechnics that was probably ever witnessed. As observed in the Eastern United States, it commenced about midnight and continued for some hours, increasing in magnificence until it was lost in the light of the rising sun. It was visible probably over the greater part of North America, and was actually observed at various points from the West India Islands to Greenland, and westwardly to the one-hundredth degree of longitude. From the numerous descriptions of this sublime spectacle with which, immediately after its occurrence, the journals of the day were crowded, it seems to have presented the appearance of a literal shower of fire, the meteors falling on all sides in prodigious numbers, and many of them exhibiting a splendor truly dazzling. An important fact in regard to these meteors noticed by many observers was the apparent divergence of their paths from a single radiant point. All accounts agreed in fixing this radiant in the constellation Leo, and in the statement that it continued to maintain its position unchanged as the constellation advanced with the diurnal motion of the heavens. This fact offered very conclusive evidence that the source of the meteors was foreign to the earth, and that their paths, though seemingly divergent, were actually parallel to each other and to a line drawn from the spectator to the radiant, the divergency being merely an effect of perspective. To Professor Denison Olmsted, of New Haven, belongs the credit of having first pointed out the legitimate conclusions to be drawn from these phenomena, which he did in a paper published in the *American Journal of Science* in March, 1834. Having first demonstrated the cosmical origin of the meteors, Professor Olmsted proceeded, with the aid of such imperfect data as at that time existed, including observations of a similar star-shower observed on the Eastern Continent in 1832, and of a much earlier one witnessed by Humboldt and Bonpland in Cumana, South America, in 1799, to devise upon this basis a theory adequate to account for the facts. The conclusion reached by him was that the meteors must be portions of a nebulous body drawn into the earth's atmosphere at a point of near approach, and inflamed by the heat generated by the resistance of the atmosphere to their motion. Professor Olmsted did not explain the meaning attached by him to the term nebulous. If he meant by it a gas, or a finely comminuted and uniformly diffused solid matter, his theory is inadmissible. But if he meant a congeries of loosely scattered discrete bodies, the phenomena are in harmony with his view; and to this extent the more recent and more exact investigations of Professor Newton, of Yale College, and Professor Schiaparelli, of Milan, have confirmed his conclusions. But in assigning to the supposed nebulous body a period of 182 days, and in his speculations as to the density of the constituent parts of the nebula, he was less

happy. He supposed the specific gravity to be very small, whereas the researches of Newton and others conclusively prove that these bodies must have the average density of our harder rocks; and the numerous specimens in cabinets of the fragmentary portions of them which have forced their way through the atmospheric shield by which our planet is protected against their destructive impact are many of them largely or wholly composed of metal. The intense interest excited in all classes of persons by the meteoric display of 1833 turned the attention of a multitude of observers in this and other countries to the study of these phenomena—a study which was pursued both by the careful examination of records for the discovery of past examples of similar occurrences, and by the direct and continuous observation of the heavens themselves. The scientific journals of the period bear striking witness to the activity of these investigators. One of the most successful among them was Mr. E. C. Herrick, of New Haven, at that time, or later, librarian of Yale College, who presently announced the discovery of three or four additional periods of periodical shooting-star abundance or star showers, viz., in January, August, April, and December. In regard to the August period, Quetelet, of Brussels, was afterward found to have anticipated him, but his discovery of the others was original. Since that time observation in many quarters has been so persistent and so fruitful of results as to justify the statement that there are not fewer than fifty different days in the year on which there is a tendency to a meteoric display above the average.

As from the examination of records, ancient and modern, the number of observed returns of the November shower was increased, two very important deductions followed—first, the congeries of bodies furnishing the meteors must extend along its own orbit to a distance equal in longitude to about one-sixteenth or one-seventeenth of an entire circumference; and secondly, there must be a continuous advance or procession of the node, or intersection of the orbit with that of the earth, causing a retardation of the display by about a day at each return. The significancy of the accumulated data was first shown by Professor Newton in 1864, who, from a comparison of observations covering a period of 931 years, determined the length of the cycle to be 33.25 years, the annual mean procession of the node 1.711′, the inclination of the orbit about 17°, and the length of the part of the cycle within which showers might be expected 2.25 years. From these definitely ascertained results he deduced the highly important conclusion that the periodic time of the group of bodies from which the meteors proceed must be one of the five following, and no other, viz., 179.915 days, 185.413 days, 354.586 days, 376.575 days, or 33.25 years. It remained only, by applying the principles of physical astronomy, to compute the amount of annual procession of the node for each of these five orbits, and, by comparing the results with the observed procession, to determine which of the five orbits is the true one. This computation Professor Newton suggested as the *experimentum crucis;* but delaying to apply it himself, the honor was snatched from him by Mr. Adams, of Cambridge, England, who demonstrated that the only orbit of the five which fulfills the conditions is that which belongs to the period of 33.25 years.

Professor Newton followed up his success with the November meteors by investigations hardly less remarkable of the numerous irregularly occurring bodies of this class called sporadic. From a very large number of determinations of the altitudes of these bodies above the earth, he formed a table arranging the observations in groups between limits of altitude regularly increasing, by which it appeared that few are seen at heights greater than 180 kilometers and few below 30 kilometers, the mean altitude on the whole being 95.55 kilometers. He then, by a course of very ingenious reasoning and analysis, proceeded to demonstrate that the number of meteors which traverse some part of the earth's atmosphere daily, and are large enough to be visible to the naked eye (sun, moon, and clouds permitting), amounts to more than seven and a half millions. Including those fainter bodies of this class which escape the unaided eye, but may be detected by the telescope, this number must be greatly increased. Taking as a basis of calculation the number of telescopic meteors observed by Winnecke between July 24 and August 3, 1854, with an ordinary comet-seeker of 53′ aperture, the total number per day would seem to be more than 400,000,000—a number which higher optical power would, of course, correspondingly increase. The following are some of the more interesting conclusions reached in this investigation: 1. It is impossible to suppose that these sporadic meteors proceed from a group or ring at the same mean distance from the sun as the earth. 2. The mean velocity of these meteoroids considerably exceeds that of the earth in its orbit, and hence the orbits are not approximately circular, but resemble the orbits of comets. 3. The number of meteoroids in the space through which the earth is moving is such that in each volume of the size of the earth there are as many as 13,000 small bodies, each one of which is capable of furnishing a shooting-star visible, under favorable circumstances, to the naked eye.

The further contributions to the theory

of shooting-stars in which American astronomers have participated are those which connect these bodies with the comets. Near the end of December, 1845, Mr. Herrick and Mr. Bradley, of New Haven, watching the Biela comet with the Clark telescope in the observatory of Yale College, observed a small companion comet beside the principal one. The same was seen two weeks later by Lieutenant Maury and Professor Hubbard at the Naval Observatory at Washington, and two days later than this was noticed in Europe. Professor Hubbard thereafter made this body a special study. At the time of the observations above mentioned the comet was receding, and each day the pair presented some novel phase. At one time an arch of light connected the two; the principal one had two nuclei, and each had two tails. The smaller grew till it equaled the larger in brilliancy, then faded gradually, until, when the comet was last seen in March, it was no longer visible. In 1852 the comet was very distant, but it was still double, the two companions being a million and a quarter miles apart. Since September of that year this remarkable object has never been again seen. At the return in 1859, it was in conjunction, or nearly so, with the sun, and was necessarily invisible. In 1866 every thing favored its visibility, and hundreds of observers swept the heavens in search of it without success. Another return was due in the autumn of 1872. The body was not seen, but countless fragments broken from its mass came pouring into the earth's atmosphere on the night of the 27th of November, producing a star shower which for an hour or two almost rivaled in brilliancy that of the 13th of the same month in 1833. A German astronomer, Professor Klinkerfues, at once conceived the notion that, if this were the comet's following, the main body might be seen in its retreat, though we had not seen it in its approach. But if so, it must be seen in the southern hemisphere. He telegraphed Mr. Pogson, at Madras: "Biela touched earth November 27. Search near Theta Centauri." Mr. Pogson looked, and found the comet. The question is unsettled whether this was one of the two parts into which the comet was divided in 1845. Professor Newton thinks it was more probably a fragment thrown off long—perhaps centuries—before.

The comet of 1862, III., was discovered on the 18th July, 1862, by Mr. H. P. Tuttle, of Cambridge, Massachusetts. It has been proved by Professor Schiaparelli that this comet is only a large member of the August stream of meteoroids. The comet of 1866, I., discovered by Tempel, December 19, 1865, is shown also by Schiaparelli to be a member of the November stream. This comet Professor Newton has identified with one which appeared in 1366. From the evidence furnished in these instances, and for other reasons, Professor Newton and Professor Weiss regard all these meteoroids as sufficiently proved to be made up of countless fragments detached from solid cometary masses, which comets until thus entirely broken up are only large members of the swarms with which they move in company. The cause of the fracture is supposed by Professor A. W. Wright, of Iowa, to be the intense heat of the sun as the body approaches its perihelion. Professor Wright has recently obtained a gas from the Iowa meteorite which has the same spectrum as that of the comets. The comet's tail, therefore, is a gaseous emanation not to be confounded with these meteoroid masses.

Comets and meteoroids having thus been demonstrated to be generally identical, the question of the origin of all these bodies has become one of great interest. A theory on this subject, put forth in 1866 by Professor Schiaparelli, of Milan, assumed that matter is disseminated throughout space in all possible grades of division—embracing, in the first place, immense suns or stars of different magnitudes; secondly, groups of smaller or comparatively minute stars, such as those into which many of the nebulæ are resolved; then bodies so small as to be invisible except when they approach our sun, appearing then as comets; and finally, "cosmical clouds," made up of elements conformable in weight to such as we may handle or transport upon the earth. The elements of these cosmical clouds he supposes to be so distant from each other that their mutual attraction is insufficient to counteract the effect of the sun's unequal action upon their different members, so that when drawn into our system from the regions of space, they lose wholly their globular form, and enter as streams, "which may possibly consume years, centuries, and even myriads of years in passing the perihelion, forming in space a river whose transverse dimensions are very small with respect to its length." This was the essential part of a theory which won for its author the Copley medal from the Royal Society—a theory of which the only part not pure hypothesis is the demonstration that the mean velocity of the meteoroids exceeds that of the earth, and this fact had already been demonstrated by Professor Newton some years before. The rest, viz., all that relates to the different mechanical conditions of matter in space, is mere conjecture, and it is doubtful whether it continues still to be held by Professor Schiaparelli himself. A more probable theory of the origin of comets is suggested by a very significant observation of the sun made by Professor Young, of Dartmouth College, on the 7th of September, 1871. An explosion was seen to take place at that time, by which a volume of exploded matter was

driven to a height of 200,000 miles, with a velocity, between the altitudes of 100,000 and 200,000 miles, of 166 miles per second. The visible clouds consisted of hydrogen. The resistance of the solar atmosphere prevented their complete separation from the sun, but should solid masses be projected with an equal velocity, they must be driven off never to return. Professor Young's observation, therefore, suggests an origin of comets which harmonizes with the views of Weiss and Newton as to the source of meteoric streams; and it is in further confirmation of these views that hydrogen was found by Graham in abundance occluded in meteoric masses, and that the gas of the Iowa meteor gave to Professor Wright a cometary spectrum.

METEOROLOGY.

As early as 1743 Dr. Franklin made the important discovery that the atmospheric disturbances known as northeast storms on the Atlantic coast of North America begin actually in the southwest. The first fact which drew his attention to this seeming physical paradox was the occurrence of an eclipse of the moon on the 21st of October in the year just mentioned, which a northeaster prevented him from observing at Philadelphia, although it was seen to its close by his brother, at Boston, before the storm began. This storm did great damage along the coast, and, from the accounts subsequently obtained, it appeared that its effects were felt progressively from Carolina to Massachusetts. Other storms of the same kind were observed to advance in the same manner, whence Franklin inferred the existence of a law, and proceeded to inquire the cause. This he presumed to be the rarefaction of the air by the tropical heats of the far south, producing upward currents, with diminished pressure and a consequent flow of air toward the region of rarefaction. This inference of Dr. Franklin was the first step toward a proper understanding of the law of storms in the temperate zones.

The views then held by Dr. Franklin as to the mechanical action of the air in waterspouts, and as to the identity of the phenomena with tornadoes on the land, were very nearly those at present entertained. He failed, however, to recognize the important agency of the heat set free by condensation in the whirling column in maintaining and promoting the violence of the action, and he supposed that the height of the column of water raised was limited to that which the static pressure only of the atmosphere is capable of sustaining in a vacuum. For a long period after these observations, meteorological science made very little advance either in this country or abroad. The year 1814 was marked by the publication of the well-known essay on dew by William Charles Wells, which has become a classic in meteorological science, and has been pronounced by Sir John Herschel a model of experimental inquiry. Dr. Wells was a native of Charleston, South Carolina, and though his life was principally spent abroad, he belongs in a certain sense to the science of America. In the year 1827 Mr. William C. Redfield, of New York, published the first of a series of papers in which he announced and maintained a theory of the storms of the Atlantic coast, or, as he called them, Atlantic hurricanes, which gave rise to much controversy, but which has since in substance been received as a true statement of the law governing the great progressive storms of the northern hemisphere. Mr. Redfield held—and aimed by a laborious comparison of observations upon the winds, made at numerous and widely distant points on land and at sea during these storms, to prove—that the storm is a vast whirlwind, circular in figure, its motion of gyration being to an observer within it from right to left. While such was supposed to be the internal movement, the whole storm was shown to have a motion of translation along a curved path, convex toward the west, and having usually its vertex in about latitude 37° or 38°, entering upon the continent between Georgia and Texas, and passing off on the coast of New England or of British America. The motion of progress is, therefore, the reverse of that of rotation, and the storm moves on its path in the same manner in which a wheel might be supposed to roll along a curved track. The birth-place of these storms was supposed by Mr. Redfield to be the West India Islands and the Caribbean Sea, and, like Franklin, he supposed them to be caused by uprising currents produced by local tropical heats. As for their progress, he supposed them to be borne along first by the trades, and then by the countertrades, or prevailing west winds of the higher temperate zone.

To the theory of Mr. Redfield was opposed a rival theory, identified with the name of its originator, Mr. James P. Espy, of Pennsylvania, who published in 1841 an essay entitled, "The Philosophy of Storms." As to the origin of storms the two theories were in harmony; but Mr. Espy supposed the air currents within the storm to follow the direction of radii of the circle from the circumference to the centre, instead of being coincident in direction with the circumference itself. Long-continued and extended observation has shown that in this he was in error; and it is, in fact, capable of *a priori* demonstration that no two opposite atmospheric currents, drawn toward the same point by a local diminished pressure, can approach in straight lines or meet each other directly. From the configuration of the

earth, and from its motion of rotation, of which the atmosphere partakes, such currents must necessarily deviate toward the right, producing as a result a motion of gyration. It is evident, however, that Mr. Redfield was not wholly correct. The true motion of the winds within the storm is neither rectilinear nor circular, but spiral, converging to the centre. Mr. Espy made an important contribution to the physics of storms in pointing out the source of the energy which maintains them in action after the merely local cause which originally produced them has ceased to have effect. This is the immense liberation of the heat of elasticity which takes place in consequence of the condensation of the aqueous vapor contained in the ascending air. As the air ascends, it expands from diminished pressure; expansion reduces its temperature below the dew-point; condensation occurs, and the heat released causes further expansion. Thus the process continues till the moisture of the air is exhausted. The storm would soon cease if it were not in this manner continually fed by fresh supplies of uncondensed vapor drawn in with the air from surrounding regions. No such storm can endure upon deserts like those of Northern Africa. Mr. Espy's merits were acknowledged by the French Academy of Science in a formal report. Professor Loomis, of Yale College, has made many valuable contributions to meteorological science in the study of particular storms, and more recently in a careful analysis of the weather maps which have for the last few years been issued daily from the Signal-office of the United States War Department. He has especially shown that while all our great storms are cyclonic, and to that extent conformable to Mr. Redfield's theory, they are not by any means, as Mr. Redfield had supposed, circular. They are rather irregularly elliptical, having their longer diameter generally north and south, inclining most frequently to the northeast and southwest direction, and they have often large sinuosities of outline.

The weather maps of the Signal-office just mentioned, and the system of widely extended telegraphic communication of observations from all points of our national territory to a single central office at Washington, by means of which the material is gathered for their preparation, have furnished admirable means for studying the laws which govern atmospheric changes on this continent. The system originated in 1869, at Cincinnati, with Professor Cleveland Abbe, who now conducts it, under General Myer, chief signal officer. The telegraphic prognostications of the weather daily transmitted for publication from the central office to all the chief cities of the Union have proved to be a very important public benefit. Something similar to this was attempted about twenty years ago by Mr. Espy, who then held an official appointment as meteorologist under the government, but the means at his command were more limited, and his organization less complete. The Smithsonian Institution, ever since its establishment, has been active in promoting meteorological observation, and has maintained constant communication with several hundred observers in all parts of the United States. Previously to the war the secretary, Professor Henry, had planned and had partially put into operation a system of weather bulletins and storm warnings like the present, which, in consequence of the disturbed state of public affairs, was necessarily abandoned after the commencement of hostilities; and for a number of years there was maintained at the institution a large meteorological wall map of the continent exposed to public view, on which were daily exhibited emblems showing the aspect of the weather and the direction of the wind at each of a large number of points of observation distributed widely throughout the country, as communicated by telegraph.

SOUND.

The science of acoustics has been greatly advanced by the labors of the physicists and physiologists of the present century. The mathematical theory of sound, the mode of its generation and propagation, the principles of music, and the laws of harmony had been well established by previous investigators. But the experimental study of the particular phenomena of vibration, of the physiology of audition, of the elementary tones which enter into the ordinary notes of music, of the physical causes of *timbre* or quality in sounds, and of whatever else in acoustics is incapable of being deduced abstractly from definitions or first principles, had received comparatively little attention, or had been pursued with little success. The recent progress of experimental acoustics has been wonderfully promoted by the ingenuity of the methods employed in the study of vibration; some of them graphic, in which the vibrations record themselves, and others optical, in which they present a visible picture of their phases to the eye. The methods strictly acoustic have, moreover, been greatly improved in the hands of modern investigators; as in the case of the *sirene* of Cagniard de la Tour, which has been converted by Helmholtz into an instrument of largely increased capabilities. The vibrating lens of Lissajous, and the revolving mirrors and manometric flames of Kœnig, have furnished admirable means of illustrating the composition and resolution of harmonic vibrations. Professor Tyndall's singing tubes and sensitive flames have shown in a striking man-

ner the power of one vibration to excite or repress another. Recent comparatively simple forms of apparatus contrived by German experimenters have shown that the velocity of propagation of sound in air or other gases can be determined in the space of a few feet with as much accuracy as has been heretofore attained in the most elaborate and protracted observations made in the open air between signal stations separated from each other by some miles.

No single investigator has contributed more largely to the advancement of acoustic science than Professor Helmholtz, of Berlin. In his great work on tone sensation he has given the whole philosophy of composite waves and the theory of audition as founded on the capacity of the ear to resolve these waves into their component elements. He has shown that within a certain portion of the structure of the ear there are found a multitude of microscopic stretched cords, each of which is fitted to respond to a particular vibration, just as in a piano a single string will vibrate when its own note is sounded, while all the rest remain silent. He has also contrived hearing tubes or shells, called by him resonators, which possess this same property of separating an elementary tone out of an ordinary composite musical note, and by means of a series of these he succeeds in discovering all the elements of which such notes are composed. Every such elementary tone when separately heard has precisely the same quality, whether derived from a reed, a stringed, or a wind instrument; and thus it appears that the quality or *timbre* of a musical instrument is an effect of difference of composition, and not of difference of elementary sound.

In the United States the number of investigators who have occupied themselves with this interesting branch of science is small. Professor W. B. Rogers, now of Boston, gave some attention as early as 1850 to the curious phenomena of singing tubes, that is, of tubes which utter a musical note on the introduction within them of a small gas flame. The vibration was imputed by Professor Rogers to a periodical explosive combustion of the gas, extinguishing the flame, which is immediately re-illuminated. For the purpose of demonstrating this latter fact, he employed as his gas jet a tube bent twice at right angles, which, by means of a pulley, he caused to revolve rapidly around its lower limb. When this is revolved it produces an apparent ring of flame so long as the tube is silent; but the moment the sound begins, the ring breaks into a crown of minute flames resembling a string of pearls.

Professor Henry, in the discharge of his duties as chairman of the Light-house Board, has made many experiments on sound, with a view to improve the system of fog-signals. Some of the facts observed by him are interesting contributions to science. One of these is the remarkable property manifested by powerful sounds to propagate themselves laterally, or in directions divergent from that to which they are originally confined. A steam-whistle, for example, blown at the focus of a large parabolic mirror will at moderate distances be better heard in front and in the prolonged axis of the mirror than behind it; but when the distance amounts to several miles, it is heard as well behind as before. In like manner, if a source of sound be near a building, an observer at a distance on the other side of the building may hear it distinctly, and yet may entirely lose it as he approaches the building. Another remarkable observation is as to the effect of winds on the audibility of sounds. At any considerable distance a wind blowing from the observer toward the source diminishes the loudness. This is explained by the consideration that the lower strata of the air are retarded in their movements by the friction of the earth, and consequently that the fronts of the sound waves become inclined to the earth's surface. But as the direction of sound propagation is normal to the wave fronts, it happens that a sound proceeding against the wind is deflected upward so that its force passes above the heads of distant listeners.

The only elaborate continuous series of investigations in acoustics which has been undertaken in this country has been conducted by Professor A. M. Mayer, of Hoboken. The processes of Professor Mayer, which are themselves extremely ingenious, have led to many results of interest and value. It is a proposition deducible from theory, and was so announced by Döppler more than thirty years ago, that the undulations generated by a vibratory body in motion will be effectively shortened in the direction toward which the body moves, and lengthened in the opposite direction. This is true as well in optics as in acoustics, and it is upon the assumption of its truth that Mr. Huggins has founded his inferences as to the absolute velocities with which the fixed stars are approaching the earth or receding from it. It has first been experimentally proved in the researches of Professor Mayer.

The double *sirene* of Helmholtz affords a convenient means of studying the effect of partial or complete interference between sound waves which differ in phase at the point of origin, but there has been hitherto no instrumental means devised for determining the amount of difference of phase which exists between two waves originating in a common phase at the same origin, but brought by different and unequal paths to the point of interference. This want Professor Mayer has supplied, and in doing so has at the same time provided the most exact mode hitherto devised of measuring the

wave length corresponding to any pitch, and of ascertaining the velocity of sound in the air or in any gaseous medium. The determinations are made by means of the serrated flames in Kœnig's revolving mirrors, and their precision is secured by what is called a flame micrometer—as ingenious in conception as it is exact in its indications.

The analysis of a composite note which Helmholtz accomplished by the use of his resonators, combined with Kœnig's manometric flames and revolving mirrors, was effected by Professor Mayer directly by connecting the arms of a number of steel tuning-forks by means of tightly stretched silk fibres with a membrane forming part of a reed pipe. On causing the pipe to speak, every fork whose tone forms a part of the note immediately sounded.

Professor Mayer has also presented very strong evidence to confirm the opinion which many naturalists have entertained, that the antennæ of insects constitute for them the organs of hearing, or organs, at least, through which they receive impressions for their guidance from the vibrations of the atmosphere; he has investigated and delineated the curves which represent the resultant sound wave of a composite note, and has devised the means of optically representing the movements by which a single molecule of an elastic vibrating medium must be animated under the influence of such complex impulses. The most interesting of his contributions to this department of science is found in his determination of the law which connects the pitch of a sound with the duration of its residual sensation, and in the deductions which flow from this law. It appears experimentally that if a sound of any pitch is suddenly arrested there follows a momentary dissonance, but that if the interruption is regular and periodic the dissonance diminishes with a diminution of the intervals till it finally disappears; also, that a more rapid succession of the impulses is necessary to this disappearance in proportion as the pitch is higher. Professor Mayer finds that for a tone produced by forty vibrations a second, the residual sensation lasts one-eleventh of a second, while for one of 40,000 vibrations per second, it lasts only one-five-hundredth of a second. This difference of duration of the residual sensation is the reason that trills upon the upper notes are pleasing, while those on the lower are not. The application of these principles to the study of harmony and to the means of producing the most agreeable effects in musical composition is important. F. A. P. BARNARD.

NEW YORK.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER IX.

IT is not my purpose to ask the reader's company across the threshold of the room where the dead body lies; let Garth pass in alone, and out of our sight. We have followed him closely enough thus far, and now, perhaps, it will be as well to pause and take a new departure; and, forbearing to make a direct inspection of the events of the next few years, to rejoin that square-visaged, dark-browed young gentleman in farmer's attire, whom we left, many pages ago, at his morning easel on the shore of the quiet lake. Here again is the level translucence of the silent surface, the golden islet at the cove's mouth, the broad glory of the October woods, the Persian pomp of distant Wabeno—every thing as it was before, save that the shadows of the trees on the eastern shore are less lengthened than at first. It now lacks but an hour or so of noon, and the artist is putting the finishing touches to his study. The stillness of the early morning, broken only by a few scattered bird notes, has melted into a voicelessness yet more profound, as though Nature were hushing herself beneath the overriding sun. When Garth sent forth a snatch of mellow whistling, or tapped his easel musingly with the handle of his paint-brush, the sound would go titillating articulately across the lake, and sometimes come tiptoeing back to its source, as an infant's spirit might revisit its earthly cradle. Had Garth been in the humor to shout aloud, or boisterously laugh, the whole wide basin would have been racked with noisy echoes. But he seldom raised his voice above a moderate conversational tone, and as a mode of soliloquy he preferred whistling to any other. It was a sort of musical accompaniment to thought, and threaded the whimsical incongruities of fancy on a strand of melody. Moreover, there was a delicate satisfaction in the nice evolution of such tuneful trifles, which bore analogy to the pleasure of a happy stroke of the brush, and enhanced it.

By-and-by Garth glanced up at the sun, and told himself that it must be eleven o'clock: too late to paint any more. Indeed, for the last half hour he had been

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

rather imagining or remembering than copying what was before him. However, the sketch was nearly finished; and certainly the meaning which he had intended to bring out was sufficiently indicated. Would any one divine it besides himself? His father, perhaps; not Madge, certainly. No matter; it was there. By-the-way—Madge. Where was she? She had half promised to come to the lake this morning in order to be accompanied on a nutting expedition which had been in prospect for several days past. But that was to have been not later than ten o'clock: she must have given it up. Well—the sketch was finished, however. Garth smiled, with a short "humph!" then bent his head down and stared at the meeting line of water and sand with a meditative frown. There lay his hat, amphibiously; he had put it there for the violet's sake. He arose and examined it; the flower was as fresh as when first plucked. "But it will fade before she gets it," was Garth's thought; "and she doesn't care for faded things. Well, why should she?"

He turned back to his easel, and began slowly to pack up his brushes, palette, and other implements, preparatory to going home. In the midst of this employment there came to his ears a kind of warbling outburst of song. It was from no bird's throat, neither could any man have uttered it; it was clear, elastic, and pure, and gave a sense of indescribable exaltation, mingled with sadness. Sadness overtakes and sweetens the merriest sound which comes, as this came, from a distance. In the essence of the note, however, Garth fancied he recognized a chord which no change of conditions could have altered into cheerfulness, which could hardly even have proceeded from a happy soul. Such as it was, at all events, it went straight to his heart. He greatly appreciated music, less from a professional point of view (for, indeed, he had scarcely any practical knowledge of it) than as being a man of sensitive ear and deep emotional perception. There was little music to be had in Urmsworth, unless the efforts of the village choir could be called such, and Garth was accustomed to build symphonies of his own from the roar and murmur of the oaks and hemlocks that grew in the neighborhood of his studio window.

The outburst of song died away, and a few moments afterward Garth almost doubted whether his imagination had not played him a trick, either wholly creating the sound, or at least developing it from some slight natural origin. Certainly it had possessed a flavor more spiritual than earthly. Upon reflection Garth found himself reminded by it of a female face which he had once seen, the image whereof had staid so vividly in his memory that at length, to be rid of it, he had put it upon canvas. It was a face which few people would have called beautiful; and Madge, to whom he had once shown it, was of opinion that it was simply ugly. Be that as it might, Garth always contemplated it with a thoughtful kind of enjoyment, and once remarked to his father (who was the only person besides Madge that had ever been favored with a sight of the study) that he had never seen so interesting a combination of lines in any human face. They appeared at the first glance to be discordant and irregular; but the more they were studied, the more did an inner harmony and significance become apparent, transcending the superficial canons of female beauty. Mr. Urmson looked at the head for a good while in silence, finally saying, with one of his slow, penetrating smiles: "Well, old boy, I can see that it's an odd visage; and if I once happened to like it, I can imagine my finding it not easy to be tired of afterward. The truth is that human faces are windows for one another to whatever in life is of the highest importance, and a window which is clear to one looker will be ground glass to another. Now most people would call this face ground glass; but paint a picture of Miss Danver, and all the world would rejoice to look through it." Mr. Urmson had a fondness for this figurative kind of talk, and Garth generally caught his meaning more easily than did most people; but on this occasion he professed not to understand, and seemed rather disturbed and discontented. He had some answer in his mind, but forbore to give it utterance: how could he vindicate the head without seeming to call Madge in question? It was not until after this incident that he showed it to her, and her verdict upon it, instead of mortifying him, appeared to somehow set him at ease, without, however, in any way lessening his own estimate of its merits.

It must not be supposed that the outbreak of melody which Garth had just heard, or fancied he heard, recalled this face merely because he was in the habit of picturing it to himself, and associating it with other pleasant impressions. As a man of principle, and looking upon his affections as irrevocably engaged elsewhere, he would not knowingly have permitted himself an undue absorption in the idea of any other woman than his mistress. The analogy, therefore, between the voice and the countenance is to be accepted as genuine; there was that in the one which suggested the other, or might do so to a man of genius in a particularly lucid and impressionable mood of mind. But the little episode had been so unexpected, so charming, and withal so like an ideal utterance of the very genius of the autumnal landscape which he had been reproducing, that Garth had near-

ly persuaded himself it was a dream. Presently, however, the sweet carol was repeated, now sounding nearer and more distinct. Stepping to the verge of the water, the artist saw a feminine figure standing near the extremity of the tongue of land which bounded the western side of the cove, about a quarter of a mile away. Her scarlet mantle and the peculiarly shaped straw hat she wore left no doubt in his mind that she was Madge. But what of the voice?

"The morning and the October tints have got into her throat," he said to himself. "Madge could do any thing but sing till to-day. But can it be—is there a Jenny Lind hidden in my Madge, and I never suspected it?" He shook his head with a half smile. "It can't be! it's only the stretch of air and water between us. If it were so, she wouldn't need her beauty to bewitch the whole world. But can mere distance weave such a spell as that? Was it her voice, after all?"

As if in answer to the doubt, the figure in the scarlet mantle trilled forth a bar of melody for the third time. Though every note was distinct and true, there were no words; she seemed to be simply trying her voice, or amusing herself with the replying music of the echoes. Apparently she had not yet caught sight of Garth; but he, after listening until the last pulsation of sound had dissolved away, called out to her and beckoned with his hand. She looked at him, and then, turning slowly, disappeared behind a crimson growth of scrub oak. It seemed to Garth that she moved with a more stately step than was her wont. Madge never lacked the supple grace that accompanies perfect physical proportion and development, but her ordinary bearing could hardly be called dignified.

Garth resumed his packing in a strange mood of mingled exhilaration and puzzlement. This unlooked-for blossoming out in Madge of the divine faculty of song was so inestimable a blessing to her betrothed as to be almost unwelcome. Every true-hearted young man believes that he believes the woman of his choice to be the embodiment of every desirable feminine charm. If, then, she suddenly dawns upon him in a new light, delightfully transcending her former self, he is bound, in common honesty, to be jealous of his former opinion of her. He must be displeased that she pleases him more, because she thereby casts a slur upon the sincerity of his first love. Either he was false, or she imperfect; and yet he can not slight the new-comer without doubly forsaking her predecessor.

Immersed in some such whimsical quandary, Garth was tying up the legs of his easel, when he was addressed from behind by a courteous male voice, the tone of which, nevertheless, impressed him with a feeling of sharp distrust. He turned about with a most unreasonable emotion of resentment; but what he saw so modified his ill humor as to make him rise to his feet and bow very politely.

A lady and gentleman were standing side by side on the soft turf which sloped down from the woods to the sand. The gentleman had very much the advantage in years over his companion, though he still might have passed for under forty. His appearance was decidedly prepossessing, his bearing at once frank and refined. At the same time, the effect he produced was slightly perplexing—a mingling, it seemed to be, of several dissimilar characteristics. His forehead was grave and fair, and, with a trifle more arch and height about the temples, might have been called noble. It was shadowed by curls of glossy brown, with a line or two of silver showing here and there. The brows were level and handsome, but the eyes were veiled by a pair of slightly tinted glasses, set in tortoise-shell. The glasses, however, had a gentlemanly polish of their own which was by no means unpleasing. The nose which they bestrode was perhaps the most faultless feature in the face, being perfectly straight and delicately moulded—a trifle too long, if any thing, insomuch that the point a little overshadowed the upper lip. The countenance thus acquired a slightly Jewish cast, which increased its prevalent air of culture.

The lower part of the face was undecipherable, owing to the peculiar treatment of the dark beard. The mustache, finely curved and eloquent, was in itself, one would think, adornment enough, without the addition of the thick-growing imperial which tapered from the chin. Nevertheless, the two harmonized well together, and would have formed a very graceful appendage to the visage, had not their effect been interfered with by a well-groomed and compactly moulded pair of whiskers, which, again, would have done themselves much better justice alone. As it was, the eye wandered unsettled from one hirsute ornament to another, and found no resting-place.

The gentleman was dressed in an unassuming but fashionably cut suit of tweed, and held in his hand a soft felt hat of rather Italian contour. In his other hand he carried a short, pliable cane, which the spurs upon the heels of his neatly fitting boots argued a riding-whip. These boots, which were drawn outside the pantaloons, and reached fully up to the knee, gave the figure a gallant, almost a dapper, air, which commented curiously on the gravely intellectual promise of the gentleman's upper half. How could the owner of such a forehead be supported upon so sportive a pair of legs? The inconsistency which was suggested by this contrast repeated the per-

plexity first occasioned by the triple growth of beard.

But if the stranger puzzled Garth, it was evident that Garth was no less an enigma to the stranger. The young artist's rustic garb seemed at odds with his palette and canvas; and although his face, when he turned about, did something toward reconciling the discrepancy as it concerned himself, it rendered his rough coat and corduroys only the more inexplicable. The stranger's first address, while perfectly courteous, had been couched in the tone of a superior. On encountering Garth's glance he seemed, by some imperceptible process, to shift his stand-point, and to be less frankly at his ease than at first. He smiled behind his glasses, tapped his boot once or twice with his riding-whip, bowed as often in a rather objectless manner, and said:

"Oh, pardon us, Sir. We have intruded without ceremony; but, frankly, we thought that—"

"We thought you might be able to tell us our way back to Urmhurst," said the young lady, interposing, in a quiet and somewhat frigid tone.

"Urmsworth, you mean?" returned Garth, smiling as he looked at her. "I can accompany you part way, if you'll wait a minute."

"Urmsworth—yes," said the gentleman, regaining his composure, with a slight laugh. Urmhurst," he added, turning to his companion, while Garth knelt to complete his packing—"Urmhurst, my dear Elinor, is the old Urmson seat, you know. Ah!" he continued, putting on his hat and looking around with a slow shake of his head, "all this begins to come back to me. I have bathed in this very cove as a boy, and caught pickerel through the ice in winter. —You are an artist, Sir, I perceive. Will you allow me? Ah! ah!—fine effect that, by George! Pardon! Do you live in this neighborhood? and are acquainted with these Urmsons, I dare say? Ah! now how are they getting on? Is the old gentleman well?"

During this monologue the young lady had been quietly observing Garth, and she now said, in the same indifferent tone she had before used,

"I think this gentleman is an Urmson himself."

"I am Garth Urmson," confessed that worthy, getting to his feet, with his baggage in hand, and scarcely concealing his amused surprise at the young lady's penetration. "I don't know your names," he continued, "though I have seen you both before in the Green Vaults at Dresden."

"I am Miss Golightley," returned the young lady, composedly; "and this gentleman is your uncle—Mr. Golightley Urmson."

"My dear, dear boy!" exclaimed the latter, stepping up and putting his whip under his arm, in order to grasp Garth's free hand in both his own. His greeting was very warm. "My dear, dear nephew!" he repeated.

The three now walked on together in silence, this unforeseen recognition appearing to have taken the breath out of conversation for the moment. Uncle Golightley was between the two younger people, but Garth, by falling a step behind, had no difficulty in keeping Miss Golightley in view. She seemed rather tall, though this was partly due to her bearing, which was unusually dignified for so young a woman. A scarlet cape, fantastically embroidered round the edge, was thrown over a simple but elegant morning dress. Her face was of a kind more likely to interest others than to show interest on its own part. There was nobility in it, but veiled by an apparent indifference almost amounting to cynicism. The eyes were gray and cold, and the left one was a little smaller than the other. The cheek-bones were high, and rounded into undue prominence; and though the nose was small, the chin had too much decision. The mouth, exquisitely curved and set, was the only faultless feature, and even its beauty was marred by the paleness of the lips and a rather sarcastic touch about the corners. But chiefly noticeable to the artist's eye was the gem-like purity of all the facial contours; the lines were as clear and sharp as if cut in cameo. For the rest, her figure, though girlish, gave promise of womanly development; her ungloved hands were slender and small, and one was bleeding from the scratch of a thorn.

"It was your voice I heard across the cove?" demanded Garth, at length breaking silence.

"Yes; I was trying the echo. I did not know any one was within hearing."

"I liked your voice."

"I have had the best masters, and I sing very well," said this imperturbable young lady.

"I thought, from your hat and cloak, that you were some one else," Garth remarked.

"I saw a very pretty girl with a hat like this in the village yesterday," replied Miss Golightley; "so I made over one of mine to resemble it. Who is that girl? she has a great deal of taste."

"Margaret Danver," answered Garth, and was provoked to find his color rise. "She's of French Acadian descent."

"I have seen girls not unlike her in Normandy; but Margaret Danver is prettier—very pretty indeed."

"Danver? By-the-way, my dear Elinor, is not that the name old Mr. Graeme mentioned to us yesterday, when we were asking him about a place where you and your mother could board? Ah! and now I think of it—now I think of it, Garth, my dear

boy, was not your father's mother a Danver? To be sure she was—Marie Danver—same family. *My* mother, you know, was a Golightley; and Miss Elinor here is—how is it, my dear?—my mother's grandniece. So she and I call ourselves cousins, don't we, Elinor? But, Garth," he went on, resting one hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, "tell me all about Cuthbert—all about your dear father. Is he well? is he happy?"

"He has never changed from my first remembrance of him. He has grown white-haired and wrinkled; but his eyes and voice are the same they always were. How long have you been here, Uncle Golightley?"

"Ah, yesterday—yesterday morning. Then you didn't get my letter? Well, I thought it was an even chance that we arrived before it. You see, my dear boy—you see, we left very unexpectedly, very suddenly. Well, and this morning Miss Elinor here insisted upon exploring the primeval forest and getting lost in it. Yes, she takes to the woods as though she were native to them, instead of being next thing to a native of Europe. And I—you can never know, Garth," exclaimed Uncle Golightley, in an outburst of confidence, "how I rejoice to find myself here again at last. By George, to think such a solid, flesh-and-blood Fact as you are should have wholly come into existence since I was last at Urmhurst! You know I sailed for Europe the year you were born, the year my own good father died—old Captain Brian. You are like him; very much his face and build. But to think of your being an artist—really a painter! By George, I envy you! Ah, it was a dream of my youthful days; but I couldn't; hadn't the physical stamina. And you are succeeding, of course?"

"I don't know. I've lived by it of late; but that costs little," said Garth, gravely.

"You are right, my dear boy, to make your art an end, not a means. That's what I longed to do, and would have done—taken what fortune sent, and been rich only in the joy of creation."

Garth turned upon his uncle rather grimly. "You know, I suppose, that Fortune is apt to rob one of what she gives to another?"

"Robbery can never be more than a temporary expedient," rejoined Uncle Golightley, in a low voice; "the rightful owner will come by his own at last."

Garth, even while making his retort, had begun to regret it. Uncle Golightley had always lived more or less upon his brother and nephew; but it had been pretty well settled between the latter that he had a moral if not a legal right to the half, at least, of the property, and that by temperament and situation he must have more occasion for money than his relatives. Since Garth's Sophomore year, indeed, his drafts had been especially heavy, insomuch that not only the income, but a large portion of the invested capital, had to be sacrificed to meet them. He had accompanied each application with the usual assurance that it would in all human probability be the last, and was required only to secure a gigantic profit sufficient to place them all forever beyond the reach of want. Cuthbert had more than once offered to make over to him bodily the half, or even two-thirds, of the estate; but Golightley had almost indignantly rejected the proposal; nothing could be further from his intention, he wrote, than permanently to possess himself of a dollar of the family inheritance. Nor is there much doubt of his sincerity; and considering that he was probably aware of circumstances which, if made known, would, morally at least, have authorized his takings, his conduct might really be regarded as generous forbearance.

During the last twelve months, moreover, he had made no drafts at all, nor had anything, either good or bad, been heard of him up to the time of his present encounter with his nephew at the lake-side. Might it not be, thought Garth, glancing at the well-dressed man, clinking his spurs in a long stride beside him—might it not be that the great fortune had at last been made, and Uncle Golightley come home to make the long-promised restitution?

At all events it was ungracious to rake up old grudges in this first hour of meeting, and Garth resolved to compensate for his rudeness by being as agreeable as possible thenceforth. What if he should invite his uncle and the two ladies whom, as it seemed, he had escorted hither to make Urmhurst their abode? The house was big enough to accommodate luxuriously twice as many guests; and certainly relatives of the family ought to have the choice of coming there before going elsewhere.

"You have not decided where to lodge?" he asked of Miss Golightley.

"Mother said she should speak with Mrs. Danver to-day," replied that young lady. "Mr. Graeme said she was honest and clean, and I was very much pleased with Margaret's appearance this morning."

This speech, quietly and with seeming unconsciousness though it was given, nettled Garth exceedingly. Was his future mother-in-law to be spoken of as "honest and clean," and allusion made to his betrothed wife as if she were some pretty animal—was this to be done in his presence with impunity? And who was this cold-mannered, gray-eyed young aristocrat that presumed to hold a tone of such superiority? Perhaps she looked down upon him as well; and would treat his father as an entertaining old peasant! Nay, was courtly Uncle Golightley perchance but her *valet de place*?

and how did she get over the historic alliance of her own blue blood with that of the rustic Urmsons?

Being so composed and unapproachable, and withal a woman, it was not easy either to chastise or retaliate upon her. Moreover, Garth felt himself at disadvantage before one to whom he could ill afford the odds: no doubt he looked like a farmer, and thereby laid himself open to the imputation of being no better than he looked. The case might be similar with poor Mrs. Danver, whose manner could not be called aristocratic; and even Madge— Garth here measured Miss Elinor Golightley with his eye, making a mental comparison between the two young women. How much the more lovely was Madge, and sweet and winning; and yet he could understand that Miss Elinor, with her foreign education and prejudices, might contrive to despise the free, spontaneous charms of the village beauty. For a moment, perhaps, Garth so far forgot his dignity as to wish that he and his might appear before this supercilious critic illustrated with every adornment of wealth and fashion; and a pang of resentment visited him with the reflection that, but for his uncle, this might have been.

But the mood was too unworthy a one to last, and, after a short pause, the young man said, with grave simplicity,

"When you first repeated Mr. Graeme's recommendation, I thought he might easily have said more; but honesty and cleanliness include most virtues worth having, and exclude some so-called virtues that are really faults."

"Mr. Graeme did say more, I believe," returned Miss Elinor, carelessly; "but as I was concerned with Mrs. Danver in her capacity of landlady, and not as a relative of yours, I didn't trouble myself to remember the rest."

"I have often warned you, my dear," said Uncle Golightley, throwing up his chin and stroking his imperial to a point, "that we New-Englanders have democratic ideas which will sound harsh to your ears at first. For my own part, I fear the Old World has spoiled me; but Garth here, I rejoice to see, is as thorough-going a young democrat as any of his forefathers."

"I quite agree with what he says, though," observed Miss Elinor, with some emphasis, and a faint reddening in the cheeks. "I am satisfied to be honest and clean myself, and that is all I shall require of other people!"

"Brava! brava!" cried Uncle Golightley, smiling and gently clapping his hands. "Ah! we'll make a Yankee of you yet." Garth kept silence, but thought he liked the frigid young lady better than he had done. Suddenly his uncle turned upon him and asked, "But did not you say something, my dear boy, about having seen Miss Elinor here and me in Dresden?"

"Yes, at the Green Vaults. I kept catching the reflection of your faces in the mirrors that lined the walls. An older lady and gentleman were with you — perhaps Mr. and Mrs. Golightley?"

"Ah, not that, not that!" murmured Uncle Golightley, placing a hand of gentle restraint on Garth's arm. "You were naturally misled by our dear Elinor's speaking of 'mother.' No: it was Mr. and Mrs. Tenterden. Elinor's father and mother died of yellow fever upward of ten years ago. The Tenterdens adopted Elinor, having no children of their own. By-the-way, Mrs. Tenterden was a Golightley, an only daughter of my mother's first marriage. You know my mother was a widow when she came North and married Captain Brian?"

Garth believed he did remember that.

"Yes. Well, then," continued Uncle Golightley, with a sigh, "last year came our great grief—Mr. Tenterden's death. Dear John—dear, good John Tenterden! Ah, my dear child," he added, taking Miss Elinor's hand and drawing it tenderly through his arm, "I should not have mentioned this before you!"

"Mentioning does not make it worse," returned she, with a peculiar compression of the corners of her mouth; and after proceeding a few steps, she quietly drew away from Uncle Golightley's affectionate support, and, turning aside from the path, walked just within the verge of the trees, leaving the two gentlemen to themselves. Uncle Golightley, after beckoning a playful adieu to her with his hand, resumed conversation with his nephew.

"Poor John—it was very sudden—heart-disease, you know. Ah! it was a trying time, I can tell you, Garth; of course it all fell on my shoulders; and by George!" murmured Uncle Golightley, shaking his head, with a sad smile, "I don't see what they would have done without me. Not that I wouldn't have done ten times as much, and thought it nothing; for John—well, frankly, my dear Garth, he idolized me; and not only that, but he assisted me materially at a critical moment of my affairs. Poor fellow! his whole immense fortune went almost immediately afterward."

"And he died in consequence?"

"In consequence? no, no, no. I couldn't think that!" exclaimed Uncle Golightley, half stopping in his walk, and looking at his nephew with a pained expression—"no, no; it was heart-disease."

"But does not anxiety make heart-disease fatal? Well, it's a sad story. And so Mrs. Tenterden and Miss Golightley came with you here?"

"H'm?—yes, yes; I'll tell you another time," said Uncle Golightley, answering out

of what seemed the midst of a brown-study. "But you have been in Europe," he went on, putting a constraint upon himself. "Tell me about it: how long did you stay? Were you alone? Why did you not come to me, my dear boy? That was unnephewlike!"

Garth looked at his uncle and smiled, with a touch of incredulity about his mouth. However, he contented himself with saying that he had neglected to secure the address, and then proceeded to give a short account of his travels. He had not gone back to college after his mother's death, but had immediately placed himself under a drawing-master, with such good result that within a year he was enough advanced to make a pilgrimage to European galleries advisable. He overcame the obstacles in his path; and finally found himself on the way, accompanied by a friend of his college days, Jack Selwyn by name. He had remained abroad seeing and studying, and, for the most part, supporting himself during four years; and, returning, had ever since staid quietly at home with his father, painting pictures in a corner of the garret. He had been especially successful in portraits, but aspired to more ideal walks.

Such, laconically as he gave it, was Garth's narrative, to which his uncle, arm in arm with him, apparently gave profound attention. It is open to question, however, whether he actually heard a syllable of it. In either case, he was unusually taciturn.

By this time they had reached the lichen-covered rock on the border of the belt of pines, beneath whose shadow Garth had discovered the violet a few hours before. Miss Elinor, coming close upon it, stopped and knelt down, and searched among the clustering green leaves. Finding no flowers, she rose and followed the others.

"I plucked the last violet this morning," said Garth, turning back and joining her. "Here it is in my hat-band. It is not quite faded. Will you take it?"

"Thank you!" said she, in a soft tone of surprise, and with the first smile she had vouchsafed that day. She took the drooping flower from the artist's fingers, smelled it twice or thrice, and then drew the stem heedfully through a button-hole in the bosom of her dress. They walked on together, saying nothing. Garth, for his part, was rather surprised at what he had done, especially since he had plucked the violet before he knew of Miss Elinor Golightley's existence, and with the intention of presenting it to a very different sort of person.

Meanwhile Uncle Golightley was out of sight round a bend of the path; but anon Garth and his companion heard voices, and, drawing near, saw their friend in affable converse with a very pretty girl in a scarlet mantle and a peculiarly shaped straw hat.

"That is your cousin—Miss Danver," said Elinor, quickly.

"Yes," muttered Garth. "I had forgotten her; or rather I thought she had forgotten me!"

MARY, QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

EARLY in the summer of 1553 it became certain that Edward VI., the boy King of England, was near his death. He had entered his sixteenth year, and had been king since his tenth. His father, Henry VIII., had made provisions for conducting the government during the long minority. The administration was committed to a council, at the head of which was Edward Seymour, created Duke of Somerset, the maternal uncle of the young king. He was in a few years superseded by John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, and was beheaded in 1552. Edward fell wholly under the influence of Northumberland, who was considered the head of the Protestant cause, to which the young king was warmly devoted.*

In the autumn of 1552 Edward was attacked by measles; this was followed by a slow fever, and then by an ominous spitting of blood. His physicians were dismissed; he was given to the care of quacks, and finally to that of a woman who undertook to cure him after he had been given over by all others. Symptoms soon manifested themselves which could not be attributed to consumption. It was afterward ascertained that he had been poisoned. He must soon die, and who should be his successor?

Henry VIII. had been empowered by Parliament to regulate the succession after his death. By his will he directed that in case Edward should die without heirs of his own, the crown should fall in the first place to Mary, his own daughter by Catherine of Aragon; she dying childless, to Elizabeth, his daughter by Anne Boleyn; and she dying without children, to the descendants of his sister Mary, who, after having been married to the imbecile Louis XII. of France, had married her former lover, Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk. She was now dead, but her daughter Frances, married to Henry Grey, who was created Duke of Suffolk, was next in succession to Elizabeth.

There was, however, a grave defect in the title of both Mary and Elizabeth. Both had, by the most solemn legal proceedings, been pronounced illegitimate, the so-called marriages of their respective mothers hav-

* The narrative given in this paper of the events of Queen Mary's reign is substantially drawn from Froude's *History of England*. No writer could give a satisfactory account of these events without being dependent upon this historian, unless he were able to examine the original MSS., of which Mr. Froude availed himself, and which were either inaccessible to or not examined by earlier English historians.

ing been declared void from the beginning. In any case, one of them must be illegitimate. It began to be urged that if Henry could fix the succession after his death, then Edward could do the same. There were many reasons why he should do this. Mary was a devoted Catholic, and the reformers believed that if she should come to the throne she would set herself to undo all the work which they had accomplished, and bring the Church of England again under subjection to the papal see.

Northumberland and the Protestant leaders pressed this upon the dying boy. Mary, they said, besides being clearly illegitimate, was objectionable in every way. She was the foremost enemy of God's word and of the reformed faith. If she were to become queen, she would doubtless marry a prince of the house of Spain, and make England a mere tributary of that overshadowing monarchy, which was even now straining every nerve to extirpate the true faith in Germany and the Netherlands. Lady Suffolk was ready to make over her claim to her daughter, Lady Jane Grey, who had just been married to Lord Guildford Dudley, the youngest son of the Duke of Northumberland. Let Edward set aside both Mary and Elizabeth, and declare the Lady Jane to be his heir. These considerations could not but weigh with Edward, and among his last acts was to draw up with his own hand an order of succession, by which the crown was bequeathed to the Lady Jane, and in case of her death without heirs, to her sister, Lady Catherine Grey.

Edward died July 6, 1553, but his death was not announced for several days, for Northumberland wished to secure the person of Mary before Lady Jane should be proclaimed queen. But such a secret could not be kept from watchful eyes, and before the king had been dead an hour a messenger bearing the tidings was on his way to Mary. Taking saddle, she rode off toward Norfolk, where her friends were awaiting her. The Dudleys followed hard after, and nearly succeeded in capturing her.

Four days after the death of Edward, Lady Jane was proclaimed queen, and made her public entry into London, where she was coldly received. Mary had in the mean while gathered a considerable force, and ignorant that the council had proclaimed Lady Jane, she sent a letter to it directing it to proclaim her as queen.

For a week or more all was confusion. It was doubtful which side would get the upper hand; but it began to appear that Mary's chances were the better, and the lords of the council undertook to shift the responsibility from their own shoulders to those of Northumberland. He must take the lead of the forces and move westward against those of Mary, while the lords remained in London to take advantage of any wind that might blow.

Tidings of fresh movements in favor of Mary began to come from Northamptonshire, Lincolnshire, and Oxfordshire. The fleet at Yarmouth declared for Mary. Northumberland moved a little distance from Cambridge, when his men refused to bear arms against their lawful sovereign. He sent to the council for re-enforcements, but his messenger came back "with but slender answer." Several members of the council who had been most fully committed to Lady Jane, went over to Mary. Among these were Arundel, and Pembroke, whose son was to be married to Lady Catherine Grey as soon as he could get rid of his present wife. They convened the mayor, aldermen, and chief citizens of London. Arundel told them the kingdom was on the verge of civil war, which must break out unless they abandoned the cause of Lady Jane. Religion would be brought into the struggle; the French would interfere on one side, the Spaniards on the other, and whatever were the result, it would be disastrous to England. The only hope was to place the crown on the head of the lawful queen. Pembroke declared that what Arundel had said was true, and let others do as they would, he would fight for Mary; his sword should make her queen, or he would lose his life.

No word was spoken in favor of Lady Jane. A body of one hundred and fifty men was sent to the Tower, of which her father was governor, to demand the keys. He gave them up, and rushed to the apartment where his daughter was sitting under a canopy of state. He tore it down, telling her that the council had revolted, and that she was no longer queen. She replied that she was glad to hear it, and now that her reign of twelve days was over, hoped she might leave the Tower and go home. She was indeed to leave the Tower, but only for the scaffold. The council and the city authorities now went to Cheapside and proclaimed Mary as queen.

Mary was then in her thirty-seventh year; in constitution she was many years older. Her life had been a sad one. She was a child when her father began to question whether her mother had ever been his lawful wife. She was just entering womanhood when that mother's name was branded with undeserved disgrace. Three years more, and that mother was dead, having committed her daughter to the care of her unnatural father. To gain some mitigation of his harshness she was compelled to write to him confessing her disobedience in clinging to the faith of her mother, to abjure the authority of the Bishop of Rome, and to acknowledge that the so-called marriage between her father and mother was illegal,

contrary to the divine law, and utterly void. During Edward's nominal reign she was subjected to a thousand petty annoyances on account of her religion.

In person she narrowly escaped deformity. Her stature was short. Her figure above the waist was shrunken from continued ill health; below the waist it was bloated from a constitutional tendency to dropsy. Her forehead was broad and overhanging; her cheeks thin and pinched. Her eyes were bright, but her near-sightedness gave them an unpleasant appearance. Her voice was deep and harsh, like that of a man. Her talents were respectable. She had much of the firmness which belonged to her Tudor blood, and the impetuosity of her Spanish descent was aggravated by the peculiar nature of the disease from which she had long suffered. She had most of the accomplishments of her times. She spoke English, French, Spanish, and Latin, and read Italian, embroidered skillfully, and played well upon the lute.

By the 19th of July the Duke of Northumberland, still at Cambridge, learned through a private messenger what had taken place at London. He went to the market-cross, accompanied by Sandys, vice-chancellor of the university, and announced that in taking up arms against Mary he had acted under orders from the council, who had changed their minds, and that he would also change his; and, flinging up his cap, he shouted, "Long live Queen Mary!" To Sandys he said that the queen was a merciful person, and there would be a general pardon. "Though the queen should grant you a pardon," replied Sandys, "the lords never will." An hour after the proclamation of Mary a herald arrived with an order from the council for the arrest of Northumberland.* In the morning the university met in the senate-house to depose their heretical vice-chancellor. Sandys tried to speak, but was pulled from his chair. He drew his dagger, but was disarmed, lashed to the back of a lame horse, and taken to London. He, however, lived through the persecution, and under Elizabeth became Archbishop of York.

The insurrection had been so easily quelled that there was little excuse for harsh measures. Over a hundred persons were put under arrest, among whom was Ridley, who had preached a violent sermon against Mary at St. Paul's Cross. Northumberland, of course, must be brought to trial, but Mary meant to spare his life; and as for the Lady Jane, she said that justice would not permit that an innocent person should suffer for the crimes of others. Her foremost desire was now to bring back her kingdom to communion with the Church of Rome, and she thought that this might be effected without violence. In this she found herself mistaken. The people, especially the populace of London, were not ripe for the public celebration of the mass; and the queen was made to understand this in a singular manner.

August came, and the body of Edward lay still unburied in the apartment where he had died almost a month before. Mary resolved to have the obsequies celebrated with all the rites of the Church, including a public mass for the repose of his soul. The council feared the open celebration of Catholic rites would lead to tumult. Simon Renard, the astute minister of the Emperor Charles V., sided with them. He represented that Edward had died a heretic, and the funeral services of the Church were only for her faithful children. Let him have the funeral of a heretic in Westminster Abbey; the queen need take no part, and, if she chose, could have private masses said for him in the Tower. So he was buried with the forms of the English Church, Cranmer officiating, this being the last public act of the latter as Archbishop of Canterbury. In the Tower a requiem was sung and mass said by Gardiner, the reinstated Bishop of Winchester. Even this excited discontent. Men began to murmur that if religion were to be interfered with, it might be well to have Northumberland out of prison. The reformed preachers sounded the alarm, and inflammatory placards were posted up in the streets. The haughty Tudor blood of Mary was roused, and she resolved to go on in the way in which she had begun. The rights of the Church should be restored, and its public ceremonies celebrated to the exclusion of all others. The people seemed resolved this should not be done. By the middle of August the kingdom seemed set against the restoration of popery. Catholic services could be held at St. Paul's Cross only under the protection of a military guard. In a week all this was changed, and through the weakness of one man.

On August 18 the Duke of Northumberland and six others were brought to trial. All were convicted of high treason; but it was resolved that only the duke, Sir John Gates, and Sir Thomas Palmer should be put to death. Northumberland had been noted as a brave soldier by sea and land. But here he broke down. He had begged for mercy when first arrested; and when sentenced he entreated for a few days' respite, that by the aid of a confessor he might prepare for death. If he could see

* Lord Northumberland had, for his own ends, been prominent politically as a Protestant leader. Froude says, "Had the Reformation been, as he pretended, the true concern of the Duke of Northumberland, he would have brought Mary back himself, bound by conditions which in her present danger she would have accepted. But Northumberland cared as little for religion as for any other good thing."

some member of the council, he would communicate important information. Gardiner went to him both as confessor and as member of the council. The duke assured him that he had always been a true Catholic, and had never believed a word of all the doctrines for which he had been so zealous. "Let me live but a little longer," he implored, "that I may do penance for my sins." The queen was still inclined to spare his life, but was met by a protest from the Spanish minister in the name of his master. Those of the prisoners who were to be spared were kept in ignorance of the mercy reserved for them. On August 21 they were all brought to the chapel of the Tower, where they heard mass, made their confessions, and received the sacrament. Then Northumberland rose and said: "Truly, good people, I profess before you all that I have received the sacrament according to the true Catholic faith; and the plague that is upon the realm and that is upon us now is that we have erred from the faith these sixteen years, and this I protest unto you all from the bottom of my heart."

They were then led out. But the duke made one more vain attempt to save his life. He wrote an abject appeal to Arundel, who now stood high in the queen's favor: "Alas, my lord, is my crime so heinous as no redemption but my blood can wash away the spots thereof? An old proverb there is, and that most true, 'A living dog is better than a dead lion.' Oh that it would please her good Grace to give me life, yea, the life of a dog, if I might but live and kiss her feet and spend both life and all in her service!" All in vain. What Sandys had told him was true. The lords in council, who had been his accomplices, had no mercy for him. The next day he was brought to the block. Before the axe fell he protested that his rebellion was owing to the false preachers who had led him away from the Catholic faith, and exhorted the spectators to turn at once to the Church, in which from the bottom of his heart he had always believed, and in which he now died.

The recantation of its leader seemed a death-blow to the Reformed faith. What could others say when he thus disavowed all that he and they had maintained? The Catholics were exultant. God, they said, had visited his people, and Mary, the virgin queen, had been set upon the throne for their redemption. And all England seemed to have become Catholic in a day: Catholic, that is, after a fashion, but yet far from papistical.

As yet there had been nothing which can fairly be called persecution for religion. Many Protestant preachers had, indeed, been arrested, but the charge was for seditious, not for heretical, utterances. Ridley was already in custody on account of his St. Paul's Cross sermon; Latimer was brought before the council, and his demeanor was adjudged to be seditious, and he was sent to the Tower. Probably the blunt old man spoke his mind plainly enough. Cranmer had not been molested at all, and it began to be said that he was about to conform to the Church. He put forth a letter denying this, and offered, if the queen would grant him leave, that he would prove that "the mass in many things not only hath no foundation of Christ, His apostles, nor the primitive church, but also is contrary to the same, and containeth many horrible blasphemies." He was summoned before the council, charged with an attempt to excite sedition, and committed to the Tower.

The people wished Mary to marry, and that her husband should be an Englishman; but, as it happened, there were but two living Englishmen who could be thought of as fit to be her husband. What with the wars of the Roses and subsequent executions, there were but these two who had in their veins a saving drop of the royal Plantagenet blood —Reginald Pole and Lord Edward Courtenay. The former was over fifty years of age, and the latter was despised by the queen.

In considering the question of her marriage, Mary's thoughts naturally turned toward her Spanish kinsmen. Charles V., from political motives, was desirous of a matrimonial alliance with England. He had, indeed, thought of marrying Mary himself, but he was growing old, was infirm, and was already meditating abdication. So he fixed upon his son Philip, and in this he was ably seconded by Renard. Mary says she had never known what it was that men call love. She listened to Renard's constant praises of Philip as a woman approaching forty listens to her first proposal of marriage.

One day she called Renard to her apartment, a single attendant being present. Upon an altar was the consecrated wafer, which she always invoked as her protector, guide, and counselor. She had, she said, passed days and nights before it, imploring the Divine guidance in the matter of her marriage. The three flung themselves on their knees before the altar and sang the *Veni, Creator*. As the chant closed, Mary was assured from within that a Divine message was vouchsafed to her. The prince of Spain had been chosen by Heaven as the spouse of the virgin queen, and all man's malice should never keep them asunder: if miracles were required to give him to her arms, miracles would not be wanting.

Man's power did, indeed, set itself against the fulfillment of her passion. She and Philip were within the degrees of consanguinity prohibited by the Church, and a papal dispensation would be necessary for

the union; and even Gardiner feared that the people would not then consent to submit such a matter to the papal see. He advised her to marry Courtenay, send Elizabeth to the Tower, and proceed to extirpate heresy. The House of Commons presented an almost menacing petition. Let her marry an Englishman, and then, with God's grace, there would soon be an heir born of the union. Paget, another of the council, thought that it would be dangerous to meddle with Elizabeth; and, since Mary was bent upon Philip, the best way would be to acknowledge Elizabeth as heir-presumptive, marry her to Courtenay, give assurance that there should be no tampering with the succession, no restoring the papal supremacy, and no restoration of the lands which had been wrested from the Church; this done, there would be no difficulty in the queen's marrying whom she pleased.

But Mary was now fully resolved, with all her Tudor persistency, that she would marry Philip, that the power of the Catholic Church and of the Pope as its head should be as unlimited in England as it was in Spain, and that the hated daughter of a hated mother should never be Queen of England. If she herself should die childless, the crown should go rather to the Scottish line—say, to the Countess of Lennox, who was now directed to assume court precedence of Elizabeth. But her marriage with Philip would set all things right. Heaven would bless her with a son, whose advent would remove any pretensions of others. With the aid of God and of Spain heresy would be set aside, and the Church restored to all its rights. But it was well to bring Cranmer to his deserts, and to have at hand the means of forestalling any danger that might threaten from Lady Jane Grey and from the Dudleys.

Early in November Cranmer, Lady Jane, her husband, and his two brothers were tried for high treason, found guilty, and sentenced to death. Mary still meant to spare the life of Lady Jane,* and perhaps of the Dudleys; but Cranmer should be executed at once. But here ecclesiastical law interfered to prevent the execution of the civil sentence. Until the archbishop had been degraded by apostolic sentence he could not suffer at the hands of a secular tribunal. The execution must be delayed until Pole arrived as papal legate. Meanwhile, on November 8, came the formal offer from the emperor of the hand of his son, and a prompt answer, yes or no, was required. The council were in session in an adjacent room. Mary rushed in and demanded their consent. They were taken by surprise, had no time for consultation, and no one singly had the courage to thwart the queen. Something was said which she took for an assent, and, with a joyful face, she came out and told the Spanish embassador that the answer was yes.

The queen thereupon summoned the Commons to her presence, and told them that she would marry as God should direct her choice, and that direction had been already pronounced in favor of Philip. Never was bride more anxious than Mary for the speedy consummation of her nuptials. Christmas had almost come before the final terms of the treaty had been settled, and Ash-Wednesday that year fell on February 6. There is no marrying during Lent, and unless Philip came before that time, there must be a delay of forty days. Renard assured the queen that the prince should be in her arms before Septuagesima. But before that time events happened which kept back the bridegroom for six months.

New-Year's of 1554 had hardly come and gone before a great conspiracy broke out. It was directed mainly against the Spanish marriage, and comprised the Dudleys, the Duke of Suffolk (father of Lady Jane Grey), the Marquis of Northampton, and many country gentlemen, notable among whom was Sir Thomas Wyatt. The first thing was to get rid of Mary; the next appears to have been left to be decided by circumstances. One idea was that Elizabeth was to marry Courtenay and be placed on the throne; another was that Lady Jane should be made queen; another was that if the aid of France was required, it should be purchased by acknowledging the claims of Mary, Queen of Scots. Mary at first took the matter lightly. If Philip would only come, and come before Lent, all would go well. But the insurrection soon assumed formidable proportions, and early in February Wyatt came near making himself master of London, which would have been decisive. But the rising had fared ill in other quarters. Suffolk was captured, after hiding two wintry days and a night, without food, in a hollow tree. Wyatt's force was dispersed, and himself made prisoner. Mary had triumphed once more. All the latent ferocity of her Tudor blood was aroused. She would never again be exposed to such a risk. The house of Grey should be destroyed, Lady Jane with her kindred, for so long as she lived to furnish a rallying point for insurrection, Philip would never venture to England. She was forthwith brought to the block. Her story is one of the most pathetic in English history. Even the cold-blooded Hume is warmed in relating it. Prompt vengeance was meted out to those who had borne part in the rising. In a few hours a hundred corpses were dangling from gibbets in St. Paul's Church-yard, on Lon-

* The emperor and his minister Renard had from the first urged the execution of Lady Jane Grey. See Froude, vol. vi., p. 60 (Am. ed.).

don Bridge, and at Charing Cross. "At all cross-ways and in all thoroughfares," wrote the French embassador, "the eye is met with the hideous spectacle of hanging men." Week after week commissioners were busy trying prisoners, who were hurried to the gallows, while the jails were crowded with those awaiting trial.

Mary was resolved upon the death of Elizabeth. The latter had been ill, but as soon as she could be removed was brought to London. She was shut up in the Palace of Whitehall, while Gardiner occupied himself in hunting up evidence against her. The emperor forwarded to Mary full dispensations from the Pope for her marriage, with a pressing urgency for the death of Elizabeth. Mary now needed little urging. She said that she knew Elizabeth was guilty; the proofs were every day accumulating, and she would insist that justice should be meted out to her. She could hardly sleep, so ardent was her longing for the safe arrival of Philip. But still no proofs upon which the council dared to act were forthcoming against Elizabeth, and she was placed under harsh custody at Woodstock, where she remained a year.

Months passed, but still no Philip crossed the sea. Not even a word from his hand came to the waiting queen. The trials of the last half year began to tell heavily upon her. She grew ill with hysterical longings. If she heard of the arrival of merchants or sailors, she would send for them and question them. Some said that the prince had little heart for this business in England; some told her that the French fleets were guarding the Channel to intercept him in crossing. She would start from her bed at night terrified by her imaginations.

On the 19th of April came tidings that Philip was actually on his way with a gallant train of Spanish nobles. Escorted by six thousand soldiers, he had set out for the coast. Early in July the fleet of a hundred and fifty vessels sailed from Corunna. The voyage was a long and tedious one. The prince and all on board were terribly seasick. As they neared the English coast, orders were given that no salute even should be fired, for fear of bringing down upon them the French cruisers. On the 19th of July the white cliffs of England were sighted, and on the next day the great flotilla was safely anchored off Southampton, where, or at the neighboring Winchester, whither the queen had come to meet him, were gathered almost the entire nobility of England; for, since the marriage was to be, they determined to give a meet reception to the husband of their sovereign. Philip's party remained at Southampton over Sunday to recover from the fatigues of the voyage. Then, in the midst of a drenching rain, he and his escort set out on horseback for Winchester, where they arrived, wet and bedraggled, just before sunset. Philip went first to the cathedral, where the choir chanted a solemn *Te Deum laudamus*, and then proceeded to the deanery, where he meant to pass the night. But the queen, who was at the bishop's palace hard by, could not wait till morning, and Philip was summoned to meet Mary for the first time.

What he saw has been already described; only during the year she had grown more haggard in face, in form. What she thought she saw was the embodiment of all her overwrought fancies. What others saw was a personable young man below middle height, of good, erect figure, with reddish hair and beard, not uncomely in face, were it not for the coarse protruding jaw of his Burgundian ancestors. It required thirty years for him to fit himself to be the original from whom Motley has painted his matchless word-portrait: "A small, elderly, imperfectly educated, patient, plodding invalid, with white hair and protruding under-jaw and dreary visage, sitting every day, seldom speaking, never smiling, seven or eight hours every twenty-four, at a writing-table covered with heaps of innumerable dispatches, in a cabinet far away beyond the seas and mountains, in the very heart of Spain;" scrawling upon those innumerable dispatches memoranda which were to consign to the sword, to the stake, to famine, and to pestilence tens of thousands of men, women, and children in the far-off Netherlands, a quarter of the breadth of Europe away. Of all those tens of thousands not one endured a tenth of the torture which Philip was to endure during the last months of his life; and not one of them bore his torments with more patience, or made, as ecclesiastics held, a more godly and edifying end. He was tortured by the gout so that the very touch of a linen sheet upon his hands or feet gave him intolerable agony. Like Herod of old, he was eaten up alive by worms.

The formal marriage between Philip and Mary was celebrated with all pomp two days afterward. They had been previously married by proxy. Mary had gained one desire of her heart, and partially gained the other. Catholic orthodoxy had been measurably restored, but her subjects had not been brought back to the unity of the fold. The kingdom was still schismatical and under the papal ban. Mary therefore bent herself to the restoration of the papal supremacy, involving in the future, if not at the moment, all that this implied; among other things the power of the ecclesiastical courts to pronounce civil punishment, which the secular arm must enforce.

The first thing to be done was to effect a formal reconciliation with the papal see, and the great obstacle to this was that the

new Pope, Julius III., was loath to formally give up the right to reclaim the abbey lands which had been wrested from the Church. But the political affairs of the papacy demanded that this sacrifice should be made, at least for the present; and the Pope finally consented. Pole, after long waiting, was empowered to go to England, with authority to promise all that was required, and to grant the papal absolution to the schismatical English. He came at a fortunate time, for the people were elated by reports that the queen was in a condition which promised the birth of an heir.

The legate set out from Brussels on November 13, going by land to Calais, where he embarked on the 19th for England, and in a few hours landed at Dover, whence he proceeded to London.

The king and queen were at dinner. Philip sprang from the table, hurried to the gate, and caught the legate in his arms. Mary received him at the head of the grand staircase, embraced him, declaring that his coming gave her as much joy as the possession of her kingdom. The courtly cardinal responded in Latin, "*Ave, Maria, gratia plena, benedicta tu in mulieribus.*" Then, after an earnest colloquy, he said that his coming had by Divine Providence been postponed until the time had arrived when he could say to her, "Blessed be the fruit of thy womb."

At that moment—so Mary said, and so she always believed—came to pass what had taken place when the aged Elizabeth, in the same words, greeted the Virgin Mother undefiled. The child leaped within her. Not a moment was lost in making public the glad tidings. The council gave orders that a *Te Deum* should be sung that evening in every church in London; and the next day being Sunday, all pulpits rang with this crowning testimony of Heaven to the Catholic faith. On Monday came a courier from Rome bearing the briefs by which the Pope formally relinquished the last of the reservations which stood in the way of the reconciliation.

Three days later, the solemn ceremonies of reconciliation were opened. Both Houses of Parliament were convened at Whitehall. Philip and Mary were seated under a canopy of state, the legate on their right. It was observed that the queen took special care to make her supposed condition as conspicuous as possible. The chancellor presented Pole as embassador from the apostolic see, charged with a weighty mission which he would himself explain. Pole then made a long address, closing with the announcement that he came with the full powers of the keys to lock and unlock; he had come to build, not to destroy; he was not to call in question any thing that had already been done; all matters of the past should be as things cast into the sea of forgetfulness. "But," he concluded, "you can not receive the benefit and grace offered from the apostolic see until you have abrogated the laws whereby you have disjoined and dissevered yourselves from the unity of Christ's Church." Parliament retired to deliberate. Next day the Lords and Commons were convened at Westminster to vote separately upon the question whether they should return to the apostolic see. In the Lords there was no opposition. Among the 360 Commons there were two dissentients. One voted silently; the other, Sir Ralph Bagenal, said that great and worthy prince, King Henry, had for twenty years labored to expel the Pope from England. He had sworn to King Henry's laws, and would keep his oath. The forms of procedure were then agreed upon.

The next day—St. Andrew's Day—after high mass in Westminster Abbey, Parliament assembled at the palace, where the papal legate pronounced the absolution.

When by speedy messenger the tidings reached Rome, they were greeted with artillery salvos from the Castle of St. Angelo, with jubilees and indulgences, with illuminations and bonfires, with masses of the Holy Ghost and pardons. Pope Julius sent a nuncio to urge that in view of this great salvation the emperor and the King of France should make peace, and the Catholic powers, at one with each other, could then trample out heresy and put down the infidels.

Gardiner had as yet failed to secure the passage of special laws for the punishment of heresy. But these were brought again before Parliament early in December, and, not without strenuous opposition, the Lollard statute of Henry IV., *De Heretico Comburendo* (for the burning of heretics), was restored on the 15th. The bishops' courts also regained their old power of arbitrary arrest and discretionary punishment. The life and person of every Protestant were now in the hands of the Catholic bishops, and at the head of these were the unscrupulous Gardiner, of Winchester, the brutal Bonner, of London, and the fanatical Pole, to be made Archbishop of Canterbury as soon as Cranmer should be disposed of. A general amnesty was now proclaimed for all past political offenses. The surviving prisoners of Wyatt's conspiracy were set at liberty, and exclusive attention was given to the work of saving souls after the manner of the Spanish Inquisition. On January 28, 1555, the cardinal-legate put forth his first general instructions, to the effect that authority had been restored to the ecclesiastical courts to proceed against the enemies of the faith, and to punish them according to law. This day is the proper commencement of the Marian persecution.

On that day Gardiner, Bonner, and four other prelates formed a court at St. Mary

Overy's Church, in Southwark, and cited before them Hooper, and John Rogers, a canon of St. Paul's, who was to be the first martyr. They were required to make their submission within four-and-twenty hours. As they left the court, Hooper said to Rogers, "Come, Brother Rogers, must we two take this matter first in hand, and fry these fagots?"

"Yea, Sir, with God's grace," replied Rogers.

Being called into court the next day, they refused to recant, and were sentenced to the stake, the day of execution to be fixed at the queen's pleasure. Five weeks passed, when, on February 4, Rogers was roused from sleep and told that Bonner was waiting to degrade him from the priesthood, and then he was to be burned, all of which was done. Hooper had been sentenced at the same time with Rogers, but as he had been Bishop of Gloucester, he was to suffer in that city, "which he had infected with his pernicious doctrines." He was taken thither, and burned on the 9th. The untrained provincial executioners bungled in their work, and unintentionally prolonged his agonies. At the same hour Rowland Taylor was burned at Aldham, in Suffolk; on the day before, Laurence Sandars had been roasted at Coventry. In Gardiner's first batch of prisoners there had been six clergymen of note. Of these four had now suffered. Bradford had been sentenced, but was respited; Cardmaker, prebendary of Wells, had flinched and made his submission. Both, however, came afterward to the stake.

Gardiner and Bonner now paused in their executions, probably to see how the matter would be received. They, however, made numerous arrests, confining themselves to men of no note. Renard, after studying the popular feeling, advised more moderate measures; and Philip, thinking it politic to clear himself of responsibility, caused his chaplain to preach a sermon in the royal presence in which he denounced the executions and inveighed against the tyranny of the bishops. The lords of the council "talked strangely." Philip, who had grown weary of Mary, thought of going home, and Renard begged not to be left behind, for his life would not be safe.

But the plans of wise men, who were turning their thoughts toward Elizabeth, were set at naught by the premature exposure of an ill-judged conspiracy, by which placards were to be issued simultaneously all over the kingdom setting forth that the queen's alleged pregnancy was a delusion, and that a supposititious child was to be foisted upon the nation. The people were to be summoned to rise in arms, drive out the Spaniards, tear down the inclosures of the common lands, and proclaim Courtenay as king under the title of Edward VII. In such a wild agrarian scheme the lords and men of substance could bear no part, and there was nothing for them to do but to keep quiet and await the course of events. Renard took new heart, and urged Philip to remain in England.

Before Easter the executions of heretics were renewed, and before April was over sixteen persons had been sent to the stake. Among these were a weaver, a butcher, a barber, an apprentice boy, a gentleman, and Robert Ferrars, an upright, whimsical man, who had been Bishop of St. David's during the early part of the reign of Edward VI., had been thrown into prison by Northumberland, where he remained unnoticed and forgotten until the beginning of the persecution. Then there was another pause in the burnings.

Julius III. had died near the close of March, and Cardinal Pole was an unsuccessful candidate for the papal chair; but Marcellus Cervino, Cardinal of St. Cross, was elected. His pontificate lasted only three weeks, and Pole once more put himself forward in vain. Cardinal Caraffa was chosen, and took the name of Paul IV. But in the mean time Pole thought he saw an opportunity of accomplishing a great work—no less than that England should mediate a peace between France and the empire. A place for the assemblage of the envoys of the three powers was fixed upon near Calais, and the meeting was to take place just after the time when the child of Mary—which, it was assumed, could be no other than a son—was expected to be born.

On the 20th of April Mary withdrew to Hampton Court, where she might in quiet await her hour of trial. A cradle was ready for the expected babe; nurses and rockers were provided; litanies were sung in the streets of London; a grand procession of ecclesiastics, headed by Philip and Gardiner, paraded around the palace, the queen looking at them from a window. Circulars were ready written, to be sent to bishops, embassadors, and sovereign princes, announcing the happy birth of a prince, blanks to be filled up being left for the date. On the 30th what seemed the labors of childbirth began. A message was at once sent to London. *Te Deums* were sung, and bonfires ready for lighting were piled up in the streets. Tidings were sent to Antwerp, which were taken to announce the actual birth. The great bell was set ringing, and salutes were fired from the vessels in the river.

The pains soon passed away. But Mary had no misgivings. The physicians assured her that all was as it should be; and the litanies, prayings, and processions still went on in London streets. So day after day wore on, but no child appeared. The peace conference could be put off no longer. It

met, and separated without result. By-and-by it began to be suspected that the queen had been mistaken as to her condition. Her women became convinced that her case was one of dropsy, but dared not tell her so. All through the month of May the poor woman lay in her room waiting for what was never to be. She imagined that for some fault of hers the Almighty had delayed the fulfillment of His promise. It must be that she, on her part, had failed to exterminate His avowed enemies. Hardly a score of heretics had been burned, and the realm swarmed with them. On the 24th of May she wrote a circular to quicken the flagging zeal of the bishops.

This circular did its work. In the next three months fifty persons were brought to the stake in the dioceses of London, of Rochester, and in that of Canterbury, really that of Pole, though nominally administered by Harpsfield, his archdeacon. Among these sufferers was Cardmaker, who had been among the first arrested, but had saved his life by recantation. He was now brought to a new trial, was again offered his pardon upon a new recantation; but he stood firm, and suffered.

Burnt-offerings were as useless as prayers to bring forth the long-expected child. For a little longer the queen flattered herself with the imagination that she had merely mistaken her time by a couple of months, but all others knew that neither now nor ever could she become a mother. The hope of a direct heir being given up, it remained to consider the succession again; and the queen, sorely against her will, was forced to think of Elizabeth, who had before been brought from Woodstock to Hampton Court, but had never seen her sister. Early in July word was sent to the princess that the queen wished to see her in her apartments, and the sisters met for the first time in two years. Elizabeth protested that she had been guilty of no wrong, and Mary pretended to be convinced, but muttered to herself in Spanish, "*Sabe Dios*" (God knows). Elizabeth was set nominally at liberty, but was not suffered to remain at court, and was closely watched.

Philip was no sooner perfectly assured that no child was to be born to him than he announced that he was about to visit the Netherlands. The emperor, his father, was about to lay down the double crown, and Spain and the Netherlands were to fall to him. He must go, but would return in two or three weeks. The parting took place on the 28th of August, 1555. Mary was not long in learning that her husband was indulging in promiscuous and vulgar amours. She sank into the deepest melancholy, falling little, if at all, short of insanity. Her religion, such as it had now become, was her sole consolation, and Pole became the only adviser in whom she would trust. Under the direction of this enthusiast and dreamer, the persecution received new vigor. Even Bonner required to be spurred on in the work.

Why the three bishops, Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, had been left so long in prison at Oxford, otherwise unmolested, has never been satisfactorily explained. But at length they were to feel the full force of ecclesiastical law. On the 7th of September a commission appointed by Pole met in St. Mary's Church, Oxford, for their trial. The details need not here be given. Their condemnation was predetermined. Latimer, now fourscore years old, and Ridley were easily disposed of. They were formally condemned on the 30th, but their execution was postponed for a space in the hope that they might be brought to save their souls by recantation. A Spanish friar was appointed to convert them. But one of them would not even see him, and upon the other his arguments produced no effect. They were burned October 15, and Cranmer from his window was a spectator of the sufferings of his friends.

By canon law one who has received the archiepiscopal *pallium* can only be condemned by the Apostolical Court. Cranmer was therefore cited to appear at Rome within eighty days to answer the charges there to be brought against him. But he was all the time to be kept in prison at Oxford. On the 14th of December a mock trial was instituted at Rome. The report of the examination at Oxford was put in evidence, and it is said that counsel on both sides were heard. Pope Paul IV. pronounced the final sentence, to the effect that Thomas Cranmer, Archbishop of Canterbury, having been accused by his sovereigns of divers crimes and misdemeanors: it having been proved against him that he had followed the teachings of John Wycliffe and Martin Luther of accursed memory, that he had published books containing matters of heresy, and still obstinately persisted in those erroneous opinions: he was therefore declared to be anathema, sentenced to be deprived of his office, and having been degraded, to be delivered over to the secular arm.

The decision did not reach England till February 14, 1556, and Bonner and another bishop were sent down to Oxford to finish the affair. Bonner performed the work of degradation with such characteristic brutality that he was rebuked by his colleague. Cranmer's robe was stripped off and his hair clipped. Bonner, having scraped the finger points which the consecrating oil had touched, cried out, "Now are you lord no longer!" The deposed prelate, clad in a beadle's threadbare robe and a tradesman's cap, was then led away.

Pole addressed to him a bitter letter, charging him with all his offenses, viewed from a Catholic point of view. If he was to speak in his own name, it should be only to God, whom he would pray to consume him with fire from heaven. But speaking as the representative of the Church, he exhorted Cranmer to come back to light and life, and earn the forgiveness of God; but if he persisted in his vain opinions, then might God have mercy upon him.

Cranmer broke down. Physically timid, he shrank back from the stake.* The day after his degradation he sent a submission to the queen; then he recalled it, only to write a new one. Then he was plied with all sorts of temptations. He wrote a third, a fourth, a fifth submission, each more explicit than the preceding. In the last he went so far as to anathematize the doctrines of Luther and Zwingli, accepted the Pope as the head of the Church, acknowledged the real presence, the seven sacraments, and purgatory, and implored the prayers of all faithful Christians that those whom he had led away might be brought back to the true fold.

For a month he was left to his own reflections, and then a paper was presented him to sign, in which he acknowledged himself guilty of all the charges embodied in Pole's bitter letter. He was a blasphemer, a persecutor; he had sinned against King Henry and his wife; he was the cause of the divorce, from which had sprung up all the heresy, schism, and crime of the kingdom; he had denied the presence of his Maker in the consecrated elements; he had deceived the living, and robbed the souls of the dead in stealing from them their masses; he prayed the Pope, the king, and the queen to pardon him; he prayed God to pardon him as He had pardoned Mary Magdalene and the thief upon the cross.

All this he had done, and had done it all in vain. He was told that he must die, and that the only grace to be accorded to him was that he might at his death repeat to the people the recantation which he had made, and to which his hand had affixed his name. It must have been believed that he was sincere in his recantation, and would persist in it.

The 21st of March was appointed for the execution. It was intended that the public recantation should be made at the stake. But the morning was wild and stormy, and the ceremony was adjourned to St. Mary's Church. Cole, prebendary of Ely, mounted the pulpit, and proceeded to deliver a discourse. He gave some reasons why the queen and council had decided that Cranmer should die, notwithstanding his recantation, adding that there were others "which it were not meet and convenient for every one to understand." After exhorting the people to take warning from the example before them, he turned to Cranmer, assuring him that since he had so manifestly repented, he, like the penitent thief, would that day be in paradise; a dirge should be sung for him in every church in Oxford, and masses said for the repose of his soul. "And now, Master Cranmer," he concluded, "I pray you that you will perform what you promised not long ago: that you would openly express the true and undoubted profession of your faith."

"I will do so," replied Cranmer.

He began a quiet discourse, beseeching the prayers of all good Christians, whom he exhorted not to unduly love the world, but to love and serve God, the king, and the queen; to live with each other like brethren and sisters; to exercise charity and alms-giving. "And now," he went on, "I declare unto you my very faith, without color or dissimulation; for now it is no time to dissemble: I believe in God the Father Almighty, Maker of heaven and earth; in every article of the Catholic faith; every word and sentence taught by our Saviour Christ, His apostles and prophets in the Old and New Testament. And now I come to the great thing that troubleth my conscience more than any other thing that I ever said or did in my life; and that is the setting abroad of writings contrary to the truth, which here I now renounce and refuse as things written with my hand contrary to the truth which I thought in my heart—"

Now surely was coming the full and ample recantation and acknowledgment that he had been not only a heretic, but a hypocrite all his life long since he had fallen into schism. What must have been the astonishment of the audience when the sentence was concluded!

—"And written for fear of death, to save my life if it might be: and that is, all such bills and papers as I have written and signed with my hand since my degradation, wherein I have written many things untrue; and forasmuch as my hand offended in writing contrary to my heart, my hand shall therefore first be punished; for if I may come to the fire, it shall be the first burned. As for

* The immediately subsequent conduct of Cranmer can only be explained by the fact that the protraction of his trial, and the pressure brought to bear upon what Froude terms his "many-sided susceptible nature," had resulted in both physical and mental prostration. Pole, in his letter, too, had held out the false hope of pardon. It should be remembered that the archbishop might at an earlier period have escaped his doom by flight, but disdained such an evasion. At last his spirit gave way, and the first step toward submission having been taken, farther confessions were easily extorted. Froude not unaptly compares Cranmer's conduct with Peter's denial of his Master. "The apostle, though forewarned, denied his Master on the first alarm of danger; yet that Master, who knew his nature in its strength and infirmity, chose him for the rock on which He would build His Church."—Ed. Harper.

the Pope, I utterly refuse him, as Christ's enemy and antichrist, with all his false doctrine; and as for the sacrament, I believe as I have taught in my book against the Bishop of Winchester."

He would have gone on, but from the throng, who had been bewildered by a conclusion so unexpected, rose cries of "Pull him down!" "Stop his mouth!" "Away with him!" He was violently seized and dragged away to the stake, a quarter of a mile off, on the very spot where Latimer and Ridley had borne such good witness, and where such different words had been expected from Cranmer. Brief work was made there. He approached the stake with a cheerful countenance, undressed himself in haste, and stood only in his shirt. There was even then a little urging that he should recant; but Lord Williams, who superintended the execution, cried out, "Make short! make short!" The wood was dry, and the pile, well built, was soon ablaze; but before the flames reached the body, Cranmer stretched out his right arm into them, saying, "This was the hand that wrote it, and therefore it shall first suffer punishment."

Stephen Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester, Chancellor of England, died while the proceedings against Cranmer were in progress. He was by far the ablest minister whom Mary ever had. He was the originator of the Marian persecution, and was held to be its executor, but he really had little to do with it after the first blow had been struck. He sent Rogers and Hooper to the stake, and would doubtless have been glad to have consigned Elizabeth to the block. He was ready to do almost any thing to extirpate heresy, but he would not stoop to search for heretics in a butcher's shop or a servants' hall; that he left for Pole and Bonner. For many years he had held high posts under Henry VIII.; he was imprisoned for five years under Edward VI.; and men who have been in jail for points of faith are not apt there to learn lessons of charity toward their opponents, to be put in practice when they are released and placed in power. He was unscrupulous and vindictive, but bold and far-sighted. A kind of epitaph was written for him, intended, it is said, to have been said at York by way of special grace at the accession of Elizabeth. The conclusion was: "*Mortuus est, et sepultus est, et descendit ad inferos.* Let us say no more about him."

The year 1556 opened gloomily for Mary. The harvest of the preceding year had been a failure, and there was a growing scarcity of food. Wild conspiracies were formed at home and fomented abroad. Rapine and lawlessness grew rampant, and the ferocity of the government kept even pace with the turbulence of the people. Along the Thames were rows of gibbets, from which hung in chains the bodies of pirates. Sixty persons were sentenced to be hanged together at Oxford. There was a settled suspicion that Philip was coming over with an army to overthrow the liberties of England. One of the council went over to urge him to come back unattended, so as to dispel the alarm. The messenger returned only with a letter from Philip to the queen, at the receipt of which she seemed to grow ten years older in a day. The French embassador wrote to his sovereign that Mary was in a constant rage because she could enjoy neither the society of her husband nor the love of her people, and was afraid that her life would be attempted by her own attendants.

All these evils were attributed to the wrath of Heaven, and the cause of this wrath must be the wrongs which the Church still suffered. The abbey property in the hands of individuals could not be restored to its rightful owners, but the crown could restore so much as remained in its hands; and this began to be done. Above all, more strenuous efforts must be made for the extirpation of heresy. So the persecution was pushed on more furiously. On April 23 six men were burned at Smithfield; on the 26th, six more at Colchester; on May 15 two men, one old and the other blind, at Stratford-le-Bow, where on June 27 eleven men and two women were burned in the presence of 20,000 spectators. On August 20 twenty-three men and women, all tied together, were haled from Colchester to London to be burned; but as they were paraded through the streets, so great was the tumult that even Bonner was aghast. He wrote to Pole for directions. The council, "not without good consideration," decided that it would be perilous to let the executions take place, and the prisoners were let go upon easy terms of submission; but several of them were subsequently re-arrested and put to death. Pole, in a pastoral letter, took the citizens of London to charge for their sympathy with the heretics. "Whereas," he wrote, "you have sore offended God by giving favor to heretics, now temper your favor under such manner that if you can convert them by any ways unto the unity of the Church, then do it, for it is a great work of mercy. But if ye can not, and ye suffer or favor them, there can not be a work of greater cruelty against the commonwealth than to nourish or favor any such. For, be you assured, there is no kind of men so pernicious to the commonwealth as they be; there are no thieves, no murderers, no adulterers, nor no kind of treason to be compared to theirs, who, as it were, undermining the chief foundations of all commonwealths, which is religion, maketh an entry to all kinds of vices in the most heinous manner."

But the famine still lasted; and still, therefore, God was angry. The new year, 1557, opened with the appointment of a

commission, of which Bonner was the head, the special object of which was to find out those who circulated heretical books, who refused to attend mass, who would not walk in processions or use holy-water, or who in any way showed disrespect for the established religion. The commissioners were empowered to inquire at pleasure into the conduct and opinions of every man or woman in the kingdom. They were trammeled by no forms of law, and all magistrates and officers were commanded to assist them at their peril. Any three commissioners were sufficient to constitute a court, which might act at its option, either with or without a jury, and might call upon every clergyman to testify as to the habits and beliefs of every man or woman in his parish. Those who persisted in their heretical opinions were to be delivered up to their ordinary to be punished according to law; and by law such opinions might be punished by fine, imprisonment, or death. No Inquisition in Spain or the Netherlands ever had more ample power than this commission had in England.

The year 1558, the last which Mary was to see, opened hardly more favorably than the previous one. The harvests had, indeed, been abundant, and wheat, which had been held at fifty shillings a quarter, had fallen to four or five. Perhaps this might have been owing to the vigorous manner in which the commission had proceeded against heresy. But the war on the Continent was going on badly. In the first week of the year Calais, the last spot in France held by England, had been taken, and the great fleet which was to have recovered it was totally wrecked. Really the loss of Calais was a gain. It was of no value to England, and was a source of perpetual irritation to France. But the nation was mortified to the heart's core to lose the last of the great Continental conquests of the Plantagenets. Mary is reported to have said that when she was dead the name of Calais would be found inscribed on her heart.

As the weeks wore on there arose a great fear of an invasion from France, and strenuous preparations were needed to repel it. But the musters went on slackly. Derbyshire was set down for 1500 men; the Earl of Shrewsbury succeeded in raising 400 from among his own dependents; and the magistrates declared that owing to death, want, and the waste of means in the war of last year, the county could provide only a hundred more. The recruits disbanded themselves in Devonshire and mutinied in Lincolnshire. The ringleaders were hanged, but that did nothing to increase the force under arms. With the summer set in an epidemic of fever and ague; and after the death of Mary it was publicly asserted that, "with quartan agues and with such other long and new sicknesses in the last two years of the reign of Queen Mary, so many of her subjects was made away, what with the execution of sword and fire, what with sicknesses, that the third part of the men of England were consumed."

Philip had made a brief visit to England in the preceding year. He had left early in July. In the spring of this year Mary again fancied that she was to become a mother. She made her will in anticipation of the perils of childbirth, and wrote to her husband to come to her. But her delusion was soon dispelled, and her bitter disappointment was evinced, as before, by renewed assaults upon heresy.

One Bainbridge, in Hampshire, had been condemned, but when at the point of execution he proffered his submission. The sheriff reprieved him by his own authority, for, save in the case of Cranmer, pardon had always been offered till the last moment. The sheriff was speedily rebuked by the council: her Majesty could not but find it very strange that he had saved one condemned for heresy; the execution must proceed at once. Bainbridge was burned accordingly, but the sheriff was sent to the Fleet for his former clemency. In London the burnings went on with fresh vigor, and a proclamation was issued forbidding any one, under pain of death, to approach, speak to, or comfort heretics on the way to death. At a prayer-meeting in a field near the city thirteen persons were apprehended and brought before Bonner. Seven were burned together on June 28, but such was the indignation of the spectators that he did not dare to proceed to the trial of the other six in the city. He sent them to his own palace at Fulham, where they were tried, and burned privately at Brentford; and as if—so it was thought—to evince the Divine approval, on that very day a considerable naval victory was gained over the French. Early in November three men and two women, who had been presented by Pole to be visited with "condign punishment," were burned at Canterbury. These were the last victims of the Marian persecution; for within ten days, and almost at the same hour, the archbishop, its head, and the queen, its heart, were summoned before the tribunal of their Maker.

Early in November Philip was assured that Mary could live only a few days at most. He sent the Count de Feria over to her with a desire that she should put no obstacle in the way of the succession of Elizabeth, which was inevitable. Feria arrived on the 9th, and was admitted to an interview with the queen. Next to her desire for the firm establishment of the Catholic faith was that the hated daughter of a hated mother should not wear the English crown. But she now yielded to the inevi-

table. She even declared that she was "well content" that it should be as her husband wished, and only entreated of Elizabeth that her debts should be paid, and the Catholic religion be maintained. De Feria, after consulting with the council, hurried to Elizabeth, told her what had taken place, and assured her that her succession was secured, for his master had used his influence for her, and there was no fear of opposition from any quarter.

On the 14th one of the queen's ladies-in-waiting conveyed to Elizabeth the same requests which she had made through Feria, with the addition that her servants should be properly cared for. She then quietly prepared for her end. At midnight of the 16th she received the last rites of the Church. Mass was said at her bedside toward morning. When the Host was elevated she was too far gone to move or speak, but fixed her eyes upon the consecrated elements, which she believed to be the body of her Lord. As the closing words of the benediction were uttered, her head sunk, and all was over.

Mary had reigned a little more than five years, and in the last three of them she fell to a depth to which few have reached. She won for herself a name of infamy which will stand forever in men's speech. She will ever be styled "The Bloody Mary." Pity it is that the epithet can not be transferred from her in person to the principle of which she made herself in her day the exponent—the principle of persecution in the name of religion, be that religion true or false.

The Marian persecution was one of ineffable cruelty and atrocity—a cruelty and atrocity not to be measured by the number of its victims, but by the reason for which they were sacrificed. It was of all other persecutions a persecution solely and entirely for conscience' sake. Not one of its victims could by any stretch of ingenuity be considered as dangerous to the state.* The victims of Alva in the Netherlands belonged to a sect avowedly inimical to Spanish rule; they might be in a sort regarded as rebels against the government. The French Huguenots who perished in the dragonnades of Louis XIV. had been, as a sect, in arms against the king and his predecessors. The English Protestants who suffered under Mary only sought to worship God in the way they thought acceptable to Him. Protestants there were in the kingdom who might be dangerous to the government; but not one of these suffered at the stake, not one was even called in question by the ecclesiastical courts of Pole and Gardiner and Bonner. No earl, baron, or knight was interrogated by the inquisitorial commission. Almost nine-tenths of those who suffered belonged to those distinctively classed as "the common people," and two-thirds of these to the more humble portion of that class, and a third of the whole number were women and children. There are four or five lists, nearly agreeing, of those who suffered at the stake; the lowest list contains 270 names, the highest 290. Of these 5 were or had been bishops, 21 clergymen, 8 gentlemen, 84 tradesmen, about 100 husbandmen, laborers, and servants, 55 women, and 4 children; one of these was born while the mother was actually at the stake, and was tossed into the flames. Besides these there were about a hundred others who were "lamentably destroyed" by imprisonment, famine, and torment.

* "Although Pole and Mary could have laid their hands on earl and baron, knight and gentleman, whose heresy was notorious, although in the queen's own guard there were many who never listened to a mass, they durst not strike where there was danger that they would be struck in return. They went out into the highways and hedges; they gathered up the lame, the halt, and the blind; they took the weaver from his loom, the carpenter from his workshop, the husbandman from his plow; they laid hands on maidens and boys who had never heard of any other religion than that they were called on to abjure; old men tottering into the grave, and children whose lips could but just lisp the articles of their creed, and of these they made their burnt-offerings; with these they crowded their prisons, and when filth and famine killed them, they flung them out to rot. How long England would have endured the repetition of the horrid spectacle is hard to say."—*Froude*, close of Vol. vi.

THE LATTER DAYS.

STORMS have passed over us; the earth is changed;
Pale leaves now flutter in the dusky green;
In uplands where of old the wild bee ranged
A great wind sighs, "No more shall these be seen."
Therefore to hollows of the field I go,
To lowly places where the sun lies warm,
Where I can hear the voices from the farm,
The noonday cricket chirp, the cattle low.
I am content to let the seasons pass,
For still I feel there is some sheltered nook,
Some corner, that the sun must ever bless,
Though lilies die upon the dying grass.
Oh, never is this yearning earth forsook,
Nor severed love bereft of blessedness!

A. F.

LEGISLATIVE HUMORS.

PART III.

BY THE HON. S. S. COX.

"Fancy is ever popular; all like
The sheeted flame, which shines but does not strike.
....These fine merits above all:
Point without sting, and satire without gall;
A courteous irony so free from scoff,
The grateful victim felt himself let off;
St. Stephen takes not from St. Giles his art,
But is a true good gentleman at heart."

BULWER.

IN Congress, as at the bar, to acquire eminence something more is needed than a knowledge of current politics. Since the war there are complicated and added Federal relations. To compass these implies that a member should know something about every thing. He should be especially informed about matters of his committee. The Parliamentary conflict can not be won by small-arms alone, but by infantry, cavalry, and artillery. The mere cross-roads stumper generally becomes a yearling Congressman, that is, a member with one term of service; for in his last session, being beaten the previous autumn, he is a mortuary monument. The survivors are the men who hold the House by making their minds an arsenal for every weapon. They are accomplished, or should be, in physics, metaphysics, ethics, history, philosophy, and, above all, in pertinent facts. To omit the "lath" of satire and humor in the close encounter, which is lissom and sharp only as it is well tempered in all these streams, is to leave the prince out of the play.

This good temper has become indispensable since the enlargement of the Hall in 1857. It is the attractive element. It is so especially since the recent increase of the number of members. The most weighty, or rather the best, speech is listened to with fatigue unless there be an occasional smart *double-entendre*, tart retort, tickling piquancy, personal point, or pertinent fact. That which draws most, which empties the members' seats to fill the area in front of the Speaker's desk, is the bellicose. It is this which, like a dog fight, will break up any deliberation. If it takes the form of a personal explanation it is more welcome. This attraction consists in the capability of wrath joined to the felicities of fun.

The men who make our humor in and out of Congress are the favorites of the people. We give them pet names. Corwin, Douglas, Butler, Lincoln, all had these affectionate freedoms extended to them by their supporters or enemies, just as "Little Johnny," "Old Pam," "Dizzy," and others in England had them. They were associated with something jocular. Lord Russell's crisp scorn and Disraeli's epigrammatic sneer helped to mould English politics. Mr. Gladstone's serious mind, ever meditating between the moral and material interests, has not contributed to gladden the tone of English oratory. But in his despite there is much of the old flavor of humor remaining in the Commons. This decorous Gladstonian solemnity seems to be generally confined to the followers of Sir Robert Peel. It is well represented on the Tory side by the present Lord Derby. Hence we miss much of the brilliance of other and elder Parliamentary days. These Adullamites would be more popular if, with their information and sense, they would unlimber from that painful and prudent restraint which marks their public efforts. The food they furnish may be nutritious, but it is not always agreeable. In vain we look among them for the wit and humor even of the corn-law times. Is English humor degenerating? In the five volumes of Hansard of the last session but one of Parliament there is a "dull and sickening uniformity" of mere statement of fact, little deduction or reasoning, and much less vivacity. This is well, perhaps; but would it not be useful now and then to have a thunder-storm like that of Plimsoll's, the sailor's friend, when he cleared the sky by a tragic performance and a cry of "Murder?" Better now and then the menagerie than the everlasting tame collision of selfish interests unrelieved by any gleam of nature. The burden of debate is church livings and beer, Irish miseries and trade,

"Improving rifles, lecturing at reviews,
And levying taxes for reforms—in screws."

We may well ask: Are these the only elements of a national existence? Are these the only means of winning popular favor? Have the newspaper and caricaturist monopolized all the points of ridicule against wrong and all the jocularity which illustrates affairs?

Without being too much a praiser of the time past, and without derogating from the management of the English Parliament under its new conditions, we naturally recur to the "giants" of other not very recent days. It is no mere pun to say its palmiest days were those when Palmerston charmed the British public. He did it because he was himself a fit receptacle of his own jokes. Lord Granville had, and has yet, something of the easy, winning wit of social life. He has a velvety mode and a honeyed tongue. His flame is lambent. "Fair as the Lovelace of a lady's dream," he is not inaptly called ox-eyed, from his Juno-like majestic meekness. Have the days of roaring irony and sarcasm gone by with Palmerston? Palmerston had no peer for ruling, for he heartily relished it. How he could laugh at the "puerile vanity of consistency!" The nation laughed with him. He ruled as well by his laugh as by his judgment. Cobden is gone. Bright and

Russell lag superfluous; Goschen ciphers only; and even Gladstone is half retired. Brougham, that incarnate encyclopedia, whose coach with its B on the panels reminded Sydney Smith that it had a B on the outside and a wasp in the inside—Brougham, he too belongs to the rear, with the Bolingbrokes, Pitts, Sheridans, Burkes, O'Connells, Cannings, and Peels — almost myths for their rare graces of wit and oratory. Disraeli himself, though a power, wields his weapon wearily; and Bernal Osborne hardly essays to play his old *rôle* as Mercutio.

Are public life and debate belittled in the public esteem in England or upon the Continent? The Parliamentary sessions at Rome are scarcely sessions, if we are to believe Mr. Trollope. How sombre is his Italy —in sackcloth and ashes, her head drooping on her breast, her hands hanging listlessly by her sides—sitting solitary and sleepy in the deserted hall upon Monte Citorio! The entire Chamber consists of 508. The quorum is a majority, as in our system; yet for month and month business is impossible, and that, too, at the Grand Capitol. Is it because Italy pays no salary to her Deputies? Salary seems hardly to keep our Congress full. Is the real reason the lack of piquant, eloquent debate, or has the omnipresent newspaper absorbed the other "estates?" There is no complaint of this kind in France. Even now, when Versailles is the Parliamentary capital, there is a freshness which allures to the Chamber, springing as well from the exceptional and transitory nature of the organism as from the inflammable vivacity of Gaulic and galling debate. The wit of the tribune is, however, too finical for general appreciation. When De Remusat dashes an epigram at an impotent ministry, Paris chuckles. "It has found," he said, "a new way out of a false position—by remaining in it." The retention of office after defeat is not a new subject for the pasquinade and the epigram, but no sprucer specimen has yet appeared than this of the departed statesman.

Nothing so arouses the French Chamber as a personal imputation. The Deputies are never used to it, always resent it, and are always at it. They give every thing a personal turn. Gambetta could have a duel a month for announcing merely abstractions. They do not distinguish between the official and the person. Nor, for the matter of that, do others. Mr. Garfield, Speaker *pro tempore*, once touched this idea daintily when some member intimated that the moral weight of the chair favored a motion. "The chair has no moral weight. Its office is to keep order." The most logical specimen of wit at the English Parliamentary noonday turned on this point. Fox reprehended Pitt for resting the sincerity of a ministerial declaration on the purity of his private character. "Such conduct," said Fox, "is by no means Parliamentary, nor could it in this instance have much weight. His private character has no reproach. *As* a minister he *has no character.*" A similar point was once made by Sheridan on Pitt; but Pitt, in reply, was scorching. He turned his electricity upon Sheridan by likening his tirades to the fizz and froth of an uncorked bottle. Then the caricaturist drew a cartoon, "Uncorking Old Sherry."

Looking at the stirring personal debates growing out of the Adams-Clay coalition and the Jackson administration in our country, we look in vain for something roseate and fragrant. Scarcely any plant appears on the surface, except that which, like the cactus, shows a hot sun and a prickly vegetation. Did these fierce personal invectives, which often led to the duel, have no relief in the atmosphere of social and legislative geniality? Was Benton always hectoring Clay? Was Randolph always studying how most bitterly to bite? Was M'Duffie ever alert to thunder and lighten? Men then talked about halters and honor, contempt and monsters, conspiracies and treason, in a way to astound our later day. This talk is not less surprising to us than would be the re-appearance of those departed Senators with the then fashionable blue coat and brass buttons, the invariable plug of tobacco and gold-headed cane, the immense flux from the salivary gland, and the incessant, magnificent profanity. There were fewer members then. They were better known, and made more mark than now. A philippic on the humblest was recognized, and had its run. There were two Barbours from Virginia, one a member of the Senate, and the other of the House—both able men. One, named James, was ornate and verbose; the other, Philip, was close and cogent as a debater. A wag once wrote on the wall of the House:

"Two Barbers to shave our Congress long did try;
One shaves with froth, the other he shaves dry!"

Have we, too, followed the hearse of our great orators and humorists? Who can fill the place of Ben Hardin or Tom Corwin? No one has approached them, unless it be another Kentuckian, J. Proctor Knott, the present member from Bardstown. In him Kentucky gives to us a second edition of Hardin, revised and improved. He is the fresh volume. It is more elegant, scholarly, piquant, and bound in superior morocco, and clasped in undeniable gold. Our people are not yet through reading his Duluth speech. It hits the American sense of extravagance, which, as I undertook in previous papers to show, is the reservoir whence flows most of our fun. It is in his magic mirror that the identical and ironical Col-

onel Sellers and Senator Dillworthy are seen. His wit took down and off and out the most grandiose schemes and schemers in the most superlative way.

These three members of Congress, Hardin, Corwin, and Knott, are selected to illustrate this extravagant type of humor. Whence came this inspiration? All three were Kentuckians. It is said of Sheridan that he ripened a witty idea with a glass of port; and if it resulted happily, another glass was the reward. Like the Kentucky Congressman who took two cocktails before breakfast. When asked why, he said, "One makes me feel like another fellow, and then I must treat the other fellow!" Is the humor which Kentucky gave and gives owing to any peculiar juice or humor growing out of her soil? Or is it drawn from the "still" air of delightful studies? Something of both, as will appear.

First, of "Old Ben Hardin."

Governor Corwin once told me that Hardin was the most entertaining man he ever knew. He had an exhaustless fund of anecdote, and with it great natural parts and acquired culture. His celebrity for a quarter of a century as a Southern Whig member of Congress was not altogether owing to his gift of remembering or telling good stories, nor to his *bonhomie*. There is always in or about Congress a class of good fellows more witty in a social than in a debating way. The court always had a jester. Why not Congress? Charles I. had "Archie." His sayings were called "arch." Such men as Ogle of Pennsylvania, M'Connell of Alabama, and William H. Polk of Tennessee may be remembered in this socially jovial connection, but their printed or public humor, except in little spurts, is hardly to be found, even if it existed.

"If you believe in the Virginia and Kentucky resolutions, follow in the footsteps of Captain Andrew Jackson; then, Sir, I hang my hammer on your anvil," said the eccentric M'Connell to President Polk.

"The gentleman asks me who are my friends," said Etheridge, of Tennessee. "I answer, any body who don't spell constitution with a K."

These dashes of humor generally have a personal tang. Before describing Hardin, let me set him within a frame of lesser brilliants of this character. General Butler once rallied General Banks on his fine theatric voice. "You say you read my speeches?" said Banks. "I *read* them," said Butler, "but your manner and voice were not in them, and hence they were ineffectual."

Mr. Tipton once used the spirit of the wit of Dean Swift about Defoe. "The man who was in the stocks—I forget his name," said Swift. So Tipton: "The gentleman from—I wish the State was larger; it is so hard to think of its name." "Rhode Island?" suggested Judge Trumbull. One Senator had a natural habit of strutting. General Schurz being accused of that style, with mock modesty hinted that he did not want to encroach on the exclusive privilege of New York. Senator Carpenter was not less facetious, though less good-tempered, when on the French arms debate he punctured the alleged egotism of Senator Sumner to the quick. "He identifies himself so completely with the universe that he is not at all certain whether he is part of the universe or the universe is part of him. He is a reviser of the decalogue. You will soon see the Sermon on the Mount revised, corrected, and greatly enlarged and improved by Charles Sumner."

Mr. Sumner's gravity often led to these little missiles, but they fell quite harmless, for they were feathered with the lightest of levity. "Ah," said Mr. Conkling to Mr. Sumner, "I fell into an error by supposing the Senator was paying me attention. His mind is roving at large in that immense domain which it occupies."

Judge John C. Wright, of Ohio, so many years the inspiration of the Cincinnati *Gazette* and of his party, was a member of Congress when pungent wit was apt to be called out to Bladensburg. Personality was then as common as courage. His pluck and his humor were once shown in this scene: While he was answering Mr. Randolph, General Hamilton, of South Carolina, who was one of the worshipers of Randolph, sprang to his feet, and at the top of his voice, under great excitement, said: "The most infernal tongue that was ever placed in a man's head, and wholly irresponsible. Challenge him, and he will swear he can't see the length of his arm!" This idea grew out of the answer of Mr. Wright to the challenge of Romulus M. Saunders: "I have received your challenge, but can not accept it. Owing to the imperfection of my vision, I could not tell your honor from a sheep ten steps." The moment Mr. Wright took his seat a member rose, and with a voice like a newly weaned mule colt, said, "The gentleman reminds me of an old hen I have at home that is always cackling and never lays an egg." Then Judge Wright desired, coolly, to read a copy of a criminal indictment found against the member, and the personality was not so humorous.

These personalities are a piquant kind of humor which often becomes caustic wit. It touches the peculiar avocations, personal foibles, or physical peculiarities of members. This is not the highest order of festive legislation, but it is often used. It gives occasion, however, for the readiest retort. Sheridan was once twitted by Pitt on his theatrical pursuits—"*Sui plausu gaudere theatri.*" He retorted on the youthful Premier: "If ever I again engage in the composition

he alludes to, I may be tempted to improve on one of Ben Jonson's best characters—the character of the Angry Boy in the *Alchymist*."

To call a large man my feeble friend, or a little man the gigantic gentleman; to dilate upon a loud-voiced member, or cry "louder" to his loudness; to mimic his intonations, or "take off" his hair or wig, make sport of its color, or emphasize the peculiarities of his dress or toilet, of his eyes, ears, or legs—these little diversions are as common to the legislature as to the stage. They make their momentary music, but scarcely rise into the risible utilities of the logical *ad absurdum*.

A palpable hit of this kind may sometimes be defended, as when a man wears his clothes to illustrate his own business, as woolen manufacturer for a tariff, or, *vice versa*, a foreign suit to show the amenities of free trade. Then the toilet is subordinated to the topic. The man is measured by the worth of his clothes as well as his oratory. Often references are made to the ambition of members. Senators especially who are Presidential aspirants receive these hits. They are fair, and are relished: they are the pungent penalties of prominence. Prominent members are generally the butt of the most ridicule. In the instances heretofore given during calls of the House these personal observations appear in *déshabillé*. Nor are these freedoms peculiar to Congress. On the question of sending the Prince of Wales to India and paying a large sum, it was piquantly put that as the object to be instructed about was the need of the empire, that the responsible officials to be sent ought to be the ministers, and not the Prince.

These little jets from this class gave a momentary sparkle to the sluggish waters of debate. Now while Hardin is not to be classed with these characters, a greater disadvantage attends a sketch of his career as a humorist. He is not reported according to his reputation. His quarter of a century of service fails to show the voluminous fun with which he enlivened and enforced his positions. Here and there we have a few shots from small-arms, as when he said, meekly, "That if like a sheep I am shorn, unlike a sheep, I will make a noise about it." When denouncing extravagant naval salaries, and referring to the naval lobby, he exclaimed, "Their march may be on the mountain wave, but their home is—in the gallery!" I have the "substance" of one of his speeches delivered in the hall of the House. It was in self-vindication about a local and now obsolete matter. It is only eighty pages. He began by saying he had pleaded more causes and defended more men than any lawyer in Kentucky, yet never was he under the painful necessity of defending himself before. This speech shows a remarkable array of facts, a keen appreciation of political ethics, a fervid patriotism, a touching pathos, but hardly one gleam of his reputed rare humor. Referring to the Kentucky families whose sons, with his own, were warring in Mexico, and speaking of the Governor, who was his antagonist, he said: "The next news from the theatre of war may put our families in mourning. But in the midst of this general distress it is consoling to see with what philosophy the Governor bears it. He slowly walks from the palace to the Secretary's office, and then back to the palace, with stoical firmness that does honor to his resolution. Cato when in Utica never showed more. He knows that none of his family is in danger. They would have been soldiers 'if it had not been for those vile guns.' The only danger to his family is that they may be mashed up in the palace gate in a rush for offices; and when they get them they can truly say that they are competent to the emoluments thereof." This was the only smile in this lengthened speech.

It is said that Hardin was a rough-and-ready debater, that his oratory was rather racy of the Kentucky stump and soil, that he had more pugnacity than polish. He was known by the *sobriquet* of "Meat-axe Hardin." Randolph said of him that he was a butcher knife sharpened on a brick-bat. This is not my impression from the meagre report of his speeches, nor from the articles now being published about him by Mr. Haycraft, of Elizabethtown, Kentucky. It is not the true impression.

Hardin was a man of disciplined mind. He was not at all of the Crockett-Boone order. He had a native chivalry and independence which were representative of a border class at that day, but he was a man full of classic, historic, legal, and other resources. He had the varied armory which equips for general or special debate. Like a good lawyer, and with a wonderful memory and quick perception, he was the very man for the "occasion sudden." But he was rather of the humorous than of the witty kind. The butcher knife is too coarse and the vendetta dirk too polished to describe his quality.

He was born in Pennsylvania, Westmoreland County, removed with his family to Kentucky when a boy, and was educated by an old Irish teacher, who was a good linguist. The teacher killed a man, and had to move to another county. Young Ben followed him, and changed the venue, to finish in the *dead* languages. He studied law with Felix Grundy, and began to practice in 1806. He never left his profession till he died, in 1852. He was on one side of every important case in those early days. His animation allowed no juror to slumber.

He was not only successful because of generous reading, but, by rare tact, he could gain a case by "side-by" remark. Here is an instance, and it serves to show the secret of his legislative humor and success:

Henry Ditto had some sheep killed by a dog. Ditto shot the dog. A suit for damages was the consequence. Mr. Hardin appeared for Ditto. The trial occupied two days. The cause was argued with great ability on each side, and the jury retired. After being out an hour or two they came back into court for instructions on some law point. After being instructed, and the jury ascending the stairway, one of them turned and said, "Judge, if the jury is hung, what will be the consequence?" Mr. Hardin replied, "The consequence will be that twelve honest men are hung for one sheep-stealing dog."

It is related of Mr. Buchanan that in early life he went to Kentucky to settle. He saw Hardin in court, dressed in his unbleached linen, careless and clownish. But he heard him argue, and turning from the court-house, he said, "If such looking men are so smart in Kentucky, it is no place for me."

Hardin was in the Twenty-fourth Congress. We had then unfriendly relations with France. A fierce debate springs up between Cambreling, John Quincy Adams, Evans of Maine, Wise, and others, in which Hardin is a conspicuous figure. He plays his irony upon the indefatigable commercial member from New York, Mr. Cambreling. He compares him most amusingly with Daniel Webster; then, turning on Mr. Adams as the Sempronius, "whose voice was still for war," he reminds him that in the sequel Sempronius deserted to Cæsar, while Lucius (to whom he likened himself) remained faithful to Cato, and fought it out for peace like a man.

Mr. Hardin's allusions to the classics are not infrequent. He especially loved Homer, and, as will be seen hereafter, he became indissolubly linked with one of the Homeric heroes—the "snarling Thersites." Caleb Cushing forged the link in a graceful retort. Was this love of the classics one of the levers of this Kentuckian's power over men? It is related of him that when one of his own side made a speech he took his hat and left the House. But when Rufus Choate began his first mellifluous speech this "meat-axe" man lingered and listened, and, listening, was lost in rapture. This demi-god of the Western hustings sits fascinated and enmeshed by the involutions, all full of depth and all starred with learning, with which Choate delighted his ear and mind. Was there no refined susceptibility in this rough and hardy man? Choate brought the music out of his soul as the wind does out of the woods. He held Hardin as with the glittering eye of the ancient mariner. It was done by no other necromancy than the silver tongue and the golden thought, inwoven and intertwisted by a skill that would puzzle a Genoese filigree-worker.

Few men in Congress appreciated Rufus Choate. Was it because he was too fond of the odd ends of learning, or that his rhetoric was too involved in fancies and frolics? Certain it is that while he could hold Hardin, he did not make the impression on the Senate or on Congress which we would expect. When M'Duffie, in his rude way, on the tariff question, charged Choate with weaving the texture of a cobweb, and picking up worm-eaten pamphlets to form an argument for the leader of a band of highway robbers, and held him up to ridicule as a humming-bird in a flower-garden or a butterfly in a farm-yard, how did this splendid orator respond? Gracious heavens! this man, "only not divine," who even yet holds in thrall the gentlest and brightest of New England's bravery of intellect, actually and elaborately "*denied the facts* and called for proof," as some Western lawyer once did in an answer in chancery. "The accusation is groundless. Let the Senator sustain it if he can." Imagine Butler, Hoar, or Dawes answering such a speech otherwise than by a counter-charge of chivalric pungency! Yet the large-hearted and broad-humored Kentuckian threaded delightfully the labyrinthine beauty of Choate's rhetoric, and saw something in the legal dialectician and in the Gothic style of his multifarious oratory that entranced him by a witchery beyond the reach of art. What is the mystery? It is the same charm of life and heart which in our first paper we remarked in Webster, Randolph, and Burgess, and in all those who have the susceptibility to humor. It is in the innate gentleness which, as in Hardin's case, shone in his life and triumphed in his death; for at the last, when dying at threescore and ten, Mr. Hardin called around him all of his kith and the brethren of his Methodist communion, and offered up from those lips which had so often commanded in great debate, the gentlest orison which ever preceded the departing soul to its God.

Thomas Corwin, in so far as the record allows judgment, far outshone Hardin in this Kentuckian constellation of humor. In all the elements, from the lowest burlesque to the finest wit, he was confessedly the master. He drew from the arsenal all the weapons of parliamentary warfare; but how seldom he used them! His effusions were brilliant, fervid, eloquent, pathetic, but above all, his satire, while keen, was not poisoned or barbed with ill temper. It was pertinent and powerful, demolishing, yet stingless. The motto at the head of this paper, which is the description of Shiel, describes the humor of Corwin. He was a great lawyer—as great as Ogden Hoffman,

and far greater than he in Congress. His mind was full, and his words were thoughtful. He was no cynic. He was also a scholar. His mind had ranged through the bounds of human knowledge. His eloquence on the stump and at the bar, in the House or Senate, when pleading against the Mexican war, or for compromise before our civil war, whether he struck the basso of sorrow or the tenor of merriment, was full of divinest sympathy. Yet he is best remembered for lighter efforts, as when he started in full opulence of illustration after the foible of a fellow-member. No one can imagine his power unless he has seen his facial expression and heard his variety of tone. The play of his dark countenance was the prelude to his witty thought. What Bulwer has sung of Canning, who "schemed for the gaze and plotted for the cheer," may be more truly said of Corwin:

"Read him not; 'tis unfair. Behold him rise,
And hear him speak! The House all ears and eyes!"

It is said of Alvan Stewart, the eloquent abolitionist of New York, that he could read a dry affidavit so as to upset the gravity of bench and bar. It was in the manner. In this line Corwin was *primus inter pares;* or, rather, he was simply peerless. His face and its serio-jocoseness would have been the fortune of any player. "Will you have condiments in your coffee?" said a good landlady to him, as he was once traversing my old Ohio district, on the "weevil platform." Imagine that face, and the solemn courtesy of his response! "Pepper and mustard, madam, but no salt, thank you!"

Whether this rare gift of humor came to him from his Magyar ancestry, or was induced by influences in his native county of Bourbon, Kentucky—whether it was a part of his early training or practice when a "wagon boy," it is certain that few men were ever so effective in publicly using it. As early as fourteen he had the action, emphasis, and gesture which make the rhetorical youth. His childhood was father to the orator. His independence of thought and his lucid expression we are not called upon in this paper to discuss. His humor makes one of the green spots in the Congressional desert.

One of its best illustrations is his answer to General Crary, of Michigan, who had accused General Harrison of want of strategy at Tippecanoe. Crary was a militia general. The droll manner of the response can not be put on paper. The humorous orator described a training-day—the leader of the host on horseback, the retreat to a neighboring grocery, the trenchant blade of the general remorselessly slaying water-melons, and the various feats upon this bloodless field—in such a style that his victim was ever after known as "the late General Crary."

Never was speech couched in a happier vein. The time of its delivery is Saturday afternoon, when a saturnalia is given, as he demurely hinted in the proem, to servants of good masters. The way he touches the *non sequitur* of the debate is felicity itself. The pending bill is about the Cumberland road, and the debate is on General Harrison's war record. Before members can vote money for the road, they must know how the Indians at Tippecanoe were painted—whether red, black, or blue. The appropriation in 1840 is identical with the tactics of an Indian war in 1811.

Then he begins quietly to lift high his opponent in the controversy that he may drop him lower. General Crary is called an illustration of the way in which we in America can turn our hands to any business. On a question involving a subtle knowledge on strategy, what preparations had not General Crary made for the criticism! But there is only one way to give this speech its real meaning, and that is by quoting:

"He has announced to the House that he is a militia general on the peace establishment. That he is a lawyer we know, tolerably well read in *Tidd's Practice* and *Espinasse's Nisi Prius*. These studies, so happily adapted to the subject of war, with an appointment to the militia in time of peace, furnish him at once with all the knowledge necessary to discourse to us, as from high authority, upon all the mysteries in the 'trade of death.'

"Again, Mr. Speaker, it must occur to every one that we, to whom these criticisms are addressed, being all colonels, at least, and most of us, like the gentleman himself, brigadiers, are, of all conceivable tribunals, the best qualified to decide any nice point connected with military science.

"I trust, as we are all brother officers, that the gentleman from Michigan, and the 240 colonels or generals of this honorable House, will receive what I have to say as coming from an old brother in arms, and addressed to them in a spirit of candor,

"'Such as becomes comrades free,
Reposing after victory.'

"Sir, we all know the military studies of the gentleman from Michigan before he was promoted. I take it to be beyond a reasonable doubt that he had perused with great care the title-page of *Baron Steuben*. Nay, I go further. As the gentleman has incidentally assured us he is prone to look into musty and neglected volumes, I venture to assert, without vouching the fact from personal knowledge, that he has prosecuted his researches so far as to be able to know that the rear rank stands right behind the front. This, I think, is fairly inferable from what I understand him to say of the two lines of encampment at Tippecanoe. Thus we see, Mr. Speaker, that the gentleman from Michigan, so far as study can give us knowledge of a subject, comes before us with claims to great profundity. But this is a subject which, of all others, requires the aid of actual experience to make us wise. Now the gentleman, being a militia general, as he has told us, his brother officers, in that simple statement has revealed the glorious history of toils, privations, sacrifices, and bloody scenes through which we know from experience and observation a militia officer in time of peace is sure to pass. We all, in fancy, now see the gentleman from Michigan in that most dangerous and glorious event in the life of a militia general on the peace establishment—a parade day—the day for which all the other days of his life seem to have been made.

"We can see the troops in motion; umbrellas, hoe and axe handles, and other like deadly implements of

war, overshadowing all the field, when lo! the leader of the host approaches.

'Far off his coming shines.'

His plume, white, after the fashion of the great Bourbon, is of ample length, and reads its doleful history in the bereaved necks and bosoms of forty neighboring hen-roosts. Like the great Suwaroff, he seems somewhat careless in forms and points of dress. Hence his epaulets may be on his shoulders, back, or sides, but still gleaming, gloriously gleaming, in the sun. Mounted he is, too, let it not be forgotten. Need I describe to the colonels and generals of this honorable House the steed which heroes bestride on such occasions? No, I see the memory of other days is with you. You see before you the gentleman from Michigan mounted on his crop-eared, bushy-tailed mare, the singular obliquities of whose hinder limbs is described by that most expressive phrase, 'sickle hams'—her height fourteen hands, 'all told;' yes, Sir, there you see his 'steed that laughs at the shaking of the spear,' that is, his 'war-horse whose neck is clothed with thunder.' Mr. Speaker, we have glowing descriptions in history of Alexander the Great and his war-horse Bucephalus at the head of the invincible Macedonian phalanx; but, Sir, such are the improvements of modern times that every one must see that our militia general, with his crop-eared mare with bushy tail and sickle ham, would literally frighten off a battle-field a hundred Alexanders. But, Sir, to the history of the parade-day. The general, thus mounted and equipped, is in the field, and ready for action. On the eve of some desperate enterprise, such as giving orders to shoulder arms, it may be, there occurs a crisis, one of the accidents of war which no sagacity could foresee or prevent—a cloud rises and passes over the sun! Here an occasion occurs for the display of that greatest of all traits in the character of a commander, that tact which enables him to seize upon and turn to good account events unlooked for as they arise. Now for the caution wherewith the Roman Fabius foiled the skill and courage of Hannibal. A retreat is ordered, and troops and general in a twinkling are found safely bivouacked in a neighboring grocery! But even here the general still has room for the exhibition of heroic deeds. Hot from the field, and chafed with the untoward events of the day, your general unsheathes his trenchant blade, eighteen inches in length, as you will well remember, and with an energy and remorseless fury he slices the water-melons that lie in heaps around him, and shares them with his surviving friends!

"Others of the sinews of war are not wanting here. Whisky, Mr. Speaker, that great leveler of modern times, is here also, and the shells of the water-melons are filled to the brim. Here again, Mr. Speaker, is shown how the extremes of barbarism and civilization meet. As the Scandinavian heroes of old, after the fatigues of war, drank wine from the skulls of their slaughtered enemies in Odin's Hall, so now our militia general and his forces, from the skulls of melons thus vanquished, in copious draughts of whisky assuage the heroic fire of their souls after the bloody scenes of a parade-day.

"But, alas for this short-lived race of ours, all things will have an end, and so even is it with the glorious achievements of our general. Time is on the wing, and will not stay his flight; the sun, as if frightened at the mighty events of the day, rides down the sky; and at the close of the day, when 'the hamlet is still,' the curtain of night drops upon the scene;

"'And the glory, like the phenix in its fires,
Exhales its odors, blazes, and expires.'"

Would that our men of genuine humor would, like Corwin, more frequently level their lances at the extravagance and vanity which disfigure our national character! Then, indeed, would our humor have that humanity and refinement which Sydney Smith gave to it in definition and practice, whose office he likened to a Lorraine glass, which throws a sunny hue over the landscape. How it expands caution, relaxes dignity, tempers coldness, teaches age and care and pain to smile, extorting reluctant gleams of pleasure from melancholy, and charming even the pangs of grief! How it penetrates through the coldness and awkwardness of society, gradually bringing men nearer together, and, like the combined force of wine and oil, giving every man a glad heart and a shining countenance! If more of this flavor of the mind enlivened our pilgrimage on earth, it would elevate benevolence and inspire principle. If more of the Hardin-Corwin type of men were in our public assemblies, there would be less of the treasons, stratagems, and spoils of politics.

The third humorous triumvir is one yet living, and now again returned to Congress. Proctor Knott, next after General Butler, is best known as a Congressional humorist. But his humor, like all genuine virtues, has little or no malice in its composition.

When people first come to Washington they are disappointed—not now at the city itself, for it more than fills expectation, but at the public men. Sergeant S. Prentiss, the Maine-Mississippian orator, was there in February, 1833, and writes to his sister that he has seen General Jackson, "who is no more fit to be President than I am. You have no idea how destitute of talent are more than half of the members of Congress. Nine out of ten of your ordinary acquaintance are fully equal to them." This is the first impression. Closer acquaintance reveals that each of these unpromising members has some peculiar quality which lifts him aside from, if not above, his fellows at home. They are "singed cats" many of them, who, like Proctor Knott, may not be taken for much at sight for a month or a session or so, and then their native hue and quality burst out unexpectedly and grandly, like certain tropical flowers, with a report!

Few suspected Mr. Knott of the possession of such an abundant flow of the facile and graceful faculty of fun-making. One speech about paving Pennsylvania Avenue had only provoked the House to hear more. They heard it in his Duluth speech.

When I first heard the English Parliamentarians speak, it was with surprise. No one except Bright and Walpole seemed to be fluent after the American method. Their hesitation and mannerism were atrocious. Imagine Cicero addressing the Roman Senate: "*Quousque—ah!—tandem—hem!—abutere—haw!—Catilina—patientia—ahem!—ah!—he!—haw!—nostrah-h-h?*" In Parliament the orator sits on a rough bench, his head covered, to pour forth this outlandish gibber.

Literally, he "puts off his hat to put his case." A case thus put is the very anticlimax of graceful and fervid oratory. It is the ideal of an awkward manner, even when

delivering brilliant sense. Disraeli has it. It is the dandyism of dawdleism. It is the reverse of the *copia loquendi* of Cicero, and of the fluency of the incomparable Corwin and the unhesitating Knott. If a man in Congress hesitates, he is lost. Twenty interruptions give him pause. In Parliament it would seem that he is lost if he does not hesitate and hem and haw. But it was not the easy flow of Mr. Knott's periods that gave him prompt fame. He struck a prevailing sense of fun connected with our superlative language and exaggerated speculation.

The man who touches this theme in fit style, whether it be Mark Twain and his speculative lobby with "millions in it," or Proctor Knott with his Duluth, as the centre of the visible universe where the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it, or one vast corral into which all commerce goes whether it will or not, demonstrates the typical American trait.

Senator Nye discusses the merits of torpedoes. How does he do it? He tells the Senate that Lieutenant Cushing blew the *Albemarle* so high that gravitation did not operate on it; and in describing the old blunderbuss and other ancient and effete arms, he said that in those olden times if a man was killed, it was an accident!

But if you would have the superlative of this extravagant humor, gaze at the picture which Governor Wise once drew of Virginia agriculture: "The landlord skins the tenant, the tenant the land, until all are poor together. The ledge patches outshine the sun. Inattention has seared the bosom of mother earth. Instead of cattle on a thousand hills, they chase the stump-tailed steer through the ledge patches to procure a tough beefsteak!" He had met a Virginian on horseback, on a bag of hay for a saddle, without stirrups, and with the leading line for a bridle, and he had said to him, "Whose house is that, Sir?" "It is mine." They came to another house. "And that?" "Mine too, stranger." To a third house. "And whose house is that?" "Mine too; but don't suppose, stranger, I'm so darned poor as to own all the *land* about here!"

Already in other papers I have endeavored to analyze this indigenous taste for intensity of expression and magnificence of idea. It is not new with us. It is as old as the Revolution. Ethan Allen's "Great Jehovah and the Continental Congress" is in the same swelling vein. When the English commissioners came here to treat for peace in 1778, it seems that the very meteorological phenomena and physical scenery stunned the curled darling of the court, Lord Carlisle, one of the commissioners. He humorously attributes the great English disasters to the comprehensive magnitude of the country. Excusing his failure to reconcile the colonies, he writes to his friend the witty George Selwyn: "I inclose you our manifesto, which you will never read. 'Tis a sort of dying speech of the commission, an effort from which I expect little success.....Every thing is upon a great scale upon this continent. The rivers are immense, the climate violent in heat and cold, the prospects magnificent, the thunder and lightning tremendous. The disorders incident to the country make every constitution tremble. Our own blunders here, our misconduct, our losses, our disgraces, our ruin, are on a great scale."

He caught the salient feature of our scenery and society. We have only aggrandized it since.

A burst of exaggeration in an American assembly as surely awakens ludicrous interest as an allusion to a horse-race in the English Parliament. The model average English statesman is well described as

> "The lounging member seldom in his place,
> And then with thoughts remote upon a race."

Hence an allusion to a ministry as splintered, spavined, and broken-winded is always received with laughter by a body which adjourns for the Derby, and which represents a people who on that day take the liberty to abuse all on the road—nob and snob, tramp and shop-man, Queen and courtesan. But in an American Congress nothing so suits the prevailing temper and tone as the grotesque and ample hyperbole, the accumulated largess of language bestowed on the description of a grand speculation, with its gorgeous incidents and its magnificent accidents.

When this Kentuckian, Knott, first talked in Congress, he struck this Big Bonanza vein. How the house enjoyed it! I remember well his first pathetic description of the depth of that love for the people entertained by members; how it surpassed that of the young mother for her first-born —a depth of sentiment which bankrupts all the resources of pathetic eloquence and stirring poetry. How affluently he smoothed the raven down of darkness till it smiled as he pictured the negroes who hung about the Capitol and in the galleries, perched like turkey-buzzards in a deadening, waiting for the rich repast that Congress was expected to prepare for their rapacious beaks! Then how neatly he changed the scene to Judiciary Square, full of the same class, reclining in the shade, like black snakes in a brier patch. In this strain of exaggeration he took up the Pennsylvania Avenue Pavement Bill. Did he argue the points logically? Of course. But who remembers the logic of arithmetic when down the deep Iambic lines the cothurn treads majestic, full of mock and tumid tropes? Who cares for the syllogism or the *ignoratio elenchi* when a

chorus of Bacchantes sing the dithyramb of wild and intoxicating frolicksomeness? There is a logic of fun which drowns, overtops all; and Proctor Knott floated on this rolling sea as easily as Captain Boyton in the Channel, or, rather, like a behemoth of the deep.

After making a picture of the luxury of the capital, its fragrant squares, its polished walks, its promenades and drives, its sinuous foot-paths, laid with an elastic concrete of white sea sand, bordered with shrubbery that would have lent new charms to Calypso's favorite bower, and winding away in all the intricate mazes of the Cretan labyrinth—its satin-slippered beauties, reclining in such ecstatic languor upon the downy cushions of their splendid carriages that even the perfumed zephyr, as he steals from beds of rare exotics, shall not kiss their velvet cheeks too rudely, nor the dancing sunbeams taste the delicious fragrance that exhales from their honeyed lips—the orator, like the gladiator of Byron, sees his young barbarians of Kentucky at play on the blue grass; and he turns lovingly to the toil-browned, barefooted daughter of a taxed Kentucky constituent, in her homespun gown, innocent of crinoline or train. Is this ample enough? Like his predecessor, he, too, is fond of Homer; and the touching picture he draws of the sacrifices of the office-holder is in the best vein of Ben Hardin. There was no being on earth for whose comfort he entertained so profound a solicitude as for that of your public functionary, no one whose smallest want so stirred his sympathetic soul to its serenest depths.

"When I see him bidding adieu to the sweets of private life, for which he is so eminently fitted by nature, to immolate himself on the altar of his country, Homer's touching picture of the last scene between the noble Hector and his weeping family rises before my imagination; when I see him seated sorrowfully at a miserable repast of sea terrapin and Champagne, my very bowels yearn for him; and when I see him performing, perhaps, the only duty for which he is fully competent, signing the receipt for his monthly pay, I am so overwhelmed for his miserable condition that I wish I were in his place."

In a similar strain of elaborate satire he desired new pavements over which the carriages of our government officials, with their coats of arms and liveried outriders, might glide as smoothly and noiselessly as the aerial car of the fairy queen through the rose-tinted clouds of the upper ether. Winding up his speech with pregnant statistics and prophetic sense, he saw what many did not see then (1870), what local and Federal extravagance was bringing upon the capital.

In the peroration of this his first speech, which brought the Kentucky orator to the front, he was puzzled to tell what power short of an omniscient providence could foretell what the government would eventually have to pay for the improvement of this avenue. The astronomer predicts a total eclipse of the sun a hundred years in the future, and names the exact time and place upon the earth at which the sublime phenomenon will first be seen; and, whether it be upon the costly icebergs of Alaska or the blood-stained soil of suffering Cuba, punctual to the second the gigantic shadow falls upon the precise spot he indicates. Thus summoning the infinitudes and splendors of the starry hosts by a sublime anticlimax, all radiant with humor, he can not foretell what any public improvement about Washington city will cost or when it will be finished. It defies the highest mathematics and the utmost range of conjecture.

Until the Duluth speech was made, the House had little thought of the rich plenitude of humor in store for them. The surprise was enhanced because Mr. Knott spoke rarely. He was not an active, rather a lazy, member—ostensibly so.

"All the day, before the sunny rays
He used to slug or sleep, in slothful shade."

They took the alligator for a log till they sat on him. Grudgingly was the floor yielded to him. He was offered only ten minutes; whereupon he remarked that his facilities for getting time were so poor that if he were standing on the brink of perdition, and the sands were crumbling under his feet, he could not in that body get time enough to say the Lord's Prayer. The St. Croix and Bayfield Road Bill asked for some of the public domain. Mr. Knott disavowed any more interest in the bill than in an orange grove on the bleakest summit of Greenland's icy mountains. It was thus he introduced the splendid project:

"Years ago, when I first heard that there was somewhere in the vast *terra incognita*, somewhere in the bleak regions of the great Northwest, a stream of water known to the nomadic inhabitants of the neighborhood as the river St. Croix, I became satisfied that the construction of a railroad from that raging torrent to some point in the civilized world was essential to the happiness and prosperity of the American people, if not absolutely indispensable to the perpetuity of republican institutions on this continent. [Great laughter.] I felt instinctively that the boundless resources of that prolific region of sand and pine shrubbery would never be fully developed without a railroad constructed and equipped at the expense of the government, and perhaps not then. [Laughter.] I had an abiding presentiment that, some day or other, the people of this whole country, irrespective of party affiliations, regardless of sectional prejudices, and 'without distinction of race, color, or previous condition of servitude,' would rise in their majesty and demand an outlet for the enormous agricultural productions of those vast and fertile pine-barrens, drained in the rainy season by the surging waters of the turbid St. Croix." [Great laughter.]

He put this problem to the House as to the value of the lands: If the timbered lands are the most valuable, and valueless without the timber, what is the remainder of the land worth, which has no timber on it at

all? How he pictured this land satirically as the Goshen of America and an inexhaustible mine of agricultural wealth, and then with truthful exaggeration as a region which in ten years would by its vegetation fatten a grasshopper; how he brooded over the dangers to our government if it neglected or abandoned such a region; how he amplified these dangers from the Declaration of Independence, secession, reconstruction, and the new amendments, and, after all, the worst of all dangers, the peril of our navy rotting in their docks for want of railroad communication with the prolific pine thickets of the St. Croix! Then he was concerned because we had lost Alta Vela, a guano isle, and then as to the proper point of connection with the teeming pine-barrens, until at last, amidst shouts of laughter, he mentioned "Duluth!" How he rolls it as a sweet morsel under and over his tongue!

"Duluth! The word fell upon my ear with peculiar and indescribable charm, like the gentle murmur of a low fountain stealing forth in the midst of roses, or the soft, sweet accents of an angel's whisper in the bright, joyous dream of sleeping innocence. Duluth! 'Twas the name for which my soul had panted for years, as the hart panteth for the water-brooks. [Renewed laughter.] But where was Duluth? Never in all my limited reading had my vision been gladdened by seeing the celestial word in print. [Laughter.] And I felt a profounder humiliation in my ignorance that its dulcet syllables had never before ravished my delighted ear. [Roars of laughter.] I was certain the draughtsman of this bill had never heard of it, or it would have been designated as one of the termini of this road. I asked my friends about it, but they knew nothing of it. I rushed to the library and examined all the maps I could find. [Laughter.] I discovered in one of them a delicate, hair-like line, diverging from the Mississippi near a place marked Prescott, which I supposed was intended to represent the river St. Croix, but I could nowhere find Duluth.

"Nevertheless, I was confident it existed somewhere, and that its discovery would constitute the crowning glory of the present century, if not of all modern times. [Laughter.] I knew it was bound to exist in the very nature of things; that the symmetry and perfection of our planetary system would be incomplete without it [renewed laughter]; that the elements of material nature would long since have resolved themselves back into original chaos if there had been such a hiatus in creation as would have resulted from leaving out Duluth. [Roars of laughter.] In fact, Sir, I was overwhelmed with the conviction that Duluth not only existed somewhere, but that, wherever it was, it was a great and glorious place. I was convinced that the greatest calamity that ever befell the benighted nations of the ancient world was in their having passed away without a knowledge of the actual existence of Duluth; that their fabled Atlantis, never seen save by the hallowed vision of inspired poesy, was, in fact, but another name for Duluth; that the golden orchard of the Hesperides was but a poetical synonym for the beer gardens in the vicinity of Duluth. [Great laughter.] I was certain that Herodotus had died a miserable death because in all his travels and with all his geographical research he had never heard of Duluth. [Laughter.] I knew that if the immortal spirit of Homer could look down from another heaven than that created by his own celestial genius upon the long lines of pilgrims from every nation of the earth to the gushing fountain of poesy opened by the touch of his magic wand, if he could be permitted to behold the vast assemblage of grand and glorious productions of the lyric art called into being by his own inspired strains, he would weep tears of bitter anguish that, instead of lavishing all the stores of his mighty genius upon the fall of Ilion, it had not been his more blessed lot to crystallize in deathless song the rising glories of Duluth. [Great and continued laughter.] Yet, Sir, had it not been for this map, kindly furnished me by the Legislature of Minnesota, I might have gone down to my obscure and humble grave in an agony of despair because I could nowhere find Duluth. [Renewed laughter.] Had such been my melancholy fate, I have no doubt that with the last feeble pulsation of my breaking heart, with the last faint exhalation of my fleeting breath, I should have whispered, 'Where is Duluth?' [Roars of laughter.]

"But, thanks to the beneficence of that band of ministering angels who have their bright abodes in the far-off capital of Minnesota, just as the agony of my anxiety was about to culminate in the frenzy of despair, this blessed map was placed in my hands; and as I unfolded it a resplendent scene of ineffable glory opened before me, such as I imagine burst upon the enraptured vision of the wandering peri through the opening gates of paradise. [Renewed laughter.] There, there for the first time, my enchanted eye rested upon the ravishing word 'Duluth.'

"If gentlemen will examine it they will find Duluth not only in the centre of the map, but represented in the centre of a series of concentric circles one hundred miles apart, and some of them as much as four thousand miles in diameter, embracing alike in their tremendous sweep the fragrant savannas of the sunlit South and the eternal solitudes of snow that mantle the ice-bound North. [Laughter.] How these circles were produced is perhaps one of those primordial mysteries that the most skillful paleologist will never be able to explain. [Renewed laughter.] But the fact is, Sir, Duluth is pre-eminently a central place, for I am told by gentlemen who have been so reckless of their own personal safety as to venture away into those awful regions where Duluth is supposed to be that it is so exactly in the centre of the visible universe that the sky comes down at precisely the same distance all around it." [Roars of laughter.]

After thus locating his paradise, he ascertains its neighborhood advantages—buffaloes, Piegans, and other savages. He describes the convenience by which the red men could drive the buffalo into Duluth. "I think I see them now," exclaimed the inspired humorist—"a vast herd, with heads down, eyes glaring, nostrils dilated, tongues out, and tails curled over their backs, tearing along toward Duluth, with a thousand Piegans on their grass-bellied ponies yelling at their heels! On they come! And as they sweep past the Creeks, they too join in the chase, and away they all go, yelling, bellowing, ripping and tearing along, amidst clouds of dust, until the last buffalo is safely penned in the stock-yards of Duluth!"

Was this burlesque relished by honest and fun-loving people? Yes; thousands have sent and are yet sending for the document. Why? Simply because the orator played with imagery, as a cunning harper with the strings of his harp? No. Because this speech and its humor had a moral which he deftly turned against the subsidy, or, as he expressed it in his peroration:

"My relation is simply that of trustee to an express trust. And shall I ever betray that trust? Never, Sir! Rather perish Duluth! Perish the paragon of cities! Rather let the freezing cyclones of the bleak Northwest bury it forever beneath the eddying sands of the raging St. Croix!"

Where did this Kentucky genius obtain

his rich resources of illustration? First from nature, with its deadenings and black snakes; next from patient culture, with his Homeric and other epical allusions; and next from mixing in the heat and dust of our extravagant active life, and studying the grand volume of human nature. A close student of men and books, once Attorney-General of Missouri, familiar with frontier and prairie life, he had the rare perception to observe the queerness and oddity of things, and the rarer gift to so mix his colors and limn his figures that all should recognize beneath the heightened colors the graphic genuineness and design of his art. But the special humor of this Duluth speech lies in its magnifying, with a roaring rush of absurdity, the exaggerations of a Western Eden, in which utter nakedness and fragrant luxuriance alternate, and between whose aisles of greenery the sly devil of selfishness sat squat at the ear of Congress, tempting it to taste the forbidden fruit of subsidy. It is the string of spoken pearls, this effluence of diamond dew, this beguiling linked humor long drawn out, that holds the ear; but there is more meant than meets the sense. Like the allegory or the parable, there is moral hidden beneath this elaborate imagery. It is this moral which exalts the American mind to the sublimity of its own peculiar fun, and relieves the leviathanic lawnessness of exaggeration of its strain upon the faculties. No speech that I can recall produced at once so signal an effect.

I do not except General Butler when he addressed the House on the moiety question. He had an audience prepared to applaud. He had the accessories, the *mise en scène*, together with abundant gas-lights and personal spleen, to set off the whole for a grand effect. He succeeded, for no one could uptrip him or knock him down. Like the Dutch toy, he is up again, rubicund and triumphant. When he drew out of the ship hold those leaden statues representing the Goddess of Liberty and the Conscript Fathers, and described them as devices to avoid the customs duty, the shouts of laughter were loud and uproarious. Without detraction from this performance, I fail to find in it, or in any reported speech of General Butler, notwithstanding the skillful arrangement and statuesque poses by which he graced the fervor of that rhetoric hour, with a Mephistophelean-Brobdingnagian energy of fun, any comparison with this Duluth effort of Knott.

I refer to these efforts of Hardin, Corwin, Knott, and Butler for the sake of showing one class of humor which is not strictly that of the House. It proceeds from the peculiar manner of the man. It is elaborate and descriptive narrative, depending for its success on its splendid exaggeration of expression and thought. It is not peculiar to the Legislature. It would be felicitous in any forum.

In my next and concluding paper I shall consider the less elaborate individual humor of the Legislature, and in so doing will confine myself more strictly to American illustrations of repartee and other forms of condensed humor.

A GHOSTLY VISITATION.

IT had been a dismal day; a steady drizzling rain had proved fatal to all excursions, and in-doors the resources of pencil games, cards, and even reading aloud had long been exhausted. The dreary monotony of the early tea was over at last, and we were once more assembled in the shabby little parlor, propounding the momentous inquiry of what to do for the next few hours until bed-time should solve the problem. The small room was ill adapted to quiet *tête-à-têtes*, and the alternative of the damp piazza had no attractions for even the most enthusiastic. "Twenty Questions" had been languidly suggested, and instantly voted down by the lovers of peace and harmony, and things generally wore an air of intense depression.

"Really," said good-natured, fat Mrs. Gray, clicking her inevitable knitting-needles, "I must say that for a company of clever and accomplished young people—as you all, I think, profess to be—you seem to have very few resources. I came in here to be amused, and I think I shall be able to get my nap without going up stairs."

Mrs. Gray was privileged, and her remark only provoked a feeble smile.

"If we but had a piano," sighed Miss Wister, who prided herself on her fine contralto, "we might have some pleasure; but one *can't* sing without an accompaniment."

"As far as I can see in this dusky light," continued Mrs. Gray, "the only persons who appear to have any occupation are those two in the corner, and that's a queer one, for 'fifteen, four, and a pair are *six*' seems certainly an odd way to count, let alone the singular allowance of 'two for his heels,' and the fact that they're always telling each other to '*go*.'

"It's very evident," laughed Mr. Liston, looking up from his cards, "that you're uninitiated in the mysteries of cribbage, Mrs. Gray.—A sequence of three for me, Miss Leniton."

"I wish," drawled Harry Britton, who was lounging on the sofa, and flirting in a desultory way with pretty Grace Arcott, "that somebody would tell us a story; it's too dark to read, and conversation apparently lags. Methinks, as they say in novels, 'tis the very hour for a ghostly tale of horror. Who can tell one?"

"Game!" said Miss Leniton, looking up with a smile at Mr. Liston, and closing the cribbage board. "Perhaps I can gratify you, Mr. Britton," she added, coming forward and seating herself in our midst.

"A ghost story from Miss Leniton," cried one and all, delightedly, every trace of languor disappearing as if by magic; for there was a certain mystery surrounding Katharine Leniton that gave her a nameless charm, and yet was so indefinable that it could be traced only to her abundant snow-white hair, which seemed most unaccountable and incongruous when you saw her fresh bright complexion and fine dark eyes. In short, Miss Leniton was a problem as yet unsolved. She was tall and handsome, and we should have said young, were it not for the curious fact about her hair. But, whatever her age, Bernard Liston seemed to find her very agreeable, and devoted so much time to her that not a few of the girls marveled greatly where lay the fascination of that "gray-haired woman," for Mr. Liston was a clever fellow, wonderfully good-looking, and one whose attentions were not to be sneered at. But to return. We all drew our chairs close together around Miss Leniton in the fast-gathering darkness, prepared to give our most profound attention, and after a short pause, in a clear, full voice, she commenced her story.

"To begin at the beginning," she said, "I must take you back a long ten years, to the time when I was at the poetic age of eighteen—a frank avowal on my part, which I have the less hesitancy in making on account of the respect you have always shown my gray hairs. I had just left school, and was making my arrangements for the summer vacation, when I received a letter from my quondam school-mate and dearest friend, Laura Archer, inviting me to make her a visit. Laura was two years older than I, and had spent the time since she left school traveling in Europe with her father, who idolized her, as he might well do, for besides being an only child, she was a very charming and lovable girl. The purport of the letter I will give, and in as nearly as I can remember the exact words; and you may rely upon the accuracy of my statements, for every thing that occurred at that time is so indelibly stamped on my memory that it stands out now in bold relief, when events much more recent are utterly forgotten.

"After various school allusions and expressions of delight at being back again in America, the letter read as follows:

"'And now I must tell you our summer plans. Father has bought a dear old house in the country, and we intend filling it with guests and having a splendid time; and, dear Kate, you must promise to make us a long visit and help entertain our friends. A word, parenthetically, about the house. I sincerely trust you are not superstitious, for there is a tale of terror connected with our new abode which I will now relate, so that you may never accuse me of deception. The house has been untenanted for several years, as it has obtained a bad name, owing to the fact that an old man and his wife—eminently worthy people—were foully murdered for their money, it was supposed, by a traveler whom they unsuspiciously harbored one stormy night. At all events, the aged couple were found the next morning with their throats cut, their money stolen, and the murderous traveler departed for parts unknown. The mystery was never fully cleared, but the house gained thereby the reputation of being haunted, the story told and believed by the villagers being that at night-fall the spirits of the murdered couple are seen upon the premises. Of course this is all an idle tale, and we looked on it accordingly; but remember, Kate, if you fear a "haunted house," that you have been duly warned.'

"As you may easily imagine, my most attentive listeners," continued Miss Leniton, "this but filled my adventuresome spirit of eighteen with greater eagerness; and the thought of seeing perhaps 'a real live ghost,' proved an additional attraction. I accepted Laura's invitation very gladly, and at the appointed time reported myself at the 'haunted house.'

"My first impression was that the situation, though romantic, was a very lonely one, being at quite a long drive from the nearest village, the house standing alone on a high piece of ground, surrounded by trees. The building itself was a two-story one, long and rambling, with a piazza extending around the lower story, and with rooms on both sides of the hall.

"Laura met me with great cordiality, and showed me over her domain with much glee.

"'It's so long a time,' she said, laughing, 'since I've had a *home* of any sort, that even this old shanty seems better than "pleasures and palaces" to me.'

"The house was plainly but very comfortably furnished, and could accommodate quite a large number of guests. The visitors arrived very soon, nearly all of them being acquaintances made while abroad, and we were at once launched on what was to me, fresh from the monastic seclusion of school life, a career of unparalleled gayety. Riding, driving, boating on a neighboring lake, picnicking in the woods near by, were our daily occupations, and; of course, not a few quiet and open flirtations were carried on.

"I might tell many amusing stories about the guests, and of one foreign count in particular, but it would take too long, and, besides, I can never think of them, individually or collectively, without a shudder at their cold heartlessness, in which you will, I think, quite agree when you hear the sequel of my story. Of course, when gathered on the piazza moonlight evenings, or seated on cooler nights by the cozy wood fire, there were many stories told of romance and of terror, and some tales of fearful adventures were related by the bolder members of the party. Naturally at these times the legend of our

own haunted house was talked over, and the guests were bound upon their honor to tell if any of them had seen the ghostly visitants, but none pleaded guilty to the charge.

"'I was speaking,' said Mr. Archer, on one of these occasions, 'to an old farmer a few days since, and telling him how free we had been from spiritual intruders since we had lived here, hoping thereby to convince him that it was but an idle tale; but the old fellow shook his head solemnly, and muttered, "The *wraiths* appear only when there's trouble, or sorrow, or death, and not when all goes well. Your time may come yet, your honor."'

"This amused us all greatly, and we said we would try to be prosperous and happy, and so keep all unpleasant visitants away.

"How easy that seemed then, and how light-hearted we all were, no shadow of the forth-coming trouble showing itself to damp our ardor! We spent three weeks in this delightful manner—three weeks to me of unalloyed pleasure—when one fatal day Laura complained of illness, and declared herself unable to leave her room. During that night she grew feverish and delirious, and early the next morning Mr. Archer sent for the village physician, who, when he saw his patient, shook his head gloomily, and requested that the doctor from the neighboring town might be summoned at once. As soon as the latter came, he pronounced the fearful verdict that Laura had in some unknown way contracted a fever of the most malignant type, and from which recovery was very doubtful. Mr. Archer was completely overwhelmed by these terrible tidings, and I was obliged to communicate them to the expectant guests down stairs. It makes my blood boil even now when I look back, after this long lapse of years, upon that scene. Not one thought did any of the recipients of Mr. Archer's unstinted hospitality show now for the grief-stricken man in this hour of dire calamity. Not one word of genuine sympathy for the bright young hostess who had been the life and joy of all their merry pursuits, and was now lying prostrated by the terrible fever, her delirious cries ringing in their very ears. No; the sole idea of each and all seemed to be to go away, to seek at once, amidst new pleasures, forgetfulness of the misery left behind—any thing to get out of the fever-tainted house.

"'So sorry, so very sorry, dear Miss Katharine, that our sweet young friend should suffer so sadly, and we would not think of intruding our presence at a time of such trouble. We could not be so very inconsiderate. If you would kindly have our luggage sent to the station in time for the next train, and see that some vehicle is provided for us. Don't trouble yourself about luncheon, dear Miss Leniton, and do write us how darling Laura gets on.'

"This in various keys from *all* the women. The men were a trifle more human; but all prepared to go; even the count, who had been Laura's very shadow, finding suddenly that important business required his immediate presence elsewhere. Before leaving he seized my hand, and pressing it to his lips with immense emotion, bade me with choked utterance tell dear '*Mees* Laure' how he was in '*total de-spair*,' and 'should *nev-are* be happy again.' And then he jumped with great alacrity into the village stage, which I had ordered promptly to be on hand. 'Defend me from my friends!' I exclaimed, as the door closed upon the last of the retreating fair-weather crowd, and then, after the usual feminine style, I sat down and had a good cry.

"But I had little time in which to indulge my wounded feelings; for, as a matter of course, this sudden stampede had its due effect upon the servants in the house, and to my dismay they also came to me in a body, panic-stricken, and asking their wages.

"'Really, miss,' said the spokeswoman, 'we can't stay, for them fevers is very catchin', I've heerd say, and, miss, we can't afford to get sick and die, havin' to earn our own livin', miss, you see.'

"This was incontrovertible, and so they all went; but I will give them credit for showing more feeling than the 'other batch,' and they shed very genuine tears in departing, and said that Miss Laura had been a good mistress, and they 'hoped she wouldn't come to no harm; but it was a bad house to get well in.'

"After some difficulty I found in the village an old colored woman, who, as she said, 'had had all the fevers agoin', and shouldn't ha' cared if she hadn't,' and so was not in the least afraid to help nurse our poor Laura.

"She and Mr. Archer and I were with the sick girl day and night, and the two doctors came faithfully. I look back to those days of anguish even now with a feeling of profound sadness. The fever ran its course, and on the ninth day dear Laura died, a little quieter, and recognizing apparently her poor distracted father, who held her in his arms until she breathed her last. Ah! how well do I recall each incident of that day and of that never-to-be-forgotten night! But I must not anticipate. Laura died at noon, and Mr. Archer was in a state of such complete prostration that it was impossible to confer with him about any funeral arrangements. I told old Dinah, our faithful nurse, to have the body laid out down stairs on the bed in one of the guest-chambers at the front of the house, and said also that I would sit up with it that night. I did this because I felt assured that sleep would not

visit me except by putting myself under the influence of some powerful narcotic, and that I feared to do, for I knew that when it once did come I should be unable to rally my scattered forces, and should thereby render myself useless. Before his daughter's death Mr. Archer had telegraphed to some relatives, who would, I sincerely trusted, arrive the following day, and thus free me from the fearful responsibility I could not now help feeling. Meantime I felt that I must keep awake at all hazards, and my nervous system was so completely alive, and every sense so highly wrought, that a morbid desire to watch for the last time by the form of my dear friend took such strong possession of me that I resolved to do so, and told Dinah accordingly. The good old soul demurred, but finding me determined, contented herself with putting some nicely cooked food—her own invariable solace—in an accessible place, and then retired to rest in one of the upper rooms. Mr. Archer still remained in his own apartment up stairs in a perfect stupor of grief, so that I was quite alone on the floor below. It was the last day of August, and the air had been of a most heavy, suffocating nature; so that when toward evening a violent storm set in, it was really a refreshing change, although it made the utter loneliness of our situation more appalling.

"As I look back now, I wonder at my courage in being willing to spend an entire night alone with the dead; but I had always strong nerves, and was by nature perfectly fearless. The body was laid out, as I said before, in the front-room on one side of the hall. Directly opposite the bed were two windows reaching almost to the ground and opening on the piazza outside. The outer blinds had not been closed, and the inner shades were drawn up, so that I could see the storm raging without. A single candle burned on the centre-table, shedding a ghastly light on all surrounding objects, and especially on the white-sheeted, deathly quiet figure on the bed. I tried to sit still, but found it impossible in that room, and so walked across the hall to the front-room on the other side, and after lighting a candle—the only one I could find—endeavored to fix my mind upon a book. But it was in vain, for I was in a state of too intense nervous excitement to give attention to any thing requiring mental effort. The old clock in the hall ticked ominously, and struck each passing hour in a loud, menacing way. The wick in the candle beside me flickered and fluttered until I saw gloomy shadows in every corner of the room. I could hear the loud beating of my own heart, but no other sound, save the moaning of the wind amidst the trees, and the storm pelting with merciless fury upon the roof of the piazza. Occasionally, as a heavier gust swept by, the doors and windows rattled ominously, and the air about me seemed to grow heavier and more difficult to breathe in. I imagined that I had taken the fever, and tried to feel my pulse; but its beatings, though rapid, were not alarming, and I endeavored to reason away my nameless fears. I tried to distract myself from the present by recalling the events of our past gayeties, but could recollect nothing vividly except the nights when we told those tales of terror, and with them came to me the thought of the old farmer's prediction about the ghosts appearing in times of sorrow and death. Ah, how little impression it made on us at that time! but now, in this desolate hour, there was something strangely and terribly weird about it all.

"I started violently as the old clock tolled out, in solemn gloom, the hour of midnight; and at the same time a heavy gust of wind came against the house, so that the front-door rattled loud and long. My impulse was to rush up stairs and rouse Mr. Archer or old Dinah, but the next moment I was ashamed of such groundless terrors, and tried honestly to drive them away.

"I then remembered it was more than an hour since I had looked into the next room, and, with more courage than a few moments since I had thought to possess, I walked across the hall. The candle on the table shed its wavering light around, and after glancing toward the bed, I was about turning back, when my eyes fell upon the farthest window, and there I distinctly saw a figure, clothed entirely in white, standing motionless outside, with eyes fastened upon the bed. While I gazed, horror-stricken and yet fascinated and unable to stir, suddenly another figure, taller, and clothed also in white, appeared, and fixed its eyes upon the same silent object. As I looked, I saw plainly and with frightful distinctness that the first figure was that of an old woman with white hair and ghastly pale face, and that her clothing was all white, while the second apparition was that of an old man with long, snowy beard, pale face, and attired, like the woman, completely in white.

"While I stood thus transfixed with terror, and doubting the very evidence of my senses, the figures turned, and fixing their gaze on me, simultaneously made the most mysterious gestures. They pointed first toward the bed, then to me—then waved their hands to the right, and then immediately disappeared in the same direction. A moment afterward I heard a violent rattling at the front-door. Then I suddenly seemed to recover the use of my deadened faculties, and I rushed frantically out and held the door with all my strength, although I well knew it was securely locked and bolted. The rattling at the door ceased in a few moments, and I heard it repeated again at

the window. I ran back, now fairly roused, and there, indeed, were the two figures vigorously endeavoring to raise the sash. The bolt, I remembered, was insecure, and I jumped on the window-seat, and with almost superhuman effort held the window down, while the phantom figures tried, with apparent equal energy, to raise it. They paused a moment, and then began again their frightful gestures. They pointed first toward the bed, then to me, then waved their hands wildly upward.

"I now recovered my speech, which had been thus far utterly paralyzed, and in my loudest, clearest tones I cried out, 'If you be human, for God's sake speak to me; if spirits, I conjure you, as you hope for salvation, to go away and leave the dead unmolested.' No word of answer came to my solemn appeal, only more violent gestures than before, accompanied by terrible grimaces. Suddenly both figures disappeared again in the darkness, and, I hoped, were gone forever; but to my horror I saw they were now at the other window, which they were stealthily trying to raise. Again I hurried to that, and with my utmost vigor held it down. Once more I appealed most earnestly to the relentless spectres, and in louder tones than before entreated them to give me some sign to show their object in coming thus to haunt us at the dead of night. But there was no reply, only a repetition of the same senseless gestures and grimaces, and no sound save the sobbing of the now dying storm.

"Again the spectral figures disappeared, and the front-door rattled louder than ever, but just as I turned to leave the room a gust of wind blew out the candle, and I was left in the dark. I ran across the hall to the other room, seized the candle burning there, and was hastening back, when that too was suddenly extinguished, and a horror of darkness seemed to fall upon me. With one bound I leaped up the staircase, flew across the hall to Mr. Archer's room, flung open the door, and cried, wildly, 'Come —oh! come quickly, if you would save your child!' I snatched the candle that burned beside him, and having fairly roused him from his heavy stupor, I rushed down stairs, he following me with equal rapidity. Into the room I sprang, my brain on fire, every nerve on the stretch, and there saw my worst fears realized. One of the windows stood wide open, the figure of the old man was already in the room, and was now helping in that of the ghostly old woman.

"'Wretches!' I cried, vehemently, 'leave us in peace, and know that you will take possession of that dead girl's body only by first stepping over ours.'

"I then ran violently across to the bed, and placed myself beside it, looking to Mr. Archer to follow, when, imagine my terror and amazement at seeing the figure of the old woman fling her arms around his neck and burst into loud sobs, while the spectre of the white-bearded old man seized his hand and wrung it with profound emotion! As I gazed with staring eyes at this singular scene, my brain reeled, the room swam around, the figures seemed to fade away, and I fell heavily to the floor!

* * * * * *

"When I regained consciousness—nearly two days afterward—I found a kind face bending over me, while a soft, gentle hand smoothed my brow, although no word was spoken. Dinah was busied about the room, and when she saw my look of intelligence, gave vent to a loud burst of satisfaction.

"'Dear lamb,' she said, 'we thought you'd never know us no more. I'll call the master.'

"When she left the room, I looked up at the kind old lady, and said, faintly, 'Where have I seen you before? and why are you so kind to me?'

"For answer she smiled and gently stroked my forehead again. In a few moments Mr. Archer came, looking old and care-worn, but showing by hearty expressions of satisfaction his pleasure at my recovery. The funeral, he told me, was over, and as soon as I was well enough we should leave the house forever. After a pause, I glanced inquiringly at the kind old lady, who was placidly gazing at the landscape without, and Mr. Archer said, with a slight smile, 'You need not be afraid to speak before her; she is deaf and dumb. It is my aunt, who most kindly started at once with her husband as soon as they received my telegram announcing Laura's illness, and were deeply shocked to find her dead.'

"'And they came *that* night?' I breathlessly asked.

"'Yes,' replied Mr. Archer, gently, 'and I do not wonder, my poor child, that you thought them uncanny visitors. They can neither of them hear nor speak, and, being Quakers, always dress in white or light drab-color. They arrived at the station very late that night, and were driven over through the storm. The wagon left them at the gate, and as it rained so violently, my aunt put her white skirt over her head, and my uncle tied a handkerchief over his hat, which, of course, added to their ghostly appearance. They first knocked loudly at the front-door, but as no attention was paid, seeing a light through the window, they looked in, and were greatly shocked to see the white-covered figure on the bed.' Here Mr. Archer shuddered. 'Then they espied you, and made signs for you to open the door. As you did not comply with their request, they tried to let themselves in at each window in turn, but you resisted all their efforts with what was to them most

incomprehensible energy. They endeavored by signs to tell you that they had come for kind purposes, but all in vain, and they were finally forced to conclude that you were out of your mind, when, fortunately, you called me to the rescue. Thus much my uncle has told me in sign-language, which I understand quite well. And now, my dear child, why did you treat these estimable people with such inhospitality?'

"I then gave Mr. Archer *my* version of the story. I told of my earnest appeal to the figures to speak, *if human*, and of my forced conclusion that they could be no other than the ghosts of the murdered old couple said to haunt the house in time of sorrow and death. Of the fact of my friend having deaf-and-dumb relatives who were Quakers I had never been made aware, consequently I thought my conduct under the circumstances excusable. Mr. Archer agreed with me, and promised to explain to his aunt and uncle the motives that impelled my extraordinary conduct, which he did most faithfully, and the old couple very generously forgave me. But from frequent shakes of the head and pitying glances that they bestowed upon me, I feel confident they never fully believed in my sanity. They returned shortly afterward to their suburban home, and I never heard any thing further about them.

"There is little more to tell. The house was sold at a great sacrifice, and, I believe, was torn down and rebuilt by its present owner. Old Dinah received a very liberal reward for her faithful services, and went back to the village, where she doubtless still tells to open-mouthed listeners about 'the ghosts the young *leddy* saw that awful stormy night in the haunted house;' for that I *did* see them was her firm and unshaken conviction.

"'My young leddy wouldn't ha' tumbled down a-faintin' all in a heap if she hadn't ha' seen *real sperrits, I'm* sure,' she reiterated, and I could not but feel grateful for her confidence in me.

"Mr. Archer soon went abroad to live, to seek, amidst foreign scenes, distraction for his grief. Apparently he found it, for I heard some two years ago that he had wooed and won a blooming widow for his bride. There's nothing further to say, except that from that memorable night my hair assumed its present sober hue, and I have never since believed in ghosts — on principle.

"And now my story's done," said Miss Leniton, rising. "It has been a very long one, and I thank you all for your kind attention. Remember, Mr. Britton," she added, laughing, "on the next rainy evening I shall look for you to do your share in the entertainment. Do you know it is really very late? and so I will wish you all good-night, and pleasant dreams, undisturbed by phantom figures in any shape."

Miss Leniton left us, amidst loud expressions of thanks, and then our comments fell freely and fast.

"So it wasn't a ghost story after all; I'm quite disappointed," said Miss Wister.

"But she told it uncommonly well, and really I became quite excited. How plucky she was!" commented Harry Britton, enthusiastically.

"It was as much as I could do to keep back a loud scream when the figures first appeared, I was so wrought up. It's a wonder she didn't faint then," said Mrs. Gray.

"It would have saved her considerable trouble if she had," responded Miss Wister, rather maliciously.

"I know I sha'n't sleep a wink to-night," said pretty Grace Arcott, in an aggrieved tone, "and I'm really afraid to go up stairs alone. I don't pretend to have strong nerves."

"Perhaps," chimed in the clear voice of Bernard Liston, who had not hitherto spoken, "you will not all of you entirely overlook the complete absence of vanity shown by Miss Leniton. She tells her story all as a matter of course, yet it seems to me that few young girls would dare, as she did, to brave contagion, and spend voluntarily such a terribly lonely vigil, and then speak of it as if it were merely an ordinary every-day sort of thing to do. Miss Leniton is a *trump*, I think, and I admire her immensely."

Mr. Liston was always noted for his straightforwardness, and this open and emphatic statement of his sentiments was most actively and indubitably re-enforced during the next few days. There was no "faint heart" about *him*, and I think that, from present appearances, ere the summer is over, the "fair lady" may be won, and Miss Leniton may be induced to become Mrs. Liston, braving the old adage about "changing the name, and not the letter." And may we all be invited to dance at the wedding!

THE ART OF DINING.

WE are by no means the first to acknowledge the weighty claim which the above subject has made good upon antiquity and civilization. Even in these later days Owen Meredith has sung melodiously in praise of a dinner, while from out of the musty past of old English proverbs there issues a voice warning us that the heart of man lies in the stomach! Be this as it may, it is true that a kind intent is ofttimes warped, a generous instinct repressed, a merry speech transformed into a biting criticism, by that awful American nightmare, dyspepsia. It is a fact as well known as it is lamentable that the "great American

nation" does not, as a rule, dine well. To cleverly combine the various elements of a repast so that each successive one shall play upon and harmoniously efface the last, is an art with which we are only just becoming acquainted.

It were curious, even interesting, for a student of his kind to note the effect of climate upon the characteristics of nations in this respect. In Russia, Sweden, and Norway, where prolonged and biting winters necessitate action and large supplies of animal heat, meals are frequent and of great duration. Five hearty repasts per diem, among which dinner is the chief one, are the common allowance in those Northern localities. This principal meal is heralded by a cold collation partaken of *en route* for the dining-room. In a small anteroom the guests pause before a small table spread with articles creative of appetite and thirst, such as red herring, sardines, caviare, cheeses, sharp pickles, and arrack, the native whisky. Thus stimulated, a much larger repast is made than would otherwise be possible. When this custom, however, is introduced regardless of climatic requirements, it is prone to conduce to sluggishness, as in some parts of Germany. Again, the glowing mother earth and ardent skies of Italy furnish her children with their best preservatives against their combined intensity of heat. Fruits and salads, succulent, refreshing, cooling, form the national breakfast and the chief staple of other meals, being freely partaken of with results which might be much less favorable under a cooler sky. Nature, amidst these wondrous adaptations, is not neglectful of the needs of animals, as may be briefly instanced by a Norwegian custom. Within the arctic circle, where the winters are a long twilight, and the high lands so barren that people subsist upon bread made from the tender bark of the birch-tree, the cattle are fed upon dried fish caught in those storied fiords, whose waters, the Fortunatus purse of Norway, stretch far inland by dusky forests of pine.

We would not be understood as intending to dilate upon the pleasures of the table. Our plea is this: all things may be well or illy done; we may dine badly, just as we may act or work badly, and the three are closely connected. Thus, without treading upon the debatable land of epicureanism, or falling into that Slough of Despond ycleped gluttony, we desire to set down in order a few well-established rules for the inspection of American housekeepers. We only delay in order to add that the appetite may be taught to crave improper food, just as it is susceptible of being trained to do its proper share toward sustaining the physical well-being of man, and even affording him gratification. The purveyors of our rising generation should bear this well in mind. Much more might be said upon this branch of the subject, but it lies beyond the scope of the present article, whose proposed limitations are the general rules of dinner-giving.

These rules take as a basis what is really the cosmopolitan dinner, known as the *dîner à la Russe*, in which the courses are handed in rotation to each guest without having been placed upon the table. The quick-witted Russians are the greatest appreciators of the sway which imagination has over appetite, both becoming speedily cloyed by the sight of dishes heaped with food covering the table. A tastefully adorned board pleases the eye, and such decorations may be carried to a great extent. Fruit and flowers are always obtainable; fine linen, glass, and china are almost necessities. In European families, whose china is an heir-loom, graceful figures are placed along the table, sometimes useful (as when holding baskets with salt, or violets if you will), sometimes merely ornamental. Even huge vases worth their weight in silver are so placed, or flowers growing in Sèvres pots, or strawberry plants each with three or four berries, one plant before each guest, as fashion dictated for two winters at a certain European court. The chandelier may be hung with flowers, but wax-candles in china or silver candelabra give a richer look to the table, and a softer light as well. A round table is also more graceful, and tends to make the conversation more general, and hence more lively. To the personal supervision of the hostess the guests are most frequently indebted for such graceful suggestions of art as are but too rarely seen in this country upon similar occasions. This is chiefly to be deplored, because such artistic treasures challenge attention, and lead the conversation to a higher and more interesting ground than the ordinary chit-chat of the day.

The laws governing the repast itself are unalterable as those of the Medes and Persians. In countries where oysters abound they may be served before the soup, upon the half shell, with a slice of lemon cut lengthwise, to the number of four (small) upon each plate. These, and small crabs in summer, are alone admissible *before* the arrival of soup, and form the only course placed upon the table, being there when dinner is announced.

Soup.—In view of the many heavy courses to follow, the most elegant soup is a clear *bouillon*, although richer ones are seen. The better rule appears to be that the repast, beginning with an appetizer, should increase in richness to a certain point, and thence decline. Such a soup as mock-turtle, for instance, appears too rich between oysters and fish: the appetite should be gradually tempted.

Fish follows next, and with it the invariable boiled potato, mealy and white, "*au naturel.*" With salmon, boiled rice is frequently used, served as a garnishing. Care should be taken to see that the fish chosen is in season.

Entrées to the number of one or two are *de rigueur* after fish. In serving, the courses should be handed from alternate ends of the table each time. A dinner may be made long or short by adding or retrenching *entrées* and *relevés*, as the lighter dishes are called. The soup and fish should never be omitted. A roast with vegetables follows the first *entrée*, and after a second the game course is in order. In this connection it is a mooted point whether to serve currant jelly, which harmonizes with the game flavor, or dressed salad, which accentuates, just as many hesitate between contrast and harmony in dress. Either is in good taste; both may be offered; only one should be accepted. The vegetables with game should be very delicate ones, so as not to predominate what is considered the finest course. Boiled celery with cream sauce, rice croquettes, and mushrooms are all suitable, the first being a favorite dish in France. The substantial part of the dinner may end here with one more *entrée*, which at the best tables is frequently some vegetable of decided flavor. Among those most used in this way are cauliflower, artichoke, green pease, *macaroni au gratin* (baked with cheese). In this connection it is well to state that olives may be passed about between the courses, their peculiar flavor renewing the delicacy of the palate, and throwing all others into strong relief.

In the cosmopolitan dinner, cheese is the line of demarkation between dinner and dessert, being served after the table has been brushed in preparation for the latter. Black German bread is suitable with strong cheeses, white with more delicate ones, but gentlemen prefer hard crackers. One of these should also be placed at each plate, with the orthodox roll, when the table is set.

Dessert usually opens with some hot dish, called in France *plat doux*, or, if pastry, *plat solant*. Ices, jellies, méringues, etc., etc., follow, fruit and nuts being last. When the ladies retire at this juncture, the gentlemen being left to their wines, coffee is served to the former in the parlor, and to the latter with brandy and *liqueurs* at the table. This coffee should be without cream. Such is the English innovation (approved in America) upon the cosmopolitan dinner. In other countries all the guests leave the table together, coffee, etc., being served in the drawing-room, after which gentlemen who wish to smoke retire to the library or conservatory. This is deemed much better taste, and is so, according to the French and the Swedes, most polite of nations. Occasionally we see the coffee served at the table, but this should be confined to informal occasions.

We now enter upon the subject of wines, certain of which are assigned to each guest with precision. Thus:

With oysters, Sauterne.
" soup, Madeira or sherry.
" fish, Hock.
" entrée, Claret.

It is customary, among those whose means are equal to their taste, to have two clarets —a good one for the first *entrée*, and a smaller supply of very fine (say, Lafitte or Clos Vougeot) to serve with game. Proceeding, therefore, upon this basis:

Roast, Champagne.
Relevé, "
Game, (best) Claret.

Hereafter the guests are offered their choice between the Burgundies and Champagne, until the coffee introduces *liqueurs*. With but one claret, it may be continued until the game course, when Champagne is served; or, as in England, a fine port may be passed with the roast, and continued until game and Champagne come on. Claret is the best wine in a small dinner where only one wine is to be offered, and a more liberal introduction of the excellent brands of Burgundy near the end of a dinner would meet with the approbation of connoisseurs. Tokay is a standard dessert wine in Europe; it is of Hungarian growth, and rarely met with in this country. Champagne should be cooled by being laid upon ice, but never by putting ice in the glasses, as no one desires to mix it with melted snow-water. A refined custom is that of offering Seltzer water with Champagne (napkins around both bottles), for at that stage of the dinner an increasing thirst is apt to require something cold and yet not strong. It is also preferable to see ladies weaken their Champagne. When *frappé*, this wine has been kept upon ice and salt until half frozen. Claret should be slightly warmed to remove all crudeness, either by being plunged into warm water or laid in a warm place, and should be about the temperature of a grape in the sun. We knew a gentleman, who had gained for himself the sobriquet of Lucullus, who was so particular upon this question of temperature as to carry a thermometer to test his wines. Such overeagerness is only excusable when a host is solicitous about his guests. Sauterne should be cooled; all other wines are left to themselves. Vichy water, offered either after the game course or when the ladies have left the room, affords relief to those who may be annoyed by a light indigestion. At some tables (usually foreign) frozen punch is handed before the game course. This decided diversion renews the appetite, just as some color which has palled upon the eye recov-

ers all its brightness when one has turned for an instant to another.

The above rules are all that can well be given in the space of an article such as this. With regard to sauces, combinations, etc., where a cook has not a discriminating taste, the English edition of Mrs. Beeton and the French *Cuisinier des Cuisiniers* are the best guides to a housekeeper.

We subjoin two *menus*, which may interest and serve as examples. The first is a breakfast given by a queen dowager to the Prince and Princess of Wales. Ornaments of rare beauty in Sèvres and majolica adorned the table, and the musicians were concealed behind orange-trees in flower.

Windsor soup.	Madeira.
Fresh salmon garnished with raw oysters.	Marcobrunner.
Roast beef. Belgian cabbages. Artichokes.	Port.
Chickens in cream. Mushrooms.	Veuve Clicquot.
Pheasants garnished with sweetbreads.	Lafitte.
French pease. Harlequin ices. Cakes.	Tokay.
Café noir.	Liqueurs.

The second *menu*, of a private American dinner, is selected from a mass of such for its dainty excellence, to point our moral and adorn our tale. It is dated April, 1871.

Frozen oysters.	Chevalier Montrachet.
Soup à la reine.	Château Yquem, 1864.
Salmon with lobster sauce.	" "
Tenderloin with mushrooms. Green pease.	Sillery, dry, 1867.
Tomatoes. Potatoes.	Sparkling Sharzberg, 1867.
English snipe, larded. Saratoga potatoes.	Chambertin, 1864.
Dressed terrapin. Lobster salad.	Johannisberg, 1861.
Roquefort cheese.	Port, 1825.
Frozen coffee.	
Cakes, fruit, cigars, and Chartreuse, 1864.	
Black coffee.	

It will be seen at a glance that this is an original *menu*, and contrary to usual customs. Only those who possess old wines and are accurate judges of their respective flavors can combine them in unusual order with the courses, as above.

In conclusion, we would remind our housekeepers that in connection with the art of dining is another art upon which this first, as well as many others, is dependent for success. This is the art of self-forgetfulness. She who in planning her dinner has before her mental vision a high moral standard, a perception of the beautiful, a desire to please and interest her guests, she who will put on smiles which are truly cordial and wishes which are sincere to receive them as she puts on her laces and flowers, will indeed be the most desired hostess and the most perfectly accomplished lady.

THE SIGN OF THE CROSS.

A Narrative Piece.

(LIEUTENANT SELFRIDGE'S EXPLORING EXPEDITION, CENTRAL AMERICA, 1869.)

I.

Leaving our ships in the bay,
We advanced (clearing our pathway day by day)
Far through the forests and jungles of Central America.

II.

In time ('twas toward night-fall),
After a long day's journey,
A day of toil and danger, of hope and forlorn hopes,
We reached a savannah,
And in the distance saw signs of life and of man.

III.

Our coming stirred a group of Indians,
The ancient red native, wild and naked,
Who never yet had seen the white man's face,
Who knew not of his ways or power:
The white man, whose mysterious apparition
Raised wonder, if not fear.

IV.

The group advanced to meet us:
With it one who looked the chief, proud though a savage.

V.

As we drew near, he led his side, I mine,
Each gazing forward with keen inquest,
To see if the intent were hostile,
To discern the nature, each of each, the spirit and the purpose.

VI.

He bore his war weapons—spear, and bow and arrows;
From his head rose feathers;
Battle-scarred were his face and breast (seen through our glass).
We to him were strange, bearded and white.

VII.

Now, when within due range of visible signal,
He halted, doubtful, wary,
Looked toward us, and then, with questioning mien,
He made the SIGN OF THE CROSS.

VIII.

The SIGN OF THE CROSS:
Raising aloft his warlike spear and bow,
And crossing his bow upon his spear.

IX.

Discerning quickly his inquiry,
The like sign for reply I gave—
Crossing two bamboo canes at hand.

X.

Now, hastening forward, he loftily saluted us,
Accepting this high sign
As proof of friendship, brotherhood, humanity.

XI.

He led us to his tents,
Where we were feasted on strange game and fruits;
And after being guarded through the night,
On the morrow were sped upon our way.

XII.

This savage chief had never known of Christ,
The Child of Bethlehem, the Man of Calvary,
The Son of God who sits at God's right hand;
He knew not of redemption through the CROSS,
Of everlasting life through Christ's heart's blood:
He worshiped unknown gods in Cloud or Sun.

XIII.

But some way,
From some other age, some dim tradition,
He had learned the Cross
Was sign of amity, of peace.
Thus, by THIS SIGN, our lives were saved.

XIV.

And as the Cross revealed new mystic powers,
Displayed its life to savage as to saint,
To Heaven I raised acclaim:

XV.

O wondrous Cross of Calvary!
O symbol high and great!
Eternal Cross! of universal love the sign!
Man's hope in life, Life's hope beyond the skies!

JOHN SWINTON.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AS the holiday season returns, the old look back as curiously as the young look forward, and how many of our more ancient readers will recall, as they turn over the magnificent gift books of this year, the modest little "Annuals" and "Tokens" and "Souvenirs" of the days when they went gypsying! There is something very delicate and innocent in the name "Annuals," which was given to those little books, for it suggests an evanescence which they illustrated, the life of a day or of a season. How brief their bloom was! How feebly dainty they were! And yet some of the perennial flowers of our literature first opened in that fleeting guise. There lately fell into the hands of the Easy Chair one of these firstlings of holiday literary gifts. How many of them are lying at this moment in secret drawers, sacred relics of youth and love and hope and all the gay promise of spring! To how many venerable grandmothers do they not recall

> "The songs of maids beneath the moon,
> With fairy laughter blent,"

when they were the youngest and merriest of all!

It is not possible that any copy of *The Atlantic Souvenir* for 1826 can be more carefully preserved or have retained more of its original freshness than that which serves as the text of this little discourse, and which was given by a young husband to his young wife fifty years ago. It is contained in a pale straw-colored case, upon which is pasted a copy of the engraved outer title-page, and upon this, in a firm, handsome hand, is written the affectionate inscription to the wife. The precious little book is drawn from the case by a loop of green silk, and when it appears it is a dainty-looking volume, and upon the side of the cover, which is of a delicate green color, is the engraved title, with floating lines, "*Atlantic Souvenir* for 1826. Philadelphia: published by H. C. Carey and I. Lea," and a design of four of the Muses addressing a sitting Minerva; while the other outer side of the cover shows an imperial Juno. It is evidently a book intended to be, as a certain author said of his little story, "pleasing to God and entertaining to the ladies." But the pretty and elegant green cover opens unfortunately upon a paper which is poor and thin, and a print which is too suggestive of the newspaper. The binding, too, is defective, but we hasten to the preface.

"The publishers of the present volume," it says, "present to the public a work which, although on a plan by no means novel in other countries, has never yet been introduced among us. Nothing would seem more naturally to suggest itself as one of those marks of remembrance and affection which old custom has associated with the gayety of Christmas than a little volume of lighter literature, adorned with beautiful specimens of art." The preface proceeds to inform us that such a volume has been long known upon the continent of Europe, and that the shops of Germany and France abound with them every winter. In London "the same design has been adopted" with no less approbation. It remains to be seen if it will be approved in America; and "while it would be unbecoming" (such was the simplicity of the trade half a century ago!) "for the publishers to remark upon the contributions which they have received, yet they may be allowed to mention that every article is the production of our own citizens, several of them already highly distinguished in this and foreign countries by their writings, and embracing among others the names of Paulding, Bryant, Barker, Sedgwick, and Waln." Nor does the preface omit a good word for the "embellishments," saying, with modest complacency, "It is believed that some of the designs will not injure the reputation which an American painter has attained in the academies of Europe." This is an allusion to Leslie, from whose works the *Souvenir* contains two or three most lamentable engravings.

The little book has three hundred and fifty-three pages, and twenty-four contributions in prose and verse. The first of them is a tale with a title of romantic promise, "The Eve of St. John; or, the Oracle of the Secret Water." It is a story of Greece and Turkey, as became the interest of the time. Then comes "The Dream. Inscribed to Miss * * *." The name of what famous belle and fairest fair is lost forever in that triple asterisk! Yet what reader, and especially what editor, does not recognize the strain that follows? What a vast and ever-swelling stream of this molasses and water has been flowing, is flowing, and, unless pens give out, will continue to flow! What comfort it gives to the world of Tupper!

> "Still was the night, and not a sound
> Save murmurs from the pattering rain
> Broke the sweet calm that breathed around,
> And hush'd the humming haunts of men.
> 'Twas midnight—sacred to the soul,
> To soothing thoughts, to dreams of love—
> When endless visions brightly roll,
> And fancy decks the joys she wove."

The dream is of a Queen of Beauty whom various lovers woo. The first sings:

> "Know, sweet maiden, that for thee
> India pours its ceaseless treasure;
> Riches have no bounds for me:
> Take the gift, and live in pleasure."

The second sings:

> "Bless'd with the noble blood of gallant sires,
> And stamp'd with honor by patrician birth,
> He, of long line of ancestry, aspires
> To woo thy virtues to his noble hearth."

The third sings:

> "Then say not the offering of soul can not move thee,
> That nature shall bend to the triumph of art;
> Sincerity soars on its pinions to love thee,
> And hallows the riches that flow from the heart."

It would be mere cruelty not to reveal the decision of this dream-seen Portia. As this last lover's song ended, no sound was heard in the crowd,

> "But every ear, enraptured, caught
> The eloquence of honest thought."

A warmer smile than the dimples of the maid had ever known, a sweeter glance, a rosier bloom, and much else, spoke to number three more raptures than

> "ever did fond lover sip
> From dearest woman's coral lip."

Then a lily hand was outstretched, which he sprang to grasp, and so,

> "With downcast eye and throbbing breast,
> She bade the rich in love be blest."

There are many tales in prose, two of which are American—"A Revolutionary Story," and a "Tale of Mystery." This last is designed to open with brisk humor, and begins, so to speak, with a meaning wink. "One fine day in the merry month of June—the May of our lagging Northern climate—the gallant steamboat *Chancellor Kent* was gayly wafting a cargo of live stock up the stream of the majestic Hudson.....The boat was full of people, who, except that they belonged all to the sovereign genus, man, consisted of almost as great a variety in physiognomy and appearance as the freight of Noah's ark. Some of these were deeply engaged in poring over, amidst the gathering shades of twilight, those deep newspaper speculations which would doubtless make people much wiser than they are if they did not all differ from each other, and not unfrequently from themselves; some were as deeply engaged in discussing the Presidential question, for that awful crisis had not then happily passed; some smoking at the bows, some tippling a little, and some buried in the sentimental luxuries and high-seasoned antics of *Don Juan*. These last were principally romantic young ladies, enthusiastically fond of the beauties of nature, which they always study in novels. There was likewise a store of fashionable young gentlemen, whom it is quite impossible to class under any head but that of the people who were doing nothing. They yawned frequently, which is all that can be said of the matter." The "mystery" is that of a young man at Saratoga, who seems to a sentimental young woman to be so unhappy and romantic that he must certainly be Lord Byron, and after much moonlight and fluting upon the lake, he turns out to be Mr. Jacob Stump, of Dog's Misery. The author had evidently read Irving's *Stout Gentleman*, and had heard, perhaps, of Lamb's *Mr. H——*, and remembered them. The humor throughout is as sprightly as that of the opening.

"A Revolutionary Story" is of this kind: "'Kind Heaven,' he exclaimed, 'has interposed to save us from impending death;' and he pressed the senseless girl to his breast, while he addressed a thanksgiving to the Distributor of all good." Here, also, is an unusual study of old Continental times and manners, with a nice derangement of epitaphs and a choiceness of language that would have charmed Mrs. Malaprop: "Some fleeting months took their winged course to the goal of time, when Charles, on his return from a visit to his old friend, was suddenly called into the library of his father. 'Faithless, unworthy boy,' he exclaimed, 'has not thy father's cup been bitter enough but that thou must add more nauseous drugs to it? Hast thou ever entertained a hope that Sophia Lamethe shall be thy bride? If so, that hope must instantly be resigned. While thy father lives it can never be. Renounce such an idea from this moment, or leave my presence forever." Sophia at last dies in Funchal. Charles, far from renouncing the idea, pursues her thither. He finds but her grave. He throws himself upon the ground, "overcome by his feelings," and was found "next morning by the young females who daily visited the spot." But intense grief "had made an impression never to be eradicated. His noble mind was prostrated, and he became a wanderer of the valley, with a heart as simple and innocent as a babe's. Colonel Lamethe, in passing from one island to another in a small boat, was wrecked, and every soul perished."

Such were the literary delights of our parents at the holiday season. And the "embellishments" are equally stimulating. There is a view of Paris from Père la Chaise which is as faithful to nature as the exclamations of Charles's father, and a picture of the Falls of Montmorenci which would have satisfied Cecilia in the "Tale of Mystery." There is Rebecca in the prison at Templestowe, of which the accompanying text says, "This beautiful illustration of one of the finest incidents of modern romance is now for the first time presented to the public." No wonder that the Templar immured her in pure revenge for having thought her lovely. And there is also "Bertha." This is the heroine of the "Waldstetten: a Swiss Tale," and these are the words which the artist has chosen to "embellish:" "Many a time, when the air was more than usually mild, might she be seen pensively seated at the open lattice, as the moon, with lovely and majestic step, stole along the heavens, and tipped with ethereal silver the summits of the groves, and poured her soft flood of light on hill and dale around." The *Souvenir* was plainly meant, as we said, not only to be pleasing to the higher powers, but entertaining to the ladies. And were they entertained, the young lovers and parents of fifty years ago? and did they gaze upon this dreadful Bertha with rapture, and agree that the design would not injure the reputation which the American painter had acquired in the academies of Europe? Above all, did they suspect, as they turned these modest pages, and hung over the fortunes of "The Spanish Girl of the Cordilleras," or "A Legend of the Forest," that the little poem called "June" would be known fifty years later as one of the sweetest strains in American literature?

For among all the tales and verses and embellishments that make us feel, as we look at them and smile, as if our forerunners of that time were boys and girls at a romantic boarding-school, we turn the sixty-fourth page and find Bryant's beautiful poem, then, we presume, for the first time printed. It is without a signature, yet its tone is so simple and pure and manly, its pathos so restrained and true, that if the young wife to whom this copy of the *Atlantic Souvenir* was given had music in her soul, it must instantly have responded to this strain:

> "I know, I know, I should not see
> The season's glorious show,
> Nor would its brightness shine for me,
> Nor its wild music flow;
> But if around my place of sleep
> The friends I love should come to weep,
> They might not haste to go:
> Soft airs and song and light and bloom
> Should keep them lingering by my tomb.
>
> "These to their softened hearts should bear
> The thought of what has been,
> And speak of one who can not share
> The gladness of the scene;
> Whose part in all the pomp that fills
> The circuit of the summer hills
> Is—that his grave is green."

Bryant was then thirty years old, but his Muse was already mature. He contributed to the *Souvenir*, besides the "June," the two familiar poems, "Oh, fairest of the rural maids," and "I broke the spell that held me long, The dear, dear witchery of song," so that when we have done smiling at the amusing want of humor in the humorous sketches, and our hearts have thrilled to the utmost with the woes of Charles Boyd and Sophia Lamethe, we must be truly grateful to the modest and pretty little *Atlantic Souvenir* for 1826 for admitting us to the first appearance of these delightful verses. And as we go through the splendid shops of to-day and examine the treasures of every kind which are piled up to tempt holiday generosity, we may bravely challenge gilded book and opulent magazine to show anonymous poems superior to those which, after all the patronizing affability of modern times toward the "Annuals," the *Atlantic Souvenir* for 1826 contains.

THE other day a friend, anxious lest the Easy Chair in its busy contemplation of the minor morals should forget some of the major, said, with great earnestness, that no man should now omit to attend to his political duties, because the issues were now simply between honest and dishonest men. And he read with animation an article in a newspaper which declared the great question to be whether we should have honest men or thieves in office. The Easy Chair was at the moment engaged in studying a plan of the great Centennial buildings for the Exhibition of next year, and meditating upon the glories of our national achievements as it smiled at the effete despotisms which would gaze in dumb despair upon the accumulated evidences of our greatness and goodness which we have invited the whole world to admire and emulate. But this abrupt announcement that the great political question of the Centennial year was whether we should be governed by honest folks or thieves was a little startling and humiliating. "Is *that* the result of a hundred years of popular self-government?" it asked its friend.

If a man should recommend a clerk to a merchant by telling him that the chief excellence of the friend whom he commended was that he would not forge the merchant's name, or an engineer should offer as his credentials trustworthy evidence that he would not steal, or a carpenter should be pressed upon a man about to build a house because he was not a pickpocket—all these suggestions would be thought excellent fooling. But an employer would fall into very grave thinking if, when he said that he wanted men competent to do his work, he should be told that that was a secondary consideration to the question whether they would steal. He would probably come out of his thinking to remark that if he had come into a community of sharpers, he would go elsewhere and find people who were at least and of course honest. A man may well be aghast if he is told that the important point in voting for a judge is to be sure to find one who will not be bribed, and that in calling a physician the essential question is not if he can cure, but whether he will poison. If a hundred years have brought us, in casting about for officers and magistrates of every kind, to assume that only very great care can secure common honesty, and that if we elect to office men who will not forge, or steal, or commit burglary, or set fire to houses, we ought to rejoice and celebrate the great victory, what have we invited all mankind to come and look at?

If we show them great buildings, is there no fear that they may discover them to be monuments of great rascality and jobbery? If we heap up inventions and machines of every kind, if we display the exquisite fineness and elaboration of our manufactures, magnify the results of our industry, carry them down into the mines, whirl them from sea to sea upon a cloud of vapor, unroll our dazzling statistics, and challenge the universe to show so much done in so little time, is there no danger—if the issue be what we are told—that the world may admire and applaud, and agree that such mowers and reapers and tedders and sowers, such cloths and silver and copper and coal, such notions and knick-knacks and comforts and conveniences and luxuries, such school-houses and sleeping cars and North River steamboats, were never known, and are evidently the best of their kind, and then ask, since the things are so excellent, how about the people? and are they as intelligent and, above all, honest as with such advantages they naturally ought to be? Wouldn't it be awkward to have to reply that, simultaneously with the magnificent results of machinery and enterprise and inventive genius which we had the pleasure to present to the universe, we were engaged in a tremendous struggle to fill our public offices with men who would not steal? If that be the fact, there seems to be a good opportunity for humility as well as congratulation. If our politics have become mainly an effort to secure honesty in office, it is something of which we ought to be thoroughly ashamed.

Yet there is no doubt that it is largely true. In his eulogy upon Mr. Seward before the Legislature of New York, Mr. Charles Francis Adams said: "Our forefathers would marvel could they imagine it possible for me to claim credit for Mr. Seward on the score of his honesty as a public man. Yet the time has come when we must honor one who never bought nor sold a vote or a place, and who never permitted his public action to be contaminated in the atmosphere of corporation influence." No one can deny it, and the one chief contribution that we can bring to the Centennial Exhibition is the resolution that it shall be true no longer. At the end of our century we must begin again at the beginning, and take care to secure what ought to be taken for granted. It is thirty years since a wise and serene observer of American life said, in words whose melancholy music appeals to every noble heart: "Who that sees the meanness of our politics but inly congratulates Washington that he is long already wrapped in his shroud, and forever safe; that he was laid sweet in his grave, the hope of humanity not yet subjugated in him?" And if now, after a hundred years, we address ourselves to revive that hope by a contest not for lofty ability in affairs, not to show that in a free government the best are of necessity the most honored and most trusted as public leaders, but to prove that by a mighty determination and general co-operation it is possible not to choose thieves for our rulers, we do what is plainly necessary to save our national life and honor, but

also something to which it is not wise loudly to call public attention.

THERE is an annual wail for the Italian opera in New York, as if it were some celestial boon denied by a cruel destiny. Yet the Italian opera is always a lamentable failure, and by the necessity of the case its presentation has all the disadvantages and crudities of an occasional enterprise instead of the satisfactory ease of an established institution. Indeed, it has every where something of the frail air of an exotic. It requires so great an outlay of money and the harmonizing of such infinite discords that it exists only as a luxury and by the subsidies of aristocratic governments. The enthusiasm for a favorite singer is so overpowering, and her audiences so sure, that every manager fears to lose his chance by the high offer of his rivals, so that the singers demand the most extravagant sums, and they are allowed. This may be endured when the state pays the bills, but when the manager depends upon his receipts from the public, his conduct must be regulated by the size of theatres and halls and the prices that people are willing to pay. In this country, moreover, a certain Puritan cast of civilization must be considered. The hostility to the play-house which was brought over by the most powerful element in the original settlement has long survived, and is still strong.

Every manager sees also that the most triumphant musical career in the history of the country, that of Jenny Lind, was wholly of the concert hall, and not of the opera-house. There was the least trouble and risk, with the most profit. It is very much more agreeable to a manager to have charge of the voice of one person only than to have an opera-house with choruses, orchestras, and the army of necessary assistants, and the complex cares and alarms which belong to them. And whatever the theory may be, the fact is conclusive. The Italian opera of recent times really began in the old theatre in Chambers Street, that was afterward Burton's, and was lately the United States Marshal's office. From Chambers Street it went up town to Astor Place and the *belli giorni* of Truffi and Benedetti. Thence to Fourteenth Street and the old house which was burned, and followed by the present Academy. But in these spacious and splendid quarters it has never been what it was in its modester days of Chambers Street and Astor Place. Company after company, singer after singer, have passed across the stage, and all have left the feeling that the Italian opera was a mere fugitive, dwelling in the tent of a night.

And this impression is now amply confirmed by testimony from behind the scenes and from the box-office. Mr. Max Strakosch, one of those gentlemen whom Heaven raises up from time to time to bring famous singers to this country, has this year introduced to America one of the most justly celebrated of the great living singers, Madame Titiens. She is not in the early bloom of life, as Jenny Lind was, but her voice is still admirable and her art is superb. Her chief renown is undoubtedly that of a dramatic or, as the phrase is, lyrical artist. But her great vocal power and accomplishment make her equal to any occasion; and if the hearer thinks how fine she would be in *Semiramide*, it is not because she does not sing "In verdure clad" incomparably. Some of the papers, however, said, "What a pity!" They suggested that here was a power that could draw a ship, merely paring an apple. Here is a *prima donna*, a *cantatrice*, a *tragedienne*, a lyrical *artiste*, who can do what no living singer can rival, and we have her, they exclaimed, with anguish, only in concerts, only warbling pleasant melodies! Is, then, the Italian opera gone forever? Is there no hope? O Italian opera, *vi ravviso*, return, return!

Thereupon Mr. Max Strakosch, so to speak, took the platform and made an exceedingly energetic speech, and directly to the point. "The general desire in New York of 'the establishment of opera on a permanent basis'—to use the sanctified and technical phrase—I believe to be all gammon and moonshine, so much so as to partake of the nature of an unmeaning expression. Having studied the history of opera in New York for the past twenty-five years, and having in addition sadly reflected upon my own experience in the same line, I venture the opinion that the people of New York do not consider opera a necessity, and have never shown a true desire for that oral luxury." He does not rest on general assertions, but marshals his evidence solidly. Mr. Max Maretzek has constantly lost in New York, it appears, the fortunes that he made in Mexico and Havana, and is now reduced to the necessity of giving singing lessons. Mr. Maurice Strakosch, the elder brother, after a gallant struggle to establish the much-desired opera in New York, fled, almost ruined, to Europe, "and succeeded very differently there by his ability." Mr. Ullman, another of the early martyrs, was forced "to quit America in destitute circumstances," and has made an independent fortune in Europe "by merely jobbing in operatic matters." And Mr. Strakosch himself, as he adds, has made a fortune in concerts which he has lost in opera.

There could be nothing more conclusive. It should seem improbable that, with such a record of experience before him, any musical manager would undertake Italian opera in New York until he saw its success assured by actual subscriptions paid in. But the charm of theatrical management, like that of founding a newspaper, is resistless to some minds. There is always a certain number of persons who will risk their fortunes in those enterprises, and a certain number more when these have lost. It is the burned child who fears the fire, not the child whom the fire fascinates, and who has not learned that it will burn. The operatic Maretzeks, Ullmans, and Strakosches whom we have known may hold up blistered fingers of warning, but the king never dies. Mr. Max Strakosch may be virtuous, but there will still be lyrical cakes and ale. The opera seems to many philosophers an illogical absurdity, and it invites delightful satire. But the human mind is very complex. If it reasons with Newton and Kepler, and creates with Shakespeare and Homer, it listens with delight to the *ut de poitrine*, and melts with pensive sympathy when Mario sobs *bel alma* as he dies.

THE loiterer along the North Shore of Staten Island, in the Bay of New York, winding around

its coves and points, still keeping by the Kill von Kull, as the strait is called that separates the island from New Jersey, sees by the old ferry landing at Port Richmond a large wooden house which has a historic interest. It is the house in which Aaron Burr died on the 14th of September, 1836, in his eighty-first year. The room is in the second story, at the northeast corner, and the house is little changed since that time. If the scene of the close of a life so eventful and suggestive should awaken the curiosity of the spectator, he would soon find that the island which the New Yorker has long been in the habit of dismissing as the haunt of mosquitoes and the domain of fever and ague has some unique and romantic historic interests. If he turns the corner near which the hotel stands, and walks a few steps up the road that leads from the ferry wharf to the interior of the island, he will see a very plain brick church standing directly upon the highway, with the grave-yard on both sides; and that plain church is the link that connects Staten Island with "the slaughtered saints" of Milton's magnificent sonnet,

"Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold."

And not only does it carry the story of the island back to the Waldenses and the Huguenots, but to the stern old Scotch Covenanters, in whose communion the pastor was bred who for forty years has been the minister of this parish.

"But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt for all;
And as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way."

The late Gabriel Disosway, in his appendix to Smiles's *Huguenots in England and Ireland*, briefly sketched their early story in this country. Before 1630 several Walloon families arrived with Minuit, the Dutch Director, and settled on Staten Island, building a church, "as tradition relates," at Richmond, the present county seat. They afterward removed to Wahle Bocht, now called Wallabout, the "Bay of Foreigners." But the address of the Rev. Dr. James Brownlee, on the fortieth anniversary of his settlement in the Reformed church at Port Richmond, is the most complete account of the early ecclesiastical history of the island. Its settlement, like that of New England, sprang mainly from religious persecution. Two hundred years ago the French Huguenot refugees came in large numbers, and there are families of French descent still living upon the estates where their ancestors settled at that time. Old Dr. De Witt, of New York, the venerable clergyman of the Reformed Church, who was probably the last that preached sometimes in the Dutch language, and who was a fond student of the old history of his Church, wrote Dr. Brownlee that as early as 1660 there was a settlement of the Waldenses upon the island, and that the Rev. Samuel Drisius, one of his own predecessors, used to cross the bay once a month to preach to them. Dr. De Witt says that there was a Huguenot settlement a short time afterward, but does not allude to that of the Walloons earlier—and he adds that the French church gradually disappeared, and its members mingled with the Dutch in the Reformed church.

It was evidently the day of small things, for the churches of those early times upon the island had no settled ministers. They were "visited" and "supplied," and the good dominies came across the bay from New Amsterdam; and at last, 1697, the French Huguenots obtained a pastor of their own, the Rev. Dr. Bonrepos, whose name would have become the parish of "Acadie, home of the happy," and might have been that of Evangeline's pastor. In 1713, the twelfth year of Anne, St. Andrew's English Episcopal church was erected in the hamlet of Richmond, and Dr. Brownlee with quiet humor quotes a few passages from the *Historical Account of the Society for propagating the Gospel in the British Colonies*, which had sent out Dr. M'Kenzie, a clergyman of the English Church, as a missionary. This worthy man was clearly of opinion that all whom he met who were not of his own denomination—Walloons, Huguenots, Waldenses, Dutch, French, and Indian savages—were equally pagan barbarians. The English were but a third of the small population, and had no convenient place for religious worship, while the French had a church and their good pastor, Bonrepos. They generously gave the use of their church to Missionary M'Kenzie for seven years, and until St. Andrew's was built. The Dutch heathen were at first averse to the English liturgy, but Dr. M'Kenzie was shrewd, and sent to England for a supply of Prayer-books in the Dutch language, after which, says the *Historical Account*, they found no fault with the liturgy, "and began to have a just esteem for our excellent form of worship."

Meanwhile the "Englishing" of the population and of the form of worship went on, and in 1712 the justices of Richmond County, the high sheriff, the clerk, and the commander-in-chief of her Majesty's militia, all being of the faith as by law established, return thanks to the Venerable Propagating Society in London, justly and warmly praise their minister, and then proceed to say, with all the complacent arrogance of an "establishment," that "upon his first induction there were not above four or five in the whole county who knew any thing of our excellent liturgy and form of worship, and many of them knew little more of any religion than the common notion of a Deity; and as their ignorance was great, so was their practice irregular and barbarous. But now, by the blessing of God attending his labors, our Church increases, a considerable reformation is wrought, and something of the face of Christianity is seen among us." Well may Dr. Brownlee say, "That is delicious." For, as he observes, the high official personages say all this while as yet they had no church of their own, and were still occupying the French church "by sufferance," as they themselves confess. For at least fifty years there had been Christian worship upon the island; for more than thirty years there had been at least three Christian churches, sustained by the noblest Christians, children of the Huguenots and the Waldenses. One of them had given shelter to the English church members for seven years, and while they are still in it they shout across the ocean that since they have come, "something of the face of Christianity is seen among us." There is no more ludicrous and

characteristic episode in the annals of any establishment, and Dr. Brownlee says, slyly, "In the grand division of 'wise as serpents and harmless as doves,' our church unfortunately has always been content to accept the *rôle* of the doves."

About a century ago the Reformed society had for pastor Mr. William Jackson, who, after some years of most successful preaching, during which his eloquence made him another Whitefield, fell into a state of mental disorder which afflicted him to the degree of joking in his sermons, and of saying "strange things in the pulpit, by which the gravity of his hearers was sorely disturbed." Also, he never seemed willing to stop when preaching—a form of the disorder which has been observed in other cases where there seemed general mental soundness. And once in New Brunswick, when he had transcended all reasonable limits, his friend Mr. James Schureman quietly gave the preacher a hint by holding up his watch. "Schureman, put up your watch," said the dominie: "Paul preached till midnight." It is not often in these days that a clergyman preaches in the same pulpit for forty years. It is a fact which is mutually honorable to preacher and people. How plainly it shows that the relation between them is not one of sensation and entertainment, but of deep and sweet character! "I am here to-day, after forty years among you," says this pastor, "to say that there was never a minister blessed with a kinder or more considerate people." There is something in this long and cordial relation which recalls the happy simplicity that we associate with the religious bodies by whom the island was settled—the Walloons, the Waldenses, the Huguenots, and that other "good, devout, peaceable, and heavenly-minded people," as Benjamin Ingham, one of the early Methodists, called the Moravians, who early came to the island, and who have still a mission chapel and a church there, around which lies a cemetery full of sunshine, and sloping gently southward toward the sea.

Editor's Literary Record.

WHAT position is to be assigned to Mr. Darwin as a theorist, the future alone can determine; but as a patient and painstaking investigator of facts, he is without a peer. His *Insectivorous Plants* (D. Appleton and Co.) is a model of what such a book should be: in the previous preparation, over fifteen years of original study of the phenomena described; in the careful examination of these phenomena, exemplified by countless curious experiments; in the spirit of caution displayed in testing the facts and accepting the results to which they point; and in the clearness and simplicity of the descriptions. The latter render the book fascinating to readers who are without any special scientific knowledge, but not without an interest in the curious and the romantic aspects of nature. The title of the book indicates the nature of the phenomena described—plants that live on insects, vegetable carnivora, capturing, eating, and digesting animal food. The sun-dew is one of the most remarkable of these plants. It bears from two or three to five or six leaves, commonly a little broader than long. The whole upper surface is covered with gland-bearing filaments or tentacles, each leaf averaging about 200. The glands are surrounded by large drops of a viscid secretion. This secretion, Mr. Darwin is inclined to think, possesses an odor which attracts insects to the leaf. However this may be, they alight upon it in great numbers. They are caught by the viscid secretion much as flies in a pot of molasses; the filaments then gradually bend over and clasp the insect on all sides. If the insect adheres to the glands of only a few of the exterior tentacles, these, bending over, carry their prey to the tentacles next succeeding them inward; these then bend forward, and so onward until the insect is ultimately carried by a curious sort of rolling movement to the centre of the leaf. All the tentacles then bend forward and inclose the prey. The secretion now not only increases in quantity, but becomes changed in quality. It becomes acid; it possesses the powers and performs the functions of gastric juice in the stomach; it has the power of dissolving animal matter, which is subsequently absorbed by, and serves the purpose of food for, the plant. Mr. Darwin tried repeated and successful experiments, feeding the hungry plant with bits of roast beef. He tried its digestive powers with various substances, noting carefully the result, and finding that as a general principle those substances which are indissoluble in the human stomach, such as human nails, hair, quills, oil, fat, etc., are equally indigestible to the plant. When the digestion is complete—a process which requires several days—the tentacles expand, the glands become temporarily dry, any useless remains are thus liable to be blown away by the wind, the glands begin again to secrete the liquid, and the tentacles are ready to seize a new prey. Quite as curious, in some respects even more so, is the action of the Venus fly-trap, found only in North Carolina. The leaf consists of two lobes standing at rather less than right angles to each other; they are armed with spikes, extending from the upper side of each lobe; these spikes stand in such a position that when the lobes close, they interlock like the teeth of a rat-trap. When an insect alights between the lobes of this leaf, the lobes immediately bend together at the top, the spikes interlock, the insect is captured; the lobes then press firmly against him, a juice answering to gastric juice is exuded, and the animal is eaten and digested much as in the case of the sun-dew. A very extraordinary fact is that a drop of liquid falling upon the leaf produces no effect whatever; and while any disturbance from any other cause excites a movement of the leaf, any blowing upon it does not cause the slighest change in the lobes. Neither rain nor wind is able to produce the action of the plant, which is endowed with a kind of substitute for intelligence in its power to discriminate between solid and liquid substances, without which it would be constantly opening and shutting its mouth to no purpose. These two

illustrations of insectivorous plants may suffice to show the nature of the phenomena which Mr. Darwin has been investigating, but only a careful perusal of his book can give the reader any idea of the variety and interest of his curious experiments.

The Might and Mirth of Literature (Harper and Brothers) is a much better book than its overcrowded title-page and its eulogistic preface led us to expect. It would have been better if the author had left the critic to announce the fact that his volume is "on an entirely new plan," and discusses its theme "far more thoroughly than ever has been done." We are bound, however, to say that the author has made good the claim which a better taste would have suppressed. Mr. MACBETH is unmistakably an enthusiast in literature. He is apparently an enthusiast in that particular branch of literature to which he here addresses himself. Considering that all true eloquence consists in the successful use of figures, that unfigurative language is dull, unsuggestive, unkindling, and that ill-chosen figures constitute the very shortest step from the sublime to the ridiculous, it is difficult to believe that there is no other single treatise devoted to figurative language. Mr. Macbeth, however, assures us that this is the case, and we have no reason to doubt his assurance. From the days of Quintilian down we are unable to recall any one who has devoted an entire work to the discussion of figure, and scarce one who has subjected it to a searching scientific analysis. This constitutes the value of Professor Macbeth's work, the real significance of which is concealed, not conveyed, by its alliterative title. He divides figures into three general classes, figures of etymology, figures of syntax, and figures of rhetoric. The first embraces all alterations, for rhetorical purposes, of the original spelling of words, and includes such changes as the cutting off of the first syllable, as 'ghast for aghast, 'fore for before; cutting off a middle syllable, as in our common substitution of don't for do not; or cutting off the last syllable, a device almost wholly confined to the poets. The second class, figures of syntax, embraces all alterations of the original construction of sentences, as the omission of words grammatically necessary, or the insertion of words not grammatically necessary, most frequently a superfluous pronoun. The third class, figures of rhetoric, includes a host of deviations from the ordinary use and application of words, embracing the simile, the metaphor, the trope, of which our author furnishes a new definition, and others too numerous to be mentioned here. Our author's classification is discriminating; and though somewhat unduly elaborate, so that the reader gets mazed in the divisions and subdivisions, it is always clearly put, and always marks a real distinction. The title-page tells us that two hundred and twenty figures are illustrated; in more than one case Mr. Macbeth has grouped together more than a score of sub-varieties of a single class. The danger of such an elaborate study of style he illustrates in his own, which is always vigorous and clear, but sometimes strained and unnatural; *e. g.*, "Pope Gregory First refuses us not a noble antithesis;" "Dryden's character of the Duke of Buckingham let next flit before your vision." But against this danger the student may easily guard himself, and, indeed, the more thorough his study of the science, the less likely will he be to seek such variety of form at the cost of simplicity. Quite as valuable is Professor Macbeth's volume as a thesaurus of quotations. But unhappily his quotations are sometimes incorrect. His reading and study must have been omnivorous. Not only the student who really comprehends and familiarizes himself with the classes and varieties of figure here set forth will find this book useful, but he who simply reads it can hardly fail to find his mastery of language largely increased, his forms of expression more varied, and his imagination greatly quickened; and he will be almost hopelessly dull if the result be not to make him a much more careful and observant reader of the best of both prose and poetic writings.

The Theistic Conception of the World, by Professor B. F. COCKER (Harper and Brothers), will be commended for breadth, independence, and scholarly research to all those who are familiar with his previous and cognate volume, *Christianity and Greek Philosophy*. He begins by defining the fundamental problems of life as they are presented by modern forms of thought. These, which he enumerates under seven divisions, all relate to the origin of things. Had the universe an origin? Was that origin outside itself? Has the Originator now aught to do with the universe? Is there any moral order in the universe, and any moral relation between the Originator and the creature? These questions lie back of all religion, of all moral and spiritual life. Atheism, which involves the denial of all spiritual existence, and pantheism, which involves the denial of all spiritual individuality and freedom, are alike fatal to moral responsibility, to the very notion of obligation. He shows, by reference to two of the most radical thinkers of the age, George Henry Lewes and Herbert Spencer, that these problems can not be dismissed as unworthy of thought or incapable of solution—nay, that the soul must and will have some answer to them. He then presents the four possible theories of the origin of the universe: first, that it began in matter, which, with its immanent force, is regarded as immortal and indestructible; second, that it began in force, mounting up from the lowest forms to the highest, viz., that which we call mental action; third, that it began in thought, that is, in the higher type of force, working down into and manifesting itself through all various force forms; and fourth, that it began in will, absolute, unconditioned, infinite, but individual. The first two theories are those of atheism and materialism, the third that of pantheism, the fourth that of theism. The first two say, There is no God; the third, All is God; the fourth, There is one absolute, infinite, personal God. To prove that the latter affords the only rational and adequate explanation of the facts of the universe is the object of the book. We shall not attempt to follow the course of Professor Cocker's argument; a condensation could hardly present in intelligible form a discussion which he has rendered as compact as is compatible with clearness. It must suffice to say that he undertakes to meet rationalism on its own grounds, to rest the belief in a personal God, the moral governor of the universe, not upon the intuitive beliefs of men, which is the real and secret cause of that universal belief in a Divine Being which no argument has ever been able

to shake, but upon a purely scientific basis; that is, he undertakes to show that the facts of the universe can not be accounted for upon either of the other hypotheses.

The service which Dr. Van Lennep has rendered to the students of Biblical times and history by his *Bible Lands* is rendered to the students of classic life and literature by *The Life of the Greeks and Romans* (D. Appleton and Co.). The work is a reprint from the English, and a translation from the German of E. GUHL and W. KONER. It is elaborately illustrated with 543 wood-cuts. The life of the two nations is separately treated. The authors begin with an account of the ancient temples, pass to other edifices —walls, gates, roads, bridges, private houses, theatres, etc.—thence to furniture, utensils, dress, music, and musical instruments, and finally the life itself, the athletic games, ships and shipping, meals, dances, religious ceremonials, burials: this for the Greeks. Much the same order is followed and the same subjects treated in the second division of the book, concerning Roman life. The student will find much here that he has already become familiar with through such works as *Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities;* some of the illustrations, perhaps a considerable proportion of them, will be measurably familiar. But we do not know of any volume which treats the whole subject so comprehensively and at the same time so compactly, or comprises so much minute detail. For students of the classics in our colleges and higher seminaries it will be an invaluable text-book, giving them that sort of familiarity with ancient life which is indispensable to any enjoyable reading of ancient literature. All readers will find in it no little curious and interesting information, even if they have no knowledge of the classics, and no purpose to study them. They will perhaps be surprised to find the modern horse railway traced back to tram-ways cut in the rocky road in ancient Greece, and the modern camp-stool modeled almost exactly after the Grecian *diphros*. His conception of Grecian glory will be materially modified by the description of a Grecian dwelling-house, "small and modest, not to say mean," with "an opening in the smoky ceiling which served to let out the smoke," and the Grecian meal, with the meat brought in on large platters, divided into portions by the steward, and put on the bare table before the guests, who, for want of knives and forks, used their fingers." The style of the work is clear and simple, unusually so for one of German origin. It is pleasant reading, and the insertion of most Greek and Roman words in parentheses, and the customary employment of their English equivalents, render it available to those who are not acquainted with the Greek and Latin languages.

As we read Miss BRADDON'S last novel, *Hostages to Fortune* (Harper and Brothers), we wonder whether she has not embodied in it something of her own experience. Autobiographical it certainly is not; but if the personal experience of the author is incorporated in the literary conversion of Herman Westray, this story would interpret, if not explain, the very remarkable difference between Miss Braddon's earlier and her later novels. If our dim recall of her first books does not mislead us, the Miss Braddon of ten or fifteen years ago believed in the philosophy of the cynical Westray before love had taught him a higher wisdom.

"Goodness from an æsthetic point of view is the reverse of interesting. Faust is not good; Mephistopheles is candidly execrable. But where can you match these for interest? Othello is a grand and faulty being, overshadowed by the splendid iniquity of Iago, for whom he is little more than a foil. Macbeth belongs to the criminal classes. Virtue is so simple a matter that it affords few opportunities for art. Vice and crime are complex, many-sided, and offer infinite scope for the literary anatomist. There is no ground for speculation in the fact that a man does right; it is only when he errs that he becomes enigmatic and interesting."

That Miss Braddon no longer believes in this popular but false philosophy respecting the uses of fiction is evident from her latest novels. Her last, *Hostages to Fortune*, is as pure and healthful a story as we have ever read; simple for the most part, in no sense artificial, wholly unmarred by straining for effect. The scene between Editha and Hamilton Lyndhurst, when the strong wrath of an aroused though defenseless woman dares the strong passion of the sensual brute who apparently has her in his merciless power, from which his sudden death interferes to defend her, may, indeed, be regarded as belonging to the sensational in literature. Highly wrought it certainly is, but not more highly wrought than such a battle between the highest and the lowest, the holiest and the basest, passions would be; nor is it more sensational, or more highly wrought, or more intrinsically improbable than the scene, which it recalls but does not resemble, between Edith Dombey and Mr. Carker in *Dombey and Son*. The interest of the story centres, however, in the power of a strong and noble woman over an ill-disciplined though not ignoble man. Editha's character sufficiently refutes the false philosophy that "virtue is so simple a matter that it affords few opportunities for art." There is, in truth, no higher art than that which so portrays love and purity as to make them an inspiration to our better nature. Miss Braddon is to be congratulated on her discovery of this. Her talents as a novelist have never been questioned; her characters are never weak or vapid; her plots never commonplace; her incidents never tame. And in consecrating her pen to nobler uses, to the delineation of characters that are not a mere enigma, but an inspiration, to the work not of a literary anatomist, but of a literary constructor, she has placed herself, if not in the front rank of modern novelists, at least among the first class. So long as she continues to write such stories as *Strangers and Pilgrims* and *Hostages to Fortune* she may be commended, not only to the readers of fiction as one of the most entertaining of story-tellers, but to parents and teachers as one whose power is employed in the cause of truth, of simplicity, and of purity.

Mr. E. P. ROE displays an originality in the titles of his stories which leads the reader to expect originality in their construction, and in this he is not disappointed. His plots are never commonplace, and the materials of which they are composed are the life and society with which he is familiar. The name of his latest and best story, *From Jest to Earnest* (Dodd and Mead), piques curiosity because it suggests a purpose; and in this, if in nothing else, it is better than the average American fiction, that it is not a mere aimless love-story, dependent for its inter-

est on the separation of loving hearts by those conventional barriers which have little or no real existence in American society. Like the previous stories by the same author, it is intensely religious; unlike most religious stories, it is not didactic. It does not present religious philosophy in the guise of a conversation, in which the orthodox always wins the victory, and the heterodox is always worsted. This expedient Mrs. Charles and the Misses Warner have employed with considerable success, but it can never convert an essay into a true novel. Mr. Roe realizes better than when he wrote *Barriers Burned Away* the difference between preaching and novel-writing, and he preaches all the more effectively for that very reason. The story is a very simple one. To afford amusement for some fashionable friends, Lottie Marsden, wild, reckless, but good-hearted, resolves to play the part of a well-meaning, unguided girl, and seeks spiritual guidance and instruction from Frank Hemstead, a tall, awkward, ungainly theological student, just from the seminary, and self-dedicated to the life of a home missionary. Her jest grows into earnest; it ends in her becoming a Christian girl, and giving up her fashionable and frivolous life to share with him the privations of his chosen lot. In the development of her jest into an earnest reality she mellows him, and he strengthens and develops her: this is the story. Its interest all centres in these two, and in the play of their life upon each other. Hero and heroine are original conceptions, not borrowed from literature; and the change in Lottie's character is well delineated, and with a naturalness and an artistic skill which we do not often find in the so-called religious novels. There is some genuine humor in the book, too—an element lacking in Mr. Roe's previous stories.

Virginia W. Johnson, who has heretofore wrought out her superabundant fancies only in novels for the elders, gives them forth in a very attractive volume for the children—*The Catskill Fairies* (Harper and Brothers). Her pen alone would have sufficed to have made the volume attractive, but Alfred Fredricks has added the charm of his pencil, and the combination is quite irresistible. Miss Johnson's genius is of a kind that peculiarly fits her for the production of such a collection of weird fancies. Her very fault—an over-luxuriant fancy—here becomes a virtue. Job, his old grandfather, the lonely old farmhouse, the blocking snow-storm: all these are true to nature. But these make only the frame for the pictures, which are mere fancies that know no law. A very charming set of fairies they are to whom Miss Johnson introduces us, and they will while away many an otherwise long winter evening for scores of boys and girls who need their cheering presence less than did poor lonely Job.

The three volumes of *Ancient History from the Monuments* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.)—Egypt, Assyria, and Persia—present in a conveniently compact form the results of the most recent archæological investigations in these lands, and render available to the ordinary reader much information hitherto inaccessible except through the large libraries. The authors are specialists, and the works trustworthy. Fuller illustration would have greatly increased both their attractiveness and their value.—The fifth volume of the *Bible Commentary* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) embraces the books of Isaiah, Jeremiah, and Lamentations. The notes on the two latter are prepared by the Dean of Canterbury. As a condensed commentary for ready reference, this work is important to the theologian, but it lacks the elements required for lay use.—Dr. Andrew Thomson, of Edinburgh, furnishes another book on Palestine, *In the Holy Land* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.). It is a pleasant book of travels, but adds nothing to the apparatus of the scholar. The omission of an index is a serious fault.—The tracts of Mr. Gladstone on Rome, "The Vatican Decrees," "Vaticanism," "Speeches of the Pope," are re-issued in a convenient form in one volume, entitled *Rome and the Newest Fashions in Religion* (Harper and Brothers). Mr. Gladstone will be known in the future by no single act of his life more widely than by his vigorous campaign against Vaticanism. It requires no prophet to foresee a conflict in this country with the same foe to liberalism. A study of this book is a good preparation for it. —The third series of Dr. Talmage's sermons derives its title, *Every-day Religion* (Harper and Brothers), partly from the opening discourse, partly from the general tenor of most of the thirty-three sermons reported. It is easy to criticise these, but it is also easy to read them; and that is more than can be said of some less amenable to literary criticism.—Mr. Henry Cary's translation of the *Select Dialogues of Plato* (Harper and Brothers) is literal; it will therefore be more useful to the student than Professor Jowett's; for the same reason, it will be less attractive to the general reader.—*The Philosophy of Natural Theology*, a prize essay, by Rev. William Jackson (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), is reprinted from the English. It partially undertakes to solve the same problems discussed by Professor Cocker's *Theistic Conception of the World*. It is less original in treatment, less independent in thought, and less strong and vigorous in its conception of the subject; but it is more popular in style, perhaps because less compact and condense.—Mr. Lewes completes his *Problems of Life and Mind* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) with the second volume. We are devoutly thankful there are to be no more. The first volume was difficult to understand; there are parts of this volume which belong to the "unknowable," if not to the "unthinkable." This work is in its essence a protest against all unverified hypotheses, by which the author appears to mean those not verified by a process of external investigation. He employs such hypotheses, however, himself, without hesitation, when they will serve his purpose. Positivism will require for popular acceptance certainly a clearer and, it seems to us, a more vigorous and self-consistent exponent than Mr. Lewes proves himself in these two forbidding volumes.—*The Geological Story briefly Told*, by James D. Dana (Ivison, Blakeman, Phinney, and Co.), is a capital introduction to the study of geology, an excellent guide to the practical student of the rocks, and by virtue of its illustrations, which partially supply the place of specimens, a serviceable substitute for the study of nature for that considerable class who desire to know something of the science, but have not the leisure to pursue it as a study.—*Constantinople*, by Théophile Gautier (Henry Holt and Co.), has the flavor of its French origin. The

author writes in sympathy with the people whose life he describes, and thus his book possesses the interest which belongs only to an inside view. The details are graphic and accurate. They show keen observation, and even careful study. A queer cosmopolitan metropolis is Constantinople, and the pictures of its life are full of quaint and curious interest.—*The Abode of Snow*, reprinted from *Blackwood's Magazine* (G. P. Putnam's Sons), carries the reader on a romantic tour from Chinese Thibet to the Indian Caucasus, through the upper valleys of the Himalayas. The writer has the advantage of writing concerning a region about which comparatively little is known; his book of travels is thus, in a sense, original; his descriptions are graphic and even pictorial—so much so that the reader feels a sense of disappointment that such opportunities for art should be wholly lost, for there are no illustrations. A valuable map accompanies the volume.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—During September numerous astronomical publications have been received from Europe, most prominent among which are the sixth volume of the magnificent series of the Pulkova observations and the valuable special memoirs that issue from that imperial institution. Of these latter, Dollen's second paper on the use of the transit instrument in the vertical of the pole-star should be in the hands of every American geographer, geodesist, or astronomer.

Dr. Doberck, of the Markree Observatory, Ireland, has published the results of his work upon the orbits of the binary stars *Zeta* Aquarii and *Gamma* Leonis. The former of these was measured by Sir William Herschel in 1781, and it is only by virtue of this old observation that we are enabled to obtain a good approximation to the time of revolution of this binary, which is about 1500 years. *Gamma* Leonis has a much more rapid motion, as it completes a revolution in 402 years. Dr. Doberck's elements agree very closely with observation during the entire period 1800–65, the average discordance between the distance as measured and the distance as computed being less than a quarter of a second of arc.

Mr. Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, calls attention to the rapid change of position of the binary star *Mu* Herculis. Appearances seem to indicate that this binary has a shorter period than any known double star except, perhaps, *Delta* Equulei, and this fact, as well as the intrinsic interest of this pair (originally discovered by Mr. Clark), should recommend it as an object for observation to those who possess telescopes of sufficient power (twelve inches aperture and above). The observations at the Naval Observatory indicate a change of about 15° in position-angle in the past year.

In our last month's Record we had occasion to notice the beautiful series of drawings of planets and nebulæ published by the Harvard College Observatory under the direction of the late Professor Winlock. Mr. L. Trouvelot, the artist to whom the making of these drawings was confided, has prepared, from late observations with his own telescope (six and a quarter inches aperture) and with the Harvard refractor (fifteen inches), a set of pastel drawings, on a large scale, of Saturn, the nebula of Andromeda, sun spots, and others. The Harvard College drawings were about eight by ten inches in size, while Mr. Trouvelot's are about twenty-four by thirty-six inches, and they are of great fidelity and beauty. M. Terby, of Brussels, has undertaken a new discussion of drawings of Mars, and in order to make his data as complete as possible, requests that any person having drawings of Mars of any date may send them to him at 124 Rue des Bogards, Louvain, Belgium.

Dr. Fuhg has published a discussion of all the observations of the sun's diameter made at Greenwich from 1836 to 1870, with the particular object of discovering the difference, if any, between the polar and equatorial diameters. He finds that no proof of any such difference can be drawn from these Greenwich observations, and from the whole number (6827) made between 1836 and 1870 he concludes the mean apparent solar diameter to be 32′ 2.99″. Airy previously found, from the observations of 1836–47, 32′ 3.64″, and this value is adopted in the English *Nautical Almanac*.

It is known that the experiments of Foucault on the velocity of light, when combined with the value of the constant of aberration of Struve, give a value of the solar parallax (8.86″) which is very close to the best recent determinations, and which will not be far from the results from the recent transit of Venus. The recent experiments of Cornu on the velocity of light, combined with this value of the solar parallax, indicate, however, that the value of the constant of aberration deduced from Bradley's observations by Bessel is the true one, and this value differs from Struve's by 0.2″. Villarceau has examined the question of the proper value of the constant of aberration under the supposition that the whole solar system has a proper motion, and he gives the outline of a plan for determining both the true constant of aberration and the direction of the solar motion. This plan requires simultaneous observations to be made at points in each hemisphere where the latitude is 35° 16′. The expense of such expeditions would not be large, and important results might be expected from the carrying out of this project.

M. Flammarion has, during 1874 and 1875, observed the changes of brightness of the 4th satellite of Jupiter with a view to determine its period of rotation. His principal conclusions are, first, the 4th satellite varies between the sixth and the tenth magnitude; second, there is a probability (but not a certainty) that it turns on its axis like our own moon, so as to always present the same face to Jupiter; third, this hypothesis will not account for all the variations of brightness observed. Its reflecting power (*albedo*) is, on the whole, inferior to that of the three other satellites.

M. Tisserand, of Toulouse, has made an interesting discussion of his observations of the shooting-stars of the 9th, 10th, and 11th August, 1875.

The tracks of eighty-eight meteors were carefully mapped, and as there seemed to be a preponderance of meteors in certain azimuths, these were united so as to give fourteen distinct trajectories, each of which was the result of three or four individual observations. These fourteen were then treated as deserving great confidence, and from them the place of the radiant point was sought. The principal radiant was in right ascension 46° 41′, declination 56° 7′; while two secondary radiants were found, one of them in right ascension 57° 20′, and declination 51° 40′; and the other in right ascension 64° 0′, and declination 63° 0′. These values satisfy the original observations very exactly, and this multiplicity of radiant points is a fact of great interest in the theory of shooting-stars.

The little-known subject of the zodiacal light has been studied for many years by Schmidt at Athens, and Heis at Münster, the latter of whom has just published in full his own observations made in the course of the past thirty years. It is to be hoped that the observations made at Quito by the Rev. George Jones, of the United States navy, may some day also be published.

The erection of the magnificent solar observatory at Potsdam, near Berlin, is being steadily carried forward. This establishment will embrace more than twelve different buildings, six of which are observing domes, and one a fine physical laboratory; the magnetic and meteorological observatory and the Zollners horizontal pendulum will be also specially provided for.

The erection of an observatory at Trieste has been determined upon by the Austrian government. A large telescope by Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, will be its principal instrument.

A very important work in theoretical astronomy has just been terminated by M. Leverrier in his investigations into the theories of the major planets, a work which he began with his researches into the perturbations of Uranus. The tables of the motion of Saturn are now completed, and theory and observation have been compared from 1751 to 1869, with a very gratifying accordance, except for the period 1839–44, during which time the discordances, though not large, are yet more serious than any from modern observations. M. Leverrier says that the theory is not to be charged with these discrepancies, and seeks for an explanation of them in personal peculiarities in observing an object so complex in figure as Saturn.

Sir William Thomson has re-examined Laplace's theory of the tides, as developed in the "Mécanique Céleste," and comes to the conclusion that the objections which Airy brought against some of Laplace's analytical processes, and the interpretation of them in numbers, in his "Tides and Waves," are not well taken, and that the method of Laplace, although quite obscure, was nevertheless essentially correct.

The pamphlet of Mr. John N. Stockwell, of Cleveland, on the *Theory of the Moon's Motion*, will be likely to give rise to controversy, as it is a further extension of previous papers which we have noticed. Mr. Stockwell, after referring to the fact which has already called forth reply, that the present lunar tables do not satisfactorily represent the moon's place, finds the explanation of this in the very outset of the lunar theory itself, where he claims that a fundamental error has been made, and in this work lays the foundation for a lunar theory on what he considers correct bases.

In the sudden death (September 13, aged sixty-four, by heart-disease) of Professor I. A. Lapham, of Milwaukee, American science has lost one of its warmest friends and supporters. To Mr. Lapham more than to any other one person the country owes the establishment of the Weather Bureau at Washington. He was also intrumental in securing for Wisconsin its State survey.

In *Physics*, the month has been characterized by the appearance of some valuable papers. De Luynes and Feil—the former well known from his researches on the Prince Rupert's drop—have made some experiments on the hardened glass of M. De la Bastie. They find that this glass presents many points of analogy with the Prince Rupert's drop, as well in the mode of production as of fracture. Though it is not ordinarily possible to cut a piece of this glass with a saw, a drill, or a file without its flying in pieces, yet in some cases it may be done. A disk, for example, may be drilled through its centre without fracture, though not elsewhere. A square plate of St. Gobain glass thus hardened showed in polarized light a black cross, the lines of which were parallel to the sides. It is always possible to saw such a plate along these lines without fracture, though beyond them, either parallel or transverse to them, any attempt to cut the plate fractures it. If the two fragments of a plate thus cut be examined in polarized light, the arrangement of the dark bands and colored fringes shows the molecular state to have altered by the division. Placing the one plate directly upon the other in the original position, both bands and fringes disappear; while if reversed and superposed, the effect is increased, being that due to a plate of double thickness; hence the tension in the plate is symmetrical with reference to the saw cut. We may conclude, therefore, that while hardened glass is in a state of tension, it may always be cut in certain directions when the resulting pieces can take a condition of stable equilibrium. This is easily determined by examination with polarized light. In the case of fracture the fragments are always symmetrically arranged with relation to the point where the equilibrium was first destroyed. The authors have also examined into the cause of the bubbles so generally seen in hardened glass. They find them to be produced at the moment of hardening, and to disappear, or nearly so, when the glass is annealed. They hence conclude that they are due to the imprisoning of minute masses of gas in the glass, these masses becoming enormously dilated when the glass is hardened; this dilatation, which is actually 1700 or 1800 times the original volume, being caused by the contraction of the surrounding glass produced in the process of hardening.

Pfaff has made some experiments upon the plasticity of ice, in order to throw additional light upon glacier motion. In none of the hitherto recorded observations is any mention made of the amount of pressure necessary to change the form of ice, though Moseley observed that to pull apart an ice cylinder a weight of 5½ to 9 atmospheres was required to the square inch, and to fracture it a pressure of 7½ to 9 atmospheres. Pfaff has sought to determine the minimum press-

ure at which ice yields, and has proved that even the slightest pressure is sufficient if it act continuously, and if the temperature of the ice and of its surroundings be near the melting-point. In one experiment a hollow iron cylinder 11.5 millimeters in diameter sunk into the ice 3 millimeters in two hours, it being surrounded with snow, the temperature varying from −1° to 0.5°. When the temperature rose above the melting-point, it sank 3 centimeters in one hour! scarcely a trace of water resulting. A steel rod a square centimeter in section, when pressed with one-third of an atmosphere, sank into the ice 14 millimeters in three hours, the temperature being 2.5°. The flexibility of ice was shown by placing a parallelopiped 52 centimeters long, 2.5 centimeters broad, and 1.3 centimeters thick upon wooden supports placed near its ends. From February 8 to 15, the temperature varying from −12° to −3.5°, the middle portion sank only 11.5 millimeters. But the succeeding twenty-four hours the temperature was higher, and the middle of the bar sank 9 millimeters. From 8 A.M. to 2 P.M. the increase was 3 millimeters, when the bar broke, the temperature being +3°. The whole bending was 23.5 millimeters. Similar experiments were made upon the ductility of ice; it elongated by traction. From these results it is easily seen why a glacier's motion increases with the temperature.

Decharme has communicated an additional paper on the sonorous flames previously described by him, in which he gives experimental reasons for believing that the air which is blown against the flame, and which he supposed to act solely mechanically, plays also a chemical part. He finds that using a Bunsen burner, the sound is extremely feeble unless the air openings be closed and the flame be luminous. Moreover, neither carbon dioxide nor nitrogen gases will produce the sound unless oxygen be mixed with it. The author hence believes that the sound results from the small explosions which are incessantly produced by the combination of the oxygen of the air with the carbon and hydrogen of the flame when the combustion of this is already incomplete. That the sound should be well pronounced, therefore, the presence of air or of oxygen mixed with some inert gas is necessary.

Bresina has described a simple method of comparing the rates of vibration of two sounding air columns by means of oscillating flames. To the jets supplying two ordinary singing tubes are affixed lateral branches, by which the gas from each may also be supplied to a second burner supported on a convenient lateral stand. When the flames in the tubes sing, those outside vibrate in unison with them; and by means of a revolving mirror the ratio of the two may easily be ascertained by counting. If the two singing flames are connected to the same exterior flame, the combined vibration is seen in the mirror.

Lesueur recommends strongly the use of zinc to prevent the formation of incrustations in steam-boilers. His attention was called to the subject by observing that the brass stays of a surface condenser in a steam-vessel were reduced, after a few years of service, to a mass of spongy copper, the zinc having entirely disappeared. This having occurred repeatedly, the constructors of these condensers placed zinc in the condensers, and observed that not only was the brass no longer attacked, but the boilers supplied from these condensers were entirely free from incrustation. Direct experiments of the author's have confirmed this fact. The explanation of it he finds either in the electric current thus generated in the boiler, the zinc being positive and the iron negative, or more probably in the hydrogen continually set free in minute quantity on the iron surface, thus preventing the adherence of scale. (The author does not seem to be aware that this same device is not new, having been employed for this purpose for many years in the United States.)

Mayer has proposed a simple mode of obtaining thermographs of the isothermals of the solar disk by the use of Meusel's double iodide. Thin paper, smoked on one side, is covered on the other with the iodide, and is exposed to the sun's image, formed by a telescopic object-glass, the aperture being at first only that necessary to give the smallest area of blackened iodide with a sharp contour. This he calls the area of maximum temperature. On enlarging the aperture, the black area gradually extends, forming a series of new isothermal lines with the successive enlargements. Some interesting conclusions have already been reached, and it is the author's intention to make a thorough investigation of the vast field thus opened.

Troost and Hautefeuille have made a calorimetrical investigation on iron and manganese silicides. They conclude, first, that silicon in combining with manganese evolves considerable heat, and hence that the compound thus formed is very stable—a fact already proved for carbon. Second, that the similarity of these two substances, carbon and silicon, appears also when their action on iron is considered; they both act as if they were dissolved in the metal.

Lundquist has given the results of his calculations to determine the distribution of heat in the normal sun spectrum, founded on certain measurements of Lamansky's. He represents the intensity of this heat graphically, and gives curves in which the ordinates represent intensities, and the abscissas wave lengths. It appears from these curves "that in the normal spectrum of the sun the maximum of heat is situated about in the middle of the luminous spectrum, and diminishes on both sides of this point," thus confirming entirely the experimental results obtained by Dr. John W. Draper in 1872. In the electric spectrum, however, assuming Tyndall's results as data, calculation gives a curve in which the maximum of heat is near the line A. In this case the distribution of heat is not equal in both halves of the visible spectrum.

Rayet has published a paper on the conical solar dials of the ancients, particularly that of Heracleus of Latmos, with a view to bring to light the amount of knowledge possessed by their constructors. The interior surface of these dials constitutes a cone, the section of which by the upper horizontal surface being a curve of the second degree, either an ellipse (dials of Heracleus and at Naples), a hyperbola (dial at Athens), or a parabola (Phenician dial). The latter curve requires that one of the generatrices of the cone should be rigorously horizontal, and has been only once observed. But the dials were not made in this way; the cone was traced with any

convenient proportions, subject only to the condition that its summit should be on a perpendicular from the centre of the base.

Bunsen has given an account of some new methods in spectrum analysis, in which he has sought to render the use of the spark for obtaining spectra as easy and as general as that of the gas flame. The first portion of his paper is devoted to a description of the battery coil and spark apparatus required; the second gives the results of his investigations in this way, particularly with the rarer elements. The memoir is accompanied by three spectrum plates, uncolored, showing the spectra of thirty elements and compounds.

Watts has described a new form of micrometer for use with the spectroscope, in which one of the lines of the spectrum itself is substituted for the cross wires. This line may be the sodium line, which is almost always present in gas-flame spectra, a hydrogen line with vacua tubes, or a Fraunhofer line in solar work. This standard line is displaced by a micrometer screw, by which the amount of motion necessary to move it from one point of a spectrum to another may be ascertained. The micrometer screw is attached to the upper half of a divided lens placed between the prism and the observing telescope, and moves this half over the lower, which is fixed.

Adams has devised a new polariscope for examining the rings of crystals, the objects had in view being (1) to obtain a large field, (2) to secure the means of measuring both the rings and the axial angles, and (3) to be able to immerse the crystal in liquid. The peculiarity of the optical arrangement is that the crystal section is placed at the common centre of curvature of two nearly hemispherical lenses, so that its relation to these is unchanged when the crystal and lenses are rotated about any axis parallel to its surfaces and passing through this centre.

In *General Chemistry* a few important additions have been made to our knowledge. Delachanal and Mermet have prepared a compound of platinum, tin, and oxygen analogous to the gold compound known as the purple of Cassius. When the brown liquid which is obtained when a solution of platinic chloride is mixed with one of stannous chloride is diluted with water and boiled, a brown substance is precipitated which, when well washed with hot water, contains no chlorine, but only oxygen, tin, and platinum. The authors have also prepared the same substance by placing a strip of tin in platinic chloride. Its composition somewhat varies with its mode of preparation.

Friedel has produced a direct union of methyl oxide and hydrogen chloride—a body which, since both of its constituents can exist free, must be classed with the molecular compounds of Kekulé. But Friedel shows that this body is not decomposed when converted into vapor, and hence argues that the ordinary rules of chemical union should be extended to it. This can only be done by supposing its oxygen to act as a tetrad or its chlorine a triad. Since hydrogen chloride and methyl chloride do not unite even at $-18°$ to $-20°$, the author inclines to the former view, and supports it by other cases, such as water of crystallization—a view of the matter which was taken some years ago by Wolcott Gibbs.

Ramsay has examined the properties of ethyl-thiosulphate of sodium prepared by the action of ethyl bromide on sodium thiosulphate. He finds that it is exceedingly unstable, decomposing spontaneously in a few weeks. The precipitates produced in its solutions by silver, lead, or barium nitrates are even more rapidly decomposed, only a few hours being required. When distilled with phosphoric chloride a complex reaction takes place, ethyl disulphide being one of the products.

Deering has noted some points worthy of notice in examining waters by the ammonia method. He observes that the tint after the addition of the Nessler solution increases constantly in depth; hence he makes a caramel solution after ten minutes to imitate the distillate, and uses that for comparison. He also notes that distilled water contains ammonia; that potable waters yield ammonia in the second, third, and fourth fractions; that commercial stick potash gives ammonia when distilled with water; and that an aqueous extract of peat gives much ammonia when distilled with sodium carbonate.

Griffin describes his new form of portable gas furnace, in which a pound of cast iron can be melted in thirty-five minutes, and the new method of supporting crucibles in it.

In *Organic Chemistry*, Prevost has given a new and simple method of preparing epichlorhydrin, which consists in warming dichlorhydrin in a capacious retort attached to a receiver, and adding pulverized sodium hydrate to it in the proportion of 250 grams to 550 cubic centimeters of dichlorhydrin, the temperature being kept below 130°. Almost pure epichlorhydrin distills over.

Stenhouse and Groves have shown that by the prolonged action of chlorine upon pyrogallol, two new bodies are formed, which they call respectively mairogallol and leucogallol. The former is produced by a long-continued action of the gas, and crystallizes from boiling glacial acetic acid, or from mixed ether and glacial acid, in brilliant orthorhombic prisms. Leucogallol forms crystalline crusts composed of minute colorless needles.

Müntz and Ramspacher propose to determine tannin in its solutions by filtering these, under pressure if necessary, through a piece of fresh hide. This combines with the tannin, and the filtrate is entirely free from this substance. A section of the skin afterward shows a line in the middle, above which the skin has thus been converted into leather.

Microscopy.—We find in the August number of the Journal of the Quekett Microscopical Club the description of an ingenious arrangement for cleaning very thin covers without breaking them. It consists of a small tube of brass or steel, about an inch in diameter, and the same in height, into which fits loosely a weighted plug. To the lower end of this plug is cemented a piece of chamois leather. Another piece of leather is stretched upon a flat piece of wood or plate glass to form a pad, which completes the apparatus. The tube being placed upon the pad, the moistened thin cover is dropped into it, and the weighted plug placed on it; holding the tube well down on the pad, one can rub as much as necessary without any danger of breaking, the weight of the plug giving sufficient pressure to clean the

glass. The manipulation is quite easy, and it is difficult to break the glass.

In the same number of the journal is an interesting paper, by Mr. W. F. Woods, on the relation of *Bucephalus* to the cockle. He states that, in contradistinction to the opinion of M. Lacaze-Duthiers, who has described it as a cercarian form of some unknown *Distoma*, that either, *first*, the *Bucephalus* is the larva of the cockle (and if not, it remains an interesting question for solution what is), or, *second*, the *Bucephalus* is a parasite; but if so, it does not render the cockle sterile, as asserted by Lacaze-Duthiers, and, *third*, the connection of the tube with the ovisacs, as established by presence of eggs in both, proves that it is not an independent sporocyst, but an organ of the cockle, while, *fourth*, if this connection be denied, the *Bucephalus* must still be developed from eggs seen in the tube.

In contradiction of a third assertion by Lacaze-Duthiers, Dr. Wallich writes as follows in the *Lancet* (June 12) on the subject of nutrition of the protozoan. He states that for fifteen years he has stood alone in maintaining that the law of nutrition which prevails in the case of the higher orders of the animal kingdom, and constitutes the fundamental distinction between it and the vegetable kingdom, fails in the case of the simplest and humblest creatures; and he expresses a belief that the lower rhizopods provide for their nutrition and growth by eliminating from the medium in which they live the *inorganic* elements that enter into the composition of their protoplasm, and that there is no hard-and-fast line between the two extremes of the two great kingdoms, but a gradual transition and overlapping from both sides. The results of deep-sea explorations, and especially the examination of the *Tuscarora* soundings, do not confirm this view; the vegetable growths, even at extremest depths, proceed *pari passu* into the animal, and we see as yet no reason why the same provision that holds good in the case of the higher and terrestrial organisms should not be extended to the humblest marine or aqueous forms.

We learn from a contemporary that in order to facilitate the microscopical examination of the eye in cases of disease, M. Monoyer has contrived a modification of Siebel's ophthalmoscope, so arranged that three persons can make simultaneous observations. In the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for September, 1875, is an interesting paper by Worthington G. Smith on the resting spores of the potato fungus, or the "new" potato disease, as it has been called, and he shows that it is no other than the old enemy in disguise, *Peronospora infestans*, in an unusual and excited condition. The article is well illustrated, and worthy the attention of microscopists interested in the study of these parasitic organisms. In the same journal is the conclusion of Dr. Bastian's address on the microscopic germ theory of disease, in which he insists that the facts already known abundantly suffice to displace the narrow and exclusive vital theory, and to re-establish a broader physico-chemical theory of fermentation, and that the original notion, borrowed from the vital theory of fermentation, that all the organisms met with in a fermenting mixture are strictly lineal descendants of those originally introduced as ferments, must disappear with the vital theory itself, and with it the old explanation of the mode of increase of contagium within the body.

While connected for a few weeks with Hayden's United States Survey of the Territories, Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., discovered on the shores of Great Salt Lake a new cave-insect fauna analogous to that of Mammoth Cave. A new blind white thousand-legs, a myriapodous insect, and a singular harvest-man, a spider-like form, both new to science, were discovered in a cave about two hundred feet above the present level of the lake, on the bottom of which were fossil fresh-water shells. We now know that this cave was made during the pliocene-tertiary period, and we have some data in ascertaining the length of time necessary for the origination of these peculiar cave forms. This discovery throws light on the probable geological age of the cave fauna of Mammoth, Wyandotte, Weyer's, and other caves in the Atlantic States.

Dr. Packard also studied the fauna of Great Salt Lake, finding a new insect larva living in the brine. He also studied the development of the brine shrimps (*Artemia*), discovering the larva. The entire history of the *Ephydra* fly, so abundant in the lake, was also ascertained.

Among injurious insects, the *Caloptenus spretus* has been found on the grounds of the State Agricultural College at Amherst, Massachusetts. On comparing specimens with some received from California through Mr. Henry Edwards, of San Francisco, no differences in size of body or wings were discovered on careful comparisons made by Dr. Packard.

The phylloxera has also occurred for the first time in the vineyard of the Amherst Agricultural College, while the Colorado potato beetle is abundant and destructive within eighteen miles of Boston, and in other parts of Massachusetts as well as Connecticut.

The *American Naturalist* for September contains an illustrated article on the crocodile of Florida, by Mr. W. T. Hornaday. Much information concerning the habits of this animal, which was first discovered in 1870 by the late Professor Wyman, is given in the present article.

Professor G. Brown Goode notices in the *American Naturalist* the occurrence of an albino haddock and an albino eel, and it seems that specimens of albinos of both of these fishes occur in the museum of the Peabody Academy of Science at Salem.

Botany.—The lover of trees will welcome the report on the trees and shrubs growing naturally in the forests of Massachusetts, by Mr. George B. Emerson, which is enriched with a number of finely executed plates by Mr. Isaac Sprague. A new feature consists in colored views of the leaves of the different species as they appear in the fall. We learn that the much-wished-for *Flora of California*, by Professor W. H. Brewer, is fast approaching completion, and will be given to the public probably during the coming winter.

In the *Journal of Botany* Mr. J. Cosmo Melville describes some new algæ found by him at Key West. De Bary, in the *Botanische Zeitung*, gives an account of the formation of the prothallus in *Chara*, with some interesting remarks on partheno-genesis in *Chara crinita*.

Under the head of *Agricultural Science* we have previously reported the results of observations by Fautrat, in France, on the influence

of forests upon rain-fall. From these it appeared that the air above a forest is more nearly saturated with moisture than at the same elevation above cleared land, and, further, that the fall of rain was greater in the former than in the latter situation. Fautrat has since shown, however, that the amount of rain actually received by the soil is less under the cover of the forest than on the open land. Of the rain-water received a part is evaporated, and only the remainder contributes to the supply of streams. By comparative observations Fautrat finds the evaporation only one-tenth as great from the soil of the forest as from that of open land. So the forest soil is actually much more moist, and furnishes to springs and streams more water from rain than the same area of cleared land.

Again, there is more moisture above forests, to be carried over cultivated land and deposited as dew upon the cooled earth at night. Forests are therefore in a double sense useful as retainers and furnishers of moisture to the earth.

Simon claims to have settled the vexed question whether humic acid contains nitrogen or not by showing that when first prepared from non-nitrogenous bodies it is free from nitrogen, but that it takes on nitrogen from the air, at the same time becoming soluble in water. He states that humic acid kept out of contact with air, and especially nitrogen, is insoluble in water, and remains so. On exposure to air, however, it absorbs nitrogen with evolution of carbonic acid and formation of humate of ammonia, which is soluble in water. In this view, peat and muck are valuable not only as amendments and for the fertilizing material they contain, but also as purveyors of atmospheric nitrogen to the soil.

Some time ago Grandeau propounded the novel theory that the fertility of soils depends not upon the absolute amount of their mineral plant-food, but chiefly upon the amount which was combined with organic substances, and cited a number of experiments with a very fertile Russian black earth soil in defense of his view. Simon has lately sought a confirmation of this theory in the artificial preparation of organo-mineral compounds such as are assumed by Grandeau to exist in nature. He has succeeded in obtaining several quite strongly marked compounds of phosphoric acid with organic matter from humic acid. It is probable that by such investigations very valuable light may be thrown upon the action of humus in vegetable nutrition.

The fact has become universally recognized that in many superphosphates the phosphoric acid which has been rendered soluble by addition of sulphuric (or hydrochloric) acid to tribasic phosphate of lime "reverts" after a time to an insoluble or less soluble form. This process of reversion of phosphoric acid has been variously explained. Most commonly, however, it is regarded as a formation of either dibasic (neutral) phosphate of lime with the lime or of phosphate of iron or alumina with the sesquioxides of iron and alumina present. Millot has published in the *Comptes Rendus* some accounts of investigations which lead him to infer that in superphosphates in which enough sulphuric acid has been added to unite with the whole of the lime this reversion is not to be sought in the formation of a dibasic phosphate of lime, but rather in that of phosphates of iron and alumina.

The reversion of soluble phosphoric acid of superphosphates when applied to calcareous soils has been studied by Ritthausen. He concludes that the process is more or less rapid in proportion as the calcareous material is more or less loose and finely divided; that the final product of the reaction of the phosphoric acid and the lime is neutral or dibasic phosphate; and finally that the actual loss from the reversion of the phosphoric acid to this dicalcic phosphate is not so great as might at first seem, since the latter is not wholly insoluble in pure water, and is quite soluble in water containing carbonic acid.

An interesting contribution to our knowledge of the composition of such roots as beets and turnips has been made by Schultze and Urich in investigations on field beets. (*Runkelrüben, Beta rapacea alba?*) In the analysis of fodder materials it has been customary to assume that all the organic nitrogen occurs in the form of albuminoids. Schultze and Urich found, however, that only 21.6 to 38.9 per cent. of the nitrogenous material of their beets was present in the form of albuminoids, and that 34.0 to 45.7 per cent. existed in the form of amides. Asaparagin was not detected, but betain was found in considerable quantities in the beets.

Clin has given a method for the preparation of crystallized monobromcamphor, being camphor in which an atom of bromine has replaced one of hydrogen by the direct action, at 100° C., of bromine upon camphor. The specimens shown to the French Academy were magnificently crystallized.

Bourneville finds that monobromcamphor (1) lessens the number of beats of the heart, (2) lessens the number of inspirations, (3) lowers the temperature of the body, (4) possesses powerful sedative properties, and (5) produces ordinarily no disturbance of the digestive organs. It has been used with good effect in nervous affections, even in cases of long standing.

Engineering.—The board of engineers convened by Captain Eads to examine and pass judgment upon his plans for the improvement of the mouth of the Mississippi has, after a careful consideration of the subject in all its details, emphatically indorsed the feasibility of this great work. With respect to details, a number of minor modifications to the plan proposed are recommended. Of these perhaps the most important is the recommendation that the proper line for the eastward jetty shall begin about 6380 feet from the "Land's End," and about 1080 feet beyond the mattress laid September 1, and on the line submitted by Captain Eads. A slight modification of its curvature is likewise suggested, so as to render the action of the current more effective, and secure greater solidity, and also that this jetty should overlap the end of the west jetty by at least 300 feet. As to the proper width between the jetties at their outer ends, the board recommends that it remain as designed by Captain Eads, at 1000 feet at the water surface at ordinary high tide. Upon the question of priority of construction of different parts of the work, it is recommended that the foundation of the east jetty be secured out to a depth of thirty feet, and of the west jetty to twenty feet, and that the east jetty be carried up to the water-line before raising the mattress wall of the west jetty to the same level, leaving the construction details of the pier-heads for future consideration. Upon the gen-

eral features of the improvement plan the board reports as follows: "After attentive examination of the plan of construction, consisting of a combination of willow mattresses and stone, now in execution by Mr. Eads, the board finds it to be a modification of methods long in use in Holland and elsewhere. It is essentially the same as that applied to the jetties of the mouth of the Oder, and also to the jetties at the new mouth of the Maas, so satisfactorily as to draw from the legislative body of Holland the expression that 'their complete success has removed all doubts as to the possibility of making piers at sea on our coast.' It is, moreover, the same essentially as that adopted by the recent commission [1874] for these works."

The government works at Hallett's Point having for their purpose the removal of the Hell Gate obstructions to the navigation of New York Harbor are now very near completion. The work of excavation is completed, and comprises a surface of two and a quarter acres. At the intersection of the headings and galleries columns or piers are left standing, and by these, which number 172, the roof of rock, some ten feet in thickness, is supported. Some ten or fifteen holes of two and three inches diameter are now being bored by steam-drills in each of the columns, and three-inch holes, about five feet apart, in the roof. These holes will contain eight and ten pound charges of nitro-glycerine, and will be all connected together by gas-pipe filled with the same explosive. These borings are about half completed, and will be finished in a month or two. When all is ready, the water will be let into the excavation and the whole series of charges exploded simultaneously by electricity. It is calculated that if only half the charges are exploded, the work will be effectually accomplished. The filling of the holes will occupy some time during the coming winter, and the firing of the mine is looked for about June or July next.

The new work at Flood Rock is now in progress, and a shaft has been sunk to the depth of fifty feet in the solid rock. The same system will be pursued here as at Hallett's Point, save that the excavations will be much greater in extent; and the time occupied in their completion will depend chiefly upon the appropriations made by Congress. The removal of the reef at Hallett's Point will materially lessen the dangers of the Hell Gate passage, and will prove of permanent advantage to commerce.

The laying of the direct United States cable was completed on September 5.

From a paper read before the British Association at its late meeting it appears that work upon the Severn Tunnel, a project undertaken by the Great Western Railway Company to connect their system at Bristol with that in South Wales, is being pushed forward. The tunnel will be about four and a half miles in length, one-half of which will be under the river Severn. It will connect in the most direct manner the populous districts of South Wales with the south of England, and when completed will form the express route between London and South Wales. At the same meeting the Channel Tunnel scheme was the subject of considerable discussion, which was in general favorable to its feasibility.

A sum of 8000 florins has been voted by the States-General of the Netherlands for re-examining into the possibility of draining the Zuyder-Zee, and for soundings to determine the character of the soil at its bottom.

It is proposed to establish a subterranean pneumatic postal service between Versailles and Paris, in order to facilitate communication between the seat of the government at the former and the general service of the government departments at the latter place. The line proposed will be double, permitting the carriage of twenty kilos of dispatches an hour in both directions.

From the annual report of the Secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association, which has just appeared, we learn that the total production of rolled iron in the United States in 1874, including Bessemer steel rails, was 1,839,560 net tons, as compared with 1,966,445 tons in 1873, a decrease of only 126,885 tons. This decrease was all in rails. The home production of Bessemer steel rails in 1874, from the same authority, was 144,944 net tons, against 129,015 tons in 1873, a gain of 15,929 tons. The production of Bessemer rails in this country since the inauguration of the industry in 1867 has been as follows in net tons:

1867	2,250	1871	38,250
1868	7,225	1872	94,070
1869	9,650	1873	129,015
1870	34,000	1874	144,944

The *Railroad Gazette* places the extent of new railroad constructed in the United States in 1875, up to September 25, at 746 miles, against 1025 miles reported for the same period in 1874, 2507 miles in 1873, and 4623 in 1872.

In our monthly record of *Mechanical* novelties we may note that the ponderous 81-ton gun has just been completed at the royal gun factories at Woolwich. Its length is thirty-three feet, and its diameter varies from two feet at the muzzle to about six feet at the breech; while internally the bore measures twenty-seven feet, and will just admit a projectile of fourteen and a half inches diameter.

A lately invented street rail for horse-cars is designed to do away with the battering of the rail ends and the jolting of passengers. The novelty consists in its having the head and the flange separate, and in the fact that the upper and lower pieces are laid down in such a manner as to break joints. This novel combination, it is claimed, gives a smooth, continuous rail line, having unusual rigidity. The lower piece, or flange, is so designed that it may be reversed when worn, thus offering a new surface for wear.

At the last meeting of the Franklin Institute a resolution was adopted appointing a committee to test the strength of irons and steels employed in the construction of boilers and bridges, and appropriating $1000 for the expenses of conducting the tests; also a resolution indorsing the proposition for the establishment of a Museum of Industrial Art in the city of Philadelphia. The plan proposes a museum similar to the South Kensington Museum of London, to develop art industry of every kind by the best examples, free lectures on technical subjects, and schools. The projectors of this important enterprise are desirous of securing the Memorial Building of the Centennial Exhibition for this purpose after the close of the Exhibition. The enterprise has the indorsement of all the Philadelphia scientific societies.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of October. —The Ohio State election, October 12, resulted in the election of Hayes, the Republican candidate, by a majority of nearly 5000. Elections were held the same day in Iowa and Nebraska, the Republican majority in the former State being over 30,000, and in the latter about 10,000. The new Constitution of Nebraska was ratified by the people.

The Massachusetts Republican Convention at Worcester, September 29, nominated Alexander H. Rice for Governor.

At the reunion of the Army of the Tennessee at Des Moines, Iowa, September 30, President Grant made a speech memorable for its length and for the stress laid upon the question of sectarian schools. He said:

"If we are to have another contest in the near future of our national existence, I predict that the dividing line will not be Mason and Dixon's, but between patriotism and intelligence on the one side, and superstition, ambition, and ignorance on the other. Now the centennial year of our national existence, I believe, is a good time to begin the work of strengthening the foundations of the structure commenced by our patriotic forefathers one hundred years ago at Lexington. Let us all labor to aid all needful guarantees for the security of free thought, free speech, a free press, pure morals, unfettered religious sentiments, and of equal rights and privileges to all men, irrespective of nationality, color, or religion. Encourage free schools, and resolve that not one dollar appropriated for their support shall be appropriated to the support of any sectarian schools. Resolve that neither the State nor the nation, nor both combined, shall support institutions of learning other than those sufficient to afford to every child growing up in the land the opportunity of a good common-school education, unmixed with sectarian, pagan, or atheistical dogmas. Leave the matter of religion to the family altar, the church, and the private school supported entirely by private contributions. Keep the church and the state forever separate."

The President has appointed ex-Senator Zachariah Chandler, of Michigan, Secretary of the Interior, to succeed Mr. Delano, resigned.

In the town elections of Connecticut, October, the constitutional amendments changing the time of holding the State election from spring to fall, making the term of office of the State officers two years instead of one, and empowering the Legislature to restore forfeited rights to an elector, were carried by a large majority.

The Constitutional Convention of North Carolina has completed its work and adjourned. The proposed amendments number thirty-one. Among these are the following:

The number of Supreme Court judges is reduced from five to three; of Superior Court judges from twelve to nine—all to be elected by the people. Both Supreme and Superior Court judges are to be elected for eight years. The principle of rotation of judges is adopted, and no judge can hold the courts of any district twice in succession, except at intervals of four years. The General Assembly is empowered to allot and distribute the judicial power, regulate the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court, all matters of appeal, practice, etc. The provision in the constitution of 1776, by which, upon a two-thirds vote of each House of the General Assembly, judges of the Supreme and Superior courts may be removed from office for physical or mental inability, is re-enacted. This power is in addition to that of removal by impeachment. The article on suffrage and eligibility is amended in one important particular. Hereafter persons convicted of felony or other infamous crimes are denied the right to vote until restored to respectable citizenship by due course of law. The article on education is so amended as to retain all fines, penalties, and forfeitures in the hands of the respective county officers, together with the poll-tax, and such property tax as is collected on that behalf. Separate schools for the two races are to be provided. The article on penal institutions, punishments, etc., is so amended as to give the Legislature power to farm out penitentiary convicts on public works, public roads, etc. Intermarriage between whites and negroes is prohibited to the third generation.

The English Admiralty, in obedience to the indignant demands of the people of England, have suspended the circular of July 31, ordering the surrender of fugitive slaves found on board of British ships.

A violent debate occurred, October 14, in the Bavarian Chamber of Deputies on the address introduced on the 8th by the ultramontane party calling for the dismissal of the ministry. Deputy Freitag (ultramontane) reproached the government with displaying insufficient independence in its relations with the Imperial government. He stated, also, that if the government displayed less fear of being domineered, they would easily find allies in the Federal Council in opposition to Prussia. Finally, the address was passed by a vote of 79 to 76. The king refused to accept the resignation of the ministry.

The Spanish note in reply to the Vatican insists upon the maintenance of the constitutional provision for religious toleration.

The Old Catholics in Germany have decided to abrogate the celibacy of the priesthood.

DISASTERS.

September 26.—A dummy train near Philadelphia was run into by an excursion train on the Pennsylvania Railroad. Five persons killed and about twenty injured.

September 17.—Advices from St. Thomas of a severe hurricane. The British ship *Codfish* went ashore on St. Vincent, and twelve of her crew were drowned.

September 26.—The steamer *Adler* came in collision with the Swedish steamer *King Oscar II.* near Grimsby, England. The latter sunk, and fourteen persons on board were drowned.

September 28.—At Sorel, in Canada, a train on the Richmond, Drummond, and Arthabaska Railway ran off the track. Eleven persons killed, and twenty-four seriously injured.

October 4.—The Swedish steamer *L. J. Poager*, running between Lübeck and Copenhagen, burned in the Baltic. Twenty-four of the passengers and eleven of the crew perished.

OBITUARY.

September 28.—By drowning, at Sea Cliff, the Rev. George B. Porteous, pastor of All-Souls Church, Brooklyn, about forty-five years of age.

October 7.—Near Charlottesville, Virginia, Colonel Thomas Jefferson Randolph, grandson of Thomas Jefferson, aged eighty-three years.

October 21.—At Concord, Massachusetts, Frederic Hudson, the well-known journalist, aged fifty-six years.

October 13.—In Paris, France, Jean Baptiste Carpeaux, the sculptor, aged forty-eight years.

October 20.—In Paris, France, Sir Charles Wheatstone, F.R.S., aged seventy-three years.

Editor's Drawer.

ALLUDING to the Hon. S. S. Cox's interesting "Legislative Humors," in the October number of this Magazine, a friend at Detroit sends the following, of John Randolph, which Mr. Cox omitted:

Mr. Clay's fondness for whist was well known. In reply to Mr. Clay's charge that Randolph was an "aristocrat," Randolph retorted, with pistol-finger aimed at Mr. C., "If a man is known by the company he keeps, the gentleman from Kentucky is the veriest aristocrat in the House, for he spends his nights in the company of kings, queens, and knaves."

A FRIEND in Des Moines, Iowa, sends to the Drawer an account which was recently brought up in court in that city, which may be serviceable as a guide to young accountants elsewhere:

Mr. James Davison

To John Benton, Dr.

For 3 iron wheelbarrows @ $15 00	$45 00
For 1 wooden do	15 00
	$30 00

Mr. Davison returned the bill as incorrect. Mr. Benton sued. When called in court, Mr. Davison said it wasn't right; first, because he never bought a wooden wheelbarrow, and second, if he had, the bill would have been $60 instead of $30. Mr. Benton, when called upon to explain his account, said, "I made three iron wheelbarrows for Mr. Davison for $45, but for one that 'wooden [wouldn't] do' I deducted $15, and I reckon that's right."

That was what the Court thought, and so adjudged.

SHOULD any of our readers happen to be going down to Rio de Janeiro, we can confidently commend to them as a place of comfortable refuge the establishment named in the following card, which we copy *verbatim:*

THE BOTH WORLD HOTEL

NUM. 80 SAN IGNACIO STREET.

PLAZA VIEJA.

In this establishment set as the European style receives lodgers which will find an splended assistance so in eating as in habitation, therefore the master count with the elements necessary.

QUITE sure are we that our clerical friends will appreciate the following, taken from a scholarly book recently published in England, and not likely to be reprinted here, entitled, *Scripture Proverbs, Illustrated, Annotated, and Applied.* By Francis Jacox." In the chapter on "A Time to Laugh" allusion is made to a Mr. Robinson, an inmate of Shirley Hall Asylum, who would burst into violent fits of laughter in church and at funerals. Discharged from confinement as cured, and asked whether he considered himself perfectly safe from a return of the habit of laughing at serious subjects, he declared himself confident about it except on one point. On the subject of laughing in church he was still apprehensive, and for this reason: he had once heard a clergyman deploring the total absence in a congregation of conventional signs of the effect which the sermon is producing. The jester knows the effect of his jest by the laugh that follows it, the actor gets his applause or hisses, the orator his cheers, but the preacher has no index whatever; and this clergyman had expressed a wish that his congregation had *tails*, which they could wag "without disturbing the silence of the place or the solemnity of the scene." Mr. Robinson could never get over this; every sermon he afterward listened to was for him spoiled by it. "If a pet parson entered the pulpit, I immediately saw all the feminine tails wagging; if he spoke of the duties of children to their parents, all the senile male tails wagged; and after a long dull sermon, when all bent forward to offer up their last prayer, there appeared a simultaneous wagging of *all* the tails of the congregation."

SPEAKING of the Prince of Wales's trip to India, and the numberless applications of special correspondents who desired to go along, the following is good, and the better for being strictly true:

A certain very zealous special called upon Sir Bartle Frere, and vehemently impressed upon him the necessity for the press being fully represented on the personal staff of the Prince.

"But why," asked Sir Bartle Frere, "are you so anxious to be constantly in such close proximity to the Prince in India? Surely you might travel independently, and yet be frequently near him?"

The special grew excited. "What, Sir Bartle, *what* should I do if any thing were to happen to his Royal Highness while I was absent from his side?"

"I really don't know," answered Sir Bartle Frere; "I suppose you'd be sorry, like all of us."

"Sorry, Sir Bartle!" exclaimed the special; "I should simply *die!*"

MANY are the anecdotes that have been published of the late John Van Buren, but the following will be new to the readers of the Drawer: During his father's Presidential term, "Prince John," then a very young man, indulged in many playful performances that were not altogether a delight to the paternal. On one of his visits to Washington the Prince stopped at Willard's, where his father came, and, after a kindly greeting, said, "John, I had hoped you would some time prove to be a worthy representative of our family, but I fear you never will; in fact, I am convinced that you will bring disgrace rather than reflect credit upon it."

"Father," said John, "you may think, because you happen to be President of the United States, that you are something more than an ordinary man, but permit me to say that you will never be known in history except as the father of John Van Buren."

AMONG the many interesting personal sketches and anecdotes in the *Memoirs of Sir George Sinclair*—a book not likely to be republished in the United States—is the following of Sir Charles Wetherell, an eccentric of the first class, whose abilities as a lawyer won for him a seat in Parliament and the Attorney-Generalship. He was unique in relation to his dress and his deport-

ment. No Jew old-clothes man would at any time have given half a crown for his whole wardrobe. He was never known to have a new suit of clothes, and consequently the prevailing belief was that he must have dealt in the apparel line with some second-hand clothes man. And to make matters worse in the way of his costume, he never wore braces. His aversion to them was intense. It looked as if it had been a part of his religious creed never to have any thing to do with braces. The natural consequence of this persistent hostility was that he had constantly to give a shrug to his whole body in order to raise his nether garments to their proper position on his person —a manœuvre which frequently called forth bursts of laughter in the House of Commons.

His matter was in keeping with the oddity of his manner. Though a man of eminent talents, he used to make strange blunders in his language. He reminded one of Lord Castlereagh, who in 1820 was the leader of the House of Commons, and who used to make such blunders as "*standing prostrate* at the *feet* of royalty," and "turning his back on himself." One of his best blunders occurred in court. As Attorney-General, he had to prosecute John Frost and the other Monmouthshire Chartist rioters, and, of course, to make out the strongest case he could against the prisoners. After hurling his invectives in no niggard measure at the heads of the prisoners at the bar, he wound up his forensic indignation to what he thought the highest point it could reach, and which grammarians would call a confusion of metaphors, in the following words: "Yes, my lord, these daring rebels, these desperate men, these enemies of all law and social order, came rushing down the mountain's side like a flock of sheep, each with a hatchet in his hand."

"YOU'RE AN AGGERWATIN' LITTLE THING, SO YOU ARE, AN' THERE'S NO DOIN' NOTHINK WITH YER. LOOK AT YER SISTER THERE, HOW NICE AN' CLEAN SHE LOOKS ALONGSIDE O' YER!"

Another character described in the *Memoirs* is the Duke of Sutherland, who was a man of singularly easy mind. Events of the greatest importance to himself personally did not for a moment disturb his equanimity. One remarkable and amusing instance of this was furnished on the most interesting day of his life. On the morning of the day of his marriage a friend of his found him carelessly leaning over the railing at the edge of the water in St. James's Park, and throwing crumbs of bread to the ducks. His friend, surprised at seeing him at such a place and so engaged within two hours of the time appointed for his marriage to one of the finest women in England—one in whose veins the blood of the Howards flowed—exclaimed:

"What! you here to-day? I thought you were going to be married this morning?"

"Yes," was his answer, given with the most perfect *nonchalance*, and throwing a few more crumbs to the ducks, without moving from the railing on which he was leaning—"yes, I believe I am."

Another instance is given of the same easy-mindedness. A nobleman, now a duke, but then a marquis, had asked a friend of his, who was a better judge of carriages than himself, to accompany him to Long Acre, to advise him in reference to the purchase of a carriage. A day was fixed on for the two to go together to make the intended purchase; but on the day preceding the one appointed the then marquis wrote to

his friend the following brief note: "It will not be necessary to meet me to-morrow to go to Long Acre to look for a carriage. From a remark made by the duke [his father] to-day, I fancy I am going to be married!" Not only had the marquis left his father to choose a bride for him and to make the other matrimonial arrangements, but when the intimation was made to him by the duke that the future marchioness had been fixed on, he seemed to view the whole affair as if it had been one which did not concern him in the least.

In a recent number of *Blackwood's Magazine* is an article on the London police courts, in which many curious incidents of London life are described. One of these illustrates the great power devolved upon the police magistrates over vagrants and beggars. It is as follows:

We heard the following case narrated not long ago by the magistrate at whose court it occurred. Just as he was leaving the bench an old blind man and a little girl were placed in the dock. A constable stated that while he was on duty in the street a gentleman had directed his attention to the little girl, had called the child and given her a half-penny, and then ordered him to take her into custody.

"I could not leave the old blind man in the street," said the officer, "so I brought them both before your worship."

The magistrate inquired whether the old man was known to the police as a habitual beggar.

"Oh no," was the reply. "He has been about for many years. He gets his living by fiddling for the sailors. The little girl is his grandchild, and leads him about. He may have begged now and then when he's very hard up, but it's very seldom, if at all."

The magistrate discharged the prisoners, and almost immediately afterward the gentleman who had given the half-penny to the child, and then given the child into custody, entered and took his seat by the side of the magistrate, who told him he had dismissed the case.

"I am sorry for it," he said. "It would have been a very good thing for that child if you had sent her to an industrial school."

"And what would her grandfather have done without her?" asked the magistrate.

"He might have got a dog," was the reply.

Such is benevolence when it runs mad.

Many are the stories of John Randolph of Roanoke, and here is another one that has just cropped up from some source that does not seem hitherto to have been tapped. He had employed an excellent man named Clopton to preach to the negroes in a chapel on his plantation. One cold Sunday, while Clopton was giving out his hymn, two lines at a time, he observed a negro put his foot, with a new brogan, on the red-hot stove. Turning to him, he said, in measured voice, "You rascal you, you'll burn your shoe." As this rhyme was in exact metre of the hymn, the negroes chimed in and sang it. The preacher smiled, and mildly explained, "My colored friends, indeed you're wrong; I didn't intend that for the song." This being also in good measure, the negroes sang it with pious fervor. Turning quickly to his congregation, he said, sharply, "I hope you will not sing again until I have time to explain;" but this only aroused them to repeat his last words with increased vigor. Mr. Clopton, finding his tongue was tuned to rhyme, then abandoned explanation and went on with the other services.

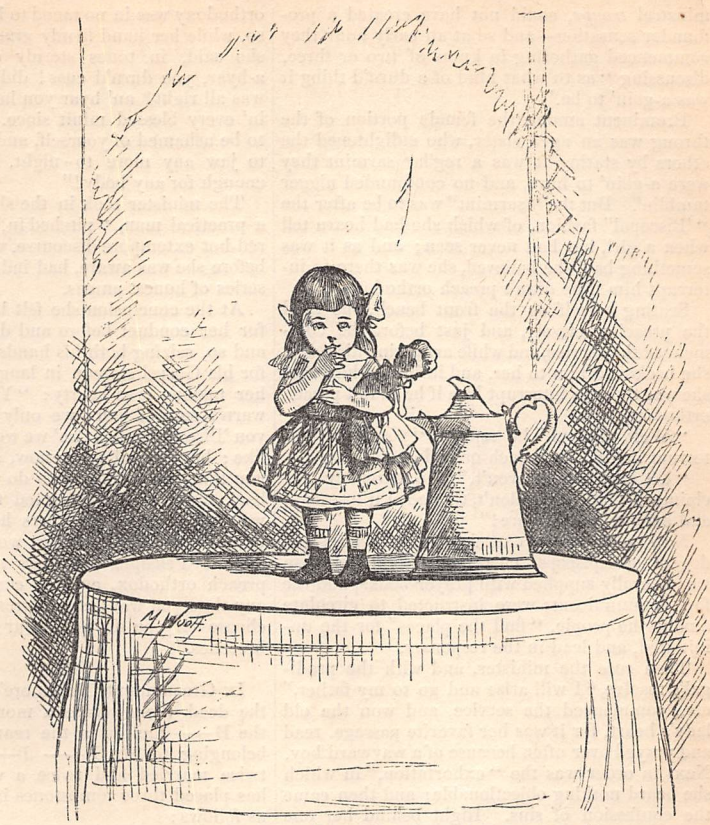
We are indebted to Mr. Boucicault for the last and best anecdote about "the life-insurance man." In alluding to certain comments on the originality of his plays, he says: "Another reproach is that I have deserted the field of legitimate comedy (to which I contributed such works as *London Assurance* and *Old Heads and Young Hearts*) to cultivate a lower drama, as the *Colleen Bawn* and *Arrah-na-Pogue;* that I owed it to my fame to maintain the standard of my reputation. I write to the taste of the times. I don't care a button for posterity, nor write to amuse unborn generations. Posterity is a bad audience. It reminds me of what an old Californian replied when a life-insurance company was first introduced into San Francisco, and he was asked to support it: 'Well,' said he, 'I've no opinion of a speckelation whar a man has got to die to realize.' So it is with poets who write for posterity."

The following anecdotes of the late Judge Martin Grover are told by a gentleman who knew him long and intimately, and who appreciated him not only as an able lawyer and judge, but as one of the most genial and witty men of Western New York. His self-possession never deserted him. He was once trying a cause before Judge Dayton. After a time the judge became impatient at what he believed the unnecessary detail of the facts in the case. "This case, Mr. Grover," said he, "is in a nut-shell." Grover continued the case without regarding this remark. "Mr. Grover," said the judge, somewhat sharply, "this case is in a nut-shell. You are taking up too much time with it."

"It may be in a nut-shell, your honor," said Grover; "but then, I think this Court is bound to take judicial knowledge that nut-shells are of all sizes, from an Alleghany County beech-nut up to a cocoa-nut. And this case, with all respect to your honor, is in a cocoa-nut shell, and if you don't let me try it in my own way, Peck there will make beech-nuts, and small ones at that, of my client."

The judge took this reply pleasantly, and Grover continued in his own way.

When Judge Grover succeeded Judge Mullett, as a justice of the Supreme Court in the Eighth Judicial District, he was noticeable for patience in sitting through the dullest and dreariest of trials. But there were times when he was direct, positive, and sententious, approaching roughness. When a criminal whom he believed really guilty was on trial, he was irritated if he escaped through the negligence of the prosecuting attorney, or want of understanding on the part of the jury. This was illustrated in the case of the People *v.* Weight, tried before him at an Alleghany County Oyer and Terminer. The prisoner was brought to the bar for stealing valuable sheep. The case was very clear against him, but his counsel, by some ingenious management, caused several of the jurors to believe he was not guilty, and after an absence of an hour or two they came into court and announced that



THE PARLOR ORATRESS.—"TWINKLE, TWINKLE, LITTLE STAR."

they were unable to agree. The judge, with a look of surprise, inquired if they failed to agree on the facts in the case or on the effects of the facts. The foreman replied that they were unable to agree on the main features of the case—that a number of the jurors did not think the man guilty. "Well," said the judge, "when you went out, the Court thought you would agree in about fifteen or twenty minutes, the facts of the case being simply these: This fellow had no mutton of his own; at a certain time the proof shows he had plenty of mutton; about that time the complainant's sheep were missing. When the fellow was asked where he got his mutton he lied about it, as the proof shows. Now, gentlemen, you can retire, and if you can not agree on this evidence, come in and the Court will discharge you; but we shall consider it our duty to tell you to go home and build your sheep-pens so high that sheep thieves can't crawl over, because if you don't, between incompetent jurors and sheep thieves, you will lose all of your sheep." It is needless, perhaps, to add that after this supplementary charge the jury agreed.

Soon after a smart little earthquake in a neighboring city a party of friends were discussing the various incidents attending it, and, among other things, the effect it had upon the several religious congregations, as it occurred during service hours on Sunday. After reciting the scenes at various churches and the general consternation it produced, a person mentioned the fact that a certain Baptist society were not at all disturbed, but quietly kept their seats; at which a lady noted for her *esprit* remarked, "Oh, I suppose they were the Hard Shells."

A distinguished stock raiser in this State, preparing a herd-book, had provided lithographic portraits of all his leading animals. A gentleman happened to be sitting in his cabinet one afternoon, when his daughter, a bright young married lady, came in and began looking over the book plates. By-and-by she came to the picture of an exceedingly rough-looking Spanish jack, and raising it up to full view, and addressing the gentleman, who was a familiar acquaintance, said, "How very like this picture is to you, Sir!"

He was a little confused, but replied, "Ah, madam, I am flattered you should discover a likeness to me among your *family portraits.*"

Here is a good one on the Episcopalians, which, so far as the writer is aware, has never yet appeared in print, and therefore he contributes it for the benefit of the Drawer.

Away out West in —— State, in the valley of the Mississippi, at a time not very remote, when men were more intent on "raking in the filthy" than in securing an interest in the bank of glory everlasting, a zealous missionary of the persuasion aforesaid found himself in a community whose religious views were no less manifold and contradictory than was to be expected from persons representing every phase of denominational life. Finding out the three or four communicants belonging to his Church, the missionary gave notice of an "Episcopal service" for that evening in the school-house, and cordially invited every body to attend. Of course to the large majority of the inhabitants this was something entirely novel—indeed, the passage of a circus through the village, or the actual halt of a

minstrel *troupe*, could not have created a profounder sensation—and so at an early hour they commenced gathering in knots of two or three, discussing "as to what kind of a durn'd thing it was a-goin' to be."

Prominent among the female portion of the throng was an aged sister, who enlightened the others by stating it was a reg'lar sarmint they were a-goin' to have, and no confounded nigger tumblin'. But the "sarmint" was to be after the "'Piscopal" fashion, of which she had hearn tell when a girl, but had never seen; and as it was something bad, she believed, she was there to interrupt him if he didn't preach orthodox.

Seating herself on the front bench, she eyed the preacher closely, and just before he commenced the service, and while arranging his robes, she beckoned him to her, and informed him that she was there to interrupt him if he didn't preach orthodox.

"Well, madam," he replied, "you won't interrupt me if I do preach orthodox?"

"Oh no! that I won't," she earnestly exclaimed, "but if you don't, though, I'll interrupt and expose you for sure!"

Now to make the exercises go off with some degree of Episcopal decorum the congregation was liberally supplied with prayer-books, and the few communicants were instructed to circulate among the people, "find the places" for the uninitiated, and lead in the responses.

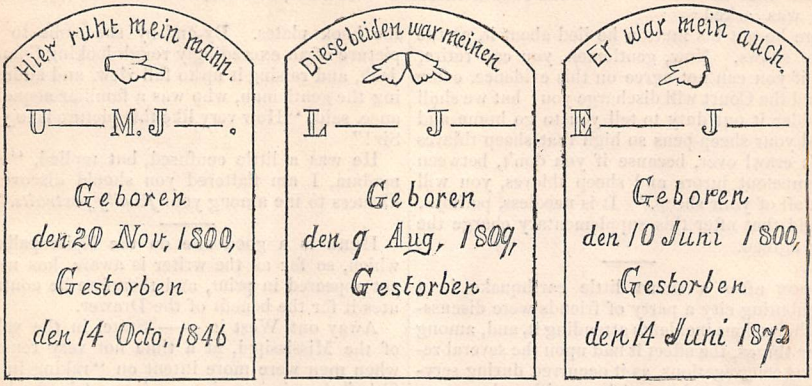
Then rose the minister, and with the prodigal's resolve, "I will arise and go to my father," etc., commenced the service, and won the old lady's heart, for it was her favorite passage, read and prayed over often because of a wayward boy. Next in order was the "exhortation," in which she heard nothing objectionable; and then came the confession of sins. Right behind her one of the communicants aforesaid united his voice with the minister's, and had gotten as far as "We have erred and strayed from Thy ways like lost sheep," etc., when the old lady turned, and in an audible whisper said, "Hush! hush! that's all right; let the man have a chance to speak!" Lowering his voice, he kept comparatively quiet until the creed was reached, and here he thought, "In the credo I must set an example, and confess Christ before men in the magnificent yet simple 'I believe' of all the Christian centuries."

By this time the self-appointed conservator of orthodoxy was in no mood to be trifled with, and so, while her hand firmly grasped her umbrella, she said, in tones sternly emphatic, "Look a-hyar, you durn'd cuss! didn't I tell you that was all right? an' hyar you have been a-chatterin' every blessed minit since. Now you ought to be ashamed of yourself, and I don't want you to jaw any more to-night. That's orthodox enough for any body!"

The minister took in the situation, and being a practical man, "pitched in," and gave them a red-hot extempore discourse, which the old lady, before she was aware, had indorsed with a whole series of honest amens.

At the conclusion she felt bound to apologize for her conduct before and during the service, and so, seizing both his hands, she thanked him for his Gospel sermon in language as unique as her manner was hearty: "You see, mister, we warn't sure of you; we only had hearn tell of you 'Piscopals afore, an' we were kind of skeered like; but it's all right now, an' I want to tell you that I had nothing to do with those rowdies back there who interrupted the service. Now we've had Locus preachers here, an' we've had Circus preachers here, but we've never had any of you 'Piscopus preachers afore; an' you do preach orthodox, an' you can come back here any time you want to, an' preach all night if you choose—if you do wear your shirt outside your breeches."

In Greenmount, Baltimore's beautiful city of the dead, there stands a monument erected by the B—— family, in the rear of which is a lot belonging to Mr. L—— J——, who has been twice married and twice a widower, and who has placed three tombstones in his lot, arranged as follows:



Mr. J—— is yet living, but with prudent forethought has purchased and planted his tombstone at the head of the grave he expects his body to occupy when he shall have been gathered into the land where his fathers have gone before him. The "Here rests my man" of the first wife seems almost jealously replied to by the second with "He was mine also," and Mr. J——, living, interposes, with a disposition to keep the peace, "*Both* of these were mine." The question suggests itself, How would he dispose of the land to designate the grave of his third wife, should he have one?

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CCCVIII.—JANUARY, 1876.—Vol. LII.

THE OKLAWAHA.

PALMS ON THE ST. JOHNS.

"GOVERNOR?" said Iris—"Governor? But I thought Governors were—" She paused.

"Old?" I added, smiling. "Not in this case, child. He was our ardent young war Governor, a title that stands by itself."

But Iris was still doubtful.

"Let me tell you something else, then," said Ermine. "When we were in Virginia last year, the fancy came to us to go and see a certain ruined Gothic tower by moonlight. The usual objections were made, of course: first, no one ever went to the tower by moonlight; second, no one ever went to the tower any way; third, there wasn't any tower. But the Governor calmly marshaled us to the very spot; bright moonlight all ready, field-glasses, chocolate-creams, diagrams of the country drawn on the bricks, poetical quotations, descriptions of colonial times, the loveliest compliments, and safe home again—all in two hours."

"Charming!" said Iris. "I love such people."

The Duke regarded her with gravity. It was necessary, then, to climb up Gothic towers, armed with poetical quotations and chocolate-creams. He had not thought of that. But he reflected that there were no Gothic towers on the Oklawaha, at any rate,

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OUR BOAT.

and postponed the consideration of the subject for the present.

For we were sailing up the St. Johns River, bound for the mouth of the Oklawaha, a wild tributary with an Indian name, which flows into the broader stream a hundred miles above the ocean bar, the desolate sand village of the pilots, and the two light-houses, so familiar to Florida travelers. Our comical little steamer, not unlike a dwarfed two-storied canal-boat, had started boldly out from the Pilatka dock that morning with its full quota of twenty passengers on board, six feet by three of shelf having been carefully engaged in advance by letter or telegram for each person. Our "accommodations," whatever that may mean, consisted of this shelf and—nothing more. Our fellow-travelers were, besides ourselves, a naturalist, the mother of a family and the family, a general who fought in the Seminole war, two school-girls, two anxious-eyed ladies voluminous in trimmings, Miss Treshington (Greek draperies) and maid, and two grave Baptist brothers from Georgia. With our party, in addition to Vanderlyne Banyer (whom we had nicknamed the Young Duke) and the Governor—both chance accretions—was George, our generalizer, so called from his habit of generalizing every thing, throwing unimportant details to the right and the left, and presenting you with a succinct statement on the spot: one day of George would have driven Mr. Casaubon (eternal portraiture!) mad. Our little steamer was full—nay, more than full; we fairly swarmed over her miniature decks, crowded her wee cabin, and almost, I was about to say, hung on behind, so entirely did we fill every inch of her space. Every body heard what every body said; we dined in detachments, not being able to get into the cabin all at once; and when we were folded up on our shelves for the night, we could hear each other breathe all down the row: one dream, I am sure, would have sufficed for all of us.

The St. Johns is a tropical river of the dreamy kind; its beauty does not—to use

the expressive assaulting term—strike you, but rather steals over your senses slowly, as moonlight steals over the summer night. Palms stand along the shore in groups, outlined against the sky, which has here a softness unknown at the North, even June mornings and August afternoons seeming hard in comparison; the strength of the giant live-oaks is veiled by the sweeping tresses of the silvery moss that clings to their great branches and caresses them into slumber; and farther inland rise the single feathery pine-trees of the South, which, in the absence of hills and mountains, always seem so purple and so far away. Vanderlyne Banyer regarded all this beauty in silence, his slow-moving blue eyes fixed upon the shore. If you had asked him what he saw, he would have promptly replied, "Trees." They were trees, weren't they? Then why should a man bother himself about kinds?

"How beautiful it must be away over there—farther on, I mean, where the pine-trees are," said Iris.

"It is always beautiful beyond," remarked the Governor. "Don't you know how, in walking, the shady places are always 'farther on?'"

"But I would not give up the fancy, if fancy it is, for all the realities you can muster," said Ermine, who always tried her lance against the Governor's. "Beyond—beautiful beyond! Human nature journeys hopefully in that—"

"Delusion," said our generalizer; "like the horse that went fifty miles on a run to get the bag of oats fastened one foot in front of his own head."

"No! Did he, though?" said the Duke, laughing.

In the mean time the Governor was quoting to Iris George Eliot's grand Positivist hymn:

"'O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence: live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self.
....This is the life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow.'"

"Oh no, Governor," I said; "that is too hard doctrine for our little Iris. This longing for the beyond, of which we were talking, must have a warmer coloring in her case."

"Very well. How will this do, Miss Iris?—another land of beyond, which is near you, I think:

"'O land, sweet land! new world, my world!
No mortal knows what seas I sail
With hope and faith which never fail,
With heart and will which never quail.
The sea is swift, the sky is flame;
My low song sings thy nameless name.
Lovers who love, ye understand
This sweetest world, this sweetest land!'"

VANDERLYNE BANYER.

Iris blushed charmingly under the gaze of the handsome brown eyes; but Ermine charged down the lists with, "No, not so. We must arrive some time in that lovely land, we can not be always on the way; and then—what do we find? Listen to this:

"'Where art thou, beloved To-morrow,
Whom young and old, and strong and weak,
Rich and poor, through joy and sorrow
Ever seek?
In thy place, ah! well-a-day,
We always find, alas, To-day!'"

During this conversation the trimmed ladies sat near and listened, that is, in the intervals of scanning the Greek draperies of Miss Treshington. Were they wrong? was she right? they anxiously wondered. The Greek, meanwhile, having discovered that a Banyer was on board, bestowed upon him a modicum of well-regulated smiles. The mother of a family marshaled her brood on the little unguarded deck below, where they had a series of the most thrilling and narrow escapes; the school-girls giggled together over the deeply mysterious jokes of their age; and the Baptist brothers had rather the best of it, after all, sitting on the roof with their feet hanging over. So passed the summer afternoon; for although it was March, the heat was like our July. Toward sunset our little craft turned suddenly in toward the shore, and ran her low bow into a mass of floating green.

"The bonnet-leaf, a species of lotus," announced the naturalist. "It lives in the dead water where two currents meet; when

you see it along shore you may know some creek comes in there."

"But here is no creek—" I began, when the steamer sharply turned the corner of a live-oak, and, behold, we were in a river, a majestic expanse of twenty-eight feet, with the trees on the dark banks nearly meeting overhead; but a river none the less, navigable for two hundred and fifty miles, and—"The famous Oklawaha in person!"

Ermine was glad it began so classically with the lotus, but denied that it was famous—yet.

"Oh yes, it is!"

"Oh no!"

"Yes."

"No."

"We will take the sense of the meeting," said our generalizer, promptly. "Mr. Banyer, what do you say?"

The Duke had never heard of it until he came South.

Miss Treshington ditto. "If it had been the Arno, now, or the dear Garonne! But here—" (a shrug).

The General thought that if not known, it ought to be. "An important treaty with the Indians was drawn up on its banks; hundreds of our soldiers were afterward picked off along the same banks by the same Indians. In the fastnesses near by lived the celebrated Hallak Tustenugge—"

"In short, the Seminole war," interrupted the generalizer, summing up. The General agreed, but slowly. He had several other items to produce, but the conversation had already swept by, and left him on the shore.

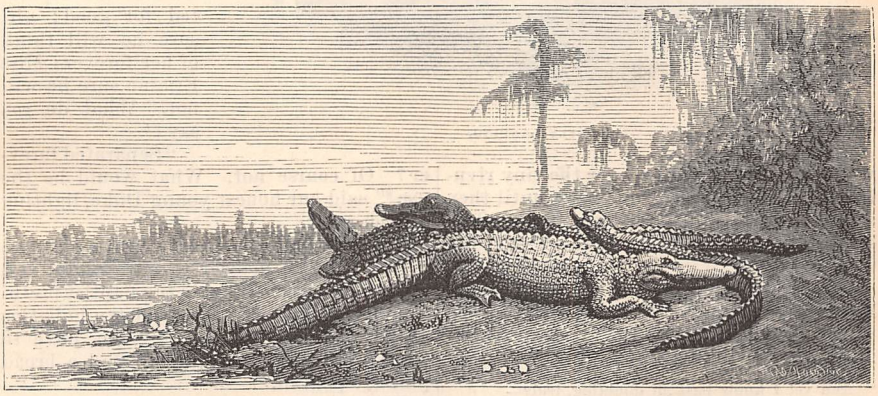
The school-girls had heard of it—"Oh yes, lots of times!" and the trimmed ladies specified with precision that they had "heard of it at the Grand National Hotel, Jacksonville." They liked "the Grand National." The Baptist brethren had read "a very spiritual description" by a fellow-worker who had taken the trip the previous year; but the naturalist had known of it from his "earliest childhood" (with scorn). We were rather cast down by this from the naturalist: none of us had known of it in our earliest childhood, whatever may have happen-

ON THE OKLAWAHA.

ed in our latest. But Ermine brought up re-enforcements in the shape of a sketch of the river by Dyer, whose "Interior of St. Mark's, Venice," was, she said, one of the lovely pictures of last spring's exhibition at the Academy. "This little sketch of the river was so poetically beautiful in the arrangement of the tropical foliage, so full of the very spirit of untamed Florida, that the moment I saw it I resolved to come here before the wild wood gods were driven from their last hiding-places," she said.

"Wood gods?" asked the school-girls.

"Alligators, of course," replied the generalizer; and at that moment we saw one, a huge fellow at least fifteen feet long, which came up from the swamp alongside, climbed slowly over a log, and lay there eying us, his head and tail in the water, but a hill of back exposed over the log, tempting us, had we been disposed to shoot. But, thank Fortune, we were not. By some remarkable chance we were without the inevitable boy



ALLIGATORS.

with a pistol, who may be called the nuisance of the Oklawaha, and also without the complacent man with a shot-gun, who wounds uselessly and cruelly all the beautiful birds and wild creatures of the forest alongside that have not yet learned to fear him, and leaves them to die slowly on the banks, he himself shooting meanwhile safely from the deck of the steamer—the last man, probably, to venture on a real Florida hunting expedition, where there is danger, a fair field, and hunger to justify the destruction.

As the sun sank low in the west the red glow, which we could not see in the sky above through the dense umbrella-like tops of the cypresses, penetrated the open spaces below, and rested on the claret-colored water, as though the sun had stooped and shot under the trees, determined that the dark river, which he could not reach through the day with all his shining, should yet feel his power ere he stepped below the horizon. The effect was strange, for the glow was as brilliant as though a conflagration raged outside, and yet, above, the darkness of the cypresses loomed heavier than ever; the water sparkled, and the little ripples made by the steamer curled goldenly against the near shore, where the wild flowers felt a passing glory for a moment as the brilliant light swept over them.

It was now night, and the steamer had stopped. The great trees towered above on each side, no longer distinct, but walls of darkness, like the sides of a well to the little earth grub that has fallen in and vainly looks aloft, clinging to his bit of twig as he floats. No one spoke; we sat in silence, awed by the darkness and the wild forest, which seemed all the more wild because we could not see it. Suddenly flared out a red light from above, and, as if by magic, the woods grew red, and showed us their vistas and glimmering pools again. Birds cried from their near nests and flew past our faces; the steamer started on, carrying the magic with her. Pitch-pine fires had been started in braziers on the top of the boat to light the way, and, tended by a negro boy, they burned brilliantly all night, sending a red glow over the dark waters ahead, showing the sudden turns, the narrow passes, the bent trees, and a lonely little landing, where we left a barrel for a solemn old mule which came down and inspected us as the steamer ran her bow on shore—the ordinary way of landing on the Oklawaha.

"I suppose the barrel is for the mule," said Iris; "at least, there is no one else to receive it."

After a time, as the boat moved onward, she began whistling at intervals—a long melancholy call with a silence after it, as though waiting for an answer. "Orpheus on his way to Hades, calling 'Eurydice!' 'Eurydice!'" I suggested.

"Do you remember that musical little poem of Jean Ingelow's called 'Divided,'

A LONELY LANDING.

where one in sport steps over the tiny rivulet, which grows wider and wider until they can no longer call across, and finally lose even sight of each other entirely?" said the Governor.

Iris remembered it, and very sweetly, at his request, repeated the closing verses, the words of the one left on the far shore, walking "desolate day by day:"

"'And yet I know past all doubting, truly—
A knowledge greater than grief can dim—
I know, as he loved, he will love me duly,
Yea, better, e'en better, than I love him.

"'And as I walk by the vast calm river,
The awful river so dread to see,
I say, "Thy breadth and thy depth forever
Are bridged by his thoughts that cross to me."'"

"I made a new ending once in place of that," said Ermine; "it is much more true to nature, as I should tell Miss Ingelow if I knew her:

"'Ah, no, sweet poet, not this the ending:
The love of man ne'er rests in the past;
With thoughts of thee soon new love was blending,
Grew, budded, and blossomed, and conquered at last.

"'Dream not, dream not, with pale lips that quiver,
He's thinking of *thee* as he walks afar:
"I loved her once, but—widened the river"—
And he wafts thee away with his evening cigar.

"'Thou art but the ghost of a love departed—
Ils ne peuvent revenir, ces pauvres morts;
Remember, no man ever died broken-hearted;
Remember, les absents ont toujours tort!'"

"Ermine," I said, "you are a cynic."

"Not at all, Miss Martha. I appeal to Mr. Banyer if I am not right."

But the Duke confessed frankly that he had no idea what we were talking about. He had been watching those remarkable long-legged birds that kept flying up alongside and shrieking at us—limpkins, he believed they were called.

The generalizer immediately laid before him an abstract of the case: "Poetry, you know—Jean Ingelow's 'Divided.' Two lovers separated for good; girl sure he will think of her forever; Miss Ermine sure he will not. What do *you* say?"

"Separated forever? Of course not. What would be the use?" said our honest young Duke, lighting a fresh cigar.

At this moment we heard in the distance a far sound in answer to our doleful cry. "The other steamer," said the Baptist brethren on the roof, who passed down bulletins gathered from the pilot. "They have to warn each other in order to find a broad place to pass in."

We soon saw a gleam up the river high above the trees, glancing from side to side in the air, for the boat was still some distance off, and the course of the stream tortuous. In the mean time our little craft had crowded herself ignominiously so close to the shore that one side was tilted up like a buggy turning out for another on a narrow mountain road. She clawed the bank so desperately that involuntarily we drew our very skirts back, as if to make more room in the channel, thereby, as the generalizer said, affording a lovely example of that feminine desire to help which makes a woman always hold back when the horses are going down hill. At length the light darting and flickering above the tree-tops disappeared, and a sudden glare shot out over the river in front of us. Round a curve came the other steamer, her pitch-pine fires blazing high on top, and the little decks below crowded with passengers. "Effete *blasé* travelers who have seen it all," said George. "Let us give them a cheer to wake them up." So we cheered lustily, answered by the effete

ones with a sort of a roar which was much more impressive than our effort. "They learned that from Hallak Tustenugge," said George, kindly accounting for our defeat.

In the mean time the two boats were passing each other gingerly, scraping the shores on each side, the respective cooks exchanging a few whispered confidences from their little windows as their black faces were carried slowly past each other only a few inches apart. Then we watched the glare glide on down the river. First the whole forest lighted up, then a gleaming through the white trunks of the cypresses, then the same high-up flickering light over the tree-tops, and finally nothing save darkness. That was behind, however. In front we had our own glow, and journeyed onward into stranger and stranger regions, the hours shortened by the songs of the negro crew, who, assembled on the little deck below, gave us, one after another, those wild unwritten melodies, the despair of routine musicians in their violation of all rule, yet as wildly sweet and natural as the songs of a bird.

"In a char-riote ob fire
Elijah he went up to die,
Ole Moses he took de hire,
An' de wind blew 'em up in de sky,"

sang our sable-faced choir in their rich voices, the words floated by the melody, which we could not catch on account of the unexpected pauses, long minor cadences, and sudden beginnings again with which it was filled. Just as we thought we had it, off it flew, floating along in a time peculiar to itself, as wild as the wild forest alongside. Miss Treshington, who never descended from the heights, musical or otherwise, found nothing to admire in this untutored singing, and went inside to play cribbage with the Duke on a beautiful inlaid board brought out by the maid; the trimmed ones followed, fascinated still; the family retired for the night; the school-girls began to eat candy, and the brethren to read religious weeklies; the naturalist and the General remembered that it was damp; and finally, our five were left alone outside. When the singing ceased we sat almost in silence, watching the lights stretch forward, gleam through the forest, fill it with radiance for a moment, then leave it to blackness again while it reddened new vistas ever opening ahead. We seemed to have grown into a new fellowship when at last we separated. Our quiet "good-nights" were gentle and sweet. It was as though we had passed through an experience of which the others inside knew nothing. "Good-night," said the Governor, almost in a whisper, as Iris slowly left her seat beside him to follow us. The light from the open door fell upon his face. Iris saw the expression of his eyes. And so did I.

"Brown eyes," I announced to Ermine, "ought, for the general good of mankind, to be suppressed." (We were in our tiny state-room, and I had the floor.) "When they deepen and darken and soften, they mean really no more than the calmest blue or the coldest gray, and yet I defy you to pass unmoved under their glances."

"You needn't defy," said Ermine; "we like it."

"To be so deceived?" I said, indignantly.

"Not so much deceived as you think, Miss Martha. But we like to feel the depths stirred once in a while, even if it is, as you say, only a stir."

That night I was wakened by a sharp blow on the little shuttered window, followed by a long scrape down the side of the boat. This was repeated again and again, and at last I recognized the sound of branches. We were brushing the trees as we passed. It was two o'clock. Wrapping myself in my cloak, I peeped into the cabin: no one was there, and I ventured out on the forward deck. We were moving slowly onward. The fires on top were burning brightly. The river had grown very narrow, and as we passed the curves we seemed to be plunging into the thickets alongside, the bent tree branches making the sounds I had heard. We had come to the region of palms. Their tall slender trunks shot upward, leaning slightly forward over the river, and below on the bushes bloomed a maze of flowers, standing out clearly for a moment as the light fell upon them, then vanishing into darkness again. Vines ran up the trees and swung downward in fantastic coils, and the air was heavy with fragrance. Every now and then a white crane flew up from the green thicket and slowly sailed away up stream, flapping his great wings, while the brown bird we had noticed, the ever-present limpkin, multiplied himself, and made sarcastic remarks about us from the bushes as we passed, ending in a shrill hoot of derision as we left him behind. Save the bird cries there was no sound. Onward we glided through the still forest, the light ever reddening in front and fading behind, like a series of wonderful dissolving views set up by some wizard of the wilderness. After a while I went back to my shelf, and the sweep of the branches against the sides of the boat grew into a familiar sound, and lulled me to sleep. But it was never safe for us to stand near our open window: Absalom's fate might have been ours.

"Payne's Landing," said George, the next morning, as we passed a landing, "and the General knows all about it. Come, General."

Thus adjured, the General began the story of a war whose memory has faded in the redder struggles that came after, but whose characteristics were perhaps more peculiar

PALMETTO THICKET.

and distinct than the broader later contests —like fine old sketches to which we turn again after a surfeit of fiery paintings ablaze with color.

"Payne's Landing was named after King Payne, a Seminole chief—" began the General.

"Seminoles—name signifying wild wanderers—were originally runaways from the Creeks of Georgia," commented the generalizer, rapidly. "In 1750 a number of them settled in Florida under a chief named Secoffee. They were never very numerous, but occupied a vast extent of country. Secoffee left two sons; one of them was called Payne. Go on, General."

"Payne, a Seminole chief," said the General, going back and beginning over again. "He seems to have been possessed of more wisdom than belongs usually to the Indian character, for he labored to unite all the separated bands into one tribe under one head. He lived here upon the Oklawaha (which took its name from the Oklawaha Indians, who were a darker-skinned race, descended from the Yemasees), and he was

called king, the title and accompanying power descending to his son and grandson, the latter the Micanope of the Seminole war, who also lived in the Oklawaha country, northwest of Orange Lake. The Seminole war began—or rather I should say the Seminole war was caused by—"

"One moment. Uncle Sam bought Florida from Spain, you know, in 1821," said the generalizer. "The Spanish settlements had never extended far from the coast, and the Indians had the whole interior to themselves. But of course the new American settlers were not going to stand that. 'Go down to the everglades and stay there, or else emigrate,' they said. Lo wouldn't; result, a row. Take it up at the treaty, General; you know all about that."

The General, not quite sure now that he knew all about any thing, rallied his forces, and began again at the desired point: "The second treaty with the Indians—the first having been disregarded—was made at Payne's Landing, which we are now passing, in May, 1832. In it the Indians agreed to exchange their Florida lands for an equal amount west of the Mississippi, together with a certain sum of money, a certain number of blankets, and a fair price for their cattle. They were to remove within three years, and in the mean time a committee of their own chiefs was to explore the new country and report upon it."

"They went, were absent six months, found the climate cold, no pitch-pine, and Arkansas generally a delusion and a snare," interpolated the generalizer. "The treaty, however, had been signed by fifteen undoubted Seminole cross-marks, and the United States prepared herself to execute it. Time up; not a red-skin ready; troops sent; war."

While the General was transporting himself to this new starting-point, Ermine remarked: "My history consists of a series of statues and tableaux—statues of the great men, tableaux of the great events; I refuse to know more. Were there any such in the Seminole war?"

The General not having arrived yet, the generalizer was happy to reply: "Yes; one tableau and two statues—the former the Dade Massacre, the latter Hallak Tustenugge and 'the gallant Worth.'"

Simultaneously the whole twenty of us, glad to touch bottom somewhere, hastened to announce that we knew of "the gallant Worth," and I gained an additional lustre by bringing forward the item that he was the eighth commander sent out to close the war.

"And he succeeded—the only one who did. But the whole business was a terrible wandering through swamps, voyaging up unknown rivers, and cutting paths into far-away hamaks after Indians who were never

THE GENERAL.

there, for six long years," said the generalizer, bringing the war down another four hundred pages at a jump. "Come, General, give the ladies an idea of the life—something that you saw, now."

The General, however, had given up all idea of any thing that he saw. But he had a retentive memory, and after some consideration (allowed him by the generalizer's having been called off to look at a moccasin snake on the bank) he now favored us with two quotations on the subject. "My first," he said, beginning like a charade, "is as follows: 'Fruitless expeditions marched out and returned, and failed to find the enemy. The work of surprise and massacre still went on by invisible bands, who struck the blow and disappeared. The country was discouraged, the troops disheartened, and the Indians unmolested.'" A pause. "My second: 'Their duties were divested of all the attributes of a soldier, but they went resolutely to work with one incentive—to do their duty. The officer and his command of thirty or forty men resembled more a banditti than a body of soldiers in the service of their country. He, at the head of his little band, without shoes or stockings, his pantaloons sustained by a belt, in which was thrust a brace of pistols, without vest or coat, his cap with a leathern flap behind to divert the rain from coursing down his back—in this manner he led his detachment through bog and water, day after day, dependent for food upon the contents of his haversack strapped to his back. The only stars above his head were the stars of heaven, the only stripes those on his lacerated feet, and the only sound to welcome him after his toils

EUREKA LANDING.

was the abuse and fault-finding of the ignorant and vindictive.'"

We received these quotations with applause; and then Ermine asked for the remaining statue and the tableau.

"The Dade Massacre is reserved for future use," said our generalizer, "and Hallak Tustenugge belongs to Orange Lake, which we have not yet reached. We passed Iola some time ago. All hands ready now for Eureka Landing!"

Of all the wild spots on the Oklawaha there is not one so hidden away, so like nothing but itself, as Eureka Landing. No wonder they called it Eureka, after such a chase to find it. Our steamer turned out of the Oklawaha into a little thread of a stream, deep, no doubt, but only just wide enough to hold her. Through this narrow ribbon of water she slowly advanced, running ashore at curves, and poled off by the boatmen, wedged between cypresses, keeled up on logs, scraped, caught in the branches, and wrecked, as we supposed, a dozen times in that flower-bordered ditch. Yet she always managed to start on again, and, thus progressing, we came at last to a solitary little shanty with a padlocked door, and one man sitting on the step, with dog and gun, gazing at us like Rip Van Winkle when he awoke in the forest. We put ashore several boxes and bales here, but Rip never stirred; evidently they were not for him. In a moment or two we steamed away again, not turning around—for that would have been impossible, unless we had all gotten out and lifted the boat around bodily—but following the accommodating ribbon, which flowed into the Oklawaha again a few miles above, having only been off making a little loop, as it were, for its own amusement. As we turned a curve I looked back. Eureka may grow into a metropolis if it likes, but I shall never think of it save as a wild forest, a ribbon of a river, a solitary shanty, and Rip Van Winkle sitting on the step gazing after us, his dog and gun beside him.

"'Far and few, far and few, are the lands where the jumblies live,'"

quoted Ermine. "I have always wanted to go, and now here we are, in our sieve."

The naturalist, not catching this exactly, asked what it was.

"It belongs, Sir, to the same period of art as the classic ballad of the 'Owl and the Pussy Cat,' which you have probably heard," said Ermine. But the naturalist had not; and Ermine, who loved pure nonsense once in a while, and always declared that only a high order of mind could appreciate it, began gravely and repeated the whole ballad of the "Owl," followed by the "Jumblies," which, she said, was peculiarly appropriate to our case, our steamer being a sieve, our heads green, our veils blue, and the "Lakes and the Torrible Zone" just ahead of us. She closed with the last verse, as follows:

"'And in twenty years they all came back,
In twenty years or more,
And every one said, "How tall they've grown,
For they've been to the Lakes and the Torrible Zone,
And the hills of the Chankley Bore."
Far and few, far and few, are the lands where the jumblies live;
Their heads are green and their veils are blue, and they went to sea in a sieve.'"

The naturalist listened, at first gravely, then somewhat confused, and finally utterly bewildered, as Ermine sweetly rolled out the verses with her most delicate accentuation.

"Ah, yes; very, very fine," he murmured at the close; and then retreated hastily to the upper deck, where he spent the rest of the day in the more congenial pursuit of collecting specimens from the flowers and vines as we passed, and catching flying things, or rather trying to catch them, in a little hand-net. I caught him once or twice looking dubiously over at Ermine; but he did not venture down again.

The woods through which we sailed all day were wilder than a Northerner's wildest dream of tropic forests; the great trees towered above us one hundred and thirty feet high, often meeting over our heads, so that we journeyed through a mighty arbor; along shore and in the dark pools within stood the singular "knees;" vines and flowers, air-plants and flitting brilliant birds, filled the intervening space. Vegetation fairly riotted, and we almost expected to see moving

about some of those strange forms of life which belonged to the age when ferns were trees, and the whole land a tropic jungle. "I see faces and green dragons peeping out every where," said Iris. "It is like Doré's pictures."

That night a thunder-storm struck us in a narrow stretch of river. I woke. The rain sounded on the little roof like hail-stones; behind us and alongside the darkness of the forest was intense, the blackest darkness I have ever seen. But in front our faithful pitch-pine fires burned steadily, and lighted up the dark water, the wet trunks of the trees, and the pouring rain with a distinctness that only made me feel all the more strongly how strange it was, and how lost we seemed away up that wild, far-away river on our little steamer in the midnight storm.

I praised the pitch-pine fires the next morning with all my heart. "The Indian's friend," said the Governor. "In their new Western homes they missed more than any thing else, so they said, their favorite 'light-wood,' the pitch-pine, an ever-ready hearth in the wilderness, burning cheerily on through storm and rain."

We passed landings here and there, swamp-ways where rafts of cypress logs were waiting, towed aside to give us the channel, and at last we came to the fair waters of which we had heard. Silver Spring, beautiful enchanted pool, who can describe thee! About one hundred miles from the mouth of the Oklawaha, a silvery stream enters the river; we turn out of our chocolate-colored tide, and sail up this crystal channel, which carries us along between open savannas covered with flowers, as different as possible from the dark tangled forest where we have journeyed. This stream, or run, as it is called, has a rapid current, and, although twenty feet deep, the bottom is distinctly visible as we pass over, so clear is the water. Nine miles of this, and we come to the spring-head, a basin one hundred feet wide, fifty yards long, and forty feet deep, a fairy lakelet surrounded by tropical foliage more beautiful than any thing we had yet seen, the *Magnolia grandiflora* mixing with the palms and moss-draped live-oaks, wild grape-vines clambering every where, the pennons of the yellow jasmine floating from the trees, and solid banks of Cherokee roses walling up the spaces between the low myrtles, as if fortifying the spring with blossoms. The water was so transparent that we could see a pin on the bottom distinctly, and objects there were coated, fringed, and edged with brilliant rainbow tints, the smallest spray of moss taking to itself the hues of a prism, and a fragment of china, dropped in by some visitor, shining like an opal: all this is the effect of refraction. Our steamer was

A FLORIDA CABIN.

to lie here some hours, and now it was that the Governor came to the front again. "Cross in canoes, and lunch on the opposite shore," he said.

Nobody saw any canoes, only muddy flat-bottomed boats; and nobody knew how or where to get any lunch, or any body to row. But the Governor put his shoulder to the wheel, and things moved. Result: the eight of us found ourselves in two light canoes, with boys to row; a charming shady place appeared on the far side of the lake; lunch sprang up there as if by magic—delicious sandwiches, little cakes, Champagne on ice; the very flowers we wanted grew there; the very glasses out of which we drank were Bohemian (in glass, not in spirit), and like nothing but themselves. Iris had given up her little oppositions long ago; she looked at every thing through the fringes of her long eyelashes, and assented when Ermine remarked, in an under-tone, that the only thing you could do with such a man as the Governor was to sit down and admire him.

While our canoe was passing the centre of the lake we seemed to be floating in mid-space, for the water was so clear that one could scarcely tell where it ended and the air began; the trees were reflected like realities; the fish swimming about were as distinct as though we had them in our hands; in short, with the prism-tinted fringes every where along the bottom, it was enchantment. The spring water bubbles

up from little silver and green sand hillocks here and there, but the main supply comes from under a limestone ledge at the north-eastern end. The generalizer had the statistics all ready: "Three hundred million gallons every twenty-four hours, or more than twenty times the amount consumed daily by New York city."

"How it wells up into its beautiful rainbow bowl!" said Ermine, leaning over the side.

"I must tell you a story connected with Silver Spring," said the generalizer. "To begin with, however, you must know that I've been studying up the Seminole war—eh, General?"

The General looked a little as though somebody had been stealing his thunder, but he said nothing, and George went on. "In all the histories and correspondence connected with this war there is frequent mention of a chief named Jones—Sam Jones—who for a number of years lived here at Silver Spring. Jones was apparently a person of high importance among the Seminoles, a prophet and a medicine-man. Jones is here, Jones is there, on the pages of the histories, now turning up as far north as our old friend the Suwanee River, now lurking in 'the Cretan labyrinth of the Cove,' now hopelessly escaped to the 'watery fastnesses of the stretching everglades;' but no one explains how he came by his name. My curiosity is roused. Certainly it is not a Seminole name. Once the title of 'fisherman' is added, and only stimulates my ardor. But it was only the other day, after all my searching, that by chance I learned the comic origin of the title borne by this grave chieftain. Before the war broke out he had supplied one of our garrisons with fish for some time, and the sutler, being of a musical turn, and given to chanting the ballads of the day, named the solemn warrior 'Sam Jones,' in a jocular mood, after 'Sam Jones, the fisherman,' the hero of a song then in vogue in New York—a parody on 'Dunois, the young and brave.'"

"'It was Dunois, the young and brave,
Was bound for Palestine,
But first he paid his orisons
Before Saint Mary's shrine—
"And grant, almighty Queen of Heaven,"
Was still the soldier's prayer,
"That I may be the bravest knight,
And love the fairest fair,"'"

chanted Iris. "Mother used to sing it."

"Yes," said George; "and this was the parody:

'It was Sam Jones, the fisherman,
Was bound for Sandy Hook,
But first upon his almanac
A solemn oath he took—
"And grant a streak of fishing luck"—
So ran this prayer of Sam's—
"That I may have good sport to-night,
And catch a load of clams."'

Thus the chance fancy of a musical sutler bestowed a name which has become historic, and which will go gravely down in American history forever."

Miss Treshington was charmed with Silver Spring, with the lunch, with every thing; she regarded the Governor with something almost like interest in her serene eyes, but finally fell back upon the undoubted Banyer, who sat comfortably eating sandwiches by her side. "What do you think of our host?" she asked, in an under-tone.

"Fine fellow," said the Duke, abstractedly. "But I wish—I wish he had brought some olives."

CHERUBS—AN OKLAWAHA ART STUDY.

At this moment olives made their appearance at the other end of the table-cloth, followed by a charming little mustard-pot of the most aristocratic ugliness.

"A first-rate fellow—a capital fellow, I declare," said the Duke, with enthusiasm. "Give me a man who knows how to live. What mustard! —superb!"

Miss Treshington relapsed into thought.

At Silver Spring we found several houses; a stage runs back to the town of Ocala, some miles distant. Eventually the beautiful lakelet must be a resort, and no doubt wonderful virtues will be discovered in its silver waters. We saw an express cart starting into the interior, and the generalizer, hav-

ing discovered a wandering photographer, came back with an Oklawaha art study, designed and arranged by himself *à la* Sistine.

We found the trimmed ladies enjoying themselves on deck when we returned to the steamer; the belles of Silver Spring had gathered on the wharf, openly (eyes and mouth) overcome by the voluminous ruffles. It was pleasant to be appreciated even here. But no sooner had Miss Treshington stepped on board than they fell back into their old perplexity.

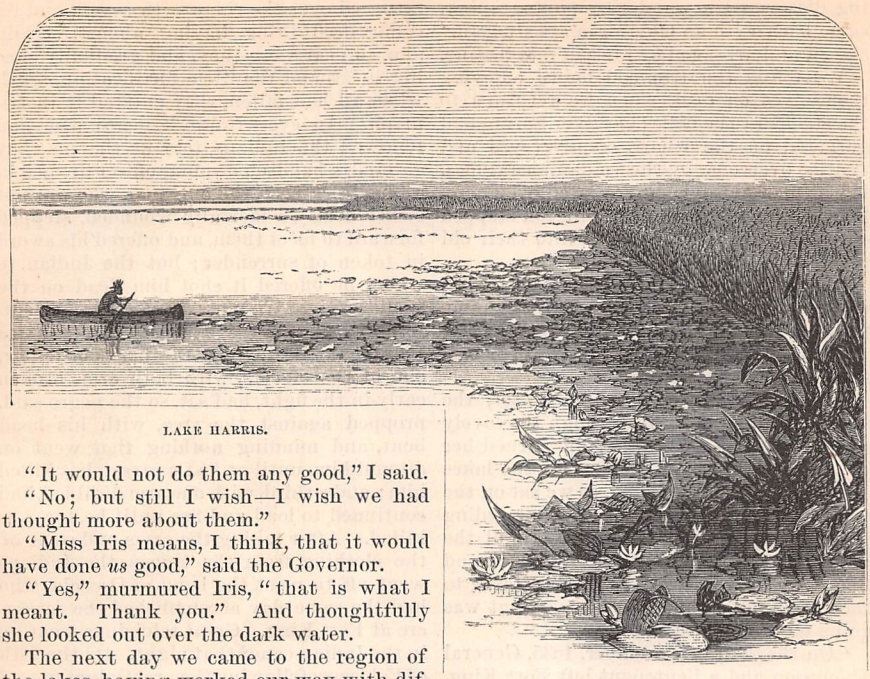
"They seem to me to be standing always on tiptoe on the outside walls," said Ermine, "calling out, anxiously, 'Watchman, what of the night? Are puffs to be worn, or bias folds?'"

Leaving Silver Spring at sunset, the steamer carried us back through the lovely savannas to the Oklawaha, and turned her bows southward again, bound for the lakes at the head. That evening, as we sat on the deck, willing to rest after the crowding sights of the day, we heard the tale of the Dade Massacre. The General told it, and told it well, for George was inside talking to the school-girls, and had no idea what was going on until it was all over.

"On the 28th of December, 1835, General Thompson and a lieutenant left Fort King, near the present site of the town of Ocala, south of Silver Spring, for an afternoon stroll. They were walking along, chatting and smoking, going toward the sutler's store, when suddenly, all unsuspicious of danger, they received in their breasts the fire of Osceola's band, who were hidden in the thicket near by. General Thompson fell dead, pierced with twenty-four balls, Lieutenant Smith with thirteen. This massacre may be called the opening of the long Florida war. The little garrison in the fort, hearing the firing, prepared hastily for defense. They congratulated themselves upon the re-enforcements they were hourly expecting—two companies of troops from Fort Brooke, Tampa. That very day, the 28th, these two expected companies, under the command of Major Francis L. Dade, of the Fourth Infantry, were marching northward along the road which led from Brooke to King, when, as they were advancing carelessly and in perfect security, they were attacked by a large body of Indians posted in the thickets not thirty yards from the road. Major Dade and the advance-guard fell dead at the first fire; indeed, half of the command were killed. The remaining officers rallied their men, fired blindly back into the thicket, and fought desperately for an hour, when the Indians retired for a consultation. With the energy of a desperate purpose the forlorn band began to build a breastwork of logs, but before it was knee-high—that poor little unfinished breastwork that mutely told us such a story of despair—the Indians returned over the ridge with a yell, and recommenced firing, having almost certain aim, so near were they, and gradually closing in around the little fortification, until, when all had fallen, they entered it in triumph. An eye-witness, a negro who had followed the Indians, told us that as they entered, a handsome young officer dressed in a blue frock-coat, the only man who was not either dead or mortally wounded, stepped forward to meet them, and offered his sword in token of surrender; but the Indian to whom he offered it shot him dead on the spot." (Here Iris's pretty eyes became suffused with tears.) "This young officer was Lieutenant Basinger. Another poor fellow, one of the officers, with both arms broken early in the fight, had sat, so the negro said, propped against the tree, with his head bent, and minding nothing that went on around him, until at last a stray shot killed him; and a third, with one arm disabled, had continued to load and fire until he, too, was killed. After taking the arms and some of the clothing from the troops, the Indians went off to meet the band of Osceola, who had the same day accomplished the massacre at Fort King. Great rejoicings went on in the Indian camp that night. On the 20th of February following General Gaines passed over the same road on his way from Brooke to King, and came upon the scene of the massacre. I was with him, and we found the advance-guard lying where they fell, with the bodies of Major Dade and Captain Fraser, the oxen attached to the cart, with the yoke still on them as if asleep; and there stood the forlorn little breastwork, thickly studded with balls, and within it our men, kneeling or lying upon their breasts just as they were when they fired their last shot. In the dry air of the Florida winter they were but little changed; we recognized all the poor dear fellows, and buried them, with moistened eyes; the detachment moved round the little breastwork to slow music, and the cannon which the Indians had thrown into the swamp was recovered and placed vertically at the head of the mound. But I shall never forget the sight of the men lying there in their blue clothing, so still and silent, under the lovely Florida sky."

"After the war was over they were reinterred in the military cemetery at St. Augustine, where there is a handsome monument to their memory," resumed the General, after a long pause, which no one seemed disposed to break. We sat in silence some time longer. It came to us with power, there on that wild dark river, a realization of the weary marches, the sudden shots, the little detachments cut off in just such places as those on shore.

"I feel," said Iris, slowly—"I feel someway as if we had not thought enough about them, the poor soldiers who died here."



LAKE HARRIS.

"It would not do them any good," I said.

"No; but still I wish—I wish we had thought more about them."

"Miss Iris means, I think, that it would have done *us* good," said the Governor.

"Yes," murmured Iris, "that is what I meant. Thank you." And thoughtfully she looked out over the dark water.

The next day we came to the region of the lakes, having worked our way with difficulty through floating islands of the *Pistia spathulata*, which in places covered the river, obstructing the channel with its tough, rope-like roots. "Sometimes they have to get out and saw them apart, and tie the ends back to the trees along shore," said George. But this time the naturalist was ahead of him, having already delivered the following, from Bartram, to a select audience composed of Ermine, Iris, and myself:

"A singular aquatic plant, associating in large communities or islands, sometimes several miles in length and a quarter of a mile in breadth, on large rivers or bays. These islands are nourished and kept in place by long fibrous roots, and are often alive with alligators, snakes, frogs, otters, heron, and curlew, until they seem like communities, needing only wigwams and a canoe to complete the scene. In storms and high water they are driven from their moorings, and float about until they secure a footing again, when they flourish and spread themselves until again broken up and dispersed. They are often adorned with flowers, as the seeds of other plants are dropped upon them by the birds, and spring up on the matted green, bearing blossoms as composedly as though dry land was beneath them instead of a near and rapid current."

"Never mind," said George, when Iris informed him that he was too late with his weed information; "I still have Hallak Tustenugge. Promise me that you will be audience, Miss Iris, when I deliver my lecture upon the warrior of the Oklawaha."

The tone was light, but the young man would have his answer, nevertheless; and a very sweet little audience our Iris made—when she felt like it.

The lakes were Griffin, Eustis, Harris, and Dora, Eustis having been named from General Eustis, and the rest from no man knoweth what.

"We have come to 'the lakes and the Torrible Zone,'" said Ermine. "Dora, at least, presageth a romance of some kind."

"What is romance?" I remarked, comprehensively.

Whereat Miss Treshington cast down her eyes and turned sweetly into a statue of Melancholy at the deck railing (Miss Treshington's profile, hair, and draperies were such that, give her a background, and irresistibly your thoughts turned at once to the Palmer marbles); and then the Duke, noticing after a while the very obvious pathos of her attitude, jumped up with concern, saying, "There! I was afraid the smoke of my cigar would annoy you; pray pardon it;" and went below.

"No use," said Ermine, in a low tone; "he does not comprehend Greek art at all."

"Nor any other art," I answered. "For my part, I like the simple-hearted, blue-eyed, burly young man; he says what he means, and he knows what he wants, and all the eloquence in the world, Greek or otherwise, could not move him. When he marries, he will marry some one whom he really loves in his own—"

"Slow way," said Ermine.

"Very well; slow if you like; but isn't that better than fast?"

We were approaching the head of navigation on our wild river, and, contrary to the custom of travelers, we felicitated ourselves on the necessity of returning over the same route. "Even then I shall not have seen half the wonders," said Iris, discontentedly.

Immediately all the gentlemen rallied to her assistance. What had she not seen? An alligator? the whooping-crane? the roseate curlew? a gopher? or the limpkin? they anxiously suggested. But Iris had seen two large alligators, giants, in fact, and any number of small ones; she had seen the roseate curlew, most beautiful bird of Florida; she had seen a whooping-crane six feet in length; the gopher, however, she had not seen.

"A land tortoise," said George; "the great gopher. We saw one at the last landing. They are about fifteen inches long by twelve in breadth, and, used for soup, are said to be equal to green turtle."

"They have, for their size, enormous strength," said the General; "I remember seeing one walk off easily with a large man standing on his back."

"For a native Oklawahian *pur et simple*, however, give me the limpkin," said the Governor, laughing. "With what shrill delight doth he hoot into our windows at night; how scornfully he ignores us by day, standing on a near bough until we can almost touch him, and then taking flight, his legs trailing behind him, laughing at us—yes, fairly shrieking with derisive laughter, as he flies up stream! Limpkin, unreasonable, irrepressible, long-legged, vociferous limpkin, beyond all others thou art the legendary bird of the Oklawaha!"

Our river had now broadened and shallowed out into a sea of lilies, and finally we lost it in the Florida prairies, its birth-place.

"I should like to go to its very beginning, its very first little drop," said Iris, standing on tiptoe, as if to see over into the Gulf of Mexico.

"You could never find it: there is always something beyond," said Ermine. "I have never yet been able in all my life to get to the beginning of any thing, or, for that matter, to the end either. Show me a single ocean beach, will you, from Maine to Florida, where there is not a sand-bar outside? You may not see it, but some one is sure to come along and spoil every thing by telling you it is there."

On the lakes we found settlements—Leesburg, Okahumkee, and others—and we said, with regret, "Florida is growing."

"Why with regret?" asked the sterner sex.

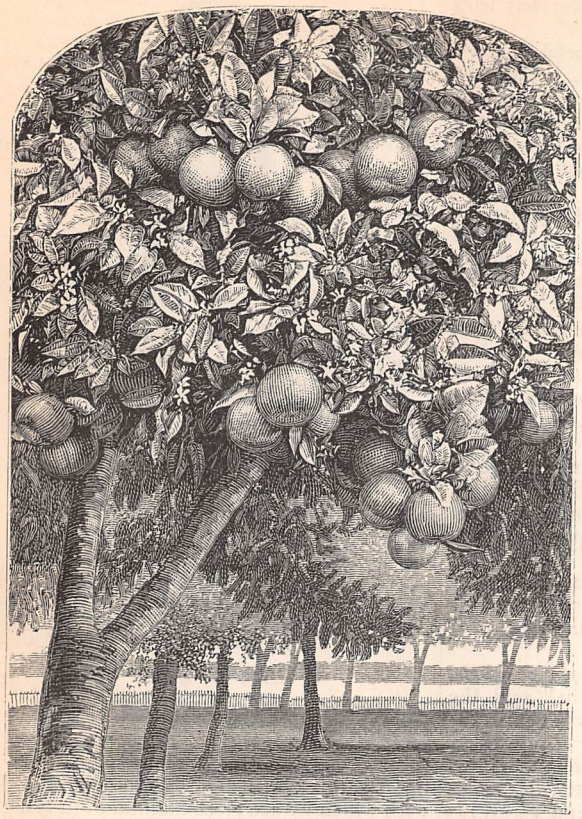
"Because Florida has always been a far-away land, a beautiful trackless tropical

GREEK DRAPERIES.

wilderness, washed by southern seas down all its slender length. It never has had that 'enterprising population,' those 'thriving towns,' that 'vigorous public spirit,' with which we are all so familiar; but lying at ease in the balmy air, it has laughed at the mere idea of exertion. O lovely, lazy Florida! can it be that Northern men have at last forced you forward into the ranks of prosaic progress?"

The sterner sex thought it could.

On the way back we did not go to Silver Spring, but we did go to Orange Lake. Every body said we could not, as even our wee steamer did not attempt the narrow creek; but a pole-barge had come down with the mail, and in that barge we went back, piloted, of course, by the Governor, who arranged every thing, prevailed upon the captain to wait for us, and took us "where man" (or rather steamer passengers) "never trod before." Orange Lake is eighteen miles long by three or four wide, entirely surrounded by orange groves extending back for miles. Most of these trees were originally the wild orange, or bitter-sweet, as it is called, and in former times the Indians resorted here once a year to eat the oranges, which were so numerous that they did not take the trouble to gather them from the branches, but simply cut down a tree and filled their blankets, often roasting the fruit before eating it. The Indians were not the only pilgrims to this lovely lake: opossums and alligators came



FRUIT AND FLOWERS.

also in great numbers at certain seasons to feed upon the fruit.

We landed on the shore in a beautiful grove, and immediately called upon the generalizer for "Hallak Tustenugge," that bold warrior of the Oklawaha, who had been kept saved up all this time until we should stand on Orange Lake, where his light moccasined foot formerly trod. The Governor proposed first a bowl of orangeade in honor of the chieftain, and the Duke and Miss Treshington assisted in making it. "I think," said the Duke, slowly—"I *think* it will be good;" and gallantly he pledged the draperies.

"I have a fancy, Ermine, that our Greek has conquered after all," I said, in an undertone.

The orangeade *was* good; it was iced, it was sweet, it was fragrant, it was delicately strong, and each glass had an orange blossom floating in it. We drank to the memory of Hallak with much ceremony, and the generalizer, withdrawn behind a tree, studied his note-book assiduously. At length, when the last dregs were gone, we called him forth. He came, but his face fell. That perfidious little Iris—or was it that perfidious Governor? At any rate, there they were half a mile down the shore, strolling under the blossoming trees. "The General can do it better than I can," said George, moodily, sitting down on a stump and drawing his hat over his eyes.

And the General, who really could do it better, but seldom had the chance, nothing loath, began: "Hallak Tustenugge, one of the younger chiefs of the Seminole war, and the master-spirit of its close, was a remarkable specimen of Indian beauty. He was six feet two inches in height, slender and graceful, with brilliant eyes, delicate features, and a smile of soft sweetness, like a woman's. When the older chieftains gradually yielded, and either emigrated to Arkansas or retreated southward to the everglades, he proudly refused to give up his hunting grounds or his independence, and by his own personal influence prolonged the war for several years, keeping the whole country, from St. Augustine to forts King and Drane here in the Oklawaha country, in a state of constant alarm. After every defeat it was Hallak who rallied the Indians, Hallak who led them forward again; it was Hallak who appeared in the most unexpected places, now hidden in some inaccessible hamak, now shouting at their very gates—Hallak, whom they could never find, never conquer. Young, clear-headed, resolute, with his small band of tried warriors, he presented the spectacle of one Indian keeping the whole army at bay. His favorite home was here on the shores of Orange Lake, and he had hidden retreats in the neighborhood to which no track led; for the Indian way is to decoy you past by a broad, plain trail; then, at some distance, the foremost of the band makes a high, long step over the tall grass alongside, alighting on the tip of the toe, and carefully smoothing out the brushed blades behind him. In this manner, step by step, he reaches the hiding-place. The rest of the band go on some hundred yards farther, and then the next one makes his exit in the same way; and so until all have reached the hiding-place, with no trail left behind them. Many times our troops made long night marches on what they considered certain information, and rushed into some hamak at dawn to find—what? Nothing. Sometimes signs of occupancy, sometimes a fire burning, but never

Hallak. Once he came quietly into Fort King, and professing himself tired of the war, opened negotiations for peace. He remained several days, impressing all the officers by the good sense he showed in the negotiation, and the feeling with which he spoke of all the blood that had been shed; and then, having obtained some powder and supplies, he suddenly disappeared in the night, he and his twenty men, leaving not so much as a hair's track behind him. Gradually the other chiefs yielded; not so Hallak. 'Talk' after 'talk' was sent to him, offer after offer; then the troops would plunge into the hamaks again, and flounder through another useless campaign. His answer was always the same: 'This is my country; here I hunted when a boy with my bow and arrows; here my father lies buried, and here I too wish to die.' He killed his own sister without the hesitation of an instant because she spoke of surrender. At last he was taken, but not openly; we secured him by stratagem. Having in one of our attacks captured his father-in-law, who lived in the lake country at the head of the Oklawaha, and was called the Old Man of the Lakes, we sent him to Hallak with a request for an interview. In a few days Hallak came in for a talk, accompanied by his wives and children. He gracefully saluted the officers, who had gathered in a body to see the man who, all alone, had kept their whole force at bay for nine months, and then went on to head-quarters. But negotiations failed; he would not emigrate. He was then invited to visit Fort King; and during his absence his band, a small number at best, was enticed in by ball plays and dances, and captured. An express was sent immediately to the fort announcing the capture. Hallak was sitting with the commanding officer in front of the quarters when the haggard, excited messenger appeared. He asked the tidings, and was told that his people were all captured, and he himself a prisoner. He sank to the ground, a broken-hearted man from that hour. In July he was removed to Arkansas, and the next month the long Florida war was announced closed by official proclamation. 'The end *must* justify the means in this case,' wrote one of our officers in relation to the taking of Hallak; 'he has made fools of us too often.'"

"But, in spite of that, I do not like it at all," said Ermine; "no, not at all."

"Women never do — about Indians, I mean," said George, morosely, "unless they live on the border, and then they would rather shoot an Indian than not. They fairly love it."

We had not any of us lived on the border, and so we could not refute this sanguinary statement of the generalizer; but Miss Treshington asked the Duke if he had ever seen an Indian.

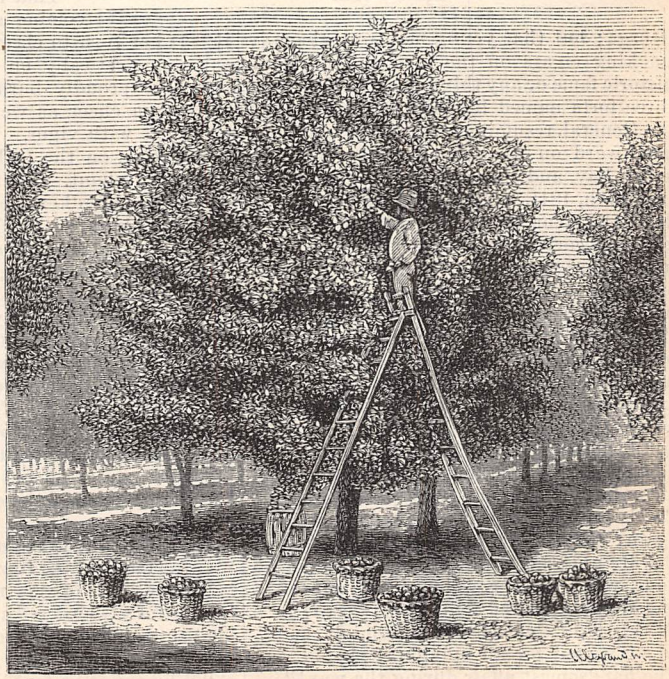
Yes, the Duke had seen two; they were selling baskets.

Couldn't he make a sketch of one—just a little sketch? It would do for a *souvenir* of Hallak.

No, the Duke was afraid he could not; but he thought he had one of the baskets at home. He would look it up and send it to her.

Miss Treshington was so much obliged.

Returning to the steamer, we resumed our journey down the river, passing the landing called Fort Brooke, a lonely, peaceful spot. "There is nothing to indicate the hard fighting that took place here," said the General, looking around involuntarily for



GATHERING ORANGES.

PICKING FIGS.

George; but that young man was gloomily smoking cigars on the roof, unmindful of historic fame or any thing else. "There were three forts named Brooke in Florida," said the General, resuming; "one at Tampa, one northward on the same coast near Deadman's Bay, and this one on the Oklawaha. In March, 1841, Hallak and his band came down the river and attacked this little post, killing a corporal who had been out hunting. Lieutenant Alburtis, the commanding officer, who had only seventeen men in all, boldly sallied out and attacked the Indians, three times his number, driving them to the barrens. His ammunition being exhausted, Alburtis returned to the fort; but as he was expecting a provision train with supplies, he sallied out again, intending to meet it and bring it in safely if possible. It was a hazardous undertaking, but the little band did not shrink. As they were crossing Orange Creek bridge the Indians fired upon them again; they took to the trees, and returned the fire and the taunts with interest for an hour, when the provision train appeared, and they conducted it in safety to the fort. Of this fight General Worth himself reported, 'If asked for an opinion, I should say, The handsomest affair during the war.'"

"That was high praise, when you consider that the war lasted seven years and covered the whole of Florida," I remarked.

"Oh, I am so glad it happened here, right on the banks of the Oklawaha!" said Iris. "Every thing almost always happens somewhere else."

"But there is a pathos on the Indian side, after all," said the Governor. "Poor hard-pressed, long-hunted Seminoles, fighting and dying, carried off struggling to the cold West, or fleeing to that last refuge of the despairing savage, the Great Cypress Swamp, of which one of our soldiers wrote: 'We have passed one or two of their camps. But what a sad reflection their appearance called up! To what extremities must the poor wretches have been driven when they sought as a refuge such a country as this—the alligator, sometimes a crane, and the cabbage-tree, as was apparent from the relics that remained of last night's supper, their only food!'"

That night we met the incoming steamer. And now it was her turn to claw the bank, while we sailed majestically on down stream, with our fires proudly burning on top. They gave us a cheer as we passed, and we returned it with vigor. However silent any where else, on the Oklawaha you are expected to shout. Even Miss Treshington waved her handkerchief to people in whom she felt about as much interest as Mark Twain did in "our friends the Bermudians." But the Duke stood up, held on to the railing, and cheered manfully. I liked him all the better for the hearty noise he made.

We all sat up to see the last of our river. It was after midnight when we reached the mouth and felt ourselves carried out on to the broad St. Johns. The moon was rising, and the scene fair and lovely; but our pitch-pine fires no longer burned on top, and, looking back, we could not even see the lotus leaves that masked the entrance of our wild river.

At Pilatka a graceful New York yacht was anchored off the town, waiting for somebody, and looking very metropolitan indeed on the forest-bordered river. A trim little boat put off for our steamer as soon as she came into view.

"Who can it be for?" said Miss Treshing-

ton, the Duke having already declared that *he* expected nobody.

At that moment the Governor appeared on the little lower deck, giving directions to the servants.

"It must be for the Governor," we exclaimed, with surprise.

"Well," said Iris, involuntarily, "I had no idea—" The rest she stifled.

We all bade our friend good-by with real regret, and watched the little boat carry him to the yacht, the sails fly up and open to the breeze, and the graceful craft glide away to the northward as we, left behind, slowly steam up to the Pilatka dock.

Iris was very silent. But Ermine summed up as follows: "The beauty of such a man as the Governor is that he carries about with him a large atmosphere. You do not entirely lose your heart, in spite of his captivating manner, because, just as you reach the brink, you always catch a saving glimpse of that same afore-mentioned 'large atmosphere'—other hearts to whom he is equally devoted; and no one likes to be—"

"One of a crowd," said the generalizer, briskly.

Miss Treshington followed the yacht with her fine eyes—eyes that were beginning to discern some things in life they had not suspected before—but they came quickly back to reality in the little by-play that followed. For Iris, having now nothing else to do, bore down upon the Duke, and, with three remarks and one smile, swept him off captive in her train. The last we saw of him he was going on an excursion, still in her train: accessories—Florida carts, deep sand, and thermometer at ninety.

Our party separated. Their idle words and deeds will soon fade from my mind forever, but not the memory of the wild narrow river flowing on, on, through the dark tropic forests of far Florida.

A QUAKER'S CHRISTMAS-EVE.

How slow and soft the snow-dress falls
Upon the vine-deserted walls,
As if some gracious soul, intent
Upon the one sweet deed it meant,
Since in its grace such bounty lay,
Should wrap each bare thing on the way,
Till all things white and whiter grow,
Except the shadows Earth must throw.
The tender gray, the peaceful white,
A Quaker setting make to-night;
And so this moonshine, which is shade
Only a little lighter laid,
Into my heart-still mood has crept,
With such a glow as sunrise kept
When youth and Benjamin were mine.
Ah! swift the slowest years incline,
And sunrise has no story now
To move me like the night and snow.

If those unquiet bells would cease
Clashing their peals across this peace,
It seems the hour's rare silentness
E'en worldly hearts might chide and bless,
And lift the lowest heavenward
To greet the birthday of the Lord.
I can not think the loudest bells
Can utter what a pure voice tells:
The Spirit needs no brazen tone
To whisper triumph to His own;
The blessed healing falls to them
Who touch unseen the garment's hem;
And hidden deeds are wafted higher
Than chantings of an angel choir.
Hosanna still the mad lips cry,
While still the mad hands crucify;
But angels watch and women weep,
And theirs the Rising after sleep.

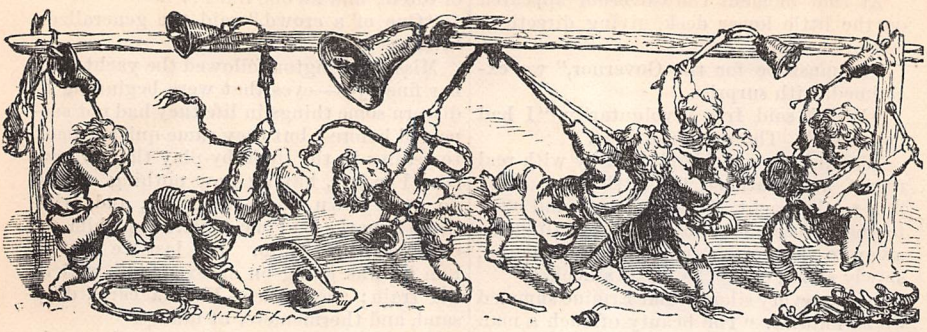
How careth He for Christmas song
To whom all days and songs belong?
Only an ebbing love has need
Its high-tide reachings thus to heed.
Always the willing angels sing
To worn-out workers listening;
Always our Christ is in the earth,
Always His love has human birth,—
In joy that crowns our later morn
As in Judean Christmas born.

And yet I mind how every year,
When my ripe birthdays draw anear,
Dear Ruth, from out her gayer life,
With worldly hope and wisdom rife,
Comes to the quiet nest once more,
Bringing the smile her father wore,
And little gracious gifts, to tell
She keeps by some high miracle
The simple heart 'neath costly lace,
That needs a double grant of grace.
Though all the year Ruth's tender eyes
To mine are openings of the skies,
Though love unsaid be love complete,
I find the special service sweet.

And so, perhaps, these louder chimes,
Smoothing the prose-told hours to rhymes,
Like some rare voice God sets to round
The jarring ones of shriller sound;
These spires with grand and silly art,
Climbing to reach the Central Heart;
These broken lilies, and the rush
Of feet where leaning angels hush—
May be to clearer eyes than mine
Fresh spellings of a tale divine.
And He whose birthday knew no bliss
Except a woman's troubled kiss,
May still forgive the foolish art,
And hide the meaning in His heart.

FANNIE R. ROBINSON.

THE POETRY OF STEEPLES.



IN the different countries of Europe more than ordinary interest is attached to the history of bells. In England few subjects receive more attention from the antiquarian than the bells of old churches; for every bell has its history, and every clanging note that is sent out from the old towers, as it quivers through the air and falls on the villager's ear, recalls some time-honored tradition told and retold at his father's fireside, and comes fraught with sweet associations of home and kindred. The English were really the first to make general use of bells in churches. Their affection for them in some instances amounts, even in the present age, almost to superstitious veneration. The matter-of-fact, critical, yet enthusiastic antiquary encourages the cultivation of this sentiment by haling out from the dusty lumber-rooms of the past the long-forgotten stories of the iron-tongued singers, reviving them with the warm and kindly touch of a loving hand. His

> "fouth o' auld nick-nackets,
> Rusty airn caps and jinglin' jackets,"

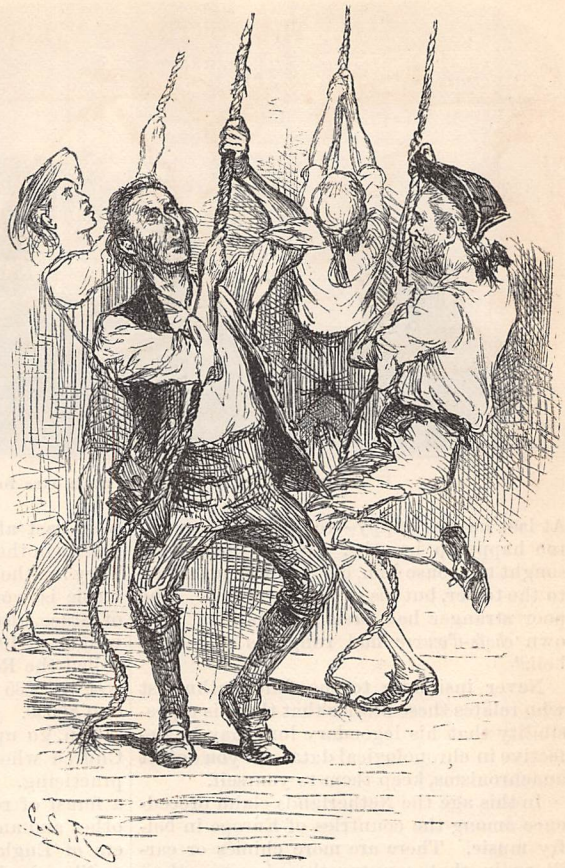
his

> "Parritch-pats and auld saut-backets
> Before the flood,"

have a fascination for the "collector of valuables that are worth nothing, and recollector of all that Time has been glad to forget." He will sit all day "in contemplation of a statue with ne'er a nose," and will listen in his dreams to the ditty that was made "to please King Pepin's cradle." But the cracked bell in the campanile of the hamlet church, the ancient peal in the village kirk, the chime in the cathedral tower, have a charm for him that far transcends the pleasure he feels in studying the tales his museum treasures tell him. The bells sang to his fathers' fathers away back generations ago; they welcomed the coming and sped the parting guest; they rang jubilant peals in honor of the bride, and tolled many a sad requiem as the mourners bore to the grave the body of their dead. How rich in associations of memories of the past are those English bells—his bells! They are curious, may-hap, in form, and bear strange inscriptions; but he never tires of studying them and talking of them to whomsoever will listen. He carries his hearer back to far-distant ages, when bells were first used, when the priests of the Temple wore them on their garments, and performed the functions of their sacred office to the accompaniment of their silver tinkling. He quotes from Hieronymus Magius, and describes the *tintinnabulum*, and the *petasus*, or hat-shaped bell, which invited the ancient Greeks to the fish market and the Romans to their public baths; the *codon*, with which the Greek sentinels were kept awake, and which was the prototype of the signal which our bell-wether carries around its neck; the *nola*, which was appended to the neck of pet dogs and the feet of pet birds; the *campana*, the first turret bell; the *Dodona lebetes*, or caldrons of Dodona, by means of which, according to Strabo, the oracles were sometimes conveyed; down to the *squilla*, of which Hieronymus seems to have known nothing save that it was a little bell. Our antiquary will interlard his discourse with many a choice quotation from the classic writers of antiquity, and will further vary the monotony of his learned recital with quaint stories handed down by the chroniclers of former ages. How, for instance, the gallant army of Clothaire II. was frightened from the siege of Sens by the ringing of the bells of St. Stephen's Church; how, in the year 900, Pope John IX. ordered that bells should be used in the churches as a defense against thunder and lightning; and how, and under what embarrassing circumstances, the first set of tunable bells was raised to the tower of Croysland Abbey in 960; and how, when the seven bells, Guthlac, Bartholomew, Betelin, Turketul, Tatwin, Bega, and Pega, were all safely hung, they rang out together, as Ingulphus says, "*Fiebat mirabilis harmonia; nec erat tunc tanta consonantia campanarum in tota Anglia*" (Making a wonderful harmony; nor was there such a concert of bells in all

England). Then, if he be not insensible to the sweet and tender influences surrounding his subject, he will tell how the heart of the great Napoleon was stirred when he heard at Malmaison the tolling of the village bell that brought back to him the memories of the first happy years that he passed at Brienne. Then he will repeat, perchance for the hundredth time, the "Legend of the Bells of Limerick."

The old bells that hung in the tower of the Limerick Cathedral were made by a young Italian after many years of patient toil. He was proud of his work, and when they were purchased by the prior of a neighboring convent near the lake of Como, the artist invested the profits of the sale in a pretty villa on the margin of the lake, where he could hear their *Angelus* music wafted from the convent cliff across the waters at morning, noon, and night. Here he intended to pass his life; but this happiness was denied him. In one of those feudal broils which, whether civil or foreign, are the undying worm in a fallen land, he suffered the loss of his all; and when the storm passed he found himself without home, family, friends, and fortune.



OLD-TIME BELL-RINGERS.

The convent had been razed to the ground, and the *chefs-d'œuvre* of his handiwork, the tuneful chime whose music had charmed his listening ear for so many happy days of his past life, had been carried away to a foreign land. He became a wanderer. His hair grew white and his heart withered before he again found a resting-place. In all these years of bitter desolation the memory of the music of his bells never left him; he heard it in the forest and in the crowded city, on the sea and by the banks of the quiet stream in the basin of the hills; he heard it by day, and when night came, and troubled sleep, it whispered to him soothingly of peace and happiness. One day he met a mariner from over the sea, who told him a story of a wondrous chime of bells he had heard in Ireland. An intuition told the artist that they were his bells. He journeyed and voyaged thither, sick and weary, and sailed up the Shannon. The ship came to anchor in the port near Limerick, and he took passage in a small boat for the purpose of reaching the city. Before him the tall steeple of St. Mary's lifted its turreted head above the mist and smoke of the old town. He leaned back wearily, yet with a happy light beaming from his eyes. The angels were whispering to him that his bells were there. He prayed: "Oh, let them sound me a loving welcome. Just one note of greeting, O bells! and my pilgrimage is done!"

It was a beautiful evening. The air was like that of his own Italy in the sweetest time of the year, the death of the spring. The bosom of the river was like a broad mirror, reflecting the patines of bright gold that flecked the blue sky, the towers, and the streets of the old town in its clear depths. The lights of the city danced upon the wavelets that rippled from the boat as she glided along. Suddenly the stillness was broken. From St. Mary's tower there came a shower of silver sound, filling the air with music. The boatmen rested on their oars to listen. The old Italian crossed his arms and fixed his streaming eyes upon the tower. The sound of his bells bore to his heart all the sweet memories of his buried past: home, friends, kindred, all.

"THE BOATMEN RESTED ON THEIR OARS TO LISTEN."

At last he was happy—too happy to speak, too happy to breathe. When the rowers sought to arouse him, his face was upturned to the tower, but his eyes were closed. The poor stranger had breathed his last. His own *chefs-d'œuvre* had rung his "passing-bell."

Never insinuate to the fond enthusiast who relates these stories that there is a possibility that his legendary lore may be defective in chronological data. If you detect anachronisms, keep them to yourself.

In this age the Netherlands claim precedence among the countries of Europe in belfry music. There are more chimes or carillons in that country than in any other. A great number of bells are required for this strange kind of music, which is sometimes of a very elaborate and intricate character. The *carillons à clavier* are played like a piano-forte. The keys are handles connected with the bells by rods or cords. The *carillonneur* employs both hands and feet in executing the airs which charm the inhabitants of the Low Countries. The pedals communicate with the larger bells for the bass. The keys on which the treble notes depend are struck with the hand, which is cased in a thick leathern stall. It is recorded that a *carillonneur* of Bruges was so expert he even executed fugues on those famous bells that hang in the cathedral of that ancient city.

The rapidly developing æsthetic taste of our people is gradually bringing the use of chimes and peals into our American churches in the place of single bells. In New York there are three sets of chime bells—those of St. Thomas's Church, on Fifth Avenue and Fifty-third Street, the chimes of Grace, on Broadway, above Tenth Street, and of Trinity, on Broadway, opposite Wall Street. The bells of St. Thomas's, ten in number, were cast at Meneely's, in West Troy, and put up in the beautiful tower two years ago. They are the finest in tone and tune. Their music is wondrously beautiful. The bells of Grace, also ten in number, have a united weight of 10,300 pounds. The largest bell, called the Rector's Bell, or the tolling bell, weighs 2835 pounds. This splendid chime cost $6000. If you wish to enjoy a new sensation, go up into the bell tower of Grace Church when Mr. Senia, the *carillonneur*, is practicing. He does not dance about amidst a forest of ropes, pulling one and then another and another, as the old-time bell-ringers of England did; but he plays on his *carillon à clavier* as they do in Holland. There they are, ten chime-ringing levers ranged in a row like the keys of a piano-forte. Those huge keys require the whole strength of his arm and hand to move them. To each of the levers is attached a rope, passing through the ceiling to the tower above, where it connects with its particular bell. Up in the light, airy, latticed tower, far above the roofs of the tallest houses, hang the ten huge wide-mouthed messengers of sound, that only await the master's touch to fill the air with melody.

Trinity chimes are, perhaps, next to those of Christ Church, Philadelphia, the oldest in this country. But, strange to say, almost nothing is known of their history. Even Mr. Ayliffe, the accomplished *carillonneur* who has rung the changes on them for nearly twenty years, can tell but little about them. The church-wardens and rector of Trinity parish confess to almost total ignorance on the subject. From various sources, added to the inscriptions on the bells, I have learned that five of the bells were cast in London by Mears prior to 1845. As the second Trinity Church was built with a handsome steeple in 1788, it is more than

THE CARILLON À CLAVIER.

probable that at least one of the bells came over from England about that time. At any rate, when, in 1845, the church edifice was taken down to make way for the present beautiful structure, there were six old bells in the steeple. The largest of these was cracked, and so it was sent to Meneely, in Troy, to be recast, and at the same time four more were ordered to complete the chime. The largest bell weighs 3081 pounds, the smallest 700. The ten bells have an aggregate weight of about 15,000 pounds. They are hung in a frame-work of wood so heavy as to deaden the sound to a great extent; and the vestry are now deliberating as to the necessity of having them remounted and rehung. As they are somewhat out of tune, owing to the constant striking of the clappers in one place, it will be found necessary, likewise, to repair the parts worn away, if that be possible. The bell chamber is not, as many suppose, near the top of the steeple. It is rather nearer the bottom. The bells hang very near the rough floor, and all the machinery for ringing is rude and primitive compared with that of Grace or St. Thomas's Church.

Several years ago a gentleman from Georgia went up into the steeple of Trinity Church late in the afternoon. He climbed up the three hundred and eight steps to the observatory under the tapering spire. En-

LISTENING TO THE TRINITY CHRISTMAS CHIMES.

chanted with the magnificence and extent of the bird's-eye view, he lingered until the shadows of twilight began to obscure the landscape. He found the staircases very dark as he descended, and the darkness deepened every moment. When he reached the bell chamber he could not find the next descending staircase. He groped around a long time, and finally gave up, and spent the night lost among the bells.

There are two sets of monastery bells in New York. A peal of four in the German Capuchin fathers' Church of Our Lady of Sorrows, in Pitt Street, the largest of which weighs 1423 pounds, and the four together 2850 pounds; and a half chime of six bells, weighing about 12,000 pounds, in the steeple of the Church of the Most Holy Redeemer, in East Third Street, sometimes known as the Redemptorists' Church. The four bells of the Capuchin church and the two largest of the Redemptorists' were cast in West Troy by Meneely in 1868 and 1869. Four of the Redemptorist bells were cast at Constance, in Switzerland, prior to 1869. All of them bear figures cast in bass-relief. On the largest, which unfortunately has been cracked, is a figure of Jesus in the attitude of benediction. This is called the Redemptorist Bell. It is also the tolling bell which strikes the hours. Surrounding the figure of the Redeemer is the legend in relief, "*Redemptori sacrum Signum, S. Smo.*" This bell weighs 5274 pounds. It is over five feet in height and between four and five in diameter. The second bell is called the Immaculata. It bears on its side in relief the image of the Virgin Mary, encircled by the inscription, "*B. V. M., Conceptioni Immaculatæ sacrum Signum.*" The other four bells are named for St. Michael, St. Alphonsus Liguori, Raphael, and Gabriel. Each bears on its side the figure of the archangel or saint after whom it was christened, and on the opposite side appropriate inscriptions. The view from the bell chamber of the Redemptorists' Church is more picturesque than that from Trinity steeple, although not so extended or varied. The ascent to the chamber is dark, difficult, and dangerous. Brother Gabriel, the lay brother who answers the door-bell, was very unwilling for me to make the ascent.

"No, you must not go up; your head will get dizzy, and you will fall. Father Rector says he don't care to have our church advertised in to-morrow's newspapers as the scene of a dreadful accident."

Finally, however, I prevailed on the carpenter to show me the way up. When I returned, covered with dust and flushed with the pleasure that accomplished enterprise always brings, Brother Gabriel threw up his hands and exclaimed, "Holy Mary! and you did go up? I would not have believed it! It's a miracle that you came back alive!"

In St. Mary's Church of the Assumption, in West Forty-ninth Street, hang three bells, whose united weight is 2387 pounds; and in Trinity Chapel, in West Twenty-fifth Street, are also three bells. They were formerly in the steeple of old Trinity, and were probably brought from England. St. Ann's Church, on Twelfth Street, has a fine peal of four bells, intended as the foundation of

a chime. They were cast at West Troy in 1870. The largest is dedicated to the Blessed Trinity, and bears the legend, "*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*" It weighs 1519 pounds. The second is dedicated to the Blessed Sacrament. Its legend is, "*Lauda Sion Salvatorem.*" On the third bell, which is dedicated to the Blessed Virgin, is the inscription, "*Sub tuum presidium confugimus Sancta Dei Genitrix.*" The fourth, dedicated to St. Joseph, bears on its side the legend, "*Sanctissime Joseph, protector noster, ora pro nobis, nunc et in hora mortis nostræ.*" These four bells weigh 2930 pounds.

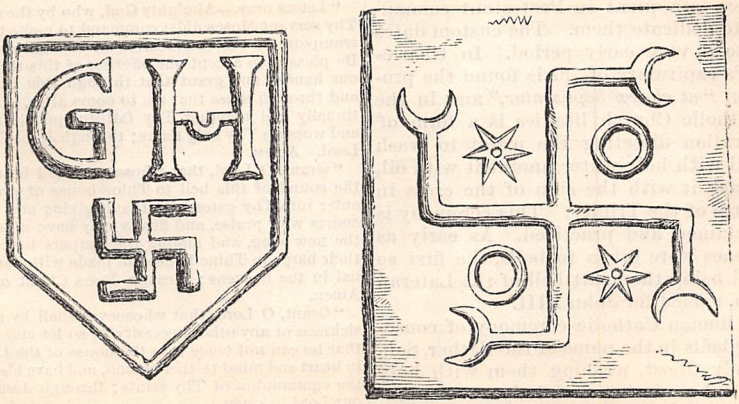
Full and partial chimes are now to be found in all parts of the country. Away off in Eureka, California, is a chime in the steeple of Christ Church. There are three chimes of bells in Troy, New York. The Church of the Good Shepherd, in Hartford, the gift of Mrs. Samuel Colt, has a chime. St. James's Church, in Birmingham, Connecticut, old St. John's, in Savannah, Georgia, and churches of various denominations in Indianapolis, Petersburg (Virginia), Cleveland (Ohio), Concord (New Hampshire), York (Pennsylvania), Rochester, and New Brunswick all have chimes. St. Ann's chimes in Brooklyn, St. John's in Newark, Grace Church and St. Patrick's in Buffalo, the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception in Albany, St. Paul's in Reading, Pennsylvania, and the bell tower of Cornell University, all have sets of chime bells well worth mentioning.

The only set of chimes to which historic interest attaches in this country is that which peals forth every Sunday morning from the steeple of old Christ Church, Philadelphia. Those bells were brought from England, a present from Queen Anne of blessed memory. During the Revolution, when the Quaker City was in danger of falling into the hands of the British, the precious bells were taken down and sunk in the Delaware by some patriotic members

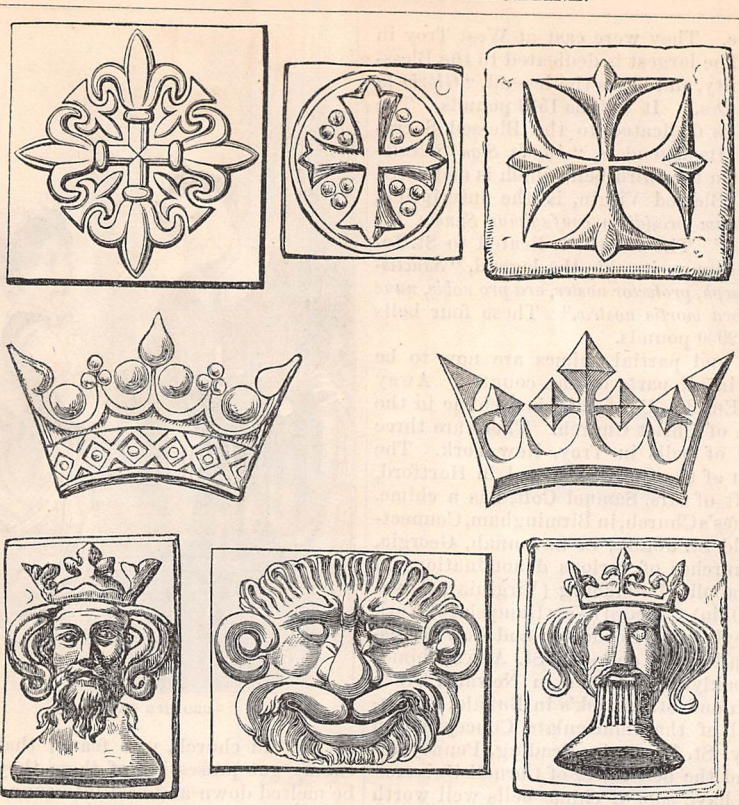
BROTHER GABRIEL.

of the old church, who feared that if the enemy got possession of them they would be melted down and cast into cannon-balls. Afterward they were drawn up from their watery bed and sent to Allentown, where they found shelter for a long time in the loft of an old Lutheran (?) church on the thoroughfare now known as Hamilton Street. When the war came to a close, the bells were removed to Philadelphia, and hung again in the old belfry, wherefrom on every holy-day and holiday they send forth their welcome notes of joy and gladness.

The half chimes and peals in the United States are very numerous. Outside of New



THE FYLFOT CROSS.



DECORATIONS ON OLD BELLS.

York, they are found in Jersey City, Newark, Williamsburg, Brooklyn, Rochester, Carlisle, Whitehall, Rome, Fort Wayne, Annapolis, Cumberland, Baltimore, Boston, Philadelphia, Washington, St. Paul, Buffalo, West Rockport, Troy, Erie, Milwaukee, Pittsburg, Cincinnati, Louisville, New Orleans, Mobile, and even down in Texas, at Castroville and San Antonio.

The custom of consecrating church bells is still universal among Roman Catholics, and it is not infrequent in Protestant communities to dedicate them. The custom dates back to a very early period. In Charlemagne's capitulary of 787 is found the prohibition "*ut cloccæ baptizentur*," and in the old Catholic Church litanies is a form of consecration directing the priest to wash the bell with holy water, anoint it with oil, and mark it with the sign of the cross in the name of the Trinity. This ceremony is still retained and practiced. As early as 968 names were given to bells, the first so marked being the great bell of the Lateran Church, named for John XIII.

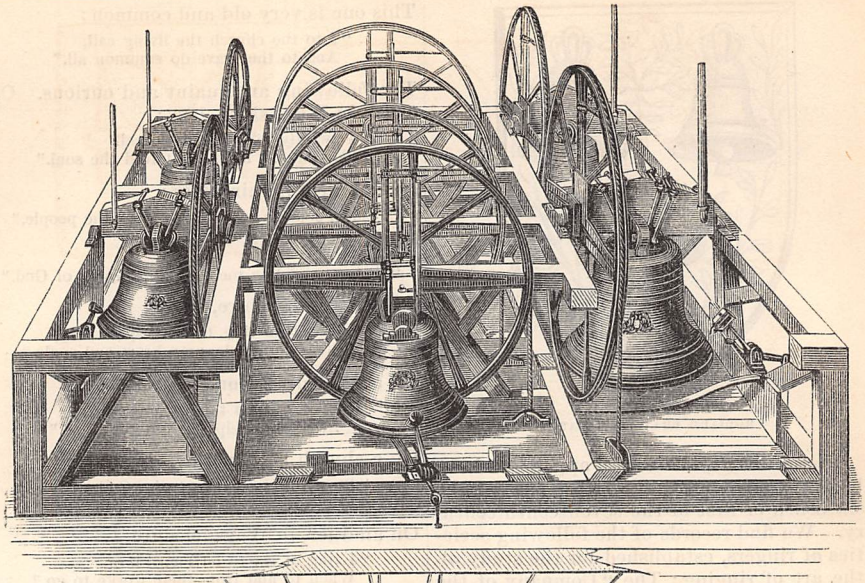
The Roman Catholic ceremony of consecrating bells in the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, washing them with holy water, and anointing with holy oil was prohibited in England at the time of the Reformation. In its place another ceremony was used, which partook of the nature of a Bacchanalian orgy. The bell was turned upside down, filled with punch, and baptized amidst the profane shoutings of a drunken rabble. In recent times, however, the bishops of Oxford, Salisbury, and other sees have set the example of dedicating the bells of their churches with a simple ceremony and the following prayers:

"Let us pray.—Almighty God, who by the mouth of Thy servant Moses didst command to make two silver trumpets for the convocation of solemn assemblies; Be pleased to accept our offering of this the work of our hands; and grant that through this generation, and through those that are to come after, it may continually call together Thy faithful people to praise and worship Thy holy name; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Grant, O Lord, that whosoever shall be called by the sound of this bell to Thine house of prayer may enter into Thy gates with thanksgiving and into Thy courts with praise, and finally may have a portion in the new song, and among the harpers harping with their harps in Thine house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Grant, O Lord, that whosoever shall by reason of sickness or any other necessity be so let and hindered that he can not come into the house of the Lord, may in heart and mind thither ascend, and have his share in the communion of Thy saints; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Grant, O Lord, that they who with their outward

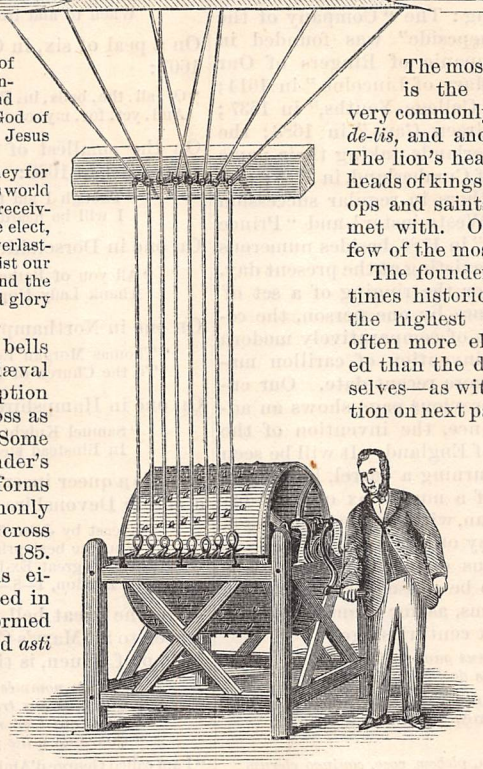


ears shall hear the sound of this bell may be aroused inwardly in their spirits, and draw nigh unto Thee, the God of their salvation; through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

"Grant, O Lord, that all they for whose passing away from this world this bell shall sound may be received into Thy paradise of Thine elect, and find grace, light, and everlasting rest; through Jesus Christ our Lord, to whom with Thee and the Holy Ghost be all honor and glory for ever and ever. Amen."

The consecration of bells in the early and mediæval ages led also to the adoption on bells of an initial cross as a part of the legend. Some think this was the founder's mark. Two familiar forms of what are commonly known as the fylfot cross are given on page 185. This mystic symbol is either four Gammas joined in the centre, or it is formed of the two words *su* and *asti* —"it is well." The form was used by the Brahmins and Buddhists, and is known in the mythology of the North as the hammer of Thor the Thunderer, and is sometimes called the thunder-bolt.

Some of the decorations on old bells are particularly elegant and beautiful in design; others, though more simple, are still highly characteristic and graceful in conception.

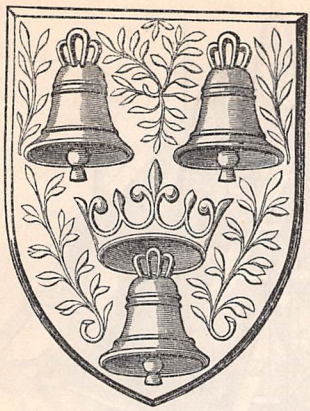


THE MECHANICAL CARILLON.

The most usual ornament is the cross. Another very commonly used is the *fleur-de-lis*, and another the crown. The lion's head, Tudor badges, heads of kings and queens, bishops and saints, are frequently met with. On page 186 are a few of the most noticeable.

The founders' marks—sometimes historical evidences of the highest importance—are often more elaborately finished than the decorations themselves—as witness the illustration on next page, which is supposed to be the mark of Richard Braysier, of Northwick.

Peal ringing is said to be a peculiarly English institution of great age. As early as 1550, when Paul Hentzner traveled in England, he wrote: "The people of England are vastly fond of great noises that fill the ear, such as firing cannon, beating of drums, and ringing of bells; so that it is common for a number of them that have got a glass in their heads to get up into the belfry and ring the bells for hours together for the sake of exercise."



RICHARD BRAYSIER'S MARK.

Change ringing does not appear to have been invented until the latter part of the sixteenth or first of the seventeenth century. We find records of the following societies of ringers, established for the study of the art of ringing: The "Company of the Schollers of Chepeside" was founded in 1603; the "Companie of Ringers of Our Blessed Virgin Mary of Lincolne," in 1614; the "Society of College Youths," in 1637; the "Western Green Caps," in 1683; the Society of Cumberlands, taking their name from the Duke of Cumberland, in 1745; and a long list of others in regular succession down to "The Westminster" and "Prince of Wales Youths," in 1780, besides numerous modern societies existing at the present day.

Chime ringing, or the ringing of a set of eight bells or more by one person, the *carillons à clavier*, is of comparatively modern origin, and the invention of carillon machinery of still more recent date. Our engraving on the previous page shows an admirable contrivance, the invention of the Messrs. Warner, of England. It will be seen that by simply turning a barrel, larger but similar to that of a music-box or hand-organ, one person can, with faultless precision, chime eight or any other number of bells.

The inscriptions on old European bells are too quaint to be passed by. Some are epigrammatic gems, as, for example, this on a village bell cast centuries ago:

"*Gaudemus gaudentibus,*
Dolemus dolentibus."

"We rejoice with the joyous,
We sorrow with the sorrowing."

And this:

"*Laudo Deum verum, plebem voco, conjugo clerum;*
Defunctos ploro, pestem fugo, festa decoro;
Funera plango, fulgura frango, Sabata pango;
Excito centos, dissipato ventos, paco crucentos."

"I praise the true God, I summon the people, I assemble the clergy; I mourn the dead, I put the plague to flight, I grace the feast; I wail at the funeral, I abate the lightning, I proclaim the Sabbath; I arouse the indolent, I disperse the winds, I appease the revengeful."

This one is very old and common:

"I to the church the living call,
And to the grave do summon all."

The following are quaint and curious. On a bell in Derbyshire, 1622:

"I sweetly tolling men do call
To taste on meats that feed the soul."

On one in Wiltshire, 1628:

"Call a soleme assemblie—gather the people."

On another, 1582:

"Be mec and loly toe heare the worde of God."

On one in Yorkshire, 1656:

"When I do ring, God's prayses sing;
When I do toule, pray heart and soule."

On a fire bell in Dorsetshire, 1619:

"Lord, quench this furious flame;
Arise, run, help, put out the same."

On a church bell in Wiltshire, 1619:

"Be strong in faythe, praise God well—
Frances Countes Hertford's bell."

On another, in Warwickshire, 1675:

"I ring at six to let men know
When to and from their worke to go."

On a peal of six, in Cambridgeshire, cast in 1607:

"Of. all. the. bells. in. Benet. I. am. the. best.
And. yet. for. my. casting. the. parish. paid. lest."

On the smallest of a peal of six, in Wiltshire, cast in 1666:

"Though I am the least,
I will be heard as well as the reast."

On one in Dorsetshire, 1700:

"All you of Bathe that hear me sound
Thank Lady Hopton's hundred pound."

On one in Northamptonshire, 1601:

"Thomas Morgan Esquier gave me
To the Church of Hetford frank and free."

On one in Hampshire, 1695:

"Samuel Knight made this ring
In Binstead steeple for to ding."

Here is a queer inscription, of a late date, on a bell in Devonshire:

"Recast by John Taylor and Son,
Who the best prize for church bells won
At the great Ex-hi-bi-ti-on
In London, 1—8—5 and 1."

On the great bell of Rouen, France, presented to St. Mary's Church by George, Archbishop of Rouen, is this inscription:

"*Je suis nommée George d'Amboise,*
Que plus que trente-six mille pois;
Et si qui bien me poysera,
Quarante mille y trouvera."

"I am called George d'Amboise, who weigh over thirty-six thousand pounds. If some one would weigh me well, he would find me forty thousand."

One of three bells in Orkney, Scotland, cast in 1528, bears the following:

"Maid be master robert maxvell, bischop of Orknay, ye second zier of his consecration ye zier of God Im Ve XXVIII, ye XV. zier of Kyng James ye V. be robert Borthvyk; maid al thre in ye castel of Edynburgh."

On the great bell in Glasgow cathedral is this:

"In the year of grace, 1583, Marcus Knox, a merchant in Glasgow, zealous for the interest of the Reformed Religion, caused me to be fabricated in Holland for the use of his fellow-citizens of Glasgow, and placed me with solemnity in the Tower of their Cathedral. My function was announced by the impress on my bosom: 'Me audito venias doctrinam sanctam ut discas,' and I was taught to proclaim the hours of unheeded time. 195 years had sounded these awful warnings when I was broken by the hands of inconsiderate and unskillful men. In the year 1790 I was cast into the furnace, refounded at London, and returned to my sacred vocation. Reader! thou also shall know a resurrection; may it be to eternal life. Thomas Mears fecit, London, 1790."

At Bakewell, England, is a peal of eight bells, each of which bears its own inscription, thus:

First Bell.

"When I begin our merry din
This band I lead, from discord free,
And for the fame of human name
May every leader copy me."

Second Bell.

"Mankind, like us, too oft are found
Possessed of nought but empty sound."

Third Bell.

"When of departed hours we toll the knell,
Instruction take and use the future well."

Fourth Bell.

"When men in Hymen's bands unite,
Our merry peals produce delight;
But when Death goes his weary rounds,
We send forth sad and solemn sounds."

Fifth Bell.

"Through Grandsires and Triples with pleasure men range,
Till death calls the Bob, and brings on the last change."*

Sixth Bell.

"When victory crowns the public weal,
With glee we give the merry peal."

Seventh Bell.

"Would men like me join and agree,
They'd live in tuneful harmony."

Eighth Bell.

"Possessed of deep sonorous tone,
This belfry king sits on his throne;
And when the merry bells go round,
Adds to and mellows every sound.
So in a just and well-poised state,
Where all degrees possess due weight,
One greater power, one greater tone,
Is ceded to improve their own."

The more modern inscriptions on church bells are commonplace dedications to the Saviour, the Virgin, the Trinity, or some one of the saints. Some bear simple expressions of praise, some expressions of loyalty, some commemorate public events, and others are embellished with lines of miserable doggerel done in the best style of the bell-founder's art.

In many of the old towers of English churches are found painted or written in old English script "Laws of the Belfry." For example. In St. Andrew's Church, Plymouth, is the following:

"Nos resonare hibet Pietas, Mors, atq. Voluptas."

"Let awful silence first proclaimed be,
And praise unto the Holy Trinity,
Then Honour give unto our valiant King,
So with a blessing, Raise this Noble Ring.
Hark how the chirping Treble sings most clear,
And cov'ring Tom comes rowling in the rear.
Now up an end, at stay, come let us see
What laws are best to keep Sobriety.
Who Swears or curse or in an hasty mood
Quarrell or strikes, altho' they draws no blood;
Or wears his Hatt, or Spurrs, or turns a Bell
Or by unskilful handling marrs a peal;
Let him pay Sixpence for each Single crime—
'Twill make him cautious 'gainst another time.
But if the Sextons fault an hindrance be
We call from him the double penalty.
If any should our Parson disrespect,
Or Wardens orders any time neglect,
Lett him be always held in foul disgrace,
And ever after banished this place.
Now round letts go with pleasure to the ear,
And peirce with eccho through the yielding air,
And when the Bells are ceas'd then lett us sing
God bless our holy church, God save the King.
Amen. 1700."

Another set of these rules, dated 1627, is from St. John's Church, Chester. It is as follows:

"You ringers all observe these orders well,
He forfiets 12 pence who turns ore a bell:
And he y^t ringes with either spur or hatt
His 6 pence certainely shall pay for y^t,
And he that spoil or doth disturbe a peale
Shall pay his 4 pence or a cann of ale
And he that is harde to curse or sweare
Shall pay his 12 pence and forbeare
These customes elsewhere now are used
Lest bells and ringers be abused
You gallants, then, y^t on purpose come to ring
See that you coyne alonge with you doth bringe;
And further also if y^t you ring here
You must ring truly with hande and eare
Or else your forfiets surely pay
Full speedily, and that withaut delay
Our laws are old, y^y are not new,
The sextone looketh for his due."

The superstitions regarding submerged and buried bells have given many beautiful legends to the lovers of antiquarian lore. The tradition of the Inchcape bell, which was hung by the abbots of Aberbrothock on the Inchcape rock at the mouth of the Frith of Tay, has been repeated in song and story until it is familiar to every school-boy. The legend of the Jersey bells is not so hackneyed. It runs thus:

Many years ago the twelve parish churches of Jersey each possessed a valuable and beautiful peal of bells. But during the civil wars the states resolved to sell these bells to defray the heavy expenses of their army. Accordingly, the bells were collected and sent to France for that purpose; but on the passage the ship foundered, and every thing was lost. Thus Heaven punished the sacrilege. Since then, before a storm, the bells

* "'Great,' may we say, with Dr. Southey, 'are the mysteries of bell-ringing.' The very terms of the art are enough to frighten an amateur from any attempt at explanation. *Hunting, dodging, snapping,* and *place-making; plain bobs, bob-triples, bob-majors, bob-majors reversed, double bob-majors,* and even up to *grandsire-bob-cators.* Heigh-ho! who can hope to translate all this gibberish to the uninitiated?"—*The Bell.* By the Rev. Alfred Gatty, Vicar of Ecclesfield.

ring up from the deep; and to this day the fishermen of St. Ouen's Bay always go to the edge of the water before embarking, to listen if they can hear the bells upon the wind; and if those warning notes are heard, nothing will induce them to leave the shore; if all is quiet they fearlessly set sail.

"'Tis an ocean of death to the mariner,
Who wearily fights the sea,
For the foaming surge is his winding-sheet,
And his funeral knell are we:
His funeral knell our passing-bell,
And his winding-sheet the sea."

Four hundred years ago the old church of St. Andrew, standing about a mile and a half from Romford, England, was pulled down. Its site in the meadows is still known as the "Old Church." On this spot, says tradition, the bells may be heard every year on St. Andrew's Day, ringing right merrily in honor of the patron saint.

Near Raleigh, in Nottinghamshire, England, is a valley, said to have been caused by an earthquake many centuries ago, which swallowed up a village with all the people, their houses, and the church. It was once a custom for the people of the country-side to assemble in this valley on Christmas-day to listen to the ringing of the bells beneath their feet. The sound, they asserted, could be distinctly heard by putting the ear close to the ground.

At Kilginiol, near Blackpool, is a place called "The Church," where, on Christmas-eve, any one can hear the merry peal of the bells ringing away down in the bowels of the earth.

These superstitions regarding submerged and buried bells are not confined to Great Britain. I once listened in awe and wonder to some mysterious music that came floating over the waters of Pascagoula Bay. Any inhabitant of Mobile will corroborate this statement. There the sounds are called by the Mobilians mermaids' music. Those that charmed my listening ear at Pascagoula were inexpressibly sweet, like that of "silver strings in hollow shells," and sad as the wail of a penitent siren.

"What do you think makes that music, Uncle Cæsar?" I said to the old African slave boatman that was rowing my boat.

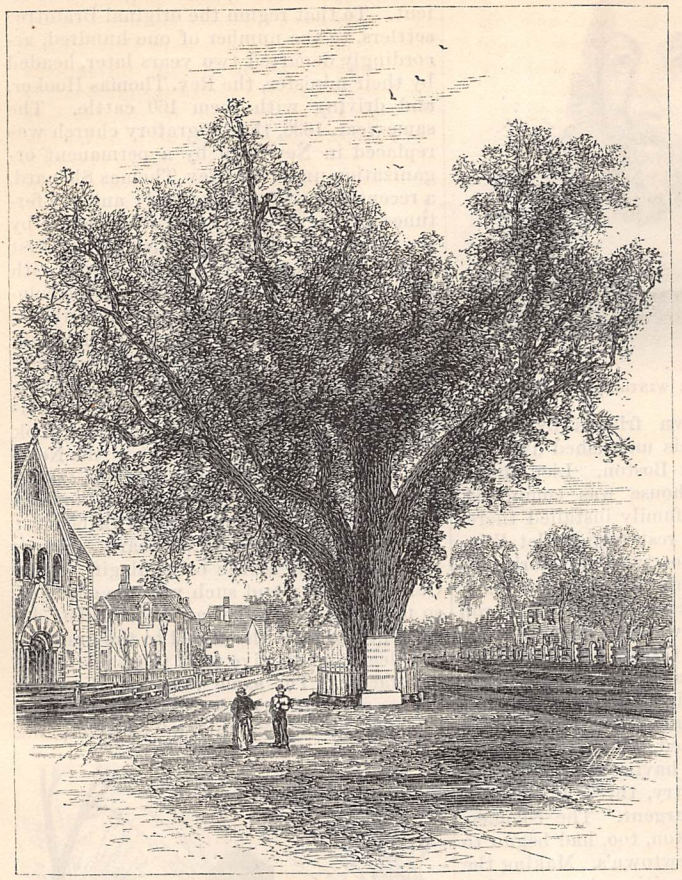
"'Deed, missis, dey say it are dat bell what done sunk out dar in a ship, leastways a wessel o' some kind or nudder. De bell was de cap'n's bell, an' he war a mighty weeked man, an' one night arter he had been ashore a-cuttin' up awful, he tu'ned in, an' afore de day done broke, de ship went down, an' was neber seed no moah. Sense dat day dat bell has been tollin' dat kine o' ghost music mos' ebery night in de warm wedder. 'Pears to me mighty singler, dat story. Kase de sound are not de sound of a bell. It's moah like a church orgin, playin' a mighty sollum kine o' tune too. Enty, missis?"

It was a truly good description that old Uncle Cæsar gave of it. It brought back a memory which, from the very dissimilarity of the sounds, gave rise to one of those mental comparisons we sometimes make. No untraveled American can appreciate it fully. It was the music of what Victor Hugo calls an opera of steeples. We give the description entire from his *Quasimodo:*

"In an ordinary way the noise issuing from Paris in the daytime is the talking of the city; at night it is the breathing of the city; in this case it is the singing of the city. Lend your ear to this opera of steeples. Diffuse over the whole the buzzing of half a million of human beings, the eternal murmur of the river, the infinite piping of the wind, the grave and distant quartette of the four forests, placed like immense organs on the four hills of the horizon; soften down with a demi-tint all that is too shrill and too harsh in the central mass of sound, and say if you know any thing more rich, more gladdening, more dazzling, than that tumult of bells, that furnace of music; than those ten thousand brazen tones, breathed all at once from flutes of stone three hundred feet high; than that city, which is but one orchestra; than that symphony, rushing and roaring like a tempest."

UNCLE CÆSAR'S EXPLANATION.

CAMBRIDGE ON THE CHARLES.



THE WASHINGTON ELM.

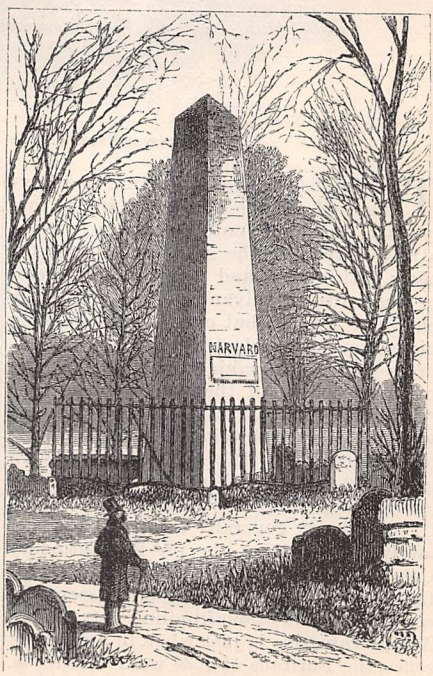
THE English colonists, Puritan and Cavalier, who peopled our coast in the early part of the seventeenth century were always shrewd in the selection of sites for their little towns and cities. Commercial or agricultural advantages guided their choice, as a rule; but once in a while they picked out some select location for the express purpose of making it a colonial capital. Something of the sort was the case with the Massachusetts village of Newtown, which has since developed into the American Cambridge. It was not exactly born great, but Governor Winthrop and his associates early tried to thrust greatness upon it. A scholar generally calm and discreet lately declared that the pre-Revolutionary Cambridge was "the first capital of our infant republic, the cradle of our nascent liberty, the hearth of our kindling patriotism." At any rate, this is just what, in a different sense, the Puritans of 1630 wanted it to be. Boston, then a small town with no special advantages save its excellent harbor, had not at that time been fixed upon as the seat of government; and one day in 1630, accordingly, Governor Winthrop and Lieutenant-Governor Dudley jumped on horseback and explored the plains and swamps and forests to the westward in search of a capital. The spot they finally picked out, with the help of some assistant magnates, lay about three miles west of Charlestown, on the banks of the tortuous little river since sung by poets, and already named the Charles by Captain John Smith, who never saw it. The elect location seemed to Winthrop "a fit place for a beautiful town;" and accordingly, on the 29th day of December a goodly number of persons bound themselves to build houses there early in the spring of the following year. The village they named Newtown, and laid out regularly in squares, the streets bearing such simple names as Creek, Wood, and Water, while there were, as lesser ways, Marsh Lane, Back Lane, and Crooked Lane. That was before the days of aristocratic thoroughfares like Brattle and Craigie and Ellery and Fayerweather streets.

Early in 1631 the houses began to rise, and Governor Winthrop set up the frame of his dwelling on the very spot where he had first pitched his tent. But the people of Boston had been promised by the Governor at the very first that he would never move away any where unless they accompanied him, and of this promise they now reminded him in pretty strenuous terms. Bound by two solemn agreements, and under the necessity of breaking one of them, Winthrop's conscience gave preference to the one first made; and so in the fall of 1631 he disap-

GOVERNOR WINTHROP.

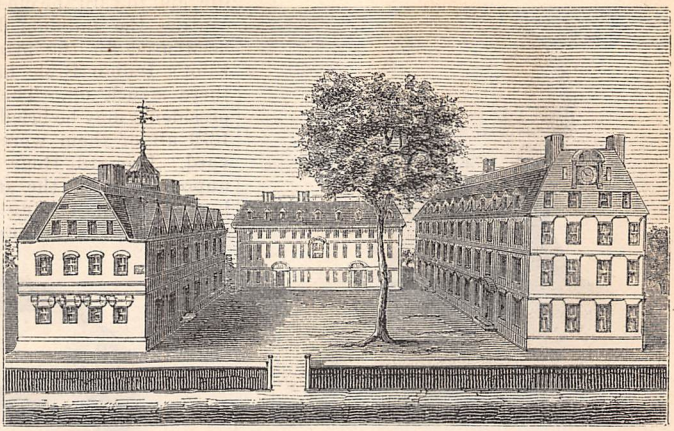
pointed his Newtown friends by taking down the frame of his unfinished dwelling and setting it up in Boston. Lieutenant-Governor Dudley's house was completed, meanwhile, and his family installed therein; and he and the rest frigidly let Winthrop return to Boston without offering to accompany him. This affair, as was natural, caused a coolness between Winthrop and Dudley, which was not removed for several years. The Governor's excuse for quitting Newtown was somewhat strengthened in his own mind by the fact that Chickatabut, the chief of the neighboring Indians, had promised to be friendly, so that the necessity of having a fortified settlement in the country, three miles west, was somewhat less urgent. The commercial prospects of Boston, too, had begun to look brighter than Newtown's. Making the best of their opportunities, the remaining settlers proved so thrifty, and courtly too, that they soon began to deserve the praise accorded them by an English writer some years afterward, who warmly described the place as "one of the neatest and best-compacted towns in New England, having many fair structures, with many handsome-contrived streets." "The inhabitants," added this complimentary tourist, "are most of them very rich." In 1632 a number of settlers from Braintree, England, came to Newtown. The quarrel between Winthrop and Dudley continuing, the ministers justified the Lieutenant-Governor by ordering Winthrop to get a clergyman for the town, failing in which he should pay Dudley £20. This sum Winthrop had to render, but the pacified Dudley was magnanimous in his triumph, and returned it with a polite note in which he courteously intimated that he would rather lose £100 than Winthrop's friendship. Their difficulties settled, the two magnates lived on friendly terms thereafter.

By 1634 the Newtown people began to complain of being overcrowded, and loudly talked, some of them, of moving to Connecticut. To that region the original Braintree settlers, to the number of one hundred, accordingly departed two years later, headed by their minister, the Rev. Thomas Hooker, and driving with them 160 cattle. The same year, 1636, this migratory church was replaced in Newtown by a permanent organization under the Rev. Thomas Shepard, a recent arrival from England; and the fortunes of the town were also bettered by the establishment in it of the colony's first school, endowed by the General Court with £400. Nearly all the ministers of the colony happened to be from the University of Cambridge in England, and the most of them, too, from a single one of its colleges, Emanuel. The neighboring Charlestown clergyman, the Rev. John Harvard, a scholarly and gentle graduate of Emanuel, took from the first a hearty interest in the Newtown school; and dying in 1638, he left to it his well-selected library of three hundred volumes and half his fortune. This bequest amounted, it is supposed, to nearly £800, or twice as much as the original gift of the General Court; and such was the effect of so magnificent a gift that the colonists determined to raise the school to the grade of a college, and to give to it the name of its benefactor. The same year, too, the Cambridge graduates concluded to express their esteem for their own university by changing



HARVARD MONUMENT.

the name of the village from Newtown to Cambridge. The scholarly fortunes of the town were also aided by the establishment in it of the first printing-office in America north of Mexico, which was set up in Cambridge in 1639, and the place soon began to be quite a centre of influence both in theology and religion. In 1640 Charlestown Ferry was given to the college, which held it for a hundred and fifty years; in 1650 an act of incorporation was granted the president and fellows; in 1652 the first inn was established, one Andrew Belcher being granted liberty "to sell beare and bread;" in 1660 a bridge was built over Charles River, making the distance to Boston eight miles; and in 1732 a portion of the territory of Cambridge, on the northwest, was set off into a separate town, Newton—a process repeated in subsequent years. The rest of the civic history of Cambridge is dull. It became a city in 1846; and early in the present century its trivial commerce induced the government to make it a port of entry, whence Lechmere's Point, one of the settlements within the town limits, became Cambridgeport.



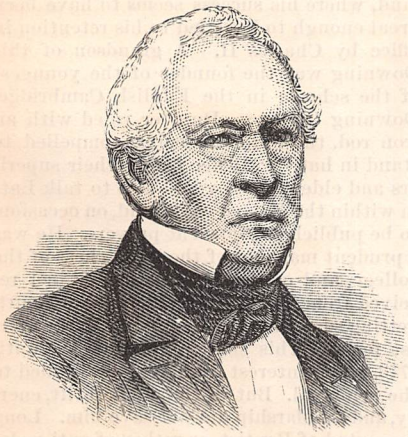
HARVARD COLLEGE, 1720.

The history of Harvard College is so closely connected with the literary and architectural annals of Cambridge that it is not worth while to try to dissever them. The Rev. Mr. Harvard, as we have seen, died in 1638, his malady being consumption. Little is known about his personal history, and antiquarian research has not thrown much light upon it. He graduated at Emanuel College in 1631, and came to Charlestown only a year before his death. The graduates of the college built him a plain monument in Charlestown in 1828. His widow married Thomas Allen, her husband's successor in the Charlestown pastorate, in 1639, and the two returned to England some eleven years later. Before this time the college Harvard endowed had become the principal object of interest in Cambridge, and his bequest had led others to follow his example. Who managed the affairs of the college during the first four years of its existence is not known. In 1640, however, there arrived from England the Rev. Henry Dunster, whose qualifications for the office of president seem to have been so apparent that he was elected almost by acclamation. Dunster was poor, and he had not only to look after his own support, but also to beg for the college and for some of the more needy of his students. Thus he was the prototype of the little army of presidential mendicants who have succeeded him. His administration of affairs was a prosperous one, however, and in 1642 he sent forth his first class of nine members, one of whom became an Oxford D.D., one an Oxford fellow, and one a Leyden M.D. The most illustrious of the nine was George Downing, who became knight, baronet, and minister of Cromwell in Holland, where his success seems to have been great enough to have led to his retention in office by Charles II. A grandson of this Downing was the founder of the youngest of the schools in the English Cambridge, Downing College. Dunster ruled with an iron rod, the students being compelled to stand in hatless silence before their superiors and elders. They had also to talk Latin within the college walls, and, on occasion, to be publicly whipped at prayers. He was a prudent manager of the little chest of the college, and once lent some money just received from England to the General Court, getting something over nine per cent. interest for it. This sum was not repaid until 1713, when interest from 1685 was added to the principal. But all Dunster's thrift, energy, and scholarship did not save him. Long suspected of Baptist, or rather of anti-pedobaptist, opinions, he at length avowed them, and the theological cudgels of the zealous Puritans rang so smartly about his ears that he was compelled to resign, and took up his abode in Scituate. His love for the college did not die out, and on his death his body was buried, at his request, in the graveyard in Cambridge just opposite the college grounds.

Dunster's successor, Charles Chauncy, was also a heretic, but at the other extreme of the pendulum's swing. Chauncy firmly believed in infant baptism, but held that

PRESIDENT QUINCY.

such baptism was invalid unless performed by immersion. Another of his ideas—illustrating a sort of High-Church Puritanism—was that the Lord's Supper ought only to be administered in the evening. If Dunster took away from the creed of the majority of the colonists, Chauncy added to it, and was consequently compelled to endure something of the persecution which surrounded his predecessor. He held his own, however, and died in office in 1672. During



PRESIDENT EVERETT.

his rule the London Society for the Propagation of the Gospel erected a wooden building for the instruction of Indian youth, which stood nearly on the present site of Grays Hall. Only one of the red men ever graduated, the individual who stands in solitary state in the triennial catalogue as "Caleb Cheeshahteaumuck, Indus." He became a Bachelor of Arts in 1665, and promptly died of consumption the next year. Many of the Indian students returned to savage life, and toward the close of the seventeenth century the Indian college seems to have been used for the printing establishment, Eliot's Indian Bible having perhaps been there struck off. The list of succeeding presidents may be briefly mentioned. From 1672 all of them were graduates of Harvard. Leonard Hoar (1672–75) was very unpopular with the students, and resigning, passed his closing years in melancholy obscurity. His successor, the Rev. Urian

PRESIDENT SPARKS.

Oakes, pastor of the church in Cambridge, was suspected of conspiring for Hoar's seat, but proved to be a useful president until his death, in 1681. John Rogers, Oakes's successor, was the first layman to fill the office. In June, 1685, the celebrated Increase Mather took the chair, but rather neglected the college. "Priest, politician, and president," Mather retained until his death the pastorate of the North Church, Boston, and was once in Europe on a political mission.

PRESIDENT WALKER.

PRESIDENT FELTON.

The colony, after all, was nearer his heart than the college, and to it he gave his more profitable counsels and services. Before his death, however, Harvard received what was then its largest gift, £1000 from Lieutenant-Governor William Stoughton, of the province, a member of the class of 1650. All this time, and for many years after, the college was clerical in its management, and the principal source from which the pulpits of New England were filled. In 1696, out of 121 clergymen in the eleven neighboring counties, 104 were Harvard men. It was still poor, and on one occasion the corporation "voted that six leather chairs be forthwith provided for the use of the library, and six more before the Commencement, in case the treasury will allow of it." This body now determined, warned by Mather's course, to compel the presidents to live in Cambridge. But the Rev. Samuel Willard, their next choice, was minister of the Old South, Boston, and he evaded the new rule by assuming the title of vice-president simply.

Willard's successors were most of them men of industry and faithfulness. John Leverett (1708–24), preacher, lawyer, councilor, judge, politician, and scientist; Benjamin Wadsworth (1725–37), minister of the First Church, Boston; Edward Holyoke (1737–69), minister in Marblehead; Samuel Locke (1770–73), compelled to resign in consequence of immorality; Samuel Langdon (1774–80); Joseph Willard (1781–1804), minister in Beverly; and Samuel Webber (1806–10), mathematician and natural philosopher. In Leverett's time there was a fierce clerical fight over the seats in the corporation—a quarrel repeated in the present century. Wadsworth was annoyed by the attempt of the Episcopal ministers of King's Chapel, Boston, and Christ Church, Cambridge, to claim a place in the Board of Overseers as "teaching elders." Holyoke's administration embraced the time of Whitefield's bitter attacks upon the New England seminaries, and Harvard in particular, for irreligion—attacks vigorously repelled by the Harvard professors, headed by Edward Wigglesworth, Hollis professor of divinity. In President Langdon's time the affairs of the college were greatly troubled by the Revolution. The buildings were occupied by the provincial troops in 1775–76, the few remaining students were transferred to Concord, and the library and apparatus carted to Concord and Andover. Then, too, John Hancock, treasurer from 1773 to 1777, proved himself a much better patriot than financier, and greatly annoyed the college authorities by carrying their bonds to Philadelphia, and refusing either to give an account or to resign. When the Revolution was over, the nominal property of the college was $100,100, its real property $25,787. About the only gain it received from the war was a few books from the General Court, which that body found among some confiscated Tory property, and gave away, perhaps as a sop to conscience for goods ill-gotten. The other presidents of Harvard have been John Thornton Kirkland (1810–28), who somewhat revived the literary spirit in Cambridge, Josiah Quincy (1829–45), Edward Everett (1846–49), Jared Sparks (1849–53), James Walker (1853–60), C. C. Felton (1860–62), and Thomas Hill (1862–68). President Kirkland was personally a great favorite with his students, and was a man of a good deal of dry wit. The

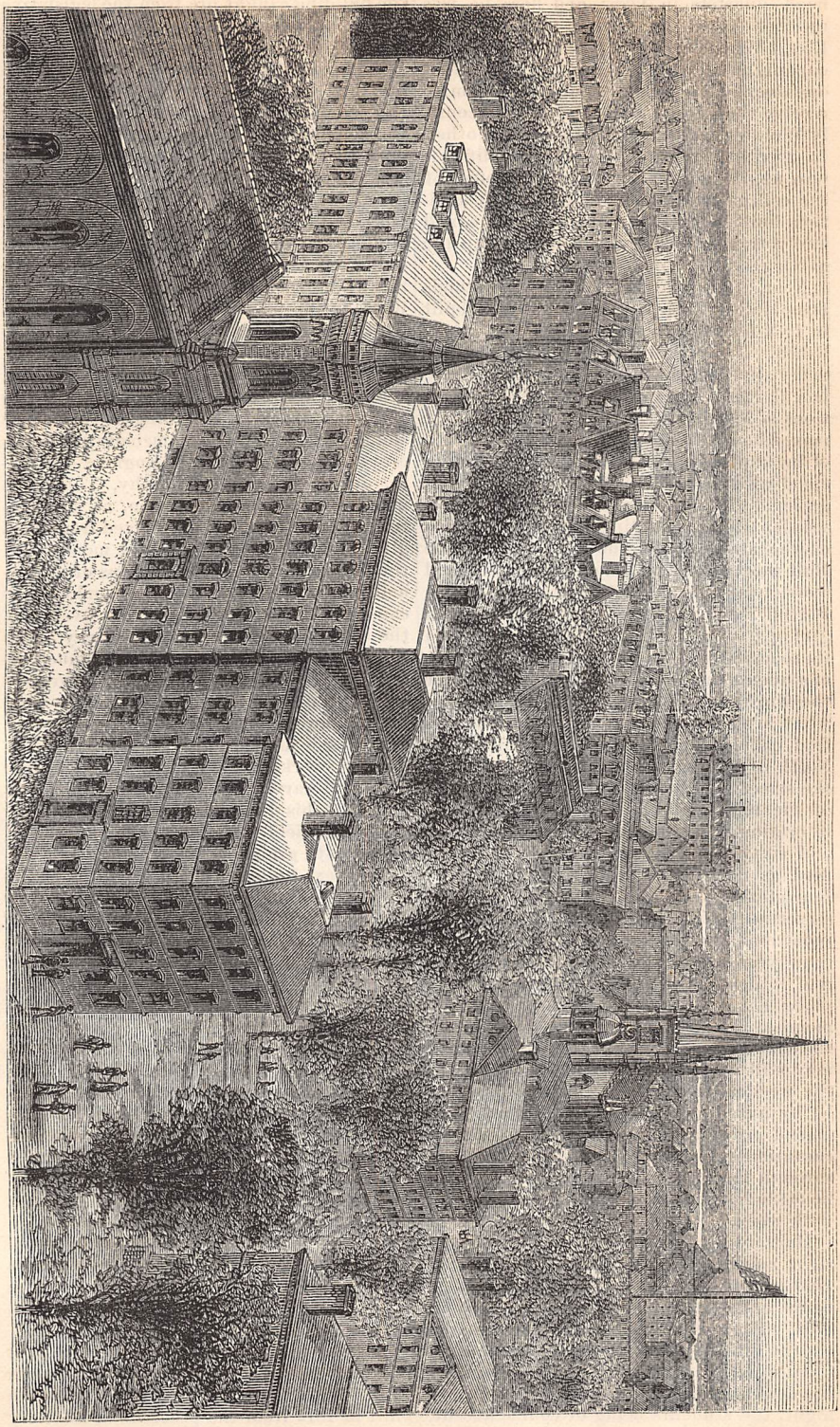
PRESIDENT ELIOT.

WADSWORTH HOUSE.

famous old tavern on Harvard Square, now the horse-car office, was in his day a great resort of students, whose favorite beverage was "flip," a palatable drink, made more grateful by being stirred with a red-hot poker. Once Kirkland repaired to this tavern and solemnly called for a mug of the beverage, which he drank in silence. Setting down the mug, he remarked to the publican, "I understand the students come here a good deal to drink flip." "Yes, Sir," was the frank reply. "Well," said Kirkland, "I should think they would," and walked away.

By an unexampled experience Presidents Quincy, Everett, Sparks, Walker, and Felton were alive at the same time, and these five heads of the college sit side by side in a portrait hung in the office of their successor, the present occupant of the presidential chair, Charles W. Eliot. President Eliot was inaugurated on May 19, 1869, and was the youngest to sit in Parson Turell's legacy, with the exception of President Locke. A Boston boy, the son of a former treasurer of Harvard, President Eliot graduated from the Boston Latin School in 1849, and from the college in 1853. Before his election he had been tutor and assistant professor in the college, and had also taught in the Institute of Technology in Boston. Probably the event in his pre-presidential life upon which his under-graduates look with most enthusiasm is the fact that he once sat (while a tutor) in a university boat.

The centre of Cambridge is Harvard Square, around which the college buildings cluster so closely that the student, as he takes some country friend into the "yard," finds it hard to divest his descriptions of the guide-book manner. This so-called square is a somnolent triangle, three miles from Boston, whose natural state of calm is vexed only by the bells of the horse-cars that trundle through it, or by the scream of their wheels as they round the curve. Once in a while, too, its dust is stirred by some mortuary procession of cattle on their way to the neighboring *abattoirs*. At the eastern end of the triangle, just where the street begins to widen, stands a generous old gambrel-roofed wooden building, now known as Wadsworth House, which was built in 1726 for the official residence of the presidents of the college. Wadsworth was the first to occupy it, the house having been completed the year after his inauguration. The elms which overtop its venerable roof were set out by President Willard sixty years after the last brick was laid on the chimneys, but they are quite successful in feigning to be coeval with the mansion itself. For a hundred and twenty years the dwelling was occupied by the successive presidents, Wadsworth, Holyoke, Locke, Langdon, Willard, Webber, Kirkland, Quincy, and Everett having dwelt in it. Presidents Sparks and Walker lived in their own houses, and Felton was the first to occupy the new president's house on Quincy Street, at the eastern end of the yard, a modest brick edifice erected a dozen years ago by Peter C. Brooks, of Boston. No building in Cambridge has sheltered so many people of eminence, probably, as Wadsworth House. Washington slept here several times before taking the Vassall House as his permanent



GENERAL VIEW OF THE UNIVERSITY BUILDINGS, CAMBRIDGE.

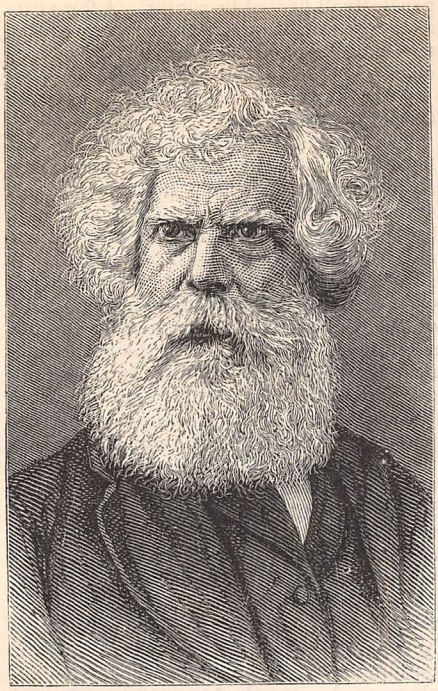
head-quarters in 1775; and here he was received when he visited Cambridge in 1789. When President Everett, its last occupant, held his final reception, he stood at one door of the generous drawing-room to receive the guests, while the equally courtly Webster welcomed them at the other. In good preservation, the ancient edifice is now used as a dormitory, while the office of the college bursar is in a little brick addition, built in President Webber's time, and lately transferred from the western to the northern side.

Near by, but farther to the west, stands Dane Hall, a rather ugly brick building, built in 1832 for the law school, then just established. Judge Story's lectures attracted so many students that it had subsequently to be enlarged; and in 1870, when the foundations of Matthews Hall were laid, Dane was moved bodily to the southward and denuded of its unpleasing classic portico. Near by stood all the edifices of the First Congregational Church save the present one, a wooden Gothic building on the other side of the street, built the year after Dane Hall was completed. Matthews, mentioned above, was finished in 1872 at the cost of a Boston merchant, whose only condition in giving it was that half the revenues from its rooms should be devoted to the support of students in the college designing to enter the Episcopal ministry. It is built somewhat after the pattern of many of the Oxford colleges, in Elizabethan architecture. North of Matthews and at right angles to the street is Massachusetts Hall, the oldest of the existing buildings. Built in 1720, it originally contained "thirty-two rooms and sixty-four studies," which were occupied as dormitories until 1870, when the four stories were made into two, and the structure began to be used as a reading-room and a place for examinations. The same year a new railing was put upon the roof, which has so caught the spirit of the place that it looks as old as the pile it surmounts. The eastern gable used to contain the college clock, traces of the face of which may still be seen. Tradition accounts for the wooden patch where the clock used to be by averring that the devil, once summoned into Massachusetts Hall by the incantations of students, burst his way out through the attic bricks, and that the hole he made had subsequently to be patched up with wood.

Harvard Hall, just opposite, and also at right angles with the street, was built in 1766 to replace a predecessor of the same name and on the same site, destroyed in 1764. That year the General Court, scared by the small-pox in Boston, came out to Cambridge to sit, occupying this hall for its deliberations; and one cold winter's night, the students being of course absent, the building caught fire from the legislative stove, and burned to the ground, with the college library and apparatus. President Holyoke delicately hinted that since the hall had been destroyed in the service of the commonwealth, it would be proper for the commonwealth to rebuild it, which was done two years later. But much of the loss was irreparable. This fire not only endangered Massachusetts Hall, but also Hollis Hall, built the previous year, just north. Hollis is in excellent preservation, and is still used as a dormitory for students. In its ancient rooms many an eminent man has lived during his college days, of such occupants being Edward Everett, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Charles Francis Adams, J. G. Palfrey, Prescott, Sumner, Wendell Phillips, Thoreau, and Judge B. R. Curtis. Hollis Hall was struck by lightning in 1768. The shapely old building commemorates a generous family of Baptists in England—Thomas, John, Nathaniel, Timothy, Thomas a nephew, and Thomas his son, all benefactors of the college, which received from them gifts of books, apparatus, and money, and the foundation for professorships of mathematics and divinity. This last endowment caused a fierce theological controversy at the beginning of the present century. The third Thomas Hollis was a man of much eccentricity. He stamped his coat of arms—an owl—on the back of his books, expressing his disapproval of a volume by turning the bird upside down. Several of these condemned works are now contained in the college library. On his death Hollis was buried, by his direction, ten feet deep, in the centre of a field, which was then plowed and sowed with grain.

The next building north of Hollis in the old row is Stoughton Hall, built in 1805 to replace a building of the same name which stood behind Massachusetts and Harvard, and which, having become insecure, was torn down in 1780. This first Stoughton Hall was built in 1699. Stoughton, like Hollis, has had illustrious occupants, rooms within its walls having been occupied by Josiah Quincy, Caleb Cushing, Oliver Wendell Holmes, President Felton, W. H. Furness, E. R. Hoar, Edward E. Hale, and Charles T. Brooks. Everett and Sumner roomed here as well as in Hollis. Between the two halls stands Holden Chapel—a small but beautifully proportioned building, erected in 1744 by the widow and daughters of a London merchant, and originally used as a chapel. Afterward it became in turn a carpenter's shop and a chemical lecture-room, in which latter capacity it was used by Professor John White Webster, the murderer of Parkman.

These various buildings form the west side of the college quadrangle, the northern end of which is filled by Holworthy Hall, built in 1812 from the proceeds of a lottery



EVANGELINUS APOSTOLIDES SOPHOCLES.

authorized by the State. Holworthy has always been a favorite dormitory and the head-quarters of the Senior Class—a precedence which the newer and more elegant buildings have not stolen from it. The Prince of Wales visited room No. 12 in 1860, and left there his autograph and portrait, a process repeated by the Grand Duke Alexis in 1871. In the westernmost room of the second story has lived for many years Evangelinus Apostolides Sophocles, University Professor of Greek. Himself a native of Greece, Sophocles came to the United States under the auspices of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, studied for a time in Monson Academy and Amherst College, taught in Hartford, and ultimately settled at Harvard as tutor in Greek. He lives in the simplest manner, his room being furnished with Spartan severity; and the students tell many a story concerning his eccentricities and encyclopedic knowledge. A Harvard professor living in his old age within grim and unadorned bachelor walls, and with frugal economy sending his earnings home to Lycabettus or the banks of the Ilissus, is surely a noticeable person. The scholarly attainments of Professor Sophocles honor his adopted country, and his face, framed in hair and beard as venerable as Bryant's, reminds one of what might have been seen any day in the groves of the Academe. Half of the Greek philosophers, probably, looked less Platonic or Socratic than this their modern expounder.

Turning the corner and passing down the eastern side of what ambitious collegians are already beginning to call the "quad," the first building is Thayer Hall, built in 1870 by Nathaniel Thayer, of Boston, to commemorate his father, old Dr. Thayer, and his brother, John Eliot Thayer. Mr. Thayer will be remembered as the generous patron of Agassiz, who made his Brazilian tour at Mr. Thayer's expense. Next is University Hall, built in 1814, of white Chelmsford granite, and bitterly criticised at the time of its erection. University has a bright and new appearance, and contains the offices of the president, college dean, etc. Weld Hall, just opposite Matthews, was built in 1872 by a Boston merchant in memory of his brother, and, like Matthews, is of English collegiate architecture. The southern end of the triangle is filled by Grays Hall, built in 1863—a modest brick building, which commemorates the gifts of three men of the name of Gray—Francis Calley, John Chip-

GORE HALL.

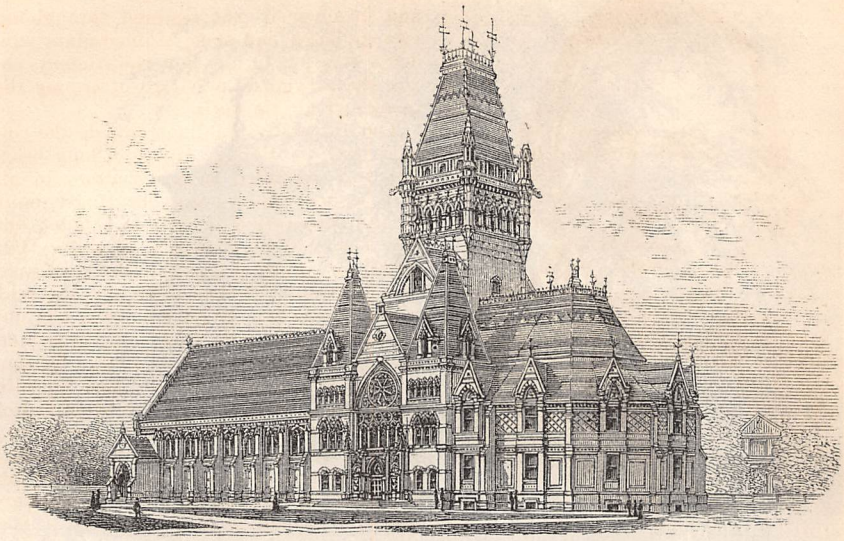
LOUIS AGASSIZ.

man, and William. The other edifices within the college inclosure—which contains twenty-two acres—are, besides a row of houses on Quincy Street, mostly occupied by members of the faculty, Boylston Hall (1858), a jail-like structure, containing cabinets and chemical laboratories; Gore Hall (1842), the library; and Appleton Chapel (1858). Gore pretends to be a copy of King's College Chapel in the English Cambridge; but it can not be called a very successful rival of that celebrated building. With its tall and meaningless minarets, it not inaptly suggests to others as well as to James Russell Lowell the similitude of a North River steamboat. The building, in fact, is a somewhat melancholy failure. Its towers began to tumble down before they had been built half a dozen years; it contains no officers' rooms, not even one for the librarian; its books suffer from dampness, and its occupants from the stifling heat of a furnace. Appleton Chapel has been about as unlucky. Sixty or seventy thousand dollars were spent when it was built, in 1858, but its acoustic properties proved to be bad, and it was generally ill heated in winter. A few years ago, however, it was restored throughout, two galleries and some stained-glass windows were put in, and now the students enjoy the unwonted privilege of *hearing* the Gospel within its walls.

The university buildings outside the college yard are College House, a long brick structure occupied as a dormitory in all save its lower story; Holyoke House, built by the corporation in 1871 as a hotel, but now occupied by students; Divinity Hall (1826), an eighth of a mile to the northeast, on a pleasant elm-shaded avenue, the seat of the Unitarian divinity school; the observatory, half a mile west; the herbarium, near by the observatory, in a large botanic garden; Lawrence Hall (1848), just opposite Holworthy, the location of the scientific department, founded by Abbott Lawrence; the medical and dental schools, in Boston; the gymnasium, small and shabby; and the Bussey Institution, an agricultural and horticultural school in West Roxbury. The observatory has been fully described in previous numbers of this Magazine.

Near Divinity Hall, and not far from Norton's Woods (called by the name of Andrews Norton, Unitarian theologian), stands the building of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, so dear to the heart of Agassiz, and densely stored with his priceless collections. As it stands, it is but a single wing of a projected building conceived on so vast a plan that it probably will never be completed. Agassiz dwelt in a house at the corner of Quincy Street and Cambridge Street, now occupied by his son Alexander. Few Cambridge students will soon forget his enthusiastic face and his pleasant voice as he used to expound some favorite theory in the lecture-room of the museum. Agassiz's personal appearance was very fine; he looked well and hearty, and his enthusiasm was contagious. Despite his long residence in Amer-

MUSEUM OF COMPARATIVE ZOOLOGY.

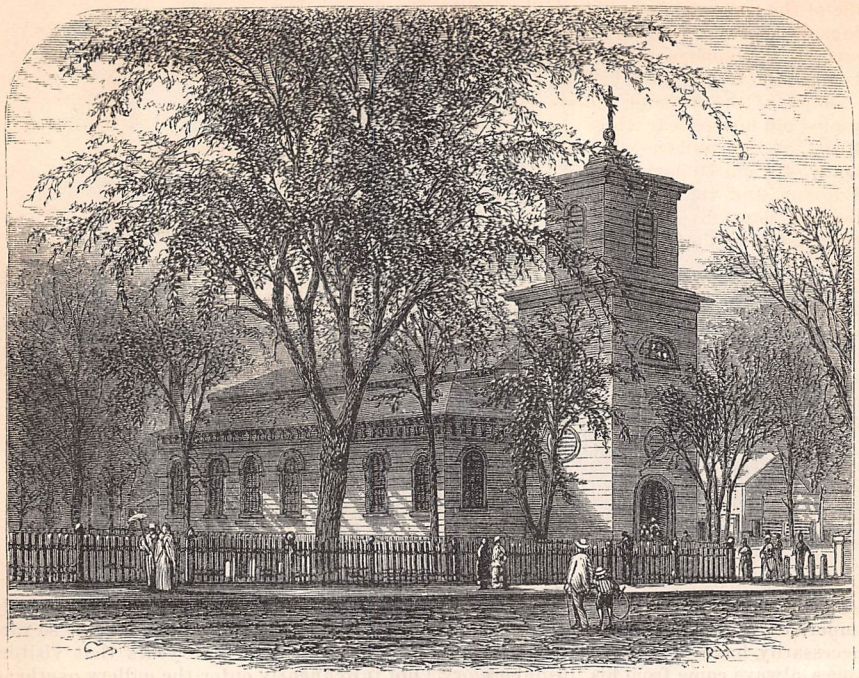


MEMORIAL HALL.

ica, his English pronunciation was quaintly imperfect: thus *laboratory*, a word he must necessarily have pronounced ten thousand times, always came from his lips labo*ra*tory. He was a splendid drill-master for his students and assistants; and his renown was greatly enhanced by the skill with which he utilized their clumsier investigations.

Pretty much the only Harvard building we have thus far omitted to mention is the new Memorial Hall. The *alumni* of the college, when the civil war was over, at once felt a desire to commemorate those who had died in service. After some debate, the erection of a hall was decided on; the triangular plot of ground called the Delta, used by the students as a ball ground, was selected as the site, and the corner-stone was laid in 1870, Judge Hoar delivering the oration, and Phillips Brooks offering the prayer. The building, erected after the designs of two Boston architects, comprehends a large dining hall, a memorial hall with tablets, and an academic theatre for public exercises. The first two are now completed, and the dining hall, adorned with the university's portraits and busts, is used by about five hundred students, organized into a club, which is only indirectly controlled by the corporation. In the memorial hall proper, which is at right angles with the dining hall, is inscribed the name of every graduate or member of the college or professional schools who died in battle or from ailments contracted in the field. The architectural proportions of the building, which has cost over half a million dollars, are, on the whole, pleasing, despite some manifest defects, and its lofty tower is visible for many miles around. The dining hall is a room of imposing size, and the sight of a great body of students at commons has become so rare in this country of late years that visitors not infrequently enter the gallery overhead for the sake of watching Harvard eat, or, as the boys themselves express it, to "see the animals feed."

By the middle of the seventeenth century Cambridge had won the reputation of being a favorite abode of courtly as well as scholarly people, not all of whom, by any means, were connected with the college. A hundred years later, curiously enough, the majority of the houses in Old Cambridge were occupied by members of the Church of England, who had little doctrinal, social, or political sympathy with the college authorities, and who were regarded by them, in turn, with considerable suspicion as enemies of the Congregational Church polity, and possible possessors of the hard-won Puritan birthright. Once, as we have seen, an attempt to get seats in the Board of Overseers was made by the Episcopalians, which was repelled by the existing managers with a speed which betrayed their anxiety. Could these worthy men have foreseen that Harvard's increasing catholicity would accept a dormitory from an Episcopalian, and maintain therefrom twelve Episcopal scholarships, their concern would have known no bounds. The Church of England men, most of them persons of considerable wealth, satisfied their social conscience by giving, each of them, an annual entertainment to the president and instructors, while for the rest of the year they confined themselves to their own social clique. The faculty, on their part, considered that they were doing quite enough in the way of Christian charity when they



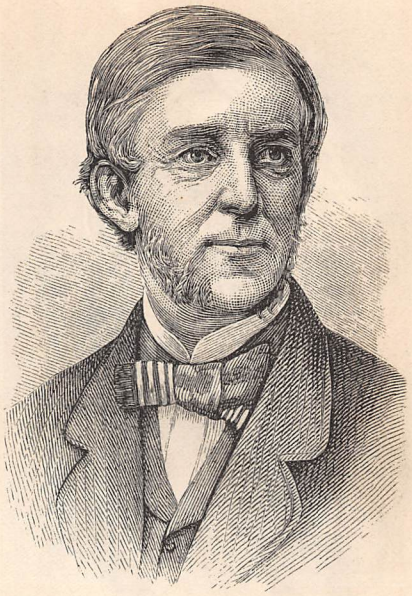
CHRIST CHURCH.

accepted these stately invitations every twelvemonth. "Church Row" was the name popularly applied to the homes of these polite citizens, loyal to their king and their Church, most of whom lived on Brattle Street. Their ecclesiastical home, Christ Church, was built in 1761, just opposite the common, its architect being Peter Harrison, who had designed King's Chapel, Boston, seven years before. Its organ was made in London by the renowned Snetzler, and during the Revolution some of its pipes were melted into bullets. Between Christ Church and the Unitarian church lies the old village cemetery, celebrated in the verse of Longfellow and Holmes, in which are buried Presidents Dunster, Chauncy, Leverett, Wadsworth, Holyoke, Willard, and Webber; Andrew Belcher, Cambridge's first inn-keeper; Stephen Day and Samuel Green, the first printers; Thomas Shepard, the first minister; and many another man of the elder day. The first rector of Christ Church was the Rev. East Apthorp, a native of Boston, who wanted, the Congregationalists thought, to be appointed Bishop of New England. Apthorp built a large and beautiful house on Main Street, just opposite the present Gore Hall, which is still called the Bishop's Palace. He was disappointed in his aspirations for the rochet, and was so sensitive to the coldness and the somewhat persecuting antagonism of his theological opponents that he resigned and moved to England in 1764. In his house General Burgoyne was imprisoned after his capture. Subsequently a new proprietor built a third story, for the accommodation, it is supposed, of his household slaves.

Christ Church presents its ancient and shapely front toward Cambridge Common, over which a chime of bells, placed in the tower in 1860, pleasantly rings every Sunday. The common contains some twenty acres, and will always be remembered as the place where the American troops mustered and encamped in 1775. Every morning there started from this now peaceful inclosure the guards for Lechmere's Point, Winter Hill, and the other posts, and here the roughly equipped and poorly drilled provincial troops prepared to lay siege to Boston, held by ten thousand experienced and well-prepared soldiers. At the western end stands the elm under which Washington on July 3, 1775, formally assumed his position as general-in-chief of the Continental army. This venerable tree is, it is thought, of an age far greater than a hundred years. It is surrounded by a simple iron fence, and a plain granite slab tersely records the fact that "Under this tree Washington first took command of the American army, July 3, 1775." Just behind stands the new granite edifice of the Shepard Congregational Church, the pulpit in whose chapel is partly made of wood from a branch of the elm necessarily removed. In the mid-

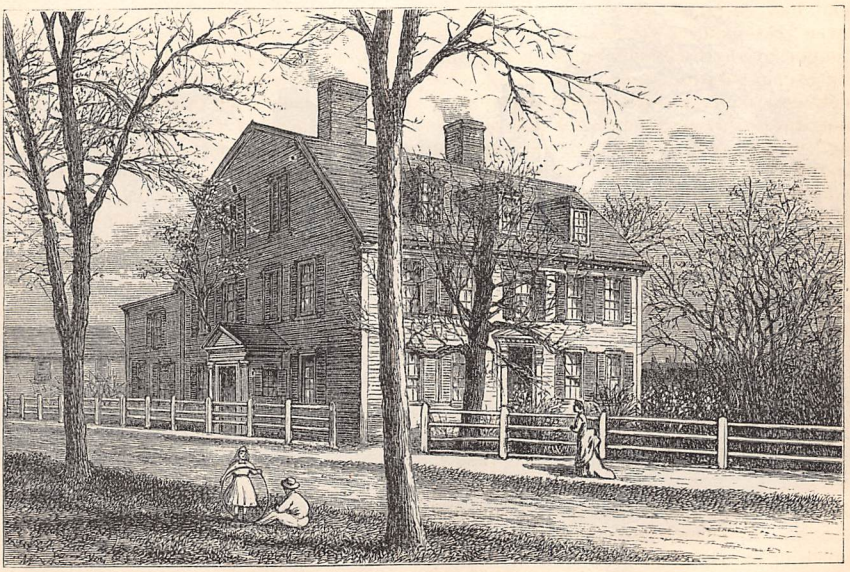
dle of the common, facing the college buildings, is a costly but very ugly monument erected to commemorate the men of Cambridge who fell in the rebellion.

North of the common stands a gambrel-roofed old house, near where the sign of the Red Lion Inn used to swing, which was the home of Abiel Holmes, the annalist of New England, and the birth-place of his more famous son, Oliver Wendell Holmes. To the readers of the doctor's books the house and its surroundings are not unfamiliar. About a hundred and fifty years old, it had among its proprietors before Dr. Abiel, Jabez Fox, tailor, of Boston, Jonathan Hastings, farmer, and Jonathan, his son, college steward. During the ownership of the latter the building was occupied by the Committee of Safety, who established themselves in it in 1775, and formed plans for the collection and management of the provincial forces. In one of the ground rooms Benedict Arnold received his commission as colonel; and here, probably, were the headquarters of General Ward. Washington dwelt in it for three days. It is now owned by the college, and occupied by William Everett, a son of Edward. When Dr. Holmes lived in it the house was in the heyday of its architectural glory, and although it proved a few years ago to be somewhat decayed, recent repairs have pretty much restored it to its old strength. Although the eminent author of the *Autocrat* has always lived in Boston, he has never lost patriotism for his birth-place, in which he seems to consider himself fortunate to have been born. The foundations of his literary reputation were laid here; for in 1829, the year of his graduation, when he was but twenty years old, he sat in one of its attic rooms and scribbled in pencil his poem on the threatened destruction of the frigate *Constitution*, or "Old Ironsides:"

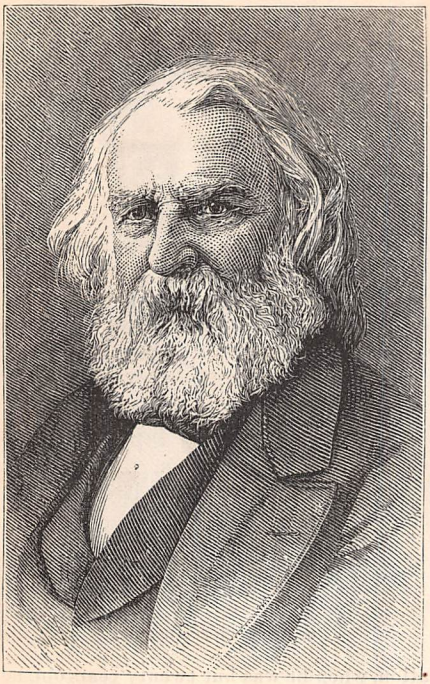


OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

"And one who listened to the tale of shame,
Whose heart still answered to that sacred name,
Whose eye still followed o'er his country's tides
Thy glorious flag, our brave Old Ironsides!
From yon lone attic, on a summer's morn,
Thus mocked the spoilers with his school-boy scorn."



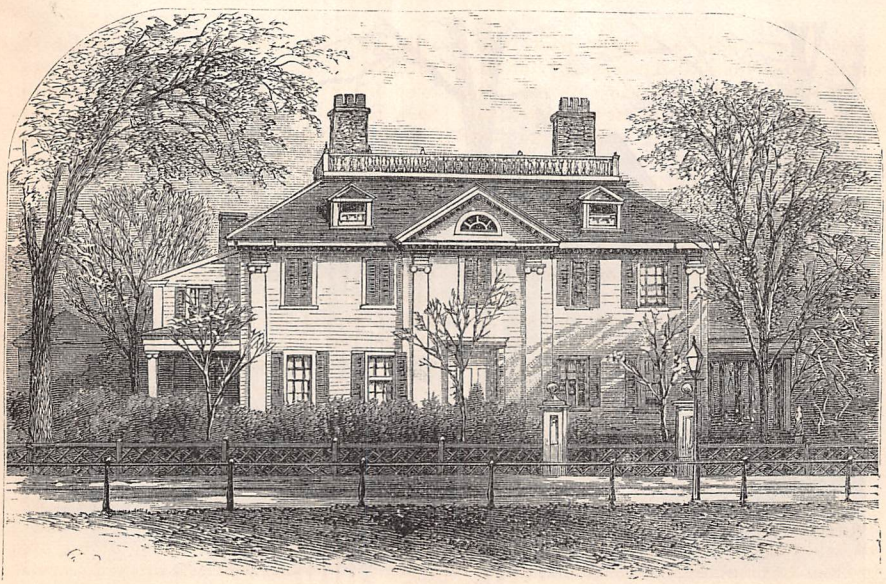
HOLMES'S HOUSE.



HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Brattle Street, which begins at the University Press and extends in a westerly direction, is one of the most venerable of American thoroughfares. The winding course of the street was caused by the necessary avoidance on the part of the Puritan road-makers of the worst parts of the marsh which used to cover this portion of the town. Nearest the university printing establishment is the Brattle House, formerly owned by Thomas Brattle, a Boston merchant, who founded the Brattle Street or "Manifesto" Church in that city. It was the head-quarters of General Mifflin, quartermaster of the colonial troops. In later times Margaret Fuller lived in it, and in her optimistic philosophy "accepted the universe." Judge Story's residence, in which dwelt, too, his son William, the sculptor and poet, is near by. Farther down the street, on the southern side, is one of the most venerable mansions in the country, certainly built during the reign of Queen Anne. Before 1720 it was the home of the Belcher family, one of whom, Jonathan, was Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts Bay from 1730 to 1741, and then Governor of New Jersey until his death, in 1757. Its present owner retains, at the age of ninety-one, his physical vigor and his literary tastes, and spends much of his time in his large and choice library. Nearly opposite this ancient mansion, which stands in generous grounds, are the three new buildings of the Episcopal Theological School, established in 1867 by Benjamin T. Reed, of Boston. The pretty St. John's Chapel, pertaining to the school, was built by Robert M. Mason, of the same city, in memory of several members of his family, of whom his father, Jeremiah, of the New Hampshire bar, was the most distinguished.

Few private houses in the United States are so well known as the residence of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, so often has it been described by affectionate antiquarians and enthusiastic pilgrims. It is not only the



LONGFELLOW'S RESIDENCE.

LONGFELLOW IN HIS STUDY.

home of our most celebrated poet, it also surpasses in historic interest any building in New England, with the sole exception of Faneuil Hall. Its age, as compared with that of other Cambridge houses, is not great. It was built in 1759 by Colonel John Vassall, a firm loyalist, who fled to England in 1775, his property in Cambridge and Boston having been confiscated. Its next occupant was Colonel John Glover, a bold little Marblehead soldier, who quartered some of his troops in the spacious structure. When Washington rode into Cambridge on Sunday, June 2, 1775, he was greatly pleased with the appearance of the house, and having had it cleaned, he established himself therein during the same month. Martha Washington arrived at the house in December, and Washington remained in it until April of the following year. The southeast room on the first floor Washington took for his study, in which the councils of war were all held during the stay of the commander-in-chief in Cambridge. He slept just overhead, always retiring at nine o'clock. The spacious room behind the study, which Mr. Longfellow now uses for his library, was occupied by Washington's military family, as a rule a pretty large one. A general's "military family," in English parlance, comprised his whole staff. Washington was not averse to a certain amount of official splendor, and was luckily rich enough to carry out his whim in the matter of making his assistants a part of his ordinary household. Trumbull, the artist, complained rather sarcastically that he, for one, could not keep his head up in the magnificent society of the house. "I now found myself," he averred, "in the family of one of the most distinguished men of the age, surrounded at his table by the principal officers of the army, and in constant intercourse with them. It was further my duty to receive company and do the honors of the house to many of the first people of the country." But Washington was thrifty and frugal personally; and his generous maintenance at his own cost of a sort of court was of great service to the colonial cause.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

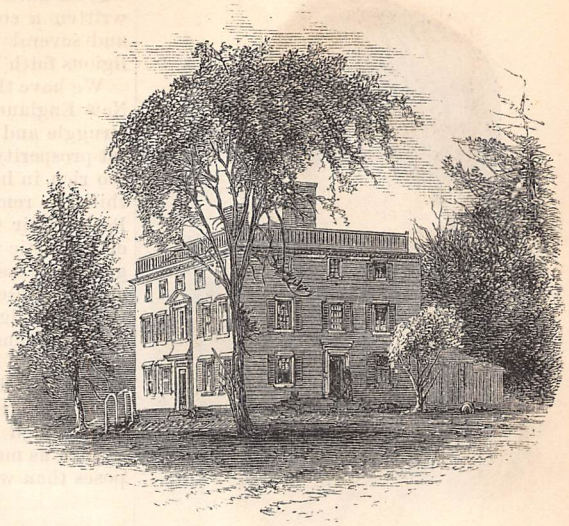
The owners of the house after the Revolution were Nathaniel Tracy (whom Washington visited for an hour in 1789), Thomas Russell, and Dr. Andrew Craigie. Talleyrand and Lafayette slept in it, and in 1833 Jared Sparks commenced to keep house within its historic rooms. Everett, and Worcester the lexicographer, also occupied it for a time, and Mr. Longfellow took up his abode in it in 1837. At first he merely rented a room, establishing himself in Washington's southeast bed-chamber. Here he wrote "Hyperion" and "Voices of the Night." In the dwelling, in one room and another, almost all his books, save the two which date from his Bowdoin professorship, have been produced. Longfellow had not long been an occupant of the house before he bought it. Its timbers are perfectly sound. The lawn in front is neatly kept; and across the street there stretches a green meadow as far as the banks of the Charles, bought by the poet to preserve his view. Mr. Longfellow himself, as he draws near seventy, is a fine picture of beautiful manhood. It has been remarked by his friends that his health has much improved since he delivered his poem, "Morituri Salutamus," at the fiftieth anniversary of his graduation. And all Cambridge, down to coal-heavers and hod-carriers, reveres him for his benignity, and remembers him not only as a poet, but as a kind and gentle man.

The Lechmere House, on the same Brattle Street, used to bear a certain resemblance to Mr. Longfellow's. It was built in 1760, or thereabouts, by Richard Lechmere, who sold it to Jonathan Sewall. Both of them were royalists. Baron and Baroness Riedesel had their quarters here as prisoners, and one of them wrote an autograph on a window-pane, which the baron's biographer claims as his, but which is generally supposed to be that of the baroness. West of this Lechmere mansion, lately repaired and raised a story, stands what is probably the oldest house in Cambridge, a building generally supposed to date from the days of Charles II. Its foundations are cemented, like those of the Belcher House, with clay mixed with pulverized oyster shells, since mortar was unknown at the time of its erection.

Quitting this shady and venerable thoroughfare, one sees between Brattle and Mount Auburn streets what is, on the whole, about the most attractive of all the residences of American authors—Elmwood, the home of James Russell Lowell. Save the porter's lodge, an entire square is occupied by the wide grounds surrounding the old house, which is of wood, nearly square, and three stories high. It was built about 1760 by Thomas Oliver, the last Lieutenant-Governor of the province. Four thousand patriots mobbed the house in 1774, and demanded Oliver's resignation; and he, fearing for the safety of his family, handed them back a paper signed thus: "My house at Cambridge being surrounded by four thousand people, in compliance with their demands I sign my name, Thomas Oliver." He went to England in 1776, and died there in 1815. Elbridge Gerry succeeded him as occupant some years later, and in 1817 the Rev. Charles Lowell, father of the poet, bought it of Mrs. Gerry, the Vice-President's widow. Mr. Lowell was pastor of the West Church, Boston, a Unitarian organization, which in these days, under Dr. Bartol, has become a headquarters of the Free Religious wing of that denomination. Mr. Lowell, however, was hardly so radical in his views, and never permitted himself to be called a Unitarian. He preached in the old edifice for the great space of fifty years. James Russell Lowell was born in the house on Washington's birthday, 1819, only two years after his father occupied it, and he has had the somewhat rare good fortune, for this country, of living all his life in his birth-place. He graduated at Harvard in 1838, in the class with Nathan Hale, W. W. Story, Dr. Rufus Ellis, of Boston, Dr. E. A. Washburn, of New York, and Professor Eustis, of the Lawrence Scientific School. R. H. Dana, Jun., and Henry D. Thoreau were in the class before him, and Edward E. Hale in the succeeding one.

Few remember that Oliver Wendell Holmes began life as a law student, and not many more care to know that Lowell did the same thing, and was actually admitted to the bar and opened an office in Boston. Whether

his legal duties were arduous or not, he soon relinquished them, and four or five years after his graduation entered the field of periodical literature as editor, with Robert Carter, at present also a resident of Cambridge, of *The Pioneer*, a very æsthetic magazine, for which Poe and Hawthorne wrote, and which went to the tomb after the publication of three numbers. In this magazine William W. Story, then a Boston lawyer, made his first essays in art in the shape of some outlines in the Flaxman manner. Lowell's early volumes were almost all published at Cambridge. Mr. John Owen, who first issued them, and also Longfellow's "Voices of the Night," "Ballads," "Poems on Slavery," and "The Belfry of Bruges," is still alive, and as he walks around Cambridge, with long white hair and venerable beard, is one of the most noticeable of its citizens. One of Mr. Lowell's first books was dedicated to William Page, the artist, in language of the most extravagant sentimentalism. Those were the days of sentimental friendships; but Page, Lowell, and Mr. Charles F. Briggs, who then formed a triad of kindred minds, still retain their mutual esteem. In 1853 died Mr. Lowell's wife, Maria White, of Watertown, herself a poet; and the next year Longfellow commemorated the event by publishing in Mr. Briggs's magazine "The Two Angels," one of his best poems. From his Elmwood windows Mr. Lowell can look across the flats stretching toward Boston, four miles away, while on the other side lies Mount Auburn. The grounds are not adorned with any modern landscape gardening, but stand in simple beauty, while the tall trees to the westward are almost sombre when the night-breeze blows through them. The old yellow house is a poet's home, and thither bards, as well as birds, seem naturally to fly. When the owner was in Europe lately for a couple of years he gave his keys, for occupancy of the house, to Mr. Thomas Bailey Aldrich, whose dainty verse was written meanwhile to the crooning of the Elmwood chimneys mentioned somewhere by the elder poet. Mr. Lowell himself is now in the full vigor of middle life. His hair and beard are tinged with auburn and streaked with gray; but he is a muscular bard, in perfect health, and of uniform courtesy and good nature. In his personal appearance, as in the management of his affairs, there is nothing of the traditional heedlessness of the poet. The poetical nature, he thinks, is akin to order, and in his own case certainly the opinion is true.



ELMWOOD.

Many of the old houses in Cambridge have been torn down or moved away, and not a few have been turned over to Celtic occupants. Of the former the most celebrated is the Inman House, in Cambridgeport, Putnam's head-quarters, now standing on a strange street, and so transformed as to be scarcely recognizable. But of dwellings built in the present century which have already acquired some little interest there are not a few. Thus, Dr. A. P. Peabody, preacher to the university, and well known as an orthodox Unitarian theologian, occupies the large house on the corner of Quincy and Harvard streets, within the college inclosure. It was once used as an observatory, the late George P. Bond having thus occupied it while professor in the college. Dr. Peabody's predecessor in his official chair, Dr. Huntington, now Bishop of Central New York, also preceded him as occupant of this house. Without great age, it presents a stately and dignified appearance well befitting the home of a professor of Christian morals. The town, too, seems to-day quite as attractive as of yore to men of letters, several of its present residents being of our younger authors, not graduates of Harvard, but drawn hither by their literary tastes, and readily domesticated in the old haunts. The most eminent of these newer settlers is William D. Howells. Mr. Howells is an Ohio man, who never went to college, but acquired his education at the compositor's case and the country editor's desk. President Lincoln sent him to Venice, where the duties of a somewhat unimportant consu-

WILLIAM D. HOWELLS.

late left him ample opportunity for study and thought amidst specially attractive and romantic surroundings. He likes, we imagine, his poetry better than his prose, but the public chooses to rank him as one of our best masters of style, and most delicately witty tellers of tales. A man of medium height, of a temperament so happy as almost to seem jovial, he lives in his own house on Concord Avenue, under wide-spreading trees, and not far from the Washington Elm and the historic common. Toward the town Mr. Howells has proved a most dutiful adopted son, his *Suburban Sketches* having celebrated anew, in agreeable prose, many of her old and new features.

Cambridge contains some cabinet organ, glass, and other factories; but, curiously enough, the only industries by which it is known to the outside world are its printing establishments. The first press in the colonies was set up here in 1639, and the University Press of to-day claims to be the direct successor of Stephen Day's office. The late Charles Folsom made an attempt to organize an establishment which should be after the pattern of the University Press at Cambridge, England, and the Clarendon Press at Oxford, but he failed; and the present University Press is such only in name, not even printing all the college catalogues. There are two other printing houses, the Riverside Press, occupying handsome brick buildings on the banks of the Charles, and John Wilson and Sons', domiciled in an old wooden structure on Dunster Street. The late Mr. Wilson, a Scotchman, was an author as well as a printer, having written a couple of books on punctuation and several treatises in defense of the religious faith he professed.

We have thus traced the records of an old New England town from its foundation in struggle and poverty to its calm and modest prosperity of to-day. In a country none too rich in historic landmarks it has something to remind one of a creditable past. Perhaps Sir Charles Dilke was not unduly enthusiastic when he wrote of it: "Our English universities have not about them the classic repose, the air of study, which belong to Cambridge, Massachusetts.....Even the English Cambridge has a breathing street or two, and a weekly market-day; while Cambridge in New England is one great academic grove, buried in a philosophic calm which our universities can not rival as long as men resort to them for other purposes than work."

A VOICE IN THE DESERT.

The west was gorgeous with the sunset splendor—
  The gathered flowers of Light's resplendent crown;
Bloom after bloom did Paradise surrender,
  As if the Gardens of the Blest came down.

The east was piled with clouds of storm and thunder—
  Huge mountains seamed with bolts of hurtling fire—
Now swept by gales that tore their cliffs asunder,
  And then in weird convulsions heaving higher.

O'er the sun's couch the roses still kept blowing,
  And royal lilies, starred with purple eyes;
And banks of golden daffodils kept growing,
  Soft ridge on ridge, along the glowing skies.

But down the gorges of the storm's sierras
  The rain and hail in roaring cascades fell;
The lightning, playing like a dance of Furies,
  Pictured the nameless scenery of hell.

On the vast plains where I beheld the vision,
  On one side beauty, on the other dread—
Between the Tempest and the scene Elysian—
  An antelope unfrighted bowed its head.

Beside a stunted shrub, alone, unfriended,
  It waited 'midst the awful desert place,
As if at home and tenderly defended,
  Eve's radiance and the storm-glare on its face.

I saw the dying of the western splendor,
  I saw the darkness of the tempest fall,
And heard a mystic voice, in accents tender,
  Out of the brooding Terror to me call:

"O wanderer o'er Life's deserts and its mountains,
  In storm and sunshine, with uncertain feet,
Pining for joy of the immortal fountains,
  And clinging still to all of earth that's sweet,

"One heart is in the thunder and the roses,
  One hand the honey and the gall distills:
He who upon the Infinite reposes
  His place in Heaven's grand order meetly fills.

"Whate'er his path, however sad its seeming,
  The glory or the darkness overhead,
Upon it Love's unchanging smile is beaming,
  And to the perfect Good his steps are led."

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Fifteenth Paper.]

SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

I.—THE EXACT SCIENCES.—[*Concluded.*]

LIGHT, HEAT, ETC.

FROM the time of Newton to that of Young the science of optics made no material progress. The correction by Dollond, in 1758, of one of the few mistaken inferences of Newton, that the dispersive powers of transparent bodies are not proportional to their mean refractive powers, however practically important, was not a large contribution to theory; and Bradley's discovery of the aberration of light belongs rather to dynamics than to optics. It is, in fact, somewhat surprising that this latter phenomenon had not been recognized in anticipation of observation as a physical necessity, since the progressive motion of light had been demonstrated by Roemer half a century before. The first note of returning activity in the field of optical investigation was given by Dr. Young in the memoirs which, in 1800 and the two or three years following, he read before the Royal Society, reviving the hypothesis of Huyghens that light is propagated by undulations and not by the emission of material particles, and supporting this view by evidences and reasonings so cogent as to advance it to the dignity of a theory. It is a remarkable fact, illustrating the tenacity with which even enlightened minds cling to opinions long received without question, that these able and unanswerable papers failed to convince, or even, as is remarked by Principal Forbes, to secure a single adherent among the members of the learned body to which they were addressed. The discovery by Malus in 1808 of the polarization of light by reflection awakened a new interest in optical questions, and a large part of the history of this science during the first half of the nineteenth century is occupied with the development of the consequences of this discovery by Fresnel, Arago, Brewster, Seebeck, and others. Important contributions to the mathematical theory, left in some respects incomplete by Fresnel, were made by Cauchy, Macculagh, and Sir William Rowan Hamilton. No part of this belongs to American science.

Spectrum.—In 1802 Dr. Wollaston, of London, in observing through a prism the image of an elongated and very narrow aperture, perceived it to be intersected by well-defined straight lines perpendicular to its length—lines which Young seems to have regarded at first as boundaries between the several elementary colors of the spectrum. Dr. Brewster subsequently observed that certain bodies, solid, liquid, and gaseous, have the power of producing not lines only, but broad bands in the spectral image of the light transmitted through them. But the most remarkable discovery in this branch of investigation was made by Fraunhofer in 1814, who, employing a telescope to aid the observation, detected and was able to count nearly six hundred lines like those seen by Wollaston, fixed in position—a number which Brewster subsequently increased to two thousand, and which later observations have shown to be practically unlimited. The earliest investigations of this curious, but, as it has since appeared, highly important class of phenomena, undertaken in the United States, were made by Dr. John William Draper, of New York, a man whose name occupies a very conspicuous place in the world as well of letters as of science. Dr. Draper's labors in this department were spread over so large a field that it would be quite impracticable to do them justice in the limited space at our command. They embraced at once the physical, chemical, and thermal properties of light, and the relations of this principle to the organic world and the physiology of vision. He was the first to apply the method of photography to the study of the Fraunhofer lines. A memoir published by him in 1843 describes many new lines in the ultra-red and ultra-violet. The great bands in the ultra-red were first detected by him. Some of these were subsequently rediscovered by the aid of the thermo-multiplier. In 1844 he photographed the diffraction spectrum formed by a *Gitter-platte*, or ruled grating, and published a memoir showing the singular advantages which that spectrum possesses over the prismatic in investigations on radiation. Since the science of spectroscopy (a science of which the foundations were laid in Dr. Draper's early researches) has attained so high an importance in connection with investigations both of celestial and terrestrial chemistry, the spectrum has been photographed upon a much larger scale than was attempted by Dr. Draper.

The most admirable photograph of this kind, so far as the visible spectrum is concerned, was obtained by Mr. Lewis M. Rutherfurd, of New York, in 1866. It was enlarged from an original taken with prisms constructed of plate-glass, hollow, and filled with bisulphide of carbon—a plan first adopted by Professor O. N. Rood, in 1862. To a very powerful train of such prisms, six in number, made effectively twelve by means of a repeating prism, Mr. Rutherfurd subsequently applied a system of mechan-

ical or automatic adjustment for varying the angular position without deranging the regularity of the train, which was the first contrivance of the kind ever invented. Of the map, eighty-two inches in length, and embracing more than 2500 sharply defined lines, Mr. Lockyer, the celebrated spectroscopist of London, remarked recently in a public lecture, it was a thing so admirable that he could not look at it without a feeling of the intensest envy. Still more recently (1873), Dr. Henry Draper, son of Dr. J. W. Draper, has produced a photograph of the ultra-violet rays of the diffraction spectrum which far exceeds in distinctness any thing previously attempted in this difficult spectral region. The gitter from which it was taken was ruled by Mr. Rutherfurd, who had long been engaged in the attempt to perfect plates suitable for this purpose. The earliest gitters were prepared by Fraunhofer, and were ruled through leaf metal or thin coatings of grease on glass. He subsequently ruled with a diamond point on the glass itself; but none of his rulings were closer than about 8000 lines to the inch, and none of over 3500 were regular enough to be serviceable. For the last twenty or thirty years the plates most in use by investigators have been furnished by Mr. F. A. Nobert, of Barth, in Pomeranian Prussia, who has carried his rulings to a degree of fineness far beyond that at which spectra cease altogether to be produced, the object being to provide tests for the resolving power of microscopes. Admirable as these productions certainly are, they are deficient in uniformity, which is the quality of most essential importance in the gratings required for the study of diffraction spectra. Mr. Rutherfurd's finer gratings have nearly 18,000 lines to the inch, and their uniformity, as tested by the sharpness of their definition of the spectral lines, is all but perfect. The delicacy of this ruling operation may be judged by the fact that when the machine which draws the lines is operated by hand, although not touched but only moved by a cord attached, the ruling is liable to be made uneven by the effect of expansion from the radiant heat of the person. In consequence of this, Mr. Rutherfurd resorted to the expedient of driving the machine by a miniature turbine wheel, with very satisfactory results.

The memoir of Dr. Henry Draper accompanying the photograph above mentioned was read before the French Academy of Sciences, and published in their *Comptes Rendus*. It has also been printed in full in the principal journals devoted to physical science in France, England, Italy, and Germany, and the discussion of the photograph has settled the wave lengths of all the ultra-violet rays, and has finally corrected the errors of previous observers.

The first suggestion of the relation between the spectra of incandescent or incandescing bodies and their physical condition or chemical composition was made by Dr. J. W. Draper, in an important memoir "On the Production of Light and Heat," published in 1847. This, among other things, pointed out the means of determining the solid or gaseous condition of the sun, the stars, and the nebulæ. In it the author demonstrated experimentally that all solid substances, and probably all liquids, become incandescent at the same temperature; that the temperature of red heat is about 977° F.; that the spectrum of an incandescent solid is continuous, containing neither bright nor dark fixed lines; that from common temperatures up to 977° F. the rays emitted by a solid produce no effect on vision, but that at that temperature they impress the eye with the sensation of red; that the heat of the incandescing body being made continuously to rise, other rays are added, increasing in refrangibility with increase of temperature; and that while the addition of rays so much the more refrangible as the temperature is higher is going on, there is an augmentation of the intensity of those already existing. In the following year, in a memoir on the production of light by chemical action, Dr. Draper gave the spectrum analysis of many different flames, and devised the arrangements of charts of their fixed lines in the manner now universally employed. The former of these memoirs had a circulation in American and foreign journals proportionate to its importance. An analysis of it in Italian was read in July, 1847, by Melloni, before the Royal Academy of Naples, and this was afterward translated into French and English. Yet, notwithstanding the publicity thus given to these discoveries, the same facts were thirteen years later published by Professor Kirchhoff, under the guise of mathematical deductions, with so slight a reference to the original discoverer that he secured substantially the entire credit of them himself; and in a historical sketch of spectrum analysis subsequently published, he omitted the name of Dr. Draper altogether. This is the more remarkable, as the historical sketch here referred to was professedly prepared because the writer had become aware of the existence "of some publications on the subject which he had not before known, and had found that other publications which had appeared to him to possess no special interest" were not similarly regarded by all. The object, therefore, of this sequel was "to complete the historical survey." It is entirely occupied, nevertheless, with an argument to disprove that any observer had contributed any thing to "the solution of the proposed question whether the bright lines of a glowing gas are sole-

ly dependent on its chemical constituents" until 1861, when it was solved by Bunsen and himself—excepting only Swan, who in 1857 identified the sodium line, although "he did not answer the question positively, or in its most general form." The writer considers and passes judgment on the claims of Herschel, Talbot, W. A. Miller, Wheatstone, Masson, Angström, Van der Willigen, and Plücker, all of whom had examined the well-known bright lines in the spectra of flames or of the electric spark, and had made suggestions indicating that this question had been present to their minds; but remarkably omits from the enumeration the name of the only observer whose publications were most directly suggestive of such a course of investigation as that which he himself subsequently pursued. In 1858, three years before the announcement of the results obtained by Bunsen and Kirchhoff, a memoir appeared by Dr. Draper on the nature of flame and the condition of the sun's surface, which was the precursor of the numerous investigations out of which has grown the imposing science of celestial chemistry.

The spectra of the stars were earliest studied by Mr. Rutherfurd, who published in 1863 a comparative map or diagram giving the spectra of seventeen different stars compared with those of the sun, the moon, and the planets Mars and Jupiter. The star spectra were arranged by him in three classes, to some extent corresponding to those since made by Secchi. In 1861 Professor Kirchhoff made public his well-known map of the solar spectrum, in which the very numerous lines given are determined in place by a millimetric scale. To remove the uncertainties attendant on the use of such a system, Dr. Wolcott Gibbs, of Harvard University, proposed, and to a certain extent constructed, in 1866, a normal map of the spectrum founded on wave lengths. His map embraced 187 lines lying between C and G of Fraunhofer. In 1871 a preliminary map or catalogue of the spectral lines of the solar chromosphere was published in the *Philosophical Magazine*, of London, by Professor C. A. Young, of Dartmouth College, which was afterward republished by Schellen in his large work on the spectroscope. This embraced 103 lines, identifying such as had been observed before, and giving the names of former observers. In the following year this number was increased by Professor Young to 273. The most important contribution to stellar spectroscopy yet made is a photograph of the spectrum of Alpha Lyræ taken by Dr. Henry Draper with his great speculum of twenty-eight inches aperture, showing in the invisible region four great groups of lines never before seen. This interesting result has been attained only after seventeen years of persevering effort, and is the fruit of probably the most difficult and costly experiment in celestial chemistry ever made.

The conclusion as to the chemical constitution of the heavenly bodies to which the study of their spectra has led, is that the same elements are found in them as in the earth, and only the same, with the single exception of a supposed element in the sun, called for the present, helium. But it appears that the temperatures of the different bodies must be materially different; and this difference is without doubt the occasion of the varieties of their spectral aspects, and of their very observable differences of color to the eye.

In regard to the distribution of heat in the spectrum, an important discovery was made by Dr. Draper so recently as 1872. He has shown that the observed decrease of the intensity of heat from the more to the less refrangible region, is due not to any inherent quality of the rays, but solely to the action of the prism itself, which compresses the less refrangible region and dilates the more refrangible.

Photography.—The sensibility of many chemical compounds to the action of light was very early observed. Attempts were made by Sir Humphry Davy and others early in this century to take advantage of this fact for the purpose of producing copies of prints, leaves, etc., by pressing them under glass against sheets of paper which had been impregnated with silver salts, and exposing them in the sunlight. Imperfect copies were obtained, but they were evanescent, no successful process having been discovered for removing the unchanged salt from the paper. They were counterparts of the originals, but presented, of course, the lights and shades reversed. For a number of years, beginning in about 1830, Mr. Nicephore Niepce and Mr. Daguerre in France, and Mr. Fox Talbot in England, occupied themselves in persevering endeavors to discover some mode by which the fleeting images might be fixed, and to increase the sensitiveness of the chemically prepared surface employed to receive the impression. These efforts were at length crowned with success. In 1839 Mr. Daguerre made public the beautiful process which bears his name, and this was immediately followed by the announcement of the very different one which Mr. Talbot had been engaged in perfecting, and which he was thus constrained somewhat prematurely to disclose. The production of these light-pictures was attributed to the action of a class of rays present in the sunlight, but non-luminous, called, for want of a better name, the chemical rays. For this term Dr. Draper proposed to substitute the name tithonic, from a fancied analogy with the fable of Tithonus, the favorite of Aurora; and somewhat later Sir John Herschel sug-

gested the term actinic—a term which, in spite of its etymological vagueness, has since prevailed. In regard to this class of rays, the researches of Dr. Draper, protracted through a period of ten or fifteen years, commencing about 1835, were more fertile of results than those of any contemporary investigator. Though embracing the class of phenomena on which the art of photography has been founded, their scope was in the largest degree comprehensive. They included, among other things, experiments on the absorption of the chemical rays by solid and liquid media, the decomposition of carbonic acid by light, the interference of chemical rays, the crystallization of substances in the rays of light, the supposed magnetizing properties of the solar rays, which he found not to exist, and the effects of light upon vegetation. The memoirs published by him on these subjects in foreign and American journals amounted to nearly forty. Many of these were collected in 1844 in a large quarto volume, entitled, *A Treatise on the Forces which produce the Organization of Plants.* Particularly noticeable among these are a memoir explanatory of the mechanical cause of the flow of sap in plants, which is ascribed to the carbonization of water on the leaves by the light of the sun; and another, demonstrating that it is the yellow ray which produces the reduction of carbonic acid in plants, and not the violet, as had been previously supposed. The first photographic portraits of the human countenance were taken by Dr. Draper soon after the announcement of Daguerre's discovery, and at a time when such a thing had been pronounced impracticable by so high an authority as Sir David Brewster. He taught the art to Professor Morse, by whom it was long successfully practiced, and who possessed exclusively the secret until it was at length made public by the originator in the *London and Edinburgh Philosophical Magazine.* This consisted essentially in quickening the sensitiveness of the Daguerrean plates by brief exposure to the vapor of bromine. By this treatment they became so extremely sensitive as to receive an impression instantaneously in the open air, and in the light of an ordinary apartment in a very few seconds. About the same time, and while the method of Dr. Draper was still undisclosed, a similar result was attained by the writer of this article by the use of chlorine. Photographs of the moon were taken by Dr. Draper as early as 1840, at a time when the moon's rays were supposed to possess no actinic power, and when, in fact, bright objects strongly illuminated by the intensest light of the full moon failed, after hours of exposure, to produce any trace of an impression on the plates of Daguerre. These photographs showed very well the light and shade characteristic of the different regions of the satellite, though by no means comparable to the magnificent photographs since taken by Dr. Henry Draper and by Mr. Rutherfurd.

The useful applications of the photographic art are very numerous. In portraiture it has created a special industry, large and lucrative, and of world-wide popularity. In mechanical engineering and in every branch of constructive art it furnishes the means of obtaining designs of the most complicated machinery or structures without the expenditure of time and labor necessary for the execution of drawings. It provides a perfect means of cultivating the popular taste or of instructing the popular intelligence by bringing faithful representations of the choicest works of art, or of the most interesting scenes of nature and of human life, within the reach of every one. Aided by the ingenious invention of Professor Wheatstone, the stereoscope, it actually seems to reproduce before us the objects which it represents, with all the aspect of reality. In its later degrees of perfection it has made it possible to prepare plates from which prints in ink can be directly taken; and as an aid to the lithographic art it has substituted a direct impression on the stone for the patient labor of the engraver or the draughtsman. In the magnetic observatories established by the British and other European governments, it traces the record of the daily and hourly fluctuations of the magnetic elements; and it has in some instances been employed to record in like manner the indications of the barometer and the thermometer. Its highest applications are undoubtedly to astronomy, to uranographical measurements according to the method of Mr. Rutherfurd, to the study of the solar and stellar spectra as practiced by Mr. Rutherfurd and Dr. H. Draper, to that of the sun spots so perseveringly pursued by De la Rue, Loewy, and Carrington, and to fixing the phases of solar eclipses, and of still more rare phenomena, like the transit of Venus.

Production of Cold.—One of the most important applications of the principles of physics to a practical purpose is to be found in the various forms of apparatus at present in use for the artificial production of cold. All of these owe their efficacy to the absorption of heat which takes place in the vaporization of highly volatile liquids; and the discovery that this principle can be practically and economically utilized is due to our countryman, Professor A. C. Twining, of New Haven, by whom the first apparatus for the purpose on a working scale ever constructed was put into operation in 1850, and was made the subject of a patent in this country and in England. Professor Twining made use of common sulphuric ether as the liquid to be vaporized. Subsequently

Mr. Tellier, an English inventor, substituted for this, methylic ether, which has the advantage of being greatly more volatile; and Mr. Carré, of Paris, employed liquefied ammoniacal gas, which possesses the same advantage in a still higher degree. An important industry has grown out of this discovery, which is every year enlarging the magnitude of its operations.

The Microscope.—The discovery made in 1829 by Mr. J. J. Lister, of London, that every achromatic combination of lenses has two aplanatic foci, and that by the combination of two achromatics the spherical aberration of oblique pencils can be effectually suppressed, formed an epoch in the history of this instrument from which dates an almost miraculously rapid advance toward perfection. Results toward which Chevallier and others had been blindly feeling their way without ever satisfactorily reaching them were now made dependent upon well-ascertained principles; and the question who should produce the best microscope became a question of relative ingenuity in the application of theory no less than of practical skill in producing the curves which theory dictated. In 1846 Mr. Charles S. Spencer, a young, self-taught, and previously unknown optician living in the interior of the State of New York, submitted to the microscopists of the country microscopic objectives exhibiting a sharpness of definition and power of resolution which excited the greatest surprise, and entitled them to be esteemed, for the time at least, as superior to any other known in the world. The great multiplication of microscopic observers produced by the wonderful improvement of the instrument, and the great increase in the demand for objectives consequent upon the multiplication of observers, soon, however, produced the natural effect of rivalry among opticians, and foreign objectives appeared which justly challenged comparison with those of Mr. Spencer. In the subsequent progress of improvement the artisans of England, France, Germany, and the United States have maintained a pretty equal strife. Mr. Spencer still sustains the high reputation which he so early established; and upon the same plane with him may be placed Mr. R. B. Tolles, of Boston, and Mr. William Wales, of Fort Edward, New Jersey. Of the naturalists among us who have devoted themselves to the use of the microscope, none have done more honor to the science of our country than the late Professor Bailey, of West Point, whose contributions to the knowledge of the diatomaceæ are distributed through the journals and Transactions, and Professor H. L. Smith, of Hobart College, one of the highest living authorities upon this order of the algæ, who has now in the hands of the Smithsonian Institution, awaiting publication, a systematic and comprehensive monograph on the subject, founded on the studies and observations of twenty years, and illustrated with numerous original drawings from nature.

ELECTRICITY, MAGNETISM, ETC.

Down to the end of the eighteenth century the science of electricity existed only in a very elementary condition. Its phenomena, so far as they were known, belonged to static electricity only, and were referred to the agency of a subtle fluid or fluids present every where, but becoming manifest only when in a state of disturbed equilibrium. The hypothesis of a single electrical fluid is usually ascribed to Franklin, and passes by his name, though Leslie claims that it had been earlier suggested by Watson, of London. The opposing hypothesis of Dufay presumed the existence of two fluids neutralizing each other in the ordinary condition of bodies by their union, and exhibiting attractions and repulsions when separated. The Franklinian hypothesis is liable to the objection that it necessitates the supposition that material bodies deprived of electricity are mutually repellent. But neither is any longer entertained. Franklin demonstrated the identity of lightning with the ordinary electric spark as early as 1752. It is commonly believed that the first suspicion of this identity originated with him; but it had already been suggested by Nollet in 1746, who compared a thunder-cloud to the prime conductor of an electrical machine (it resembles more nearly one coating of a Leyden-jar), and had been urged in a plausible course of reasoning by Winkler. Franklin's merit was that he suggested the means of setting the question forever at rest by actually drawing electricity out of the clouds. It is a curious fact that he was not the first to try his own experiment. The plan he had publicly proposed was to erect on some eminence a lofty insulated iron rod tapering to a point; and this plan was followed by Dalibard, who drew sparks from such a rod erected near Paris, and even charged from it a Leyden-jar, as early as the 10th of May, 1752. The famous kite experiment of Franklin was performed more than a month later, on the 15th of June; but in those days, in which ocean cables and steamships were equally unknown, he was, of course, ignorant of Dalibard's previous success. It is upon this experiment that the immense reputation of Franklin as a man of science mainly rests. Considering the simplicity of the conception and the still greater simplicity of the apparatus by which it was realized, we can not at this distance of time but be astonished at the profound impression it produced upon the world. Such was his popularity in France that, when he appeared as the representative of the Ameri-

can colonies at the court of Louis XVI., the sale of his portrait made the fortune of the engraver; and beneath this portrait was inscribed, by the minister of a monarch himself a few years later dethroned and executed as a tyrant, the famous legend,

"Eripuit cœlo fulmen, sceptrumque tyrannis."

Not long after this, moreover, the celebrated Erasmus Darwin, writing to compliment Franklin on having united philosophy to modern science, directed his letter merely to "Dr. Franklin, *America*," adding that he was almost disposed to write "Dr. Franklin, *The World*," there being but one Franklin, and that Franklin being known of all men. After making all allowance for the weight of Franklin's political position and the sound practical sense displayed in his writings on subjects of popular interest, there remains no doubt that his singular celebrity was due mainly, after all, to the association of his name with the lightning. The great discovery of Volta, just at the close of the century, originated a new and prolific branch of electrical science, not at first recognized as such. In the infancy of the investigation which this discovery opened, it was a first necessity of progress to improve the means by which the electric current is generated. For the inconvenient pile of the discoverer, trough batteries with immovable plates were soon introduced in England, and it was by means of such that Sir Humphry Davy made many of his very numerous and celebrated electro-chemical discoveries. Dr. Wollaston greatly improved these batteries by giving them a construction which caused both sides of the zincs to be effective, and permitted the plates to be removed from the troughs. But all these forms of apparatus were attended with the serious disadvantage that their power when in action rapidly declined, in consequence of the formation upon the negatives of a coating of minute bubbles of hydrogen gas. This difficulty was first effectually overcome by Dr. Robert Hare, of Philadelphia, who in 1820 introduced the form of voltaic battery which, from the intensity of its effects, he called the deflagrator. The deflagrator was made very compact by forming the metals into coils, their opposed surfaces being very near to each other, but separated by insulating wedges; but its important characteristic consisted of a mechanism by which the entire series of elements could be instantaneously immersed in the liquid or lifted out. For experiments of brief duration, therefore, the battery was always ready to act with its full power. A similar device occurred later to Faraday, but though it was original with him, he very honorably admitted that on examination he found this new battery to be "in all essential respects the same as that invented and described by Dr. Hare." Besides the deflagrator, Dr. Hare constructed another form of voltaic apparatus, designed with low intensity of electricity to generate an enormous volume of heat. This, which he called the calorimotor, was formed by combining many very large plates of zinc and copper into two series, and immersing them at once into a tank of dilute acid. By means of it large rods of iron or platinum are ignited and fused in a few seconds, and its magnetic effects are equally surprising; yet it is hardly capable of producing the faintest spark between carbon electrodes. Dr. Hare was an extremely voluminous writer on subjects connected with voltaic electricity and chemistry. Nearly one hundred and fifty articles from his pen may be found in the *Journal of Science* alone. In invention he was wonderfully fertile, and in the variety of ingenious contrivances devised and constructed by him in aid of investigation or for purposes of illustration, he deserves to be ranked with men like Hooke, Wollaston, and Wheatstone.

The constant battery, the next improvement in voltaic electro-motive apparatus, was produced by Daniell in 1836. It is a battery of four elements, two metallic and two liquid, the liquids being separated by a porous partition. In this arrangement the nascent hydrogen set free on the zinc side, combining with the oxygen of the metallic base of the solution on the copper side, no longer appears in the gaseous form, and the obstruction it had occasioned to circulation is thus suppressed. Daniell, nevertheless, was not the first to suggest a battery of four elements. The credit of this suggestion is due to Dr. John W. Draper, of New York, who, as early as 1834, described such a battery in the Journal of the Franklin Institute.

The relation of electricity to magnetism was a discovery accidentally made by Oersted, of Copenhagen, in 1819. He noticed that if a wire conveying a voltaic current be brought near a suspended magnetic needle, the needle will be deflected from its normal position. This remarkable discovery was followed by one no less remarkable, made simultaneously by Arago and Davy, that the conducting wire itself, whatever may be the material it is composed of, is capable, while conveying the voltaic current, of attracting soft iron. Ampère next discovered that two wires conveying electric currents attract each other if the currents are in the same direction, and repel if the directions are opposite. Upon this he founded his celebrated theory which made magnetism only one of the forms of manifestation of electrical force. This theory suggested to Arago the idea that a steel needle might possibly be magnetized by subjecting it to the action of an electric current passing spirally round it. He test-

ed the truth of this conjecture, and his experiment was a success. A repetition of this experiment in modified form by Sturgeon, of Woolwich, England, in 1825, drew after it important consequences. Bending a piece of stout iron wire into the form of a horseshoe, and coating it with varnish to secure insulation, he wound round this a copper wire, which he introduced into the battery circuit. The iron wire thus treated became temporarily a feeble horseshoe magnet, capable of sustaining a weight of two or three pounds. At this stage of the investigation the subject attracted the attention of Professor Joseph Henry, of Albany, New York, and the next step in the progress of this history—a very large one—was taken by him. Considering that the intensity of the effect must be proportioned to the closeness of the coil, and that with a naked conductor the spirals could not permissibly be brought into contact, it occurred to him to insulate the conducting wire itself, which he did by winding it with silk. This expedient enabled him not only to envelop the iron closely in the first instance, but also to wind several successive coils over each other. The result was to produce an electro-magnet in the proper sense of the word—an instrument not limited in its use to the purposes of lecture-room illustration, but capable of important and largely varied practical applications. Some of the magnets constructed by Professor Henry sustained weights of between one and two tons.

In pursuing his investigations on this subject, Professor Henry ascertained a number of important facts concerning the laws of development of magnetism in soft iron. Having surrounded a given bar with a number of short helices abutting end to end, he tried the effect of first uniting the similar ends of these so as to make one short compound conductor, and of afterward uniting their dissimilar ends so as to make a single continuous conductor of them all. With a battery of a few elements, the first arrangement proved to be most effective, but with one of many, the second was superior. Hence the distinction introduced by him between quantity and intensity magnets.

The possible practical applications of the electro-magnet were not overlooked by Professor Henry, though he contented himself with pointing them out without pursuing them. The practicability of an electric telegraph was illustrated by him in an apparatus fitted up in 1831 in the Albany Academy, by which an electric current transmitted through a circuit of more than a mile was made to ring a bell. The invention of the first recording magnetic telegraph—that is, of the instrument by which signals are actually written down by magnetism, and not merely addressed to the sense of hearing or sight—was made by Professor S. F. B. Morse, of New York. He had conceived it as early as 1832. The instrument did not take form till some years later. It was impossible that either mode of signaling (the mode actually used by Professor Henry in 1831 or that conceived by Professor Morse in 1832) should come into public use or be economically a possibility so long as there existed no form of constant or sustaining battery, and the batteries of Daniell and Grove were only known in 1836 and 1837.

In the construction of long lines of telegraph it became early necessary to devise some practicable means of crossing the larger streams or the narrower estuaries by means of submerged conductors. When this had been successfully accomplished, the same system was naturally extended to the smaller seas or arms of the ocean, such as the British Channel and the Mediterranean. But when, a little more than twenty years ago, it was first proposed to lay an electric cable from continent to continent in the bed of the ocean itself, the audacity of the project was such that, at its first announcement, it struck the world as too visionary to be seriously considered. Even to contrive a form of conductor which should combine the strength and completeness of insulation indispensable to such a purpose, was a problem in applied science of no slight difficulty, and to lay it in its place demanded the exercise of mechanical skill of the highest order. Supposing it to have been laid, science, again, had not yet devised the means of making it available. The exhaustless energy and indomitable perseverance of Mr. Cyrus W. Field nevertheless triumphed at last over all the practical difficulties; and the patient study of the scientific side of the question by the electricians, especially by Sir William Thomson, with his marvelous fertility of invention, was equally successful in overcoming the rest. The electrical telegraph, therefore, one of the most magnificent gifts of science to the world, may be justly claimed as especially a gift of American science, and the energy which was mainly instrumental in giving it its latest and largest availability was no less American.

Professor Henry was the first to point out the practicability of applying electro-magnetism as a motive power, and in illustration of this he constructed an oscillating apparatus, described in the *American Journal of Science* in 1829. The attempts which have been made to turn this power practically to account have been very numerous. Almost or quite the earliest was made by Messrs. Davenport and Cook, of Vermont, in 1836. A machine in model exhibited by them in New York attracted much attention; but a working engine which they sub-

sequently attempted did not meet their expectations. In all these forms of mechanism there is one unavoidable disadvantage, which in the infancy of the science was not known, consisting in the fact that the moving magnets generate in each other currents directly opposed to those from which their own magnetic energy is derived; and hence the dynamic power of the engine is not proportional to the static energy of its component magnets. Electro-magnetic engines of some power have in a few instances been tried, and subsequently abandoned, not on account of any mechanical failure, but for reasons of economy. One of this description, constructed under the direction of De Jacobi at the expense of the Emperor of Russia, was employed to propel a boat on the Neva. Another was the electro-magnetic locomotive of our countryman Dr. Charles G. Page. This was remarkable for its original and ingenious method of applying the power, which was by means of solid cylindrical steel magnets rising and descending in the interior of a pile of short helices, the helices being successively thrown into and out of the circuit. With two such engines, Dr. Page drove a car weighing eleven tons and carrying fourteen passengers on a level track at the rate of nineteen miles an hour. Electro-magnetic engines can never compete with steam-engines in point of economy until it shall be possible to construct batteries in which the materials consumed shall be, weight for weight, a great deal cheaper than coal. Experimentally it has been proved that a grain of coal consumed under the boiler of a Cornish engine lifts 143 pounds one foot high, while a grain of zinc consumed in a battery to move an electro-magnetic engine lifts only eighty pounds to the same height. But it requires the consumption of a number of grains of coal to produce one grain of zinc.

The applications of the electro-magnet to purposes of use are too various to permit here an enumeration in detail. The astronomical electro-magnetic chronograph has been already mentioned. The instruments for measuring still more minute intervals of time, called chronoscopes, are dependent, in several of their large variety of forms, on similar means of operation. This same remark may be made of numerous very ingenious and very valuable contrivances introduced in recent years for demonstrating the laws of falling bodies, for registering vibrations in acoustics, for recording the indications of meteorological instruments, and for many other purposes auxiliary to scientific investigation.

As more practical applications, there may be mentioned fire-alarms, by means of which information of the exact locality of a fire in any large city may be instantaneously communicated to the central office, and definite orders issued at once to fire-companies how to proceed; burglar-alarms, which instantly indicate the door or window in a dwelling at which entrance has been attempted, and at the same time turn on a light and arouse the sleepers by ringing bells or sounding rattles; time-balls dropped in centres of business or in sea-ports by electrical communication from distant astronomical observatories; and clocks operated by electro-magnetism as a motive power, or systems of dials by which a single clock may show simultaneously the same time in every part of a large business establishment. In the year 1859 a clock of peculiar and original design, operated by electro-magnetism, was constructed, under the direction of the writer of this article, by Mr. E. S. Ritchie, of Boston, for the observatory of the University of Mississippi. The pendulum was entirely free, the force required to maintain its motion being applied by depositing a very light weight (of one or two grains) upon an arm of the pendulum at the beginning of the swing, and removing it in the middle, by an arrangement of electro-magnets. The small weight served itself to make and break the battery connections necessary to actuate the auxiliary mechanism. The intention was, by relieving the pendulum from the work of operating the escapement, and by reducing its swing as low as possible (to a fraction of a degree), to remove every external cause which might interfere with the perfect uniformity of its beat. But a very low power was required to run it. A single cell of Farmer's so-called water battery (pure water next the zinc, and copper sulphate next the copper) was sufficient to maintain its action, but two were commonly used. Mechanically it was a perfect success, but after some months of action it was found that the electric contacts became vitiated by the spark produced, even with that low power, at every rupture of the circuit, and the current ceased to flow. Though the most refractory metals were employed, they were still vaporized and oxidized. The difficulty was at length overcome by introducing Fizeau's condenser into the circuit, by which the spark was effectually suppressed; but owing to the troubles of the times, which prevented the completion of the observatory, it was never brought into use.

Within recent years some interesting contributions to the progress of electro-magnetic science have been made in this country by Professor A. F. Mayer, of Hoboken, New Jersey, Professor John Trowbridge, of Harvard University, and others. Professor Mayer's experiments have led to some very important deductions as to the most effective forms of soft iron core to be given to electro-magnets, and have shown that in general, when such cores are solid cylinders, the cen-

tral portion is practically ineffective, and may be removed without diminishing the power of the magnet. They have shown also that the inducing action of the enveloping wire on itself, or that of the adjoining spirals on each other, has no effect on their power to magnetize the core, or on the intensity of the current passing through them. We owe also to Professor Mayer one of the most delicate and at the same time simple modes yet devised of investigating the resistance of conductors to electric currents passing through them.

That the molecular changes produced in a bar of iron by magnetization are attended with simultaneous changes of dimensions, was rendered probable by the observation (made many years ago by Dr. Page) that they are attended by audible sounds, and was experimentally proved by Joule and Wertheim. By a very elaborate and carefully conducted investigation, aided by the exceedingly delicate micrometric comparator constructed for the Coast Survey by Mr. Joseph Saxton, Professor Mayer has determined quantitatively the precise character and magnitude of these changes. Professor Trowbridge has also made some interesting discoveries relating to this subject, among which is the fact that if the core of an electro-magnet be made a part of a voltaic circuit, and the magnetizing current be then sent through the enveloping helix by another battery, a magnetic power may be obtained materially greater than that which the latter current is capable of producing alone, but that this effect will not be repeated if the magnetizing circuit be broken and again renewed.

Voltaic Induction.—The power of a voltaic current to induce currents in neighboring conductors was discovered by Faraday in 1831. If both conductors are motionless, the induced current is but momentary, occurring only when the primary current begins or ceases to flow. If they approach toward or recede from each other, the induced current is continuous so long as this movement continues, being opposite in direction to the primary while approaching, and similar in direction while receding. By using helices instead of single conductors, Mr. Faraday succeeded in producing induced currents of great energy. In the same year Professor Henry made the remarkable discovery that a voltaic current induces an extra current in the conductor in which it is itself conveyed, which, however, manifests itself only on making or breaking connection with the battery, the intensity being proportional to the length of the conductor, and being greatly increased by giving the conductor the form of a close spiral. Professor Henry demonstrated later that, if a series of closed circuits be placed side by side, the first receiving a primary current from the battery, then on making or breaking battery connection a series of induced currents will be generated in these several circuits, which will be alternately in opposite directions. The system of conductors best adapted to this demonstration is a series of flat spirals known as Henry's coils, formed of wire, or better of copper ribbon, insulated. Induced currents of the ninth order have thus been demonstrated, and the possible number is theoretically unlimited.

Magneto-Electricity.—The year 1831 was very fruitful of electrical discovery. It was in this year that Faraday detected the power of a permanent steel magnet to induce electric currents in neighboring conductors, and in this year also he succeeded in producing from the induction of such a magnet a visible electric spark. From this memorable discovery the science of magneto-electricity takes its date. Almost immediately after it a powerful magneto-electric machine was constructed by Mr. Joseph Saxton, of Philadelphia, which was almost the first of its kind. Another, still more powerful, was subsequently invented by Dr. Page, who added the simple but ingenious contrivance called the pole-changer, by which the currents, incessantly reversed in the helices of the machine, are transmitted through the circuit in one constant direction. With this improvement the machine may be made a substitute for a galvanic battery in the operations of electrolysis. Magneto-electric machines have consequently in recent years to a large extent superseded batteries for many important practical purposes. The galvano-plastic art, so largely employed in copying in fac-simile objects of ornament and use, in plating and gilding, in duplicating the plates of the engraver, in stereotyping pages for the letter-press, and in a variety of other ways, is now conducted almost entirely by the use of these machines. Constructed on a large scale, they have been employed by the governments of France and England to furnish electric lights for some of their most important light-houses.

Induction Coils.—After the power of a permanent magnet to induce electric currents had been demonstrated, it could not be doubted that electro-magnets would do the same. This was Faraday's inference, and experiment confirmed the anticipation. A secondary coil, surrounding but independent of the coil of an electro-magnet, gave currents whenever the battery connection of the magnet was made or broken. In this discovery is found the first suggestion of a form of electrical apparatus which has in recent years become a powerful instrument of physical investigation, the induction coil. In its earliest form this apparatus was the invention of our countryman, Dr. Page, and was called by him the "separable helix."

There was an inner helix, fixed upright upon a support, into the hollow interior of which might be introduced bars or wires of soft iron. An outer helix, which was removable, was designed to convey the induced current. Dr. Page, in the study of this instrument, made several important discoveries. These were, first, that the intensity of the induced current may be greatly increased by making the wire of the secondary coil many times longer, and also very much smaller, than the primary; secondly, that the effect of a number of soft iron wires introduced into the inner coil is vastly greater than that obtainable from the same weight of iron in a single bar; and thirdly, that unless the primary current is broken very abruptly, the induced current of that circuit will leap over the break, neutralizing to some extent, by secondary induction, the induced current in the outer coil. To counteract this he invented an ingenious and successful contrivance called the spark-arresting circuit-breaker. These discoveries date back to 1838 and earlier. In 1853 Mr. Fizeau, of Paris, suggested the use of a condenser constructed on the principle of the Leyden-jar, as a means of absorbing the extra current in the primary; and this has since superseded Page's circuit-breaker. About the same time Mr. Ruhmkorff, of Paris, commenced the construction of the induction coils known by his name, which were in no respect different, except in magnitude, from the separable helices of Page above described, but which attracted much attention in consequence of the length of spark they produced. This, in Page's instrument, had hardly exceeded one-eighth of an inch; but in Ruhmkorff's it was increased to nearly an entire inch, and in his later instruments to two or three inches. A practical limit to increase of power in this direction was, however, found in the liability of currents of high intensity to strike through the insulation from layer to layer of the secondary coil. This liability is the greater in proportion as the points of the wire of the helix which are brought near each other in winding, are more distant as measured upon the length of the wire itself. As a means of preventing it, it occurred to Mr. Ritchie to wind the wire in many flat spirals, placing these side by side and connecting them at their inner and outer extremities, so as to form a continuous helical conductor of which no two points should be more distant from each other, measured along the wire, than the length of two such contiguous spirals, developed. The result was a surprising increase in the length of spark, which has been carried up by him to twelve, fifteen, and even twenty inches. One of Mr. Ritchie's coils was exhibited in Paris in 1860, by Professor McCulloh, of Columbia College, New York. By an examination of this, Mr. Ruhmkorff became acquainted with the mode of its construction, which Mr. Ritchie had not previously disclosed, and adopting it, produced others of enormous power—one of which projected sparks two feet in length. For this great success, mainly due to the ingenuity of our countryman, Mr. Ruhmkorff received in 1864 the prize of 50,000 francs offered in 1852 by Napoleon III. for the most important discovery connected with the progress of electricity.

Static Electricity.—Some very interesting discoveries in static electricity were made by Professor Henry as early as 1830. He demonstrated that the discharge of a Leyden-jar consists of a series of oscillations backward and forward, something like the vibration of a spring. The mode of proof employed in this demonstration is at once simple and ingenious. It rests on the two experimentally ascertained facts—first, that a steel needle may be magnetized by surrounding it with a spiral conductor, and sending through the conductor the discharge of a Leyden-jar; and secondly, that there is a point of saturation beyond which the needle will not receive magnetism. By passing successive discharges of gradually increasing intensity through the coil, the needle will undergo changes of polarity, showing that it derives its magnetism alternately from the direct and the reversed movement of the electric force. It follows that the electric spark, though to the eye apparently single, is, in fact, made up of many sparks. This multiplicity has recently been optically demonstrated by Professor Rood, of Columbia College, who, by means of a rapidly rotating mirror, has made the successive component sparks visible. A very striking palpable demonstration of the same fact was also exhibited to the National Academy of Sciences in November, 1874, by Professor A. M. Mayer, of Hoboken, New Jersey. Professor Mayer caused disks of blackened tissue-paper to revolve with great rapidity between the points through which the discharge of the Leyden-jar is made. Subsequent examination of the disk shows it to be perforated with a very great number of minute holes along the circular arc which was passing between the points during the brief continuance of the discharge.

The fact which he had demonstrated of the jar, Professor Henry afterward proved to be true of thunder-clouds. These stand to the earth beneath them in the relation of the coatings of the jar, the stratum of air between being the insulating medium. When the insulation is broken through, the lightning flash which follows is multiple and oscillating, presenting on a grand scale an analogy to the discharge of the jar.

The duration of flashes of lightning, as

well as of the spark from the jar, has been the subject of interesting investigations by Professor Rood, in which he has succeeded in measuring more minute intervals of time than have ever before been made the subject of exact determination. By his methods, which appear to be quite unexceptionable, it is proved that a jar of small surface discharges itself in a space of time not greater than forty one-billionths of a second; and that its light, though of inconceivably brief duration, makes surrounding objects perfectly visible. As there is reason to believe that this time is at least tenfold greater than is necessary to impress the retina, it follows that the perfect sensation of vision may be excited in an interval as brief as four one-billionths of a second. The duration of lightning flashes is much greater. Besides investigating the form and nature of the spark by optical methods, as already mentioned, Professor Rood has employed photography in the same research, and has demonstrated marked differences between the positive and negative sparks, as well as between the sparks obtained through the jar from the induction coil and from the common frictional machine.

In thermo-electricity not much has been done by American investigators. In 1840 Dr. J. W. Draper published a memoir on the electro-motive power of heat, with descriptions of improved thermo-electrical couples. A pretty effective thermo-electric battery has been constructed by Mr. Farmer, of Boston, thirty-six elements of which are about equivalent to one of Grove's nitric acid elements. Professor Rood has made an interesting application of a thermo-electrical couple to the determination of the heat produced by percussion when the mechanical force exerted is very small. He has been able thus to demonstrate that in the fall of a weight of a single pound through trivial heights, varying from one to five inches, the amount of heat generated is measurable, and is directly as the amount of living force acquired by the body in falling.

CHEMISTRY.

Chemistry as a science may be said to have been the creation of the century we are reviewing. Many important facts which have now a recognized place in this science had, it is true, been previously gathered; but they were either facts of accidental discovery, or they had been discovered in the course of investigations guided by no intelligent theory. The doctrine of phlogiston, introduced early in the eighteenth century by Stahl, though now usually spoken of as a reproach to the science of that age, was really a step of progress, for it was part of a system which proposed to ascertain by experimental research the elementary composition of natural bodies. But it is also true that the overthrow of that doctrine by Lavoisier, near the end of the same century, forms the epoch from which modern chemistry in a proper sense takes its rise. The contemporaries of this great philosopher, Black, Cavendish, and Priestley in England, Scheele in Sweden, and Wenzel in Saxony, contributed largely by their discoveries, and by their researches on heat and on the laws of chemical affinity, to build up the new science on a rational basis. The doctrine of definite proportions, which had been already substantially established by the labors of Higgins, Proust, and Richter, was formally announced by Dalton in his atomic theory, taught as early as 1804 and published in 1808. The question whether there does not exist, also, a law of definite proportion between the combining or equivalent weights of the different bodies called elementary, was naturally suggested as a consequence of this discovery. When the numbers are compared with the assumption of any particular equivalent weight as unity, while the results are in many cases integral, there remain always some which continue to be fractional. A comparatively recent and laborious investigation of this subject, however, by Dumas, has led to the result that when a unit is adopted which is equal to one-fourth of the equivalent weight of hydrogen, all the numbers are integral. It is, therefore, a view not without plausibility, entertained by some chemists at present, that all the bodies commonly called elementary may be compounds; and even that, on a complete decomposition of them all, there might remain but a single elementary substance. The power of heat, when sufficiently exalted in temperature, to break up all known chemical compounds, has been fully established of late years by Henri St. Clair Deville; and spectroscopic observation has shown that many substances exist as vapors in the sun and the stars which no degree of heat which we can artificially produce upon the earth is competent to vaporize. It is therefore not unreasonable to presume that, if there is such a primitive elementary matter as is above supposed, it may be set free in the intense heat of the self-luminous celestial bodies. And it is an interesting fact that, in the spectroscopic examination of the envelopes of the sun, there are detected lines which belong to no element known upon our planet, and which seem also to indicate the presence of a substance lighter than hydrogen.

Organic chemistry, or the chemistry of animal and vegetable compounds, became early a distinct department of the science. The study of organized bodies led to the discovery of *series*, in which a number of bodies differ from each other only in the number of times a simpler definite combination is repeated in their formulæ. This

discovery was first distinctly announced by Dr. James Shiel, of St. Louis, Missouri. In this same study also was found the conception of types, in which one element may be replaced by another—a conception which lies at the foundation of the chemical science of the present day. This conception, originated by Dumas, and followed up and developed by Laurent and Gerhardt, was first reduced to its most simple and satisfactory form of expression by Professor T. Sterry Hunt, now of Boston, who so early as 1848 demonstrated that all the various saline forms are reducible to two, the types of which are seen in water, and in hydrogen with the equivalent doubled. In a series of papers published subsequently at intervals, Professor Hunt further applied these views and extended them to embrace the multiple or condensed types afterward adopted by Williamson and Gerhardt, to whom the entire credit of these important generalizations has been often ascribed in foreign publications.

So wide is the field covered by the science of chemistry, and so rapid has been the growth of the science during the last half century, that any attempt in the brief space at our disposal to do justice to the numerous laborers to whose activity this great progress is due, would be vain. In this department of science our country has produced a larger number of active investigators than in any other, and of these also a larger proportion have become honorably eminent. We must content ourselves in this place with mentioning a few only of the names which have become worthily identified with the history of American chemistry. Among the early teachers of this science in our country who, without engaging largely in original research, did good service in their enlightened defense of the doctrines of the new school of Lavoisier, may be fitly mentioned Dr. John Maclean, of Princeton College (elected 1795), Dr. Benjamin Rush, of the University of Pennsylvania (1769), Dr. James Woodhouse, of the same institution (1795), and Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, of Columbia College, New York (1792). Both Dr. Woodhouse and Dr. Mitchill published somewhat largely upon chemical topics. Dr. Mitchill was a man of exceptionally varied attainments, but his favorite studies were in natural history, especially in zoology, in which he was long regarded as the highest authority in the United States.

In 1801 there was read before the Chemical Society of Philadelphia a memoir "On the Supply and Application of the Blow-Pipe," by a young man of twenty years of age, destined subsequently to attain a high celebrity—Robert Hare. In this was described the apparatus long known as "Hare's compound blow-pipe," and more recently as the oxyhydrogen blow-pipe, the most powerful means yet known for generating artificial heat. The apparatus referred to was not so much an invention, in the ordinary sense of the word, as a logical deduction from a consideration of the conditions necessary to secure the maximum effect from a given amount of heat generated. Lavoisier and others had obtained remarkable effects by directing a stream of oxygen upon ignited carbon. In this case, however, though the body to be operated on was raised to a very high temperature on the side which rested on the carbon support, this temperature did not reach the upper surface, and the fusion or volatilization attempted was only partially accomplished. Mr. Hare reflected that this difficulty might be got over if some means could be discovered of "clothing the upper surface with some burning matter the heat of which might be equal to that of the incandescent carbon." It soon occurred to him that a flame produced by the combustion of the oxygen and hydrogen gases ought, "according to the theory of the French chemists" (for this was in advance of any demonstration), to be attended with a higher heat than even that generated by the combustion of carbon. But it was known that a mixture of oxygen and hydrogen in proper proportion to produce a complete combustion is dangerously explosive, and in order to attain the end in view some means of creating the flame had to be devised which should be free from this danger. The expedient actually adopted—that of storing the gases in separate vessels and bringing them together by tubes which meet at the point of ignition—seems simple enough now; but that it was not so obvious as it seems is made evident by the fact that, some fifteen years later, Dr. E. D. Clarke, Professor of Mineralogy in Cambridge, England, introduced and employed an oxyhydrogen blow-pipe in which the gases were mingled in explosive proportions in the same vessel. If Dr. Clarke, in 1816, knew nothing of what Hare had done in 1802, and had described in the same year in *Tilloch's Philosophical Magazine*, the construction he gave his apparatus proves that the artifice by which the original inventor provided against the possibility of explosion was one which would not readily occur to any but an ingenious mind. If he did possess a previous knowledge of the invention of Hare, his silence in his own paper in regard to it admits of no honorable explanation. The blow-pipe was but one of Dr. Hare's very numerous contributions to the instrumental means of chemical investigation, but we have room for the mention of no other.

Professor Benjamin Silliman, the elder, Professor of Chemistry in Yale College

(elected 1802), continued for a long series of years to occupy a very conspicuous position in the world of American science. Though he published a large number of papers on chemical topics, as well as a voluminous systematic treatise on the general subject, his early acquired reputation rested in great measure on his eloquent and forceful presentation of the truths of science to his numerous classes and to popular audiences. The monument which will speak most enduringly of his labors, however, is undoubtedly the *Journal of Science*, one of the most powerful stimulants of the scientific spirit which has existed among us, established by him when this spirit was at a low ebb, and maintained by him almost single-handed for years under discouragements against which few would have had the energy to persevere.

Dr. Samuel Guthrie, of Sackett's Harbor, New York, deserves mention here as the discoverer of the very remarkable anæsthetic compound known as chloroform. It is a little curious that the same discovery was made about the same time by Soubeiran, a French chemist, and that both discoverers were similarly mistaken as to its nature, and both called it chloric ether. Soubeiran published his discovery in February, 1831, and Guthrie his in January, 1832. It was not till 1834 that the true constitution of the substance was understood, when it was analyzed by Dumas, who gave it the name it has since borne.

The numerous and important contributions of Dr. John W. Draper to physical science have been already mentioned. His chemical researches are scarcely less original, though many of them occupy the border region between physics and chemistry. The most noticeable are his ingenious experiments and deductions on osmosis, and on interstitial movements taking place among the molecules of a solid, as in cases of alloys in which the adulterating metals make their way to the surface. Also his beautiful and sensitive photometric apparatus, called by him originally the tithometer, in which chlorine and hydrogen are mingled in combining proportions. In absolute darkness the gases remain free, but on exposure to light they combine with a rapidity dependent on the intensity. One of his later publications is his treatise on *Human Physiology*, which discusses with much originality questions concerning the chemistry of animal life, as well as the chemical and physical functions of the various organs of the body.

Dr. William B. Rogers, of Boston, has published many chemical papers, some of them of special interest. One of these embraces the discovery that the thermal springs of Virginia contain free nitrogen in large proportion, exceeding in quantity the carbonic acid and the hydrogen sulphide. Another describes a method of determining carbon in graphite, which is still one of the best methods of effecting the same determination in the analysis of cast iron.

Dr. Charles T. Jackson, of Boston, has been one of the most active investigators the country has produced. His chemical and geological papers number nearly seventy. What has given him probably a wider reputation than any other of his discoveries has been the efficacy of ether to produce anæsthesia. For this he has been made the recipient of honorable decorations from many European governments, yet his title to the credit attributed to him has been contested by two of his countrymen, both now deceased—Dr. W. T. G. Morton, of Boston, and Dr. Horace Wells, of Hartford.

Dr. James Blake, of San Francisco, is noticeable for his interesting researches in physiological chemistry made by experiments on the living subject. Two of his conclusions are striking: first, that the character of the changes produced in living matter by inorganic compounds depends more on the physical properties of the reagent than on the chemical; and second, that the action of such compounds on living matter appears not to be related to the changes which they produce in the same substances when not living.

Dr. Wolcott Gibbs, now Rumford Professor of the Applications of Science in Harvard University, commenced his career as an investigator while an under-graduate in Columbia College, in 1840, in a description of a new form of magneto-electric machine, and an account of a carbon voltaic battery. This, it will be perceived, was earlier than the date of Bunsen's carbon battery. The contributions of Dr. Gibbs both to chemistry and to physics have been very numerous. The more important relating to chemistry are, "New General Methods of Chemical Analysis," "Theory of Polybasic Acids," "Researches on the Platinum Metals," and, in association with Professor Genth, "Researches on the Ammonio-Cobalt Bases"—a memoir which occupied the authors several years, and is more full of new results than any chemical research before undertaken in this country. This was published in 1857 among the *Smithsonian Contributions to Knowledge*.

Dr. Gibbs has recently announced the empirical discovery of a new optical constant, which may possibly prove to be an important contribution to the resources of the analytic chemist. The number of interference bands produced in the spectrum between two given wave lengths by the partial interception of the light falling on the prism by any transparent substance is different for different substances, and for the same substance diminishes as the density

diminishes with increase of temperature. For any given substance, therefore, and for a constant thickness, the actual number of bands produced, divided by the density, gives a sensibly constant quotient; and this quotient is called by Dr. Gibbs the interferential constant. Its value in mixtures is a function of the values belonging to the components, and in compounds a function, apparently, of those of the molecular constituents; hence its probable usefulness in the operations of analysis.

Professor Frederick A. Genth, of the University of Pennsylvania, a native of Germany, was a chemist of distinction before coming to this country. The first ammonio-cobalt bases were discovered by him in 1846. As an analytic chemist he is without a superior. His chemical labors of recent years have been chiefly contributions to the chemical constitution of minerals.

Dr. J. Lawrence Smith, of Louisville, is the author of many valuable researches in chemistry and mineralogy. In 1850 he addressed an important memoir to the Academy of Sciences of Paris on the geology, mineralogy, and chemical history of emery, prepared after a thorough examination of the emery deposits of Asia Minor. This subject had been previously but little understood, and the memoir was received with marks of high approbation. Dr. Smith has made larger investigations upon the physical and chemical constitution of meteorites than any other American chemist. Of his very numerous scientific papers he has recently collected and published forty-seven in a volume.

Professor T. Sterry Hunt, whose name has been already mentioned, has been the most active contributor to theoretic chemistry in the United States. The credit due to him in the construction of the theory of types has been already mentioned. His various memoirs on chemical geology published from 1859 to 1870 have made him, perhaps, the highest living authority upon that subject. In fertility he is unrivaled, having within the last thirty years produced between one hundred and fifty and two hundred scientific papers, many of them elaborate.

Dr. J. P. Cooke, of Harvard University, is another of our prominent chemists whose labors have done much to advance theoretical chemistry. He is the author of *Chemical Physics* and *First Principles of Chemical Philosophy*, both of them profound and admirable expositions of theory, and of other publications of less extent, exhibiting great originality. One of these, a memoir on the numerical relations between atomic weights, and the classification of the chemical elements, elicited expressions of high commendation from Sir John Herschel before the British Association for the Advancement of Science.

The applications of chemistry to the arts are too various, too large, and too multiplied to admit of enumeration here. There is scarcely a department of industry into which they do not enter; while, on the other hand, there are many industries which, without this science, could not exist at all. In the words of Dr. J. Lawrence Smith at the Priestley centennial, "Industrial chemistry links itself with every modern art in such an intimate manner that were we to take away the influence and results of chemistry, it would be almost like taking away the laws of gravity from the universe; industrial chaos would result in one case, as material chaos would in the other." In some instances chemistry has rendered to industry a reduplicated aid—first, by creating or by greatly improving the industry itself; and secondly, by providing in wonderfully increased abundance or at wonderfully diminished expense the material on which or through which the industry is exercised. For instance, the manufactures of glass, of soap, and of textile fabrics, while indebted in a variety of ways unnecessary to specify to chemical science, are largely dependent upon a particular chemical product, the carbonate of soda, commonly called in commerce soda-ash. By the substitution, early in this century, of the manufactured carbonate, derived by a chemical process from common salt, instead of the natural sub stance previously obtained from sea-weed, the price was reduced to the tenth or twelfth part of what it had been before. By a new and more recently invented process this cost is likely to be reduced still lower. Again, in the manufacture of paper, to which chemistry has in various ways contributed, great embarrassments have in later years been experienced in consequence of the growth of a demand outrunning the supply of the substances out of which paper is made. Chemistry has done much to meet this demand by rendering available vast masses of rags which from discoloration had been previously unavailable, and by converting the fibre of various kinds of wood and grasses into suitable material for the same manufacture. Early in this century the process of bleaching linens occupied many months, and was attended with much labor, and some hazard of loss from mildew. Chemistry has made this a process occupying at present but a few hours. To every department of metallurgy chemistry has largely contributed, as is illustrated by the Bessemer process for steel, and in nearly every economical process in use for the precious metals. To the dyer's art a whole series of the most brilliant colors has been supplied, rivaling and often surpassing the rarest and most costly of those which have been hitherto only obtainable from natural sources. To the miner and the engineer have been

furnished, in gun-cotton, nitro-glycerine, dynamite, and other explosive compounds, sources of resistless energy to aid in the prosecution of their often gigantic undertakings. The sources of artificial illumination at present in general use—viz., kerosene, stearine, paraffine, and coal gas—are the gifts exclusively of chemistry to the common uses of life. Fifty years ago the substance known as India rubber had no use but that which its name implies, to efface the marks of the draughtsman's pencil. At present, under the transformations given to it by chemistry, it enters into a larger variety of manufactures than almost any other material, except wood and a few of the metals.

The benefits rendered to the science of medicine by chemical discovery and chemical art are beyond calculation. An entirely new pharmacopœia has been created by it, in which the active principles of the drugs known to the old have been separated from the masses of inert matter with which they are naturally combined; and to these, new compounds have been added of an efficacy in assuaging pain or subduing disease surpassing all former experience. Of the wonderful variety of exquisite perfumes now offered to the choice of the fashionable world, only a very limited number are any longer sought from natural sources. Most are artificial products, in which chemical art has outdone nature. The numerous delicious preparations by which the confectioner succeeds in delighting the palates of the lovers of sweet things are due to a similar origin. Of the different descriptions of strong liquors, of which, to the misfortune of mankind, so incredible quantities are annually consumed as beverages, under the names of rum, gin, choice brandies, superior old Bourbon, Monongahela, etc., probably half or more than half the quantities sold are merely dilute solutions of alcohol, to which chemically prepared essential oils and chemically prepared sugars have communicated so perfectly the odors, flavors, and colors of the liquor imitated, as to defy detection by the most practiced dealer or drinker. In this case it is some compensation to be able to say that the chemical substances employed are entirely innocent, and that the liquors so manufactured, contrary to the popular impression, have nothing in them more noxious than the alcohol they contain; which, however, is just as noxious in the genuine liquors of the same name. Some of the gifts of chemistry to the ordinary uses of life have been so long and so constantly familiar that we habitually forget the source to which we owe them. The adhesive stamp, the gun-cap, the lucifer-match, are used daily and hourly by multitudes to whom it never for a moment occurs that science has had any thing to do with their production. And thus it happens, not only in small things but in great, that precisely in the points in which science has been most serviceable to mankind, her services, for the very reason that they are most constantly in sight, cease to be regarded as services, but are habitually confounded in the common mind with the things which come into existence in the ordinary course of nature's operations.

In closing this cursory sketch of a century's progress in science, a word may not be out of place as to the effect of this progress on the mental characteristics of the race. It is certain that not only has increase of knowledge largely modified prevalent popular opinions in regard to natural phenomena, but also that the modes by which knowledge has been increased have still more largely modified the spirit in which every new question is received which addresses the popular judgment. Even the less educated in enlightened lands no longer tremble at the advent of a comet, or imagine human destinies to be controlled by the stars, or see a mischievous sprite in the Will-o'-the-wisp, or conceive it possible for man by magical arts to subvert the ordinary course of nature. One by one those mysteries in natural things which to the common mind have heretofore from the foundation of the world been associated with the supernatural, have resolved themselves, under the scrutiny of scientific investigation, into their simple natural causes. The rainbow, the lightning, the tempest, the earthquake, the volcano, the aurora borealis, the star-shower, and even the rarer and more startling phenomenon, the shower of seeming blood, by which whole provinces have been occasionally appalled, are no longer regarded as evidences of the arbitrary interposition of invisible agencies, and no longer afford cause for either alarm or encouragement. It is a dogma of modern science that all the phenomena of the natural world, without exception, are subject to unalterable law; and accordingly that mysteries, wherever they still exist, are only evidences of our still existing ignorance. Standing upon this law, the investigator accepts no solution of a difficulty which does not clearly associate the observed effect with its efficient cause. For him authority has no weight whatever. He demands incontrovertible proof for every proposition advanced. The scientific spirit is, therefore, not a spirit of respect for traditions as traditions. It respects them only for the truth they contain. Its motto is, Prove all things —hold fast that which is good.

This spirit, which has been always that of the true investigators of nature, has in past centuries been confined almost exclusively to those who were immediately engaged in such investigation. The popular

spirit has been directly opposed to it, even up to the point of hostility and bitterness; so that any man who, like Albertus Magnus, or Roger Bacon, or Baptista Porta, allowed himself to seek for natural causes in natural things, drew upon himself the dangerous suspicion of dealing with spirits of darkness. Those were ages in which authority was all in all; in our own, this matter is entirely reversed, and authority has ceased to be any thing.

The effect of this change is especially noticeable in the discussion of questions which concern education. The ancient learning is no longer respected because it is ancient. Rather, on the contrary, its claim to precedence as the basis of the highest education is prejudiced by the consideration that it was the only learning of the age which gave it such prominence. Larger space is naturally demanded for that new knowledge which is the growth of our own time, and is based on positive demonstration—knowledge which reveals to us the natural laws under the rigorous rule of which we are compelled to live, and which it concerns the immediate welfare of every individual to know. Hence the growing favor for what in recent years has received the name of "the new education." It is a demand that of the three elements, the good, the true, and the beautiful, the second shall have as full a recognition as the other two.

The same effect may be observed in the discussion of religious questions. The basis of belief is investigated with a freedom unknown to other centuries. This is not merely the prompting of a skeptical spirit. If the unbeliever would discredit revelation, the believer no less desires to give a reason for the faith that is in him. There is no ground for the imputation which we hear occasionally expressed, that science is hostile to religion, or that infidelity is more rife in the present age than in the last. Modern science hardly existed when the French Republic, "one and indivisible," abolished religion by public decree. The thing which is true is that the infidelity of our time is open in its utterance, while that of other periods has been restrained by fear of penalties both judicial and social. It is in the nature of things impossible that science and religion should be in conflict, since truth, which is the aim of the one, is also the substance of the other, and truth can never be inconsistent with itself.

A failure to recognize this simple principle has operated more powerfully than any other cause to retard the progress of the world's enlightenment; and it must be counted as the largest service of modern science that it has burst at length the shackles by which human thought has been held for centuries in bondage.

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II.—NATURAL SCIENCE.

AT the commencement of the century which is distinguished by the existence of the United States of America as an independent nation, students of nature had regard almost alone to "natural history," or the observation and description of what in nature immediately appealed to their senses.

At the present time the "natural sciences" are acknowledged constituents of general science, that great superstructure which enables us by a long-established series of observations and assured deductions to predicate the nature of the unseen from what has been observed, and to throw into a few terse general propositions and principles the results of all our studies.

How the several branches of natural history have grown and developed into the natural sciences, and what quota America has contributed to this progress, will be the subject of inquiry in this chapter.

The distinction just indicated between the stages of our knowledge of natural objects in times past and present is exemplified in the relations of the several branches to schemes of classification of general knowledge. In the celebrated synopsis of Bacon, in which the triple division is based on the faculties which are called into activity in the consideration of the various branches, "natural history" is placed with "civil history" as a branch wherein "memory" is chiefly demanded, while the "mathematical sciences" belong to the domain over which "reason" presides—"philosophy." Such was in his time and long afterward, and, in fact, until this century had well advanced, to some extent a true exhibit of the facts and the mode of study of nature. Natural history was, indeed, a mere record of empirical observations and of the crude impressions produced on the senses. The chief aim of the naturalist was then to know the name of a given species, and only long afterward did the name become of secondary importance, and simply a means toward an end, that end being the knowledge of the relations of the forms in question to others, and, *a posteriori*, to the economy and plan of nature.

FIRST STEPS.

It was in 1766 that Linnæus published his last edition of the *Systema Naturæ;* in the earlier editions of that celebrated work he had, in intention at least, incorporated all the species of animals, plants, and minerals which had been made known in a recognizable manner by his predecessors and contemporaries, and, in this final edition published during his lifetime, he had systematically applied the binomial method of nomenclature, which has been so powerful an auxiliary as a method of notation to the naturalist; he also revised, and in a num-

ber of cases very materially modified, the arrangement adopted in the previous editions of his work, and he added the species in each department of nature which had in the mean while been described. This, therefore, will furnish a fitting starting-point for our inquiries in each case; and this work, be it observed, was almost the last in which a single naturalist attempted to cover the whole domain of nature, and to recapitulate all known species. The impulse which had been given to the cultivation of natural history, and the zeal with which travelers collected, as well as the researches of the European colonists in the lands of their adoption, soon increased the numbers of species to such an extent that their survey by one man became impossible.

The species of animals and plants—especially the former—known to Linnæus from America, or at least from the limits of the present United States, were comparatively few. It is true that in numerous works devoted to the description of the country or its several parts the characteristic species were enumerated, and even alleged lists of species were published; but in few cases were they scientifically or at all intelligibly described: in default of specimens, therefore, they could not be incorporated in the *Systema Naturæ*. Linnæus was consequently confined in his work to the descriptions or identifications of the species which were in the museums or herbaria of Europe accessible to him, or which had been sent to him by American correspondents, among the most conspicuous of whom were Cadwallader Colden, of New York, and Alexander Garden, of South Carolina. A student of his own, the afterward well-known Kalm, in 1747 and 1748 visited this country and collected especially the plants. The comparative facilities then enjoyed for the manipulation of plants, the tastes of his correspondents, and, indeed, Linnæus's own greater familiarity with the vegetable kingdom, all tended to his acquaintance with our plants rather than animals, and consequently while the number of species of the former attributed by him to North America was considerable, that of the latter was small.

SOCIETIES AND LOCAL DEVELOPMENT.

Although after Linnæus equal individual attention to the several branches became rare, societies devoted to the cultivation of all in common originated, and several of them exercised a notable influence on the development of science in its various branches, either being called into existence in response to an active want for the means of expression for individuals, or being themselves the agents for eliciting communications which might otherwise have never been made known; these, therefore, always demand special notice in a history of science.

The earliest of such societies, founded when the States were yet colonies of Britain—the American Philosophical Society for promoting useful knowledge, held at Philadelphia—was originated by Franklin and some companions as early as 1743; its first volume of Transactions was published in 1771. The American Academy of Arts and Sciences was next established, in 1780, at Boston, and published the first volume of its Memoirs in 1785. Both these societies contributed much in their youth (as they still do) to the cultivation of the natural sciences, and various articles on animals, plants, and minerals were published in their serial volumes. Before the close of the eighteenth century (1799) another society—the Connecticut Academy of Arts and Sciences—was founded at New Haven, but after the publication of one volume languished, or was entirely inactive, till after the establishment of the Sheffield Scientific School, when it awoke to active life, and has since (1866–75) published many excellent memoirs. In 1814 there was founded in New York a society whose existence was ephemeral, but which played a notable part in American science; this association was the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York. In 1815 it published a large quarto volume of Transactions, which contained memoirs by Dr. Samuel L. Mitchill, Governor De Witt Clinton, Dr. David Hosack, and others less known, but the principal article was by Dr. Mitchill, and was a monograph of the fishes of the State, illustrated by six plates, containing sixty figures. For years afterward the society was inactive, and after publishing the first part of a second volume in 1825, dissolved. The year 1814 saw also the birth of a society destined to have an extraordinary connection with the growth of science in the United States generally—the Academy of Natural Sciences of Philadelphia. This body commenced the publication of a Journal in May, 1817, and in this first volume, as well as in all the succeeding ones, were published some of the most important papers on the animals, plants, and minerals of the country. A very considerable portion of our most familiar species of animals was, in fact, first made known in that journal, and in the earlier volumes Say and Lesueur published their classical memoirs. In 1818 the Lyceum of Natural History in the city of New York was organized, and a new impetus was given to the cultivation in that city of the natural sciences, and Mitchill, Leconte, Cooper, De Kay, and others contributed numerous articles to the pages of its Annals. Next, in 1834, the Boston Society of Natural History was established, and soon popularized in the city of its

home the several subjects of its preference, which till then had received comparatively little attention. Finally were successively established in Albany, San Francisco, St. Louis, Chicago, Buffalo, Washington, and other cities, active societies devoted to science in several or all of its branches, which have in each case exercised a healthy influence in their several spheres.

All the societies specially noticed have not only continued to live, but are more active now than ever. Their inception coincided with the awakened activity in the several cities where they are located, and thus mark distinct epochs of progress.

Besides these local societies, two national ones, the American Association for the Advancement of Science and the National Academy of Sciences, have accomplished important results. The Smithsonian Institution, established at Washington in 1846, by its policy of facilitating intercommunication between the learned societies and individuals of this and other countries, of seconding the efforts of investigators by collection of materials and publishing the results of such investigations, and in other ways, greatly increased the means for the pursuit of the natural as well as mathematical sciences. To a large extent, too, it has been intrusted by the government of the nation with a superintendence of scientific exploration, and has done much thus to direct expenditure for such purposes in a proper channel.

In this connection may be fitly noticed a journal which is not the organ of any society, but which has, perhaps, exerted more influence on the progress of science in this country than any other. This is the *American Journal of Science and Arts*, commenced by the elder Silliman in 1818 in New Haven, and uninterruptedly continued there to the present time by him or members of his family. Its pages are replete with original and copied articles on the natural as well as the other sciences, and furnish in themselves an epitome of the progress of science in America.

GENERAL EXPLORATIONS.

The general government early adopted the policy of sending, from time to time, expeditions to the comparatively unknown portions of the country for their exploration, and with these in many cases naturalists were connected. Only those most notable from a scientific point of view can be referred to. In 1804–6 Lewis and Clarke traversed the continent, and more or less intelligibly indicated previously undescribed species of animals from the far West, which were subsequently incorporated by Ord, Rafinesque, and others into the zoological system. In 1819–20 S. H. Long (then major) conducted an expedition to the Rocky Mountains, of which Edwin James was the historian (1823), and also detailed the geology and botany, while Say described the new animals, and Torrey enumerated the plants. In 1848, and again in 1852–53, Fremont led expeditions across the continent, and brought back new riches in botany and geology. In 1849 and 1850 Stansbury explored the Great Salt Lake basin; in 1852 Sitgreaves the Zuni and Colorado rivers; and, also in 1852, Marcy the Red River of Louisiana. All of these expeditions were accompanied by energetic collectors, who brought back from the regions in question, whose natural history had been previously almost unknown, many new species, which were described and illustrated by naturalists mostly within the walls of the Smithsonian Institution. In 1854–56 General Emory (then major of cavalry) and Señor Salazar, as commissioners of their respective governments, surveyed and determined on the boundary line between the United States and Mexico. The United States commission was accompanied by a corps of scientists; and the report, published in 1857–59, contained most valuable contributions, richly illustrated, on the zoology, botany, paleontology, and geology of the country surveyed.

But all these must yield in importance to the several expeditions which were sent out by the War Department, under the auspices of the Bureau of Topographical Engineers, for "explorations and surveys to ascertain the most practicable and economical route for a railroad from the Mississippi River to the Pacific Ocean." These expeditions were mostly prosecuted from 1853 to 1856, and were conducted nearly on the parallels of latitude: (1) the 47th; (2) the 38th and 39th; (3) the 35th; (4) the California line; (5) the 32d, (6) under Parke, and (7) under Pope; and (8) the California and Oregon line. All these parties had naturalists attached, and as the natural history of the Pacific slope was almost unknown, a very large proportion of the species brought home for examination were new. These were reported upon by the naturalists of the surveys, but more fully elaborated by Professor S. F. Baird and Dr. Charles Girard. The results were published under a common title in a uniform series of twelve volumes in quarto. Professor Baird undertook the great task of revising, in connection with the new forms studied by himself, all the existing material from every part of North America. The fruits of his researches were issued in two very large volumes, respectively describing the mammals and birds of North America, in which the species were subjected to a critical examination; and for the first time those classes were completely and systematically exhibited according to their affinities, detailed descriptions given of all the species

and successively including groups, and clear synoptical tables added. The fishes collected by the expeditions were elucidated chiefly by Girard and Suckley. Plates were published of the reptiles, under the direction of Baird; the coleoptera were partially reported upon by Leconte, and the mollusca by Cooper; the plants were catalogued and described by Torrey, Gray, Engelmann, Newberry, and others; the paleontology was investigated by Hall, Conrad, Agassiz, etc.; and the geology by the several geologists of the survey.

Two other surveys undertaken by the Bureau of Engineers should be noticed in this connection. One was the United States geological survey of the 40th parallel, prosecuted under the charge of Mr. Clarence King in 1867, 1868, and 1869; the other a geographical and topographical survey of certain of the Western and Southern Territories, under Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, still in progress. Both have done much for the furtherance of our knowledge of the zoology and botany, as well as the topography and geology, of the sections explored.

Under the Department of the Interior a geological and geographical survey also originated in 1869, and gradually developed into importance, under the charge of Dr. F. V. Hayden; and recently a second division of the same, with Professor J. W. Powell at its head, has been added to it. These vie with the other surveys in adding information respecting the physical geography and life, past and present, of the Territories under the government.

The geological survey of the State of California, under the superintendence of Professor W. D. Whitney (1861–74), also merits special notice on account of the completeness of its organization and the ability of execution of the work undertaken.

While the knowledge of the natural history of our country was being thus made known, that of foreign lands likewise received attention from American naturalists. During the years 1838–48 an exploring expedition was engaged, under the command of Admiral (then Captain) Wilkes, in a voyage of circumnavigation, and in the course of its long cruise visited several countries whose natural productions and features were almost or wholly unknown. The expedition was accompanied by several energetic and accomplished naturalists, chief of whom in labors was the versatile Dana. The results of these explorations were most satisfactory, numerous new species were collected, and the publications on the collections were, as a whole, in the highest degree creditable to American science. The mammals and birds were reported on by Peale and Cassin; the reptiles, by Girard; the mollusks, by Gould; the crustaceans and zoophytes, by Dana; the botany, by Torrey, Gray, Eaton, etc.; and the geology of the countries visited, by Dana. The most noteworthy of these were the volumes on crustaceans and polyps, wherein the classification of those animals was entirely revised, and a great mass of new material added.

In the years 1849–52 a "United States Naval Astronomical Expedition to the Southern Hemisphere" was for the most part stationed in Chili, and the commander thereof (Captain J. M. Gilliss) and his assistants paid zealous attention to the natural history of the regions traversed. Collections were made in the various departments, and on the return of the expedition were studied by Baird, Cassin, Girard, Gould, Gray, Wyman, Conrad, J. Lawrence Smith, etc. The collection richest in new forms was of the class of fishes, of which some remarkable new types were described by Girard.

An expedition which was excelled by none, if it did not, indeed, surpass all, in the collections amassed sailed from New York in 1853 for the Northern Pacific, and for about four years cruised in all the great seas, at first under the command of Captain Ringgold, and afterward under Captain Rodgers. In this expedition Mr. Wright was attached as botanist, and Mr. Stimpson as zoologist. The collections made, especially in the department of zoology, were very large. Mr. Stimpson for the first time dredged in many of the harbors visited, and the results, as might be expected, were very rich. Numerous remarkable types of marine as well as other animals were thus discovered. These were partially described in preliminary reports by Stimpson, Cassin, Hallowell, Cope, and Gill, but the final reports were never published, and several of them, with the original illustrations, were consumed in the great fire which destroyed Chicago, and the loss thus incurred is irretrievable.

Such are the principal explorations which have been instrumental in the extension of our knowledge of nature. Numerous others have concurred, but limited space forbids any mention of them. We may now best inquire how each department has been forwarded by American naturalists, commencing with the most simple, and advancing to the most complex.

MINERALOGY.

Linnæus applied the same system of nomenclature to the mineral kingdom, or *lapideum regnum*, as he did to the animal and vegetable, dividing it into three "classes"—*petræ*, or stones; *minerœ*, or minerals; *fossilia*, or fossils; and this exposition alone will give a good idea of the imperfect conception then entertained of the relations of those objects, and especially of the last. Chemistry and crystallography were almost ignored, or made use of in a very crude manner. More than any of his predecessors, however, Lin-

næus availed himself of the crystallographic characters of minerals in their diagnoses; but their action when subject to friction, fire, and acids was the chief means of determination used. Linnæus was, however, much surpassed as a mineralogist by contemporary investigators, and the status of mineralogy became rapidly improved by the discoveries of chemists, physicists, and crystallographers, and it had assumed the dignity of a science before any native Americans applied themselves with intelligent zeal to the study.

It is true that the occurrences at various places of certain minerals and peculiar conditions of some were noted from time to time, but nothing which deserves special notice was published for a long time. A journal professedly devoted to mineralogy, the *American Mineralogical Journal*, was, indeed, commenced by A. Bruce, but was discontinued with the first volume. In 1816, however, Professor Parker Cleveland published *An Elementary Treatise on Mineralogy and Geology*, whose science was respectable for its day, and gained a demand for a second edition in 1822. In 1832 appeared the first, and in 1835 the second, parts of Shepard's *Treatise on Mineralogy*. This was soon succeeded by a work which was destined to become the *opus magnum* of the science, *A System of Mineralogy*, by James D. Dana. It has passed through five entirely revised editions, and several are, to all intents and purposes, distinct works, and fairly exemplify the several stages of science. In the first (1837) the system of nomenclature introduced by Linnæus was retained, and a modification of the so-called natural classification by Mohs, proposed several years previously (in 1833), was adopted. This system was based chiefly on the consideration of the superficial characters of the minerals, but which were claimed to be true coordinates of the chemical, upon the superior value of which many mineralogists had already insisted. In the second edition (1844) the same system of classification, with some modifications, was retained, but another, "placing the minerals under the principal element in their composition," was added. In the third edition (1850) the old system of nomenclature and classification was discarded, and the author adopted a provisional system in which the chemical constitution of the mineral was taken more cognizance of, the chief aim, however, being to "serve the convenience of the student for easy reference and for the study of mineralogy in its economical bearings, while at the same time it should exhibit many natural relations, and inculcate no false applications or distinctions of species." A more rigid chemical classification, in which the Berzelian method was coupled with crystallography, was appended. In the fourth edition (1854) the arrangement appended in the previous, amplified and corrected, was adopted as the regular system. In the fifth and last (1868) the same method was essentially retained, and in obedience to the necessities imposed by the more detailed study of the subject, and to show the proper subordination of the several characteristics, varieties were recognized.

In the course of time the demands on the other branches of science in behalf of mineralogy had become greater and greater. As we have seen, originally mineralogy was simply the art of identifying mineral forms by reference to their superficial physical characteristics. Gradually the chemist was called upon to tell the constitutions thereof; the crystallographer and mathematician to define and classify their forms; the physicist to answer various questions as to characteristics; the spectroscopist to aid the chemist. Finally the chemist was accorded the rank of prime arbiter, and in most cases his judgment is now accepted as final. In each of these departments America has had and still has most distinguished investigators. Dana's work stands *facile princeps* among mineralogical text-books, and is a true "manual" in the Old World as well as in the New. He ranks pre-eminent in the special department of crystallography. In chemical mineralogy there have been many successful students, chief of whom are T. Sterry Hunt, George J. Brush, F. A. Genth, C. M. Shepard, and B. Silliman. A son of Professor Dana (Mr. E. S. Dana) has, with scarcely unequal skill, begun to continue the work so well commenced by the father, and has been paying especial attention to the physical characters of minerals.

BOTANY.

Devotion to plants has been a favorite source of enjoyment to man. The attractiveness of the objects, the positiveness and superficial concentration of characters, and the ease of preserving have all tended to this bias. As a natural result, to a certain extent the value and characteristics of plants were earlier appreciated than any other group of natural objects. Those of this country were tolerably well known at a comparatively early period. Jean Robin, a Frenchman, as early as 1620 published on the plants of old Virginia; J. Cornuti, a French physician, in 1635, on those of Canada; J. R. Forster in 1771 issued a *Flora Americæ Septentrionalis;* Cadwallader Colden, of Newburgh, New York, communicated to Linnæus a descriptive account of the plants indigenous to Orange County; Mr. Cutler in 1785 published in the Memoirs of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences a catalogue of the New England species; and numerous other works and articles of various degrees of merit were published

(some meanwhile, but especially in succeeding years), the most notable of which were the elder Michaux's *Flora Borealis Americana* (1803); Pursh's *Flora Americæ Septentrionalis* (1814); and Eaton's *Manual of Botany for the Northern and Middle States*. In all of these and the minor contemporary productions the artificial sexual system of Linnæus was adopted, and this had a wonderful hold on the affections of the older botanists. A man of remarkable versatility but disordered mind (C. S. Rafinesque), who had come to this country in 1814, had published much on botanical subjects, and had in several of his works suggested and partially carried into execution a quasi-natural scheme of classification; but his influence had no weight, and not until the end of the last half century did any one of recognized standing discard the Linnæan method. In 1823 Dr. John Torrey had published the first part of a *Flora of the Northern and Middle States*, in which he still retained the sexual system; but having become satisfied of its incongruity with the existing state of science, he discontinued the work, and immediately after applied the natural system to the classification of the plants collected on Long's expedition to the far West, and subsequently rendered it more popular by the publication of a catalogue of the North American genera, arranged in accordance with Lindley's classification (1831). Lewis Beck, in a *Botany of the United States North of Virginia*, also adopted this system. The natural system was thus fairly adopted by scientific botanists and those who appreciated the aims of science, but was long in obtaining favor with the masses. The publication of such works as the *Flora of North America*, by Torrey and Gray, in 1838–43, the *Manual of the Flora of New York*, by Torrey, in 1843, *Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States*, by Gray, in 1848, and kindred ones, however, procured its ultimate adoption even in manuals for schools and colleges.

The States of the Atlantic sea-board and the Mississippi Valley were sedulously explored by native botanists, and catalogues, and even extensive descriptive works, of the plants of many of the separate States, as well as sections, counties, and townships, were published. The expeditions that have been already alluded to in connection with natural history generally extended our knowledge of the flora of the extreme West, and the progress of botany advanced hand in hand with that of geography. Private collectors, too, devoted themselves to the search for the plants of various unexplored sections, and among these may be especially enumerated Fendler, who herborized in New Mexico; Lindheimer, who collected in Texas; Wright, Parry, and Vasey, who penetrated to divers places in the Southwestern sections and Rocky Mountains; and Rothrock, who has visited the extreme North (Alaska), and the furthest Southwest (Arizona).

The monographers of groups have also been active. Above all must be mentioned Gray, Torrey, and Engelmann, and during later years Watson, who have studied various groups of phænogams; Eaton has especially attached himself to the ferns; Sullivant and Lesquereux to the mosses; Curtis, of South Carolina, to the fungi; Tuckermann to the lichens; and lately Dr. H. Wood has monographed our fresh-water algæ, and Dr. Farlow has catalogued the marine species.

The consideration of the geographical distribution of plants has also engaged the attention of many students, and the researches of Gray demand especial notice. Pursh had as early as 1814 called attention to the similarity between the flora of North America and Northern Asia. Gray in 1846 pointed out many analogies, and in 1856 insisted on the similarity between the floras of corresponding sides of the Old and New Worlds. He also at the same time recognized that, although the number of tropical types was much greater than in the northern portion of the Old World, "the peculiar and extra-European families do not predominate nor overcome the general European aspect of our vegetation." He has more recently recognized a casual relation in this similarity, and contended that they indicated derivation from a common source.

ZOOLOGY.

Although more or less pretentious lists of the animals of North America were given in many works descriptive of the country, scarcely any are worthy of notice, and so little was known of our species that an extremely small percentage appeared in the *Systema Naturæ* of Linnæus. The field in zoology is so vast that none have in this country attempted to do what has been so well done for botany, that is, to prepare compendiums of descriptions of all the known species. From the complete dissimilarity and want of homologies between the great groups of the animal kingdom a peculiar terminology for each is entailed, and consequently the students are more specialists than in botany. Each group of animals, however, has had its devotees. The progress in each, too, has, like that of botany, been to a considerable degree coincident with the growth of our geographical knowledge; and this statement must serve in lieu of particularization in each case. The more difficult groups have been backward in attracting students, and the more pleasing types have received most attention. Thus the birds early excited the admiration of lovers of nature, and numerous works have been dedicated to the portraiture of their

beauties, while the worms and other lower invertebrates have only lately attracted the notice science demanded.

Before indicating the progress of our knowledge in the several branches of zoology a notice of one who did much to shape the course which investigation took for some years may be fitly given.

In 1846 Louis John Rudolph Agassiz visited the country, and soon was induced to make it his home, and in 1848 accepted the chair of zoology and geology at Harvard College. Gifted with quick powers of perception and a remarkable memory for specimens, he had early applied himself to the study of fossil fishes, which till then had been nearly neglected. The publication of a very extensive and finely illustrated work gained for him a great reputation in Europe. A peculiarly genial and impulsive disposition procured him the favor of those with whom he came into personal contact. This impression communicated itself quickly to others. He gathered around him a number of young men who were destined to pursue with distinguished success different branches of science. His prestige caused the ready acceptance of his teaching and principles by others, and insured their application to the various branches of zoology. Many of these principles were most sound; others (among them unfortunately were those most frequently applied) were less justified by scientific reason. Such were the views respecting the rigid limitations of species in time and area. He was also prone to differentiate genera because of minor differences, and to trust to intuition rather than to the inexorable logic of facts in the classification of data. His views were generally accepted, as well by amateurs as scientists, in this country, and not for a long time was there any strong counter-current. This subsequently set in, and the present tendency is toward a recognition of species with more variable limits, and with greater extension in time and space. But in spite of the drawbacks indicated the influence of Professor Agassiz was most salutary; he raised the standard of scholarship looked for in the naturalist, incited general respect and even enthusiasm for natural science, and his popularity enabled him to found a Museum of Comparative Zoology which is an honor to Massachusetts and to the country at large, and the best monument to his own zeal and learning.

The United States presented long the anomalous position of being the only great nation which had no public museum. The collections that were brought back from time to time were, after the establishment of the Smithsonian Institution, intrusted to its custody, but only within a few years has it been recognized as a duty to appropriate at all adequate amounts for their preservation and use. But some provision has been made for several years for a national museum; this still remains as an appanage of the Smithsonian Institution, under the charge of its assistant secretary, Professor Baird, and now bids fair to soon rival the most important in Europe in the extent and actual value of its collections.

The most notable accessions to our special knowledge have been as follows:

Some of the more conspicuous quadrupeds of North America had been early described and figured in a recognizable manner by compilers and iconographers, and especially in the works of Catesby, Edwards, and Brisson, and these were incorporated in the *Systema Naturæ* by Linnæus; but, all told, he only attributed twenty-five species to North America, and even of these he does not seem to have had autoptical knowledge of more than two or three. Others were subsequently made known, chiefly by English and French naturalists, and later by Americans (especially Say and Ord), and in 1825 Richard Harlan published a special volume on the class, in which were recognized 147 species, a number of which were, however, synonyms. Soon after (1826–28) John D. Godman issued a corresponding work, in three volumes, containing nothing new. Subsequently Townsend and Audubon obtained from the West many new species, which were described by Bachman, and in 1846–54 Audubon and Bachman published a work on *The Viviparous Quadrupeds of North America*, in three volumes. Finally, in 1859, the great work by Professor Baird, already referred to, appeared, and in this were described a number of previously unknown species, incorporated with others he had previously made known. On the basis thus laid various zoologists have built. Among these have been the natural historians of various regions and the monographers of distinct groups, such as Harrison Allen, J. A. Allen, Cope, Coues, Gill, etc.

The birds have excited the most lively interest, and the works published on the class have been many. The more common and conspicuous species were early introduced into the system, and from the time of John Bartram (1791) and Benjamin S. Barton (1799) to the present there have always been active students of the class in America. The most distinguished of these are Alexander Wilson, a native of Scotland, naturalized in the United States, who published in 1808–14; Charles L. Bonaparte (a nephew of Napoleon, and afterward Prince of Musignano and Canino), who published, besides many other articles, a complementary volume to Wilson's work (1825–33); T. Nuttall, who issued a *Manual of the Ornithology of the United States and Canada* (1832–34); J. J. Audubon, who contributed the most superbly illustrated

work to ornithology that had up to that time been seen; and S. F. Baird, who first (1858), in conjunction with J. Cassin and G. N. Lawrence, revised the entire system of North American birds, and very recently (1874), in union with T. Brewer and R. Ridgway, has published the first three volumes of a work which surpasses all others in accuracy of description, philosophical breadth of views, and comparative valuation of characters. Lastly may be mentioned *Birds of the Northwest: a Hand-Book of the Ornithology of the Region drained by the Missouri River and its Tributaries*, by Elliott Coues (1874).

While these general works were in course of publication, many minor works and articles were printed on the general subject, on the species of limited regions, and on the modifications of structure and color induced by geographical and climatic causes, etc. The most successful students of the causes of geographical variation have been Baird, Allen, and Ridgway.

The reptiles and amphibians, although extremely unlike in structure, superficially resemble each other so closely as to have been always confounded together and studied in common under the general head of herpetology. This has been a less cultivated branch than others, but several eminent naturalists have elucidated our species, and more than either of the preceding classes has the present owed its advancement to natives. J. E. Holbrook, of South Carolina, published, in 1843, a *North American Herpetology*, in five volumes, which was then unsurpassed by any similar production in Europe. S. F. Baird, Charles Girard, Edward Hallowell, and Louis Agassiz have done eminent service on different groups, and more recently E. D. Cope has revised the entire herpetological fauna in connection with the general system of reptiles and amphibians.

The students of fishes have been more numerous. In the last century but little was known of these inhabitants of our waters, and even that little was inexact. In 1814 S. L. Mitchill, a man of great eminence in his day, published a valuable though crude memoir on the fishes of New York; in 1839 D. H. Storer reported on the fishes of Massachusetts; in 1842 J. E. De Kay published an important work on the fishes of New York; and in 1855, and again in 1860, J. E. Holbrook commenced an illustrated work on the *Icthyology of South Carolina*, but suspended it with the first volume.

The fishes of the extreme West and of the Pacific coast, almost absolutely unknown till 1854, were in that and in immediately succeeding years described by Agassiz, Girard, Ayres, etc. Among other cultivators of the science may be mentioned Kirtland, Baird, Brevoort, Gill, Putnam, Abbott, Cope, Bliss, Goode, Garman, Milner, Yarrow, and Jordan.

The invertebrates for purposes of study fall into two groups—the air-breathing insects and the marine forms.

The insects soon attracted attention, and the various groups engaged active students. Say (1818 *et seq.*), Fitch, Packard, Walsh, and Riley have described species of almost every group. The coleoptera have been studied by Melsheimer, J. Leconte, Haldemann, and above all by J. L. Leconte and Horn; the lepidoptera have had numerous students—Morris, Clemens, Edwards, Packard, Scudder, Grote, and many others; the hymenoptera, or groups thereof, have been examined by Norton, Saussure, etc.; the orthoptera have been investigated by Scudder, Thomas, and Sydney Smith; the neuroptera by Hagen; the hemiptera by Uhler; and the diptera have engaged the attention of Loew and Osten-Sacken. The myriopods have been described by H. Wood, as have also the pedipalp arachnoids.

The marine invertebrates were almost wholly neglected till Say, in 1818, commenced his investigations, and for some years worked upon several of the groups, describing our most common crustaceans, shells, and other forms. A. A. Gould, in a work on the invertebrata of Massachusetts, made evident the paucity of our knowledge of all except the shells; and a few years afterward (1851) W. Stimpson, then a very young man, commenced his researches, which added very largely to our information. In recent years the work thus commenced has been worthily continued by the two Agassizes, H. J. Clarke, A. E. Verrill, S. Smith, O. Harger, and others.

The mollusks, on account of the beauty of their shells and the ease of preserving them, have, like the birds, been favorite subjects for amateur students, and this has directly and indirectly accelerated our acquaintance with the species. The laborers have been very many. It must suffice to name, besides the general students of invertebrates previously referred to, Isaac Lea, A. A. Gould, Amos and William G. Binney, Thomas Bland, Edward S. Morse, William H. Dall, and George W. Tryon. These have studied, some all the groups, others the land or fresh-water shells, others the anatomy, and still others have especially considered the problems connected with their geographical distribution.

PALEONTOLOGY.

In no department of natural history has progress been so distinctly marked, or the revelations so interesting and unexpected, as in that which takes cognizance of the former life of our globe. The science of paleontology, as this branch has been named, had absolutely no existence or name when

the United States became a nation. Fossils were classified by Linnæus not with animals or plants, but with minerals. Their nature was then in doubt. By some they were supposed to be sports of nature, or abortive *simulacra* of what the Deity destined afterward to create. By the best informed and orthodox they were believed to be witnesses of the Noachian deluge. In a number of cases their nature was, indeed, recognized, but by none was it definitely realized that most fossils were the remains of forms that are no longer living. Although this truth became apparent to several at nearly the same time, Cuvier was the first to render it clear and popular by the restoration of numerous fossil remains of the skeletons of mammals found in the tertiary deposits of the neighborhood of Paris. These were so demonstrably different from any animals that were known in a living state, and the improbability of their having remained undiscovered if still living was so extreme, that conviction of the truth necessarily struck every one who considered the evidence. The clew thus gained, although at first imperfectly held, was soon firmly grasped and followed by many interested students, and the present assured superstructure has been the reward of their zeal. In this country the science engaged the attention of many, and Say, Lesueur, De Kay, and Greene were among the earliest. Morton, Conrad, Lea, Hall, Meek, Gabb, White, and Whitfield, besides many others, have described and identified the fossil invertebrates. Hall has especially published a noble work on the fossils of the paleozoic formations of New York. Meek has done more than any one else to illustrate the fossils of the carboniferous and mesozoic beds of the West; and Conrad has excelled in knowledge of and labors on the species of the tertiary rocks. Lea and Gabb have efficiently supplemented the works of the last two.

The vertebrates have received attention from another class of scientists. For their comprehension an exact knowledge of the details of comparative osteology was requisite, and the students have, therefore, been comparatively few. De Kay, Harlan, Godman, Hays, Cooper, Redfield, Warren, and Wyman simultaneously or successively touched the subject, but the great labors have been accomplished by Leidy, Cope, and Marsh. It had by some become supposed that America would furnish no deposits of fossil bones such as had been discovered in Europe, but in 1846 and 1847 Dr. Hiram A. Prout, of St. Louis, and in 1847 Dr. Leidy, published communications on remains found in the Mauvaise Terres of the then Territory of Nebraska, and those deposits have since been a fruitful source of new discoveries. Other regions containing analogous deposits were subsequently made known, and the mammalian faunas of past times, pliocene, miocene, and eocene, have become tolerably well known. Among the most interesting of the types discovered are many forming "connecting links" between the existing ruminants (cattle, deer, etc.) and hog-like animals first made known by Leidy; others lessening the interval between the proboscidians and ordinary pachyderm ungulates, discovered by Cope and Marsh; others demonstrating the line of descent of the horses of the present day, elucidated by Marsh; and still others establishing the former existence in North America of animals most nearly related among living forms to the lemurs of Madagascar, as Marsh was the first to clearly demonstrate. Numerous other almost equally important discoveries have been made, illustrating the structure and range in time and biological generalizations for almost every group of vertebrates; but this is not the place to recount them.

GEOLOGY.

Geology is almost entirely the child of the present century. Its foundations were chiefly laid by Werner, of Freyberg (after 1775), and his school in the clear recognition of the nature and the relations of rocks to each other, and their distribution; by Hutton, of Edinburgh (1788), in the comprehension of the origin and natural causes of the strata and rocks, and in the limitation of cataclysmal agencies; and by William Smith, an English surveyor (1790), and Cuvier (1808), in a general perception of the restriction of fossils to definite horizons, and the value of those fossils in determining the relative age of the strata in which they were imbedded. In each case, indeed, these had been to some extent anticipated in their discoveries, but their ideas were clear and positive, while their predecessors failed to recognize the full significance of the facts in question. The age had also become ripe to apply the truths thus perceived.

Nothing worthy of mention was done for the geology of North America till William Maclure (a pupil of Werner), in 1806, came to this country and undertook a geological survey, traveling in the prosecution of this self-imposed task from our Northern border to the Gulf of Mexico. He was engaged on it for about three years, and in 1809 published the first geological map, and a commentary thereon in a special memoir. As was to be expected, he adopted the Wernerian system of nomenclature, and having been unable to apply paleontological evidence, his work exhibited little more than certain points in structural geology. Lardner Vanuxem (1828) first availed successfully of paleontology for the determination of the age of several of our formations and

their approximate synchronism with European beds. The natural history survey of the State of New York, commenced in 1836, brought together a great mass of facts, and by the concert of the several geologists and paleontologists, but especially guided by the judgment of Vanuxem and James Hall, a classification of the rocks on sound paleontological principles was instituted, which, as since perfected by Hall, has been adopted as the standard of reference for the paleozoic rocks of the United States and British North America. Henry D. Rogers, in his final report on the geology of Pennsylvania (1858), made evident the skill with which he had disentangled the complications of the geological structure of the Alleghany system. F. B. Meek during a long series of years has acted as the universally accepted arbiter for the determination of the age of the groups of rocks in the far West. Meanwhile the details of the geology of the various geographical sections and States engaged the attention of many laborers, and one after the other almost every State instituted a geological survey, and many of them undertook at intervals two or more. In the order of first publication of results they are as follows: 1824, North Carolina; 1826, South Carolina; 1832, Massachusetts; 1834, Maryland; 1835, Tennessee; 1836, New Jersey, New York, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Virginia; 1837, Connecticut, Maine; 1838, Indiana, Michigan; 1839, Delaware, Kentucky; 1840, Rhode Island; 1841, New Hampshire; 1845, Vermont; 1850, Alabama; 1853, California, Illinois; 1854, Mississippi, Wisconsin; 1855, Missouri; 1858, Arkansas, Iowa; 1859, Texas; 1865, Kansas; 1866, Minnesota; 1869, Louisiana; 1875, Georgia.

The general government also from time to time instituted special geological surveys, independent of the exploring parties mentioned in the first part of this article. In 1834 and 1835 G. W. Featherstonhaugh investigated the elevated country between the Missouri and Red rivers and the Wisconsin Territory. At various times D. D. Owen conducted surveys in several States and Territories of the Northwest, publishing the chief results in 1844, 1848, and 1852. In 1869 the persistent solicitations of F. V. Hayden, already well known as a field geologist and collector, secured a geological survey of Nebraska, under the auspices of the Land-office, a bureau of the Interior Department. For two years this was prosecuted, and the wedge having been thus driven, the survey was continued, and, organized under a more ample scope and with enlarged designs, is continued to the present time. A number of eminent men have availed themselves of the means of investigation and publication presented to them by the survey, and consequently a number of valuable publications have appeared under its auspices. Also productive of similar work have been, or are, the surveys of the 40th parallel, and the Territories west of the 100th meridian, already referred to under the head of general natural history.

In every department of geology America has exhibited efficient works. Stratigraphical, chronological, dynamical, and mineralogical geologies have each had its votaries, and so numerous have they been that the simple mention of their names is precluded.

Such are the principal incidents of progress in the knowledge of the natural history of our land. Many important discoveries have not been even alluded to, and the limitations of space preclude notice of the advance of anthropological science and the general propositions and principles of biology to which American naturalists have contributed.

THEO. GILL.
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OUTSIDE.

BY CARL SPENCER.

WITHIN, the hearth is warm and light,
Yet none of all the group about
Knows what a glory strikes the night
Where one poor wanderer stands without.

To them their right of earth has come;
One only—oh, how sad her eyes!—
Outside of love and hope and home,
Looks in, beholding paradise.

For all that cold and famine say,
Scarce can the happy hearts believe
How sweet the bread of every day,
How glad the fires of every eve.

The poor know well what wealth can do;
The rich their happiest chances miss;
We sit too near to grasp the view,
Or stand too far to feel the bliss.

Ah, life! what songs are sung outside
For alms of voiceless souls within!
What halo crowns the bliss denied!
What glory flies from hands that win!

For eyes see more than taste and touch—
Poor senses—to the soul can prove;
The longing heart divines too much;
Joy mocks her still at one remove.

How passes this wild night of time
With songs around the Father's hearth,
When these slow hours of darkness chime
With but the exile strains of earth!

Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard,
The heart goes wandering up and down;
From fleeting glimpse and broken word
Grows fast and fair her love's renown.

Dear heaven! no more this heart could bear,
So sweet thou art, so sore she longs;
Thy very darkened doors are fair;
Thy silence broods to warm her songs.

And not thine endless years can win
Her first high rapture from the Bride,
Who still remembereth, safe within,
The years she wept and prayed outside.

GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

By JOHN J. STEVENSON.

THE influence of the Gothic style has been so marked on our architecture generally that it may not be out of place to devote a few pages of *Harper's Monthly* to an explanation of its development. This will turn out to be the shortest way of explaining its principles, and enabling us to judge how far it is suited for modern domestic requirements.

Although England and France developed each its own forms of Gothic architecture, similar advances being made independently in both countries about the same time, as is the case at present in astronomy and other sciences, the style was imported into England already somewhat advanced. Its first appearance was in France, and there, from the more logical character of the people, less tolerant of compromise than we are, its development can best be traced. It sprang from an imitation of the buildings which the Romans, during several centuries of occupation, with their faculty of giving their conquered provinces not only their language, but their manners, had left every where throughout Gaul, in their own round-arched style, palaces, baths, aqueducts, bridges, basilicas, and villas or country-houses like villages, consisting of straggling agglomerations of buildings one story high, connected by covered colonnades, for country residence and the cultivation of the soil. After a century or two of pillaging excursions the German barbarians settled in the land. About the middle of the sixth century the Franks had occupied the whole country except part of Languedoc, held by the Visigoths; the east, held by the Burgundians; and Brittany, which was not conquered. By these conquests they lost the social organization they had brought with them. Ceasing to be a conquering army under a single head, the habit which Cæsar and Tacitus had observed in their ancestors arose again among them, each tribe dwelling apart, isolated from its neighbors by tracts of waste land. Military chiefs became landed proprietors, heads of little independent sovereignties uncontrolled by the central power, their companions in arms, almost their equals before, being now their dependents. With their love of plunder and fighting, when there were no more villages and towns to pillage, they took to fighting among themselves, and it was some centuries before even the rude national unity of feudalism became a fact as well as an idea.

In this anarchy the monasteries were the only refuge of civilization, preserving some traditions of Roman art and order, organizing needful trades into guilds—a system afterward adopted in the towns when, in the beginning of the tenth century, they began to recover their freedom.

When with rising civilization churches or monasteries and towns began to be built, architecture had to begin at the beginning again. Roman buildings remained every where, but no one knew how they had been constructed. These in their new buildings the people copied as well as they could, making up for miserable construction by lining them inside with marble and gaudy painting.

When they began to build churches, they attempted a reproduction of the old basilicas, or halls for the administration of justice (as had been already done in Italy), the form of which churches still retain, a large central nave or vessel, with an aisle or passage along each side, half the width and height of the nave, opening into it through a range of pillars supporting round arches, above which was a range of windows called a clear-story, lighting the central nave. At first, as they were unable, from poverty and want of skill, to reproduce the Roman vaulting, the roofs were wooden. But churches in those days, like theatres now, were always being burned, and attempts were made to make the roofs as well as walls of incombustible material. In the south of France this was attempted—without the use of wood—by a plain wagon vault, as it is called, from being like the cover of a long wagon stretched on half hoops. This vault they covered with solid masonry in the ordinary form of a roof (Fig. 1). But for this a round arch was very unsuitable; a pointed one

Fig. 1.

Fig. 2.

saved weight on the apex, and had less thrust (Fig. 2). And wherever they got the idea, whether out of their own heads, which is not impossible, or through Venice from the East, where the pointed arch seems to have been used continually since the time of the Pyramids and Nineveh, it was for vaulting almost immediately adopted. But the arches opening between nave and aisles and those of the windows were still round.

In another way the pointed arch was found advantageous in construction. Attempts, again from a desire for fire-proof construction, were made to build domes. Gothic had once a chance of becoming a domical style of architecture. If a square is supported on four arches, and carries a dome (Fig. 3, plan), the bottom of the dome

being quite inside the angle pillars, must be supported from them by four spherical triangles (*a a*, Figs. 3, 4, and 5) whose points rest each on one of the pillars, and whose bases, turned uppermost, form together the lowest ring of the dome. These triangles resting on their points, their tops a quarter of a circle, their sides each half of one of the supporting arches, are called pendentives, from their hanging, as it were, in the air. Now if the arches whose curves their sides follow are pointed (Fig. 5), the pendentive will be longer than if the arches were round, and, the projection being the same, will not slope so steeply forward; while, if the arches are round, the top part of these pendentives must project actually level, and thin away to nothing, and consequently a dome is more easily placed on pointed arches than on round.

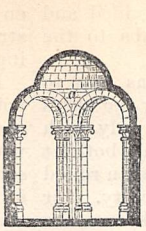

Fig. 4.

Fig. 3, plan.

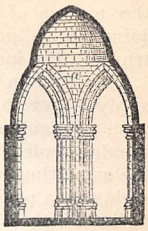

Fig. 5.

Neither of these styles of Gothic was ever

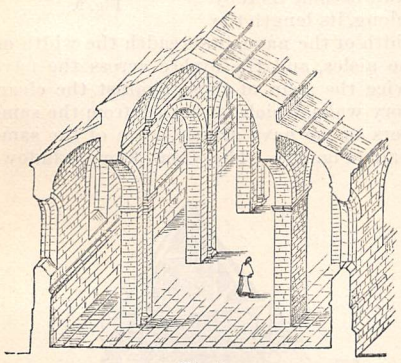

Fig. 6.

developed. In them the windows and openings always remained round. The domical style, with the means at the command of the builders, was suited only for small churches, and could not serve the needs of the great towns of the North. The style with wagon vaults was suited only for the South, for churches so constructed were difficult to light. To form an abutment for the massive central vault the lower side aisles had to be carried up to its springing, thus abolishing the clear-story, and preventing any light getting into the central nave except from the side aisles, leaving the central vaults dark caverns (Fig. 6). Then the roofs all stone did not do. Water got through their upper surface, as will happen, and filtered through the solid roof in devious courses, the place where it appeared on the inside being no indication of the position of the leak outside, so that it was found necessary, especially when the vaulting became more intricate in form, to make it merely an inner ceiling, protected outside by a simple wooden framed roof.

Gothic, as we know it, developed in the north of France, in what was called the Royal Domain, comprising Paris, Rheims, Amiens, etc.* At first, their churches being large, the builders confined their fire-proof constructions to the side aisles, for they were unable to vault over the wider central portion; nor could they afford to lose the range of windows, or clear-story, as it is called, which lighted this central part, by raising the side aisles so as to make them abutments to a wagon vault. For this difficulty they found in Roman work a solution which enabled them to vault the central nave and yet preserve the clear-story. By dividing the continuous wagon vault of the nave into square compartments, and running another vault across each compartment, so that the two vaults intersected, as the Romans had done, they concentrated the thrust on the four angles of the compartment, where it was abutted, at first ineffectually by tall buttresses, but with larger experience completely, being carried down to the ground by half an arch above the aisle roofs, to which is given the name of flying buttress. At the same time an arched space was left clear in each compartment of the nave above the aisle roof, in which windows could be opened. These improvements are shown in Fig. 7. This form of

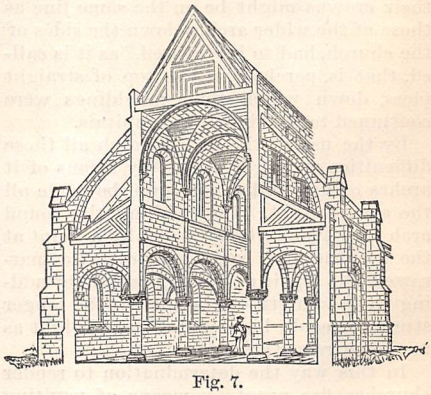

Fig. 7.

vaulting is called groining, in contradistinction to the continuous wagon vault, as

* Viollet-le-Duc, *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture Française du XIe au XVIe Siècle*, Paris, 1854, which gives an admirable account of the history and meaning of Gothic architecture.

the masses of the vault are divided and joined at a point, like the limbs to the trunk in the human groin.

This system of vaulting it was easy to apply either to the nave, leaving the aisles with wooden roofs, or to the aisles only, with wooden-roofed nave; but to vault both at the same time, using only the Roman round arch, was a problem of some difficulty. For if the width of the nave was taken as the size of the square of vaulting, the vault of the narrower aisles, springing from the piers of the wider nave, became oblong in plan, the arches across the aisles only half the size of those in the nave, and the vaults rising from these lower arches to the higher ones having an awkward domical appearance.

If, again, the aisle vaults, as well as those of the nave, were made square in plan, each square of the nave corresponding with two squares of the aisles on each side (Fig. 8), the thrust of the nave vault was brought on every second pier only.

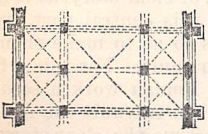

Fig. 8, plan.

Again, if only semicircular arches are used, those across the diagonals of the square of vaulting being larger and higher than those of the sides of the square, the windows under these can not be as high as the centre of the vault. Light is thus lost, and a mass of dead-wall is needed over the clear-story windows to form a level bearing for the beams of the roof over the central vault. In other positions, also, the round arch was found awkward. Where the piers were close together, as round the apse of a church, the arches resting on them, in order that their crowns might be on the same line as those of the wider arches down the sides of the church, had to be "stilted," as it is called, that is, perched on the top of straight piers, down which their mouldings were continued to the line of the capitals.

By the use of the pointed arch all those difficulties were got over. By means of it arches of different spans could be made all the same height. By breaking the round arch into two parts, attached by a point at the top, the arch could be widened or narrowed like a pair of compasses, and, by adding to the length of the legs in the longer stretches, could be kept the same height as in the narrower stretches.

In this way the determination to render churches fire-proof by means of vaulting produced the pointed style of architecture which we call Gothic. In consequence of being so constructed, our old cathedrals have been preserved to us. Canterbury and Chartres, in our own time, Rheims in the sixteenth century, have had their wooden roofs which covered the vaulting destroyed by fire, without injuring the buildings under them.

For some time after the discovery of the pointed arch the width of the nave continued to be taken as the size of the square of vaulting, the aisles also being vaulted in square compartments, two to each square of the nave on each side. The defect of the thrust of the nave vault coming on each second pier only was partially obviated by springing a subsidiary rib from the intermediate pier, thus dividing the vault into six parts instead of four, whence this method is called sexpartite vaulting. Taking the width of the aisles as the size of the square of vaulting, which the use of the pointed arch rendered possible, obviated all difficulties (Fig. 9). The central nave vault became thereby oblong, its length the width of the nave, its breadth the width of the aisles, and the arches across the nave twice the span of those against the clear-story walls, which, springing from the same piers as the nave arcade, were of the same span (Fig. 10). The clear-story windows were raised to the full height of the apex of the central vault, sometimes even higher, and the thrust of the vault was equal on each pier. Thus by the use of the pointed arch the problems of making both nave and aisle fire-proof by vaulting, of bringing the thrust of the vault equally on every pier, and of making the vaults as high at the side walls as in the centre, thus giving height for windows, were completely solved.

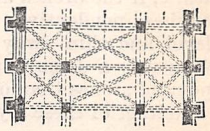

Fig. 9.

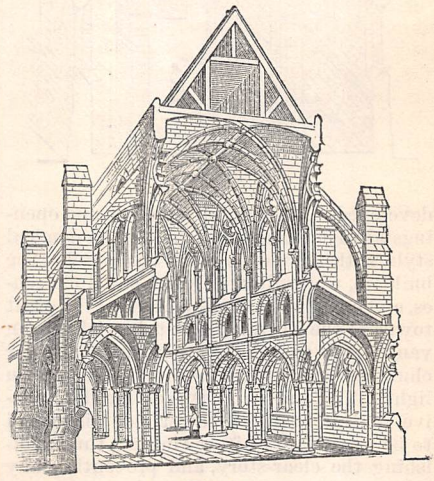

Fig. 10.

Even after the vaults became pointed, the windows under them continued round-head-

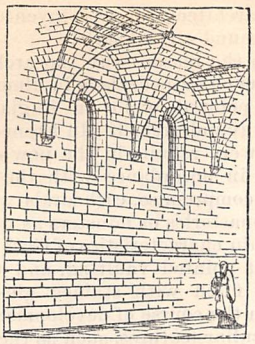

Fig. 11.

ed (Fig. 11). But a round arch under a pointed one leaves a space something like an arrow-head in shape between them, which it was soon seen could be made available as window. The shapes of the windows were therefore made the same as that of the vaults, and the same form was, from the principles of harmony, carried out every where throughout the building.

A new impulse had been given to the art of vaulting by the invention of vaulting ribs. In the Roman groining the angle of the groin consists merely of a line formed by the intersection of the two vaults (see Figs. 7 and 11). The Gothic builders, even while still using the round-arched style, made the angles of the groin strong arch ribs, which form the skeleton of the vaulting, filling in the spaces between these ribs with light flat arching, or even, where the distance between the ribs was short, with long stones resting from one rib to another.

These ribs were made to spring each from a separate slender column, one of a cluster. As the style developed, the columns and the vaulting ribs coalesced, the capitals dividing them became absorbed, the ribs in late Gothic rising without break from the base of the building to the crown of the arch. The feeling of ascent and growth thus given, with the branching groining ribs meeting overhead, gave rise to the popular theory that Gothic architecture sprang from an imitation of a forest with its spreading branches. The history of the style proves the theory erroneous; yet it is true that it has in it something of the spirit and growth of forest life, as Greek architecture has sympathy with the higher forms of animal life.

The development of the style was doubtless influenced not only by the mechanical requirements of which we have traced the development, but by the sense of beauty in the mind of its inventors, and by the environment in which they found themselves placed. If, in the problem which they had to solve, they had been guided purely by mathematical principles, they would have found a more perfect solution not in the pointed but in the elliptical arch. By means of it arches of different spans could have been made to intersect with perfect mathematical accuracy without recourse to the expedient which, in the light of mathematics, is a clumsier one, of vaulting ribs. But in the light of art the result would have been far less beautiful, and even if they had possessed mathematical knowledge sufficient for working out their problem by the use of the elliptical arch, their instinct as artists would have prevented them adopting it. Besides this, opportunity had made them acquainted with the pointed arch. The Crusades had carried them to the East, which was its birth-place, and where they would see it still in use.

At first the windows were small, leaving large surfaces of wall to be decorated with color and painting, and the decoration was carried out over the windows also by the use of stained glass. This latter mode of decoration, once introduced, was felt to be so brilliant and charming that henceforth it ruled the development of the style. The object of every change was to reduce the surface of masonry, and give more space for stained glass. The small windows were put closer together, and the masonry between them reduced to single upright bars of stone, called mullions, narrow on the face, but deep across the plane of the window, so as to give as much opening as possible for glass, at the same time retaining strength. Openings shaped like flowers, of three or four or more leaves, were placed above them; the corners left between were pierced; the stone between these openings was also reduced to bars bending round the foliated forms (to which the name of tracery is given); and thus at last one great window was formed, which filled the whole space under the vault (Fig. 10).

These mullioned and traceried windows are one of the most charming features of Gothic architecture, so beautiful in themselves that, like Greek porticoes, they have been used even when the causes which led to their adoption do not exist. In large windows, however—especially when these are used in the same building along with smaller ones—a division of their surface by some such means must always remain one of the simplest and most admirable means of producing architectural effect. Windows of all sizes can thus be brought into harmony with each other—an immense advantage in domestic architecture. The architecture of the walls is, as it were, carried over the windows by bars of stone, giving them greater strength and solidity and interest than if they remained mere great holes in the wall.

The form of these stone bars will naturally partake of the constructive lines of the architecture. Under vaultings they will be

curved, but when the architectural construction is altogether in perpendicular and horizontal straight lines, as in our ordinary domestic architecture, the straight form which bars of stone naturally take will be simpler and more suitable.

Gothic architecture had a magnificent opportunity of development in the construction of the great cathedrals, which, in France, were all built at the end of the twelfth and beginning of the thirteenth centuries.

These were civil as well as ecclesiastical buildings; in fact, the distinction between the two provinces was a thing unknown at the time, and is wholly a modern idea, which we never probably would have had except for the differences in religious belief which arose among us at the Reformation. The state is merely the community acting in combination for those purposes in which combined action is more convenient than individual. With us these are now almost confined to justice, police, war, and possibly education. But when religious belief was uniform, as in the Middle Ages, state action included religion. The bishops and abbots were feudal barons, with civil jurisdiction; and, on the other hand, all state action had some religious character and sanction. The cathedrals were the great meeting-places of the city, used for secular purposes, such as the administration of justice, and even for histrionic performances* (which, again, were religious in character), as well as for mass.

They sprung up just after the towns, along with the right to have walls, had attained freedom and privileges; in fact, as monuments of these, and as rivals to the great castles of the lay and the monasteries of the religious barons. The bishops and secular clergy went heartily with the movement, thereby asserting for themselves the power and importance which had been largely absorbed by the monasteries. All the important towns seemed seized with a mania to rebuild their cathedrals with a magnificence unknown before. The new architecture, taking nothing for granted, governed only by logical necessities of construction, is an expression of the rationalism of which Abelard sowed the seed in modern thought, though devoted, like him, to the service of the Church. Their architects were laymen, for the most part, as in several instances we know from their names and the representations which occur of some in the lay dress. In fact, the regular clergy —those living under a rule, or monks, who had hitherto been the sole depositaries of art and culture—disliked the movement: naturally so, for it meant that their use, and consequently their importance, was gone; and they continued to practice still, after pointed architecture was invented, their own old round-arched style.

This is the reason why the architecture of the French cathedrals is in almost every instance pointed, while in England it is generally round-arched. In France the cathedrals were rebuilt in the new style; in England, in accordance with the English spirit of compromise, cathedrals were generally monasteries or minsters as well.

The main characteristics of Gothic are its system of pointed vaulting, and traceried windows filled with stained glass. The former, in the course of development, led to other peculiar features, such as the clusters of slender columns, each carrying a vaulting rib, by which the lines of the ceiling were carried down to the floor, giving the feeling of height and ascending growth; to harmonize with which, and not from any necessities of structure or of climate, the roofs were made steep and sharply pointed. The style possessed also a beautiful and vigorous style of carving, founded on natural foliage, and truthful and admirable modes of metal-work.

The change to copying natural foliage for architectural ornament, instead of the carving of wild grotesques of the earlier round-arched style, which the Benedictines of Cluny carried to its greatest excess, is due not only to the decay of barbarism and the growth of civilization and refinement, but to the denunciations of St. Bernard. Preaching at Vezelay, where we can still see them, "What business," he asked, "had these devils and monstrosities in Christian churches, taking off the attention of the monks from their prayers?" In the churches of the Cistercian order which he founded, his puritanism forbade ornament altogether, which does not, however, divest them of their art, but produces the manliest and severest type of Gothic. When the artistic genius of the people was untrammeled, it produced the exuberance of decoration inspired by the appreciation of the beauty of foliage, which usually characterizes the style.

This cathedral-building mania (which was really analogous to the railway mania of our own day) lasted in France just about eighty years, the cities then ceasing to find that their privileges and the importance of the clergy (even of the secular clergy) were identical. Strifes arose; the clergy forbade the use of the cathedral bells for town-meetings; the building impetus stopped before a single cathedral was finished, and though parts have since been built, most of them are unfinished, and not one has been completed according to the original design.

The style thus developed was, of course, used for other purposes than churches. The possibility of building in any other style than the prevalent one, or even the exist-

* Viollet-le-Duc, *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture.*

ence of any other, was inconceivable in times when Roman emperors were represented sitting under pointed arches; and the scenes of the New Testament were conceived of as transacted in mediæval cities, by people dressed in mediæval costume.*

Castles and houses were therefore built in Gothic, and the mouldings and minor ornaments were the same as in churches. Pointed windows and tracery, however, from the first it was found necessary to modify; while between vaulted floors, when height was valuable, flat arches, segments of a circle, were adopted.

It may be urged against the statement that vaulting is an essential of Gothic architecture—that Gothic churches, as well as domestic buildings, in England especially, frequently had wooden ceilings, and this not always from economy, but even, as in St. Stephen's Chapel at Westminster,† where the wealth of English art was lavished. This, however, does not disprove the fact that the pointed style arose from vaulting necessities; and, indeed, to the use of wooden roofs in England may, I think, be traced the abandonment of the pointed arch and the adoption of the flattened perpendicular form; while in France, where the use of vaulting was continued, the pointed arch also was retained to the last. The wooden ceiling left the walls divided into square-headed spaces, instead of the arched ones under the vaulting, which a pointed window could not fill (Fig. 12). The window arch formed, with the straight level cornice, awkward corner spaces, called spandrels,

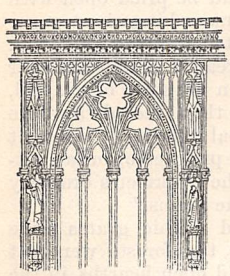

Fig. 12.

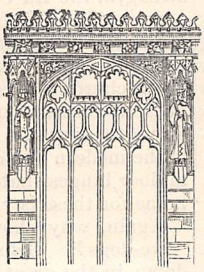

Fig. 13.

which there was always a difficulty to know what to do with. So the haunches of the arch were raised, making the window nearly square-headed, and adding the space occupied by the spandrel to the amount of stained glass (Fig. 13).

In every instance, in fact, in the history of the style in which the use of pointed vaulting was given up, the abandonment of the pointed arch sooner or later followed.

An explanation of the development of Gothic architecture such as we have attempted to give, showing its principles and the purposes which it was created to serve, enables us to form an opinion as to its suitableness for our domestic architecture.

It disposes at once of several invalid and absurd arguments against our using Gothic. It has been asserted that the style is gloomy and dark, and does not give sufficient light. Now one of its chief characteristics, as has been shown, is that it is all window—that the main aim in its development was to reduce the surface of the wall, and increase the space for stained glass. No doubt old Gothic castles had little window-light, and this characteristic, adopted for purposes of defense, has been sometimes foolishly copied in modern Gothic houses; but it is plain that it is no essential of the style.

Again, it is called a barbarous product of the Dark Ages, when the people were serfs, and one of the means by which a rich and powerful clergy kept them in ignorance and darkness. On the contrary, it was the product of the revived intelligence of the people, the outcome and sign of their civil freedom; and it gives evidence of a development of art, of skill and refinement and grandeur in building, such as we are incapable of furnishing.

It is said to be a style purely ecclesiastical: it was just as much civil. It was, in fact, in its origin the lay style of architecture, as distinguished from the religious or monastic.* That in England and in Scotland the monastic buildings are frequently of pointed architecture is due to the fact that the development of the monastic system took place later in those countries than in France, and after the Gothic style was formed.

Is there, however, any thing in the Gothic style which makes it (as is often asserted) more suitable than any other for our modern houses?

For this, it is not sufficient that it may appear to us more beautiful than any other. Our grandfathers thought Greek porticoes so beautiful that they were willing to block up their window-light to have them. We see now that this practice was absurd (though Mr. Ayrton, in England, has repeated it in his new Post-office); that it destroys not only the expression of truth in the houses, but the beauty of the portico, by using it where it has no meaning. No architecture can be satisfactory, even from an artistic point of view, whose forms are not founded on use.

Of the various characteristics which make

* One of the most curious instances of this dormancy of the historical faculty occurs in a picture at Antwerp of our Lord bearing His cross, in which the "stations" are marked by the usual crosses. A Calvary without the "stations" was inconceivable.

† Destroyed by Sir Charles Barry, from a regard for harmony, the style being earlier than that which he was using in the Houses of Parliament.

* See the evidence given by M. Viollet-le-Duc, *Dictionnaire de l'Architecture.*

up Gothic architecture, its system of vaulting does not suit our ordinary domestic requirements. For great halls, where any amount of height can be given, the height occupied by the pointed vault is no disadvantage. But in a building divided into stories, as our houses are, it is; and if in special buildings we want fire-proof construction, we can get it conveniently and cheaply by means of iron and brick or concrete, in the usual thickness of a floor, without the loss of space which would be involved between the springing of the vault and a level floor over its crown.

In the modern revival of the style, however, in not one in a hundred of the thousands of English churches,* and in houses still seldomer, has any attempt been made to revive the vaulting. It is, therefore, hardly necessary to urge that a thing is unsuitable which is never likely to be of use. Nor would the system of vaulting by flat arches be tolerated inside our houses. It is grand, but would be thought prison-like and dismal, and, from its expense, could never come into general use.

In fact, in the application of Gothic to house-building, from the earliest period the pointed arch was dispensed with. In a house at Rheims, called the House of the Musicians, from the statues in pointed niches between the windows, which was built between the years 1240 and 1250, during the highest development of the pointed style, while the pointed arch is used for all the decorative features, such as the niches and the range supporting the cornice, it is frankly abandoned in the windows, where the form would have been unpractical. Numerous instances occur where the pointed arch is retained over the windows, but the window openings are square. The glass was set in wooden frames, so as to open like shutters; and the architects were too sensible to attempt to make these in such an awkward form for wood construction as a pointed arch. In another form of window common in old domestic Gothic, the pointed arch is purely ornamental, carved on a simple straight lintel. Even when in great halls, built for civil and domestic purposes, pointed vaults, and consequently pointed windows, were used, the lower lights of such windows, being arranged to open for air and view, were always square-headed.

From these examples of the practice of mediæval architects in domestic buildings, it is obvious that if we adopt Gothic architecture for our houses now, we ought to dispense with the use of the pointed arch.

Yet, as in all copying, it is the form and not the spirit of the original which is apt to be retained, our architects and builders think they are working in the Gothic style when they stick a pointed arch where it is not wanted and means nothing—possibly an arch one brick thick on the face of a wall supported by a wooden lintel inside—while the whole construction and details of the house follow the ordinary classic traditions.

Old Gothic attempted honestly and fearlessly whatever use or necessity dictated. It has always the merit of truthful and apparent construction. But this also to some extent unfits the style for modern use. It involves, unless when money could be lavished in decoration, an appearance of severity which does not accord with our modern feelings, and is least appreciated by the poorer and less educated, in whose houses, did we attempt really to carry out the principles of the style, it would be thoroughly disliked. Even in houses where no expense is spared we should not like the appearance, however truthful it might be, of stone arches inside our rooms.

Moreover, truthfulness of construction can not be classed among the excellences of modern Gothic. The copiers of the style, after the manner of copyists, are very apt in their zeal for its forms to neglect its spirit. Few better illustrations of this could be given than the polished oak boxes given as wedding presents, with magnificent brass hinges meandering over them, which make it seem as if no amount of wear or ill usage could separate the lid. Unfortunately, those great hinges have no joint; the work is done by a little feeble one, which it is attempted to conceal, fastened by two minute screw nails, so that, with all its appearance of massive strength, the lid could be pried open with a penknife. Of course a hinge is stronger if the tail is well fastened to the wood, and the old architects spread the hinges all over their church doors in all sorts of playful, twisted forms; but this was always the strengthening of a real hinge. So different is the modern Gothic practice of ornamental door hinges that the workmen's ordinary name for these is "the shams."

Again, why should Gothic grates have "fire-dogs?" Before the forests were cut down, in the great old open hearths, in the days when people burned wood, they were necessary for resting the logs on, to let air under them to keep them burning; but it is sham Gothic to stick them on a grate for burning coals. And why should our gasaliers be made like the old coronas or crowns? These were great rings or hoops, suspended from the ceiling, with candles stuck round the circle. When the gasalier is very large, and the lights numerous, this may still be a convenient arrangement for gas lights; but in a four-light dining-room gasalier the brass hoop is perfectly useless, and it obstructs a deal of light. Such a design, while a revival of a Gothic form, is contrary to the spirit of the style.

* Modern French churches are often vaulted in stone.

It is seldom that architecture attaining its ideal has founded itself strictly on constructive necessities, using such ornament as could consistently be added, and no other. The human mind moves slowly, and sticks to old habits so long that for centuries after a nation has given up wood construction, we find it copying wooden forms in stone buildings. In the gateways of Hindoo Topes* enormous trouble and expense have been taken to procure posts and cross-bars of stones like long logs of wood; and of course the nail-heads, which in wooden construction fastened the logs, are carefully carved in the stone. Even in Greek architecture the triglyphs which divide the frieze into spaces are said to be the reminiscences of the notched ends of the wooden beams of the roof. As to Roman architecture, its decoration has nothing to do with its construction, but is the artistic expression of a wholly different one. In fact, the history of all arts and ornament consists very much in tracing ornamental forms back to some long-forgotten use which gave rise to them. Illustrations without end might be given of this, but the following, though slight, are as good as any. The holes arranged in waves and zigzags on the toe caps of shooting boots are the reminiscence of the old Highland brogues of untanned leather, which allowed the water to soak through them, and consequently had to be provided with little holes at the toes, where it squirted out again with the pressure of each step. Again, the bands on the backs of books have similarly now no constructive use, except in some of the best-bound books, in which they still cover the cords to which the pages are sewed. Such features in an art are not unnatural; on the contrary, they are analogous to the imperfectly developed organs of animals which in the ancestors of the species had performed functions now superseded from change of habit and development of the organism.

To the old Gothic architecture belongs the almost singular merit of perfect truthfulness. When a form ceased to have meaning, it was frankly given up; people did not, as in most other styles, weakly cling to the dead carcass. This evidences, instead of the ignorance and darkness usually attributed to the Middle Ages, a freshness and independence of thought rare in the history of humanity, and a wealth of artistic conception employed in making every new necessity beautiful which few races have possessed. If we could but do likewise, the result of working on the principles of Gothic architecture would be something very different from pointed Gothic. We should have no pointed windows, and quatre-foils, and buttresses which receive no thrust. We should not have in stone-work chamfer stops at the angles of windows, simulating wooden framed work, and all sorts of ugly and unmeaning notchings, and roofs so steep that they endanger men's lives.* We should ruthlessly abandon forms that are unsuitable, which are not developed by our modern necessities, even though we love and admire them for their beauty. Can it be said that the Gothic revival has exhibited these signs of the true Gothic spirit? On the whole, certainly not; and we fear that such vices as appear in it are almost inseparable from the attempt to apply a thirteenth-century style to present use; that the Gothic style is, in fact, *the artistic expression of an obsolete mode of construction.*

Must we, then, give up hope of having a style of architecture suitable for our dwelling-houses, fitted for our use, and true and beautiful in point of art? Gothic does not answer our requirements, while the common builders' style, which is that of the houses most of us must live in, though the growth of our wants, and therefore in the main suited to them, becomes yearly more degraded and ugly.

"Why don't architects invent a new style?" say some. We might almost as reasonably ask grammarians to invent a new language. The time needed for the development of the great old styles of architecture is measured in centuries, not in years; and though in the present day our thoughts move faster, this but makes us liable to seesaw from one style to another without any real progress, instead of sticking to a single style and steadily improving it.

"But what style should we adopt?" As well ask what language must we adopt. We can not alter our history and our birth. As there is a common language which every one more or less understands, so there is a common architecture which arose with the growth of modern thought, and has been the architectural style of the country for the last three centuries, which every builder naturally follows, which every workman has been apprenticed to and more or less understands. But while our language has been kept up to a reasonable mark of artistic excellence by a high standard of criticism and the constant efforts of educated minds, our vernacular architecture is characterized by the vulgarity and commonplaceness of the men in whose hands it has been left. The interest of refined and educated minds for the last thirty years has been directed not to improving the vernacular style, but to the hopeless attempt of supplanting it by another, which appeared at first to flourish, but has not taken root in the soil of the country.

* See photographs in Fergusson's *Tree and Serpent Worship.*

* In old buildings these steep roofs had usually a parapet at the cornice, which saved any workman slipping on them from falling over the wall.

NATURAL SELECTION.

I.

HIS name was William Wright. I could have wished that, for purposes of euphony, his people had named him Clarence Courtenay instead, St. Clair Seymour, Achilles Grandville, or something of the sort, high-toned and sonorous, but they did nothing of the kind, and I am forced to state the fact. It is a grief to me that I can no more create a character than I can invent a vessel to navigate the air. Even if I could have constructed such an ethereal person, I would be as dreadfully at a loss to keep her or him going during a series of adventures as I would have been to have kept up my aerial machine in the air, even had I succeeded in launching it from some house-top. Owing to something painfully realistic in my own training, or in the style and sort of person intended at the time I was myself invented, I can do nothing more than tell of men and women whom I have actually known, as well as narrate simply what befell them. It is the more essential that I should confine myself rigidly to the facts of the case in this instance because I intend this to be a scientific statement in reference to Natural Selection. This is the one reason which causes me to make it at all, and we all know that in reasoning across the wide and swift stream of ever-flowing phenomena, from the bank, so to speak, of the known to the shores of the unknown, facts—thoroughly ascertained facts—are as indispensable as to a bridge are the iron links by which it is suspended, or the solid arches of rock upon which it is supported. Not Comte, John Stuart Mill, Buckle, Dr. Draper, nor any other scientist shall be more accurate than myself in what follows, which you will please consider henceforth to be not a story, but a carefully worded monograph.

"William Wright, M.D."—I copy from the sign beside the door of his little office in Jackson—was the son of a very plain pair of old people, who were held all their uneventful life in the rift of a mountain belonging to East Tennessee, as a brace of robins are held to their nest in the forks of an oak. Shakspeare himself could never have made any thing out of the desert island which he has lashed with his *Tempest* if he had not placed a Miranda there, to say nothing of an Ariel or Caliban, and there was no one on that rocky farm who could have been etherealized by the most imaginative poet, unless, indeed, he had dropped his pen, and, grasping a club instead, had spiritualized by slaying them. Mr. and Mrs. Wright lived in a double log-cabin, and died there, and that was all, because there is nothing whatever to say of them beyond that, except that she cooked, spun, wove, made rag carpets and clothing, while her tall and gaunt husband plowed, chopped wood, planted and gathered corn, according to the season of the year. But for the fact that the days were born twenty-four hours apart, all the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year were twins—a slight variation on Sundays of going to hear the circuit rider preach at the cross-roads. Husband and wife were so thoroughly the same as to each day and as to themselves that Sunday was only like another sort of night's rest which started them again, when it was over, that much more thoroughly the same people over again. Beyond the matter of color there was not a cent's worth of difference between the couple and Luke and Suke, the negro man and his wife whom Mr. Wright had bought, as you buy a pair of fowls, at the cross-roads with fourteen hundred hard dollars, the harder savings of his wife and himself, with this distinct object in view, from the day they married and took possession of their farm. I dare say all four grew more and more alike during all the years they labored and lived together, the blacks contributing almost as much as the whites to the common fund of sameness, no perceptible difference in housing, dressing, food, work, or general information. I doubt whether a soul of the four cared a clod of dirt for the rustling of the growing corn, or the beautiful dawning upon them of summer in the blooms of apple-tree and peach—any more, in fact, than they did for the breaking of day or the glorious sunsets, to say nothing of the storms which dashed their thunders into fragments against the mountains to roll away among the valleys. Like Luke and Suke, Mr. and Mrs. Wright were good Christian people, but dull to a degree that seems as inconsistent with piety as it is with genius. I have no doubt that all four went to heaven when they ceased to live—to say that they did any thing so tragic as to die seems out of keeping with lives so vegetable. And, with utmost reverence be it said, surely the other world must be graded and adapted to us when we get there as well as this. Could Mr. or Mrs. Wright have been seized upon in the stagnation of their pond-like life and set down instantly on Broadway, New York, nothing but bewilderment to a pitch of agony could have resulted; and heaven itself would, we can not but think, be a world the very reverse of heaven were such people, ceasing to live here, to find themselves suddenly amidst the magnitude and multitude and music, in the centre of the enrapturing grandeur and unceasing splendor of that eternal state. I had not the least idea of saying all this, but dullness becomes sensational when it reaches such excess thereof as in the case of the parents of Dr. Wright; and I am sure, so far as the other world is concerned, that the

Creator who adapts the rush of light from the sun to the fragile eye can and does adjust heaven to each of us who arrives there, as He does earth to all who are born therein.

The one solitary bit of romance during all the life of these people was their one child, the William Wright of whom I am trying to speak. But—and I make haste to say it—there was no romance whatever in this child, beyond the fact that he was a child. Those dull eyes which never noticed a star any more than they did a wild rose could not help observing the babe. To say nothing of the wonder of any thing so new among things which had been always as they were forever, the babe awoke springs of love in the bosoms of Luke and Suke, as well as of the parents, which surprised them as much as if the rocks against which their plows struck in the corn field had suddenly gushed out with water, or rather with honey. But "Billy," as he grew up, took his place in the round of the eternal sameness of the farm—a practical sameness which saturated the boy through and through. Yet there must have been an ancestor, somebody possibly in or before the Revolution of '76, who said something beyond what his parents generally talked about, some progenitor who did something or other—in fact, *was* somebody. Mark, I do not assert, because I do not know, but I am convinced there was not only some person out of the ordinary in his lineage, but I am convinced it was a distinguished surgeon. The *savant* knew that a certain planet, never known hitherto, must be in a certain place in the skies as the cause of certain effects otherwise unaccountable, and there was such a planet. And there were traits in the character of Dr. Wright accountable for only upon the hypothesis of such an ancestor. The alternative is spontaneous generation in the case of at least the soul of the doctor, and I am so realistic that I can not conceive of a stream without a fountain-head, though it be immeasurable miles away.

I am as anxious to get done with these preliminaries as the reader can be, for this scientific discussion of Natural Selection has to do exclusively with the later days of William Wright. Because the fact has mathematical relation to those after-hours, I am compelled to say that as a child he was in no sense either beautiful or interesting. His head, surmounted with a shock of undisciplined hair, was somewhat of the shape—especially of the speckled color—of a turkey egg set on end between his vigorous shoulders. And yet, merely as a child, blowing away the bubbles upon the foaming pail at milking-time to get a good drink; running in to his weary mother, at her loom or sewing, with a handful of dandelions; crowding himself into the fat and moist arms of Suke, resting from her wash-tub, and demanding a story or a song; making sensation for weeks by the smashing of cup or bowl; awakening the hitherto unthrilled nerves of the household until they rang responsive to his screams from some burn, or fall, or cut, or kick from the aged horse that did not understand children—"runt" of a child as he was, "Billy" was at least the nearest approach to a bit of poetry ever known on the dreary old farm. But when eighteen, being able to read, write, and cipher, the end came. As if killed by the very shadow of the coming event, housed before the terrible tempest, Mr. and Mrs. Wright died when the war between the North and the South began. The farm was left in charge of Luke and his wife, and William Wright was swept off and away into a soldier's life upon the Confederate side as helplessly and as naturally as any other leaf before the storm. The last Napoleon states in his will that he was guided all his life by the spirit of his great uncle—although one would suppose that, after Waterloo, that uncle would have shrunk from guiding in the direction of Sedan; and it would seem as if the brilliant ancestor whom I have ventured to theorize guided the youth from the very outset of the war. From almost the first hour he became associated with the surgeon of an East Tennessee regiment, and till the end of the war remained, amidst all the movements of his regiment, heaved hither and thither upon the billows of blood, now here, now there, in active surgical employment unto the end. The youth had been cast into that work for which he was born, all his talent and taste and ever-growing enthusiasm lay in that direction, and in no other. At first this greenest of novices was employed in cleaning, sharpening, and having ready for use the arsenal of implements used by the surgeon, as well as in placing and holding the patients during the operations, and in bandaging and in nursing them afterward. Sympathizing with the eagerness of his young assistant, and appreciating the wonderful quickness with which, as by intuition, he seized upon every new fact, each surgeon-in-chief under whom he came in the rapid changes of war supplied him with all instruction by word and practical illustration, as well as with such books as life in camp allowed.

"I never saw such a fellow," Ferdinand Harris said to him one day. "When there is no battle or epidemic on hand, you are reading those calf-covered books as if your life depended on it; and as soon as there comes work to do, you go into that as if you were going to a wedding. I am not like you one bit."

"Which you are not," young Wright replied, with energy. "You are rich, and I own fifty acres among the rocks there in

East Tennessee, too poor and full of blazed trees to be worked. I suppose you own a hundred hands, and Luke and Suke there on the place, if they haven't run away, are old. Besides, you are educated—"

"Took the whole course at the University of Virginia," Ferdinand Harris interjected.

"While I never had any show, living at the old place like a pill in a box—rather like a specimen in a jar," said his friend.

"Except that there was no alcohol," added his companion, who could not truthfully have asserted the same of himself. The fact is, Ferdinand Harris had been shot through the lungs, and had been patched up and unwearyingly nursed by young Wright until it was time to go back into the ranks—if he had but thought so; but all the first flush of the war had been long over with Ferdinand, not that he objected at all to the "fun" of a good fight.

"But the bother of it is," he had often explained to Wright, "that for one or two hours of regular battle, one has to endure whole months of picket duty, to say nothing of thousands of miles of marching and countermarching in the dust or the mud. Worse than all it is to have a fellow with shoulder-straps ordering you about. Before the war I made a point not to do whatever I was told—die rather; and here, if I don't obey, I'm court-martialed. No, Sir. I guess I ought to know about my own lungs. Until I am perfectly well, in my own opinion, too, I prefer staying in hospital and helping you."

"Helping me with a vengeance!" said Wright. "You fall dead asleep when you undertake to sit up with a patient; always give the wrong medicine, or too much of the right one. It was a tea-spoonful of quinine you gave Colonel Jones yesterday: had him a raving maniac—the bells ringing in his head like mad. I almost wished he had hit you when he whacked at you with that stray sword. You smoke all the cigars, drink up all the hospital wine. I will be compelled to report you to-morrow ready for duty."

"No, you won't, Doc. If there was to be a fight, I wouldn't wait to be reported, and you know it. But as it is only to dodge up and down the river trying to get a shot at the gun-boats—and what good does it do when you hit them?—I believe not. We like each other too well, Doc."

"As acid does alkali—because we are exactly the opposite of each other," replied his companion, who was very busy cleaning a set of surgical knives and pincers and saws at a table in the extemporized hospital of the hour, the instruments having a look of scientific cruelty in their silver mounting and razor-like steel, in comparison with which revolvers and sabres were but toys.

"Yes, certainly. I am, for instance, very good-looking," Ferdinand Harris assented, taking an easier position in his hammock, swung upon one side of the tent, and stroking his mustache. "My wound, you see, makes me pale and interesting, while you are—"

"Ugly," his companion said, promptly. Were it not a scientific paper which I am preparing, this fact would have been carefully kept out of these pages. I know it will strike every lady reader like a blow, but I can not help it even if the blow killed whom it hits. William Wright was ugly. Perhaps the gifted progenitor, whose talent had alighted upon him as by a flying leap over the heads, literally, of generations intervening, was beautiful; but the volatile intellect had left all loveliness of form among the dust of the dead in descending to him. Not for nothing had his father toiled winter and summer on his sterile farm, bowed of back, bronzed of brow, hardened of hand, whitened down to the very roots of his hair by the premature age of hard work. Mrs. Wright could never have been a beauty even in the eyes of her bridegroom, and working at the loom, sewing at the clothing, hardening her face and hands over the cooking and the washing, had left her during all the years her son knew her a small, thin, red-eyed, furrowed-faced old lady, somewhat leathery, if the phrase may be allowed. With such parents, it was impossible for the son to be other than homely, and very homely indeed.

"I lived among those rough mountains," Dr. Wright used often to say afterward, "stumbling, until I was nearly twenty years old, over the boulders in field and pasture, until I grew to be as rough and rocky as all my surroundings were. Luke and Suke, with me all the time, were, I do know, the very blackest as well as homeliest of colored folks: I am black from long association with them." For he was so decidedly ugly that he had got used to it as one does to a birth-mark upon the face, a terrible scar from forehead to chin, or even, I dare say, to an artificial nose.

"You are hairy and black and rough as any body I ever saw in my life, Doc," Ferdinand Harris remarked on the occasion in question; "but this military life has made a man of you, not only in your surgical knowledge, although you have had ten times the chance at that in camp you would have had during years in Paris under the best teachers. Your practice may not have been lucrative, but it certainly is as extensive and varied as you could wish. What I mean is, the drill has made you straight as an Indian, and the pressure upon you has made you quick, decided, self-reliant, energetic, beyond any fellow I ever knew. I like you, Doc, and about the only thing I re-

gret in you is that you are so very, very—" And the invalided soldier lighted another cigar from the breast pocket of his friend's coat, hanging near him from the tent pole, and took an easier position in his hammock.

"So very what?" the other replied, pushing back his exceedingly tangled mass of jet-black hair from his ample forehead, pausing, saw in one hand and chamois-skin in the other.

"Will you pardon me?" said his companion, in the softest of modulations, contrasted with the rasping of his friend's harsh voice. "But you are coarse, Doc, so exceedingly coarse! I wouldn't tell you, but I know you do not care. Besides, I like you. And then what does it matter, when every body says you are going to make the most splendid surgeon in the world? But," the handsome young soldier added, after a pause, "I wonder what Bell would think?"

"Bell? Colonel Bell? What do you think I care?"

"Pshaw! it is another Bell than that," laughed Ferdinand Harris. "Did I never tell you about my sister, Doc? You are the only man in this camp I would name her to, and I didn't intend to do it to you. I was thinking of how you looked the day I was shot. It reminded me of hog-killing time at home in old Kentucky. You know what fun it is to the boys shooting the hogs down of cold mornings, sousing them in a tilted-up hogshead of water boiling from red-hot rocks thrown in, scraping them, hanging them up by the heels from a pole between two trees. I never ate any thing in my life as good as the tails we used to split and salt, and roast on the coals by the big fires. And then the bladders! We never have any fun like that afterward. But I was talking of the day of the battle. You know how you stood there by the stable door laid over two mess barrels, exactly as they did at hog-time, except that they were living men placed there, bleeding, groaning, dying. I believe you took actual pleasure in it, with the other doctors that day, ripping up pants, or sleeves, or coats; probing, sawing off legs and arms! You *corded* those arms and legs, Doc, as fast as you cut them off, just as our hands used to do logs of wood. Ah yah! if Bell could but have seen you! You hadn't slept or washed for days, standing there, bloody from head to foot, reeking with gore, the most horrible cannibals I ever saw—more like devils incarnate."

"I don't think you were so very lovely just then, shot through, expecting to die, leaving charges—"

"By-the-bye, and I'll be shot!" exclaimed the other, rousing up. "It is a shame, but I never thought of it from that moment to this. What did you do with that photograph?"

"Among my traps somewhere," said the other, indifferently. "But what was it you were going to say?"

"Hand it to me, old fellow, whenever you can think of it, I'm so forgetful. The difference between us," continued Harris, "was that I hated it, while you actually loved it."

"What do you mean?" asked the other, his swarthy face almost ashen with astonishment in contrast with his black and disordered hair.

"Mean? What am I talking about?" replied his companion, with the irritability of an invalid. "No man not a monster could stand it; but there you stood, as happy as you were dirty, all full of enthusiasm, hacking and hewing among those poor fellows, laughing and talking as if it was fun alive. If I didn't know you never drank, I would have sworn you were half tight. It was the most horrible part of it, your enjoying such work. I can just imagine it," the invalid continued, after a long pause—"Bell coming in upon you then! I do believe it would have killed her. Give a fellow a glass of port, Doc."

And the young soldier settled himself back after his wine and took a good nap, the tent being pitched among a grove of post oaks off to itself from camp, all the men except the guard having gone before day upon a raid Northward. The young surgeon cleaned steadily away at his instruments for some moments, but seeing how soundly his companion slept, he unlocked a camp chest, took out a medical book, and sat down upon the ground, his back against the chest, to read. One would have supposed that he had condensed the whole volume into memoranda made upon a card, which also served as a marker in his book, so intently did he gaze upon it. At last he arose, and, card in hand, stood looking from it to the sleeper. An amazing contrast between the two men, for you could hardly hope to find a handsomer youth than the one sleeping in the hammock, nor a homelier one than the other, gazing somewhat sullenly upon him. The one was fair-haired, with delicate features, slight mustache, no more purpose in his face than in the petals of a flower; the other tall, defiantly erect, with dark, angular face, abundant hair and beard, eyes strong, clear, and direct, the eyes and bearing and manner of the man in keeping with his way of speech and action, which was prompt and decided enough.

"Queer, but I dreamed Bell was standing over me," Ferdinand said, opening his eyes suddenly. "What's o'clock, Doc?"

"Twelve." And after a long silence, during which the surgeon had replaced the card in the book and the book in the chest, and entered upon the mending of a broken rivet in a complicated surgical contrivance of his own, he added at last, "I glanced at the pic-

ture you were speaking of when you gave it to me. The lady was not very strong, was she? but she seemed to be very sensible."

"Sensible? Not a bit of it," laughed the other. "Bell hasn't a bone, muscle, or sinew in her whole body—nothing but nerves. She never was any thing but a helpless baby. She is off in France with an old aunt of ours, or in Germany, at school, and much she'll learn. We are the only children. Our parents are dead. Both of us were petted by them and by the negroes as long back as I can remember. All she cares about is poetry and laces and moonshine and—well, nonsense generally, flowers and the like. She is a splendid musician, and is good-looking, or she couldn't be my sister," he added, stroking his mustache, "and she pets dogs and cats and canary-birds—the most effeminate woman you ever met. There's another thing about Bell," the brother added, after quite a pause. "You see, our father never entered a church at all, so that our mother had to attend church enough for both of them. She was a good Christian, you bet! And so with Bell. I'm a hard case, and she can do nothing with me; but she tries hard. I tell her she is too much of a saint, too much of a good thing. A mixed-up sort of a lady, isn't she? One has to know her to understand her. Listen! There's the tramp of hoofs. The boys are back again; and I'll bet you a bottle of wine, Doc, we've been tricked by the Yankees again. It's the old story of the grapevine telegraph, and these thick-headed negroes about camp are the operators. Shot if they ain't! But there's one question I would like to ask you, Doc, before the fellows come—one question."

"Ask away," the other replied, but not looking up as usual; and his friend continued:

"You're about the only man in camp that don't curse and swear, gamble and drink, fool with the yellow girls and the like. What I want to know is, why?"

"I told you before, man," the other said, somewhat savagely. "Until the war broke out I lived on our little old farm among the mountains. Except at the cross-roads once or twice a month, we never saw any body. It was like living in the bottom of a well; but I don't believe there was such a thing as an oath on that farm, much less a bottle of whisky or a card, since God made it. I am too old to take to such nonsense now; I despise it. Besides, I've my fortune to make, and—"

"You take to your surgery as some fellows take to drinking," the other added for him. "But what a dog's life you must have had of it!—stupid, wasn't it?"

"It does not seem to me, looking back upon it," the other replied, "as if my whole life there was more than an hour long, and it was heaven. I don't talk about such things, Ferd, to any body; but every morning and evening, as regular as the clock, we had Luke and Suke in, and my father read a chapter from the Bible in course with a prayer. It was exactly the same prayer, and I know it by heart. So with the Bible. That's all."

"It's a mighty solid foundation, Doc," the other moralized; "deep and dull and hard; but you can afford to build a good deal on it, and to build pretty high. But we were raised different, Bell and I, except that Bell goes in for religion; we ain't of that sort, and you must excuse us. What a row those fellows are making! just listen to their cursing. As sure as you live, it is the negroes who betrayed us."

"You can't come in here," Dr. Wright said, at this juncture, to a party of officers about pressing in, chiefly in hopes of certain restoratives from the medicine chest of the surgeon. His own parents would not have known him as he filled the door of the tent, erect, peremptory, final, the very soul of decision and command in person and voice. No man could have so developed in three years had not the camp been in fact but the continuance of the hard life of the farm going before.

"Oh, Doc," "Why, Doc," "Now, Doc," "Come, Doc," "You know your own uncle, Doc," was the chorus outside, but not a man even tried to enter. You saw at a glance that the fear in which the surgeon was held was equaled by his popularity, for the hearty affection for him on the part of Ferdinand Harris was but the feeling of every man in camp, from the colonel commanding down. In a sneaking sort of way the lowest bummer was only too glad to share with "Doc" the degraded turkey or disreputable pig which came somehow into the possession of the bummer, and as much without possibility of explanation therefor as if turkey and pig were innate ideas generated in the depths of his, the bummer's, inner consciousness.

"Thank you, Doc; and there's one more thing I will tell you, for keeping those greedy fellows out," said the languid invalid—invalided as much by his life-long dandyism as by the shot through his lungs. "I'm a fool to do it, and it's part of my illness. I was speaking about my sister Bell. It's no secret, even in the army; but she's to be married, when the war is over, to General ——;" and the brother named one of the most distinguished of the Confederate leaders—quite proud of it, too.

"What? She is?" his companion exclaimed, and with such roughness that the other could not help replying,

"You cut with your tones as you do with your saws! Don't be so coarse, Doc; be a little more cultured. *Coarse* is the word."

II.

Possibly the men standing upon the summits of position, North and South, saw long before the masses beneath them not only the sure beginning of the rebellion, but after it had begun the certain ending also of the contest long before it did end. Yet it was not so, let it be repeated, with the mass of men. In the South, at least, no thunderstorm ever began so unexpectedly or ended its disastrous fury so abruptly. If the figure may be changed, no man among the crew of the Confederate ship of state worked harder than did Dr. William Wright. As an enthusiastic surgeon, his place was not on deck, but deep down, if we may so speak, in the hold among the wounded; and when the ship struck, it was with a shock that threw him from his feet, stunned, and for months after, with unspeakable astonishment; although, it must be added, the enthusiasm of the doctor was so absorbed by his surgery that he really never had got time to be particularly patriotic in regard to the cause of the Confederacy.

As soon as he could do so, the doctor went back to his home among the mountains. He found that Luke and Suke had added two more to the graves of his father and mother at the far end of the calf pasture, not a vestige of the fences left, much less of his ancestral log-cabin. The storm of war seemed, however, to have despised the smaller cabin in which Luke and Suke had lived, and the doctor contrived to shelter himself in that during the few days of his stay.

"If they had left a single duck or chicken!" the lonely man said, as he sat on a stone near the old well. "Not even the pole of that left! However, I've had a long time of it since I left, am sore with the shock of the ending, and if this place is not of the nature of bandage and poultice and quiet, I'm mistaken. If I could come upon an old shoe that some of the family had worn, could even start up some frog that I could pretend I had seen here before! I do suppose," he added, looking around over the bare and barren cleft in the mountains he had known as his home from his birth (now swept very clean by the torrent of war)—"I do suppose I am left as much alone as a man ever was in this world!" and he might have wept had he not been as devoid of sentiment as men generally get to be. It was very natural therefore that the doctor should resort to a little study, when the profound silence and stillness had begun to weary him, but somehow he never got beyond that place in his medical book marked by the card, still there from the days of his talk with Ferdinand Harris.

It may have been that this card was the only photograph he had ever owned. I dare say he had hardly looked at it for weeks after young Harris had given it to him, when he (Harris) supposed himself dying, and it was owing merely to the picture being used as a marker that he had come to see the face upon it so often—to see the face of Bell Harris upon it so very, very often that she had come to be the one only living being in the world for whom he cared any thing whatever. It would have been a pretty picture for painter or poet, this burly youth of twenty-three, clad in his dilapidated Confederate gray, seated among the wreck of his home, bending his bronzed and determined face above the volume in which lay the open and smiling countenance of Bell Harris. In the absence of any other god, the savage, we all know, will make a fragment of a deer's vertebra answer the purpose—will invest it with awful attributes, cherish it next his heart, worship and pray to it; and the Creator has made every Adam of us to crave some Eve, less only than the soul craves after God. Even in Eden Adam demanded an Eve; and in the utter wilderness of the world in which the young surgeon found himself, this woman was to him the one other human being, except his Creator the only person in fact besides himself in existence. The very solitude made it worse. I am afraid to say how many weeks he remained there. Once or twice he rode to the cross-roads, twenty miles away, for flour, sugar, coffee, and salt, his revolver and Spencer rifle supplying him with venison or rabbit in abundance, and then, having nothing else on earth and all day long to do, he would revert to that picture. At last, from his knowledge of medicine and disease, he agreed, as if in consultation with himself, that he must either quit the place or his senses. "I will do it to-day. No; but I will do it to-morrow," he said to himself at last. And so he wandered once more from end to end and round and round the old farm he knew so well, and then, after cooking and eating his rude repast, would sit down for a time upon rock or stump to gaze into the smiling eyes, and lips open to speak, of his fetich. He lay awake all that last night in the desolate cabin, thinking of his father's harsh voice, of his mother's worn face, of Luke and Suke, of the dogs he used to own there, of all the myriad nothings of which his life had been slowly built up, but most of all of the picture.

In the morning, after saddling his horse, he went to one side of the corn field of old, which ended at the base of a rock rising high over his head, and knelt at the point where a certain well-remembered crack running diagonally down the rock disappeared in the earth. Knelt, but not in prayer, for, drawing his butcher knife from his belt, he proceeded, after looking around, to dig, prying up loose rocks and throwing out the earth, until he came to an old and rotten

tea-chest which he had himself helped his father to place there, one specially dark midnight in the wind and rain, as the war was beginning. Without removing the box, he transferred to various parts of his person the gold which, after paying for Luke and Suke, his parents had saved during the last twenty-five years of their life—the slow proceeds of webs from the loom, honey from the hive, the skins of all sorts of "varmints" from deer and bear and beaver down, poultry and pigs, corn and wheat from the field, and ginseng gathered from the woods. Now that the negroes were dead, the farm desolated, in that gold was, besides the doctor himself, the net results of all those long, dull years of close saving and unceasing toil. When he came to count it afterward, the amount was ten times beyond what he had supposed: enough to support him with economy for years, until he could secure a good practice in his profession.

And now, what? Had he been wrecked on an open sea without the smallest knowledge of direction as to land, he could not have been more indifferent in reference to the question in which way he was to swim. Having lived so secluded until he entered the army, having been tossed at random over nearly all the battle-fields of the war, he had nothing whatever of choice as to the town in which he should settle down to his practice—nothing beyond the photograph; and therefore he rode steadily for that place (suppose we agree to call it Jackson) in which Bell Harris had lived before the war.

And Dr. William Wright is surprised at himself to find how singularly cool and deliberate he is, on housing himself at the hotel of Jackson, as to learning about the Harris family. The place is a really beautiful little city, built upon half a hundred rolling hills, nine parts suburbs to one part courthouse and shops and stores. For a month or so he rides round and round, through and through it, perfectly at his leisure, until he knows it by heart. One day he draws rein at the great gate leading to one of the "places" in the suburbs. A negro boy of twelve years old is enjoying the emancipation of his race by swinging upon the gate.

"Boy, whose place is this?" and somehow he knows the reply as he asks.

"Dis is de Harris place, massa."

"People at home?"

"Law, no, massa. Mars Ferdinand he was home from de war, but he done gone. Miss Bell she's way off; hain't been here sense de war bruk out. Oberseer's in de house; he'll tell you. Stay here, massa, an' I'll fotch him."

Dr. Wright remains on his horse until the overseer comes to the gate, and then learns from him that Miss Bell is still in Europe for "her schooling;" that Ferdinand Harris has gone to New Orleans to hunt up his merchant of times before the war, and there is no telling when he will be back. Making a note of the merchant's name, the doctor rides off, there being nothing else to do.

"Who shall I say called, Sir?" the overseer asks.

"Doesn't matter," the other replies; "she doesn't know me, but I know her!"

As to Jackson, had it been swallowed up on the instant in an earthquake like another Lisbon, it could hardly have disappeared to the surgeon more suddenly and entirely. In a wide world which all around is as much the same to him as, out of sight of shore, the sea would have been, he has but one object to direct him, but one thing.

"I wouldn't be in the least surprised," he says to himself, as he rides off, "if I am getting crazy. If I had a grandmother somewhere, some old army friend that I cared a bit more for than I did for all the rest, somebody somewhere, or even something, however small, to decide me to one town rather than another, it would be different. But I am in such exact balance that I *have* nothing else to decide me but her. Queer how cool and indifferent I am! And I would have liked to have settled as much in Jackson as any where."

Now if you, dear reader, had been in the surgeon's place, you would have been glad to have gone over the house in which she had lived, you would have made some inquiry about her. But the doctor had not enough sentiment for that. It was distinctly for her he cared, and for her wholly apart from her surroundings. So sufficient was she in and of herself that he had no question to ask, not desiring to know any thing whatever concerning her. He was a peculiar man, which is why I take the trouble to write out his case; and I dare not mar the scientific precision of my statement as illustrating Natural Selection by any exaggeration or least coloring of the facts as I happen to know them: and I am sure that I *ought* to know them!

Selling his horse, paying his bills, begging the sign-painter, who had already prepared his office sign, to let it stay in his shop until he called for it, in a week Dr. Wright was in the office in New Orleans of the merchant who had sold the cotton of the Harris Plantation, near Jackson, before the war. An exceedingly dry old gentleman the doctor found this merchant, a Mr. Garner, to be, just establishing himself again in business, clerkless, and waspish to the last degree over his ruined connection among the planters, as loud in denunciation of the Confederate as of the Federal powers.

"I don't know where young Harris is, except that when he was here the other day I told him that the days of making advances on crops are over with a vengeance," the wiry old soul said, in answer to Dr. Wright's

inquiries. "But I can tell you where he is going," he added.

"Well?" Dr. Wright asked.

"Going head-foremost to the bad," the irritable old man continued. "I'm from Yankee-land myself, although I hate the Yankees more than any creole can pretend to do; but I've done business in New Orleans fifty years. These young fellows were never raised to work. What with the climate and their training, they can't work. Besides, they're so used to the war, they must have excitement, so they hang around the St. Charles or the St. Louis drinking, and spend every afternoon on Canal Street, because they know the creole girls will be there to admire them by reason of their sufferings for the cause. I'm sorry for young Harris," the old factor said, relenting a little; "but he hasn't stamina enough to save him."

Possibly there was something of reticence and authority in the bearing of the dark-haired, homely, but honest face, military and somewhat defiant attitude, of his visitor, which encouraged the old merchant, having once begun, old and shaken as he was by the war, too, to pour out his soul in reference to the Harris people. But having learned that Miss Bell Harris was at a certain address in Paris, or if not there, then at a certain other address at Berlin, the visitor withdrew to make a memorandum of the same, and—for there was nothing else in the world to *be* done—go first to the one city, and then, if necessary, to the other. Years on years before, the Harris parents had so settled their property as that a certain income went through the hands of Dr. Wright's informant to the daughter, and it was thus the old gentleman was kept informed of the address of the lady and of her old aunt who accompanied her. But it was little Dr. Wright heard of all this after making mental note of her whereabouts.

"I wouldn't be surprised," the old merchant said, in parting, "if young Harris has gone to her, if he can muster money and energy enough. They say she is going to marry General ——;" and he mentioned the distinguished soldier of whom the brother had already told him. "Possibly Mr. Ferdinand Harris—Ferdinand and Isabella are their names, twins, I suppose you know," he added—"has gone to her wedding. The best thing *he* can do," the old man concluded, "is to marry some woman rich enough to afford it and fool enough to do it. If you should see him—good-afternoon, Sir—you can tell him so from me, Ebenezer Garner. Oh, he knows me well enough! Good-afternoon, good-afternoon!"

Within a week Dr. Wright was far out at sea on his way, under an instinct as powerful as that by which a vine runs toward the light or a bobolink flies southward from the cold. Never before had he seen the ocean, nor had he ever met seasickness previously except in the pages of his medical reading; but he no more wavered because of such things than he did on account of quite a variety of really beautiful and accomplished ladies whom, as soon as the general seasickness ceased, he met upon the decks. The narrowness of his life while he lived in that cleft of the mountains before the war was changed for but another form of narrowness during the war, in virtue of his exclusive devotion to his surgery, and now, like an arrow made perfectly true beforehand, and aimed by that force in our nature which is the strongest of all, the necessity of loving and being loved by some woman, he went steadily to his mark. Nor did Paris itself have power to deflect him.

"Here I am," he reasoned with himself on his arrival, "and here she is. Now I intend to take things as coolly as I have always done, slowly, deliberately, accurately. I will get a master and learn the language. The medical schools here are the best in the world, as well as the hospitals and museums of medical science. Very good. While I am attending to my main business here I will not neglect these lesser matters. Besides, I am homely and coarse and abrupt. Miss Bell Harris is not a patient held to a table for knife and scalpel, nor do I know of any ether or chloroform beyond the most cautious and respectful advances on my part. I never intend to bow and gesticulate, shrug my shoulders and smile, like these monkeys around me in this city of chatterers, but I will get a book or a teacher to smooth me off a little, also a tailor. Moreover, I will study society as I do medicine and surgery, and not be in a hurry. We are young, and there is plenty of time. In fact, I would rather not see her just yet."

And upon this principle Dr. Wright proceeds during the months that follow, no more forgetful all the time of his one object in life than the fish-hawk during its wide circlings in the air is of the quarry below, around which it is wheeling only to strike at last the more successfully.

Of course he knew by heart the *pension* upon the quiet out-of-the-way street at which Miss Bell Harris and her aunt were supposed by him to live, passing it at least once a day, by blind and lower instinct however, for his sincere hope every time he passed was that he might miss seeing her on that occasion also. But one beautiful day, as he was studying rather the anatomy than any other beauty in the large group of the Louvre opposite the east entrance, two ladies, one old, the other young, paused beside him. I am provoked at the doctor that his peculiar character was of that sort; but as if he had met the ladies from his earliest recollection, varying from that merely in the

words required, the instant he saw them he advanced, hat in hand, to the elder of the ladies, and said, with a sudden suavity of manner which, up to that moment, he did not know he possessed,

"Will you kindly allow me, madam? I see that this is Miss Bell Harris. My name is Dr. William Wright. I was with your brother, Miss Harris, when he was shot through the chest. Pardon me for speaking, but—"

"Certainly, Sir," said the old lady, as promptly. "Why, my dear, you remember how Ferdinand used to write about him? We would know you, Sir, if it were only from his description."

Now old Mrs. Magruder, for that was her name, said this exactly as she would have done it had the meeting taken place in New Orleans or in Jackson. She did not understand French. Paris was no more to her than Jackson. In fact, being too old to change, she was precisely as she had been all along and every where, a motherly, sensible old soul. Besides, there was so much simple, sensible, honest human nature in this plain but authoritative young man that one would as well have suspected a loaf of brown-bread or a glass of water as have had a doubt in regard to him, the more especially as he evidently did not have the least doubt in regard to them.

While the young lady held herself somewhat aloof, modest and silent, in twenty minutes the doctor and Mrs. Magruder were talking over the war and Ferdinand Harris's experiences therein. "You see, Dr. Wright," she explained, "their parents died when they were young, and I have had charge of Ferdinand and Isabella—they are twins, you know—ever since. We wouldn't have been in Europe if the South had not been so torn up with the war. My niece had to be educated; her father left special directions in his will about that; and as Bell could not go North to school among the Yankees, we had to come to Europe." And thereupon the old lady entered into motherly inquiries in reference to Ferdinand, as to whose strength of character and prospects for the future she evidently had the gravest of doubts.

Thus it came to pass as naturally as one eats and drinks and breathes that these three persons met as by a species of appointment in the churches and galleries of art, libraries, and the like, during the weeks in Paris that followed. Miss Bell Harris was to Dr. Wright simply his cherished photograph alive and speaking. An immense difference, none the less, between the lady of pasteboard and the living, breathing, smiling woman in unceasing motion. But I am forced by the fact that this is a scientific monograph to say that there was nothing at last so remarkable in the lady. Not one man in ten thousand, meeting her for the first time in the Louvre or any where else, would have glanced at her a second time, for beyond being a modest, pleasant, unaffected young lady of education, there was nothing in her slight form, child-like face, with brown eyes, a smooth brow in an abundance of brown hair, that was particularly remindful of Madonna or Fornarina. But for years now she had been to Dr. Wright not only the one woman of her sex, she had been also the one person of the race for whom he specially cared. It had *grown* that way!

I knew it when I began to write, but it presses upon me at this juncture with severity, the fact that I can not recount any thing of a violent or tragic nature. I will even confess that I had at one time yielded so far to the temptation toward the sensational as to resolve upon having the doctor shoot the distinguished general. But as he did nothing of the kind, I am satisfied that, by the very instincts of sweet nature itself, the reader would have despised the device: the literal fact being that by reason of certain immoral courses of the general during the war—courses so exceedingly immoral as to become offensively notorious—the match ceased as of itself, and from both sides. The scientific fact also was that Bell Harris was to no other man living what she was to this man. Nature should have completed matters by making Dr. Wright to be to her all that she was to him. But, alas, no.

Of this the lover became well aware when, after months of ever ripening acquaintance, he ventured to speak for himself, and was promptly and decidedly rejected. She knew and liked him, that was the amount of it, as one who had nursed her brother during his wound, and had saved his life thereby; as one who was an earnest, sincere, sensible, downright, and determined youth; brown, bearded, plain, and altogether reliable, and that was all!

"Of course," the rejected lover reasoned, "haven't I known and loved her for years, while she has not known me as many months! It was not like a case of fracture, to be finished all at once so far as a surgeon is concerned, and even then the surgeon is through a great deal sooner than the patient. I'll wait." For the man no more abandoned the intention of at last succeeding than hunger abandons the idea of food, or than he did of securing a fortune some day in the line of his profession.

"I'll wait," said the lover; and upon waiting he entered as upon a process of treatment, treatment of himself as well as of her. Passionately in love, and more deeply so every hour, his affection took the energetic path of waiting, which is, at least to men of his determined character, the hardest work in the world.

"I pledge you my word, Miss Bell," he said to her, "that you will never again hear a word upon the subject from my lips, nor will I annoy you by a visit, much less by a letter, or even a look. Your aunt has consented that I may escort you to Berlin. No gentleman is with you, and there are many matters in which I can serve you. I never indulge in transports, have no intentions of suicide, am, as you see, one of the most unimaginative men living. I suppose I am the result of my peculiar birth and history and profession; but I suppose, too, that I am of as hard and cold a heart as a man can well be. I haven't a single person in America I care a cent for, or one who cares half a cent for me; not one soul in Europe with whom I am even acquainted!"

But the young lady objected with many assurances of the hopelessness of his continuing the acquaintance: there was not the least possibility of its resulting in any thing to him except pain and certain mortification, and she too was so cool when she said it, so calm and deliberate and assured down to the deepest depths of her brown eyes, and in the emphasis of her head and hand and tones as she spoke, that any other man would have abandoned the matter in despair. The doctor did not, purely because it was a question of sole alternative—what other woman, living person even, was there to him in all the world?

"I agree with you entirely, Bell," Mrs. Magruder said to her in private. "Dr. Wright is an excellent man, ten times the character of poor Ferdinand, but he is not at all the person I would have you marry. Considering his lack of fortune, of education, of culture and refinement and all, it is simply absurd."

"Why, then, do you let him go with us?" said the niece, with some irritation.

"Because we have been so wretchedly cheated all along—have had so much trouble about our passports and baggage and railway tickets and hotel people. I'm getting old and am tired, and he will be so glad to help. His marrying you is so entirely out of the question that I regard that as settled. He is too sensible not to give it up; the only fear is that you may fall in love with him at last. If you think so, we had better refuse to let him go."

"The idea!" exclaimed the young lady, and made no further opposition.

It was simply a question of Natural Selection. An oak-tree makes no more noise in selecting from earth and air what is essential to it than a violet does. There is the peal of no particular thunder when either robin-redbreast or eagle are mated. Of course in the case of many a Pyramus and Thisbe there is a separating wall and a devouring lion, many a dagger and cup of poison, as in the instances of innumerable Romeos and Juliets, as well as Antonys and Cleopatras; but you will be good enough to observe that these were cases not of Natural but of unnatural Selection. No peaceful marriages in cases of that sort, with happy homes afterward. Study such instances in all their vast varieties, and you will see that all the jar and turmoil and inevitable crash in the end are because the selection of each other was abnormal and in defiance of nature. The Creator mates man and woman to-day precisely as He did Adam and Eve; it is the devil coming in that spoils it all. Under His unwearying wisdom and love it is as much this Adam to that Eve in the composition of a pair as it is this much oxygen to that much nitrogen in the construction of the atmosphere in general and in particular. There is not a particle of fuss or confusion except when the Creator is hindered. Were He left to His workings, things would move as smoothly as do the planets, which we undoubtedly would interfere with if we could reach them. The companionship of the eternal heaven, you may rest sure, will be happy, because it will be left, unmolested of sin, to the law, as sweet as it is simple, of lack and supply on the part of each soul—lack and loving supply, pure as it is strong, instinctive, abundant, eternal.

"Nothing can be plainer," Dr. Wright would say, during the months which followed, to Mrs. Magruder, who, by the affinity of good sense for sense uncommonly common and sterling on his part, had slowly and imperceptibly come to like Dr. Wright a great deal more than she herself knew. "There is music, you know. I can not make music, but I am growing to feed upon it more as upon food every day. Well, then, all the music I hear in cathedral, concert, opera, band in the parks, or songs of the peasants, is supplied to me in one person and in perfection by Miss Bell, by far the best musician with voice or instrument I can imagine. So with sculpture and painting, of which we certainly see enough. Now to me all beauty of form and color I find in her."

"Perspective too," the old lady added, sarcastically, and looking somewhat pityingly, too, from under her brown "front," through her spectacles, at her companion, as he replied:

"Yes, she does keep her distance, madam. But America is three thousand miles off, yet we will get there some day: and so is heaven. I am as practical. Then there's all we know of education, refinement, culture. Don't you suppose I feel my lack of all that?—and more every day? And Miss Bell is all of that to me. I give you my solemn word, Mrs. Magruder, that I never read a novel in my life, that is, through and through, yet I have a sort of craving for

such things—poetry too—not much, I confess. Now your niece—"

"You would make Bell out to be an angel. I never knew such infatuation," said the old lady. "Bell is a good girl; I've known her since she was a baby; but she is nothing miraculous. That wretched photograph has crazed you, Dr. Wright; it's a regular case of hallucination."

"I have sometimes thought so myself," said her companion, frankly; "but I gave it up to her long ago, when I told her all about it, and I have not even thought of it since. But I do not think Miss Bell is an angel—perfect, I mean—at all. I think she has weaknesses which make me as necessary to her as she is to me."

"Well, upon my word!" exclaimed Mrs. Magruder. "Why, Dr. Wright, what on earth?"

"I suppose I am the plainest of men," Dr. Wright said, rubbing at his black beard; "but the fact is, I just think aloud. When she fell as we were climbing the Alps, you remember, and I had to lift her animal off of her; the time your courier stole your things, and that telegraphing had to be done, and all the proving afterward, it was the same; so when she was very ill at the *chalet*, and I was the only medical man in reach; the time I had to thrash that Englishman who was rude to her, when she was off that day sketching, and the like. Of course you are too sensible to think I boast of what was as easy and as natural for me to do when I was needed as it was for her to need me then. I do believe, my dear madam," the lover added, so thoroughly in earnest that it went to the very heart of the lady, "that there are and will be a thousand things—things of character as well as circumstance—which she has not and which I do have, just as I am tremendously sure that she is in her blessed self the supply to me of every thing of which I am deficient. I am a little sombre, for instance, and she is as joyous as a bird; I am homely, and she is beautiful; and if she is full of sentiment, I am made up of facts as a house is of bricks! All these young fellows that are falling in love with her, do you suppose I'm afraid of them? Not one bit. They never can be, all of them put together, to her what I am, and she is knowing it to be a fact every day, unconsciously to herself."

"Do, for mercy's sake, doctor—stop!" and the doctor did stop at this adjuration; but Mrs. Magruder had become on solid principles his friend, and it was little he said thus to her that was not filtered through the older lady into the heart of the younger. Meanwhile—

"I'm sure, Bell," her aunt said to her, "no man could be less demonstrative than the doctor. He never comes near or speaks to you unless upon your motion; if he as much as looks at you, I do not see him doing so. If he was a hundred years old, he could not seem less ardent, and if he was a thousand miles off, he could not be less in your way."

But it must not be supposed that Dr. Wright knew so little of women as to remain in attendance upon the ladies all this time. All day long he was hard at work in Berlin, to which city they went after leaving Paris, in the study of his profession. No harder nor more enthusiastic student in Germany than the doctor. Often he would be gone for weeks at a time into Italy, or upon pedestrian excursions with acquaintances he made among the Alps. It was the independence and self-reliance of the man and his devotion to his profession which secured their respect, and grievously did they miss him when absent, and eagerly did they welcome him—Mrs. Magruder did at least—when he returned.

"I never knew a man to improve so," the aunt would often say to her niece; "he is rough still, but is growing more of a gentleman every hour. How heartily he enjoys our quiet Sunday afternoons in this beer-drinking land! How glad he is to go with us to chapel! But he enjoys your Sunday afternoon singing more than all. I am glad, Bell, that, with all your nonsense, you are so decided and steady as a Christian."

And Miss Bell would lift her eyes, the cloud of brown hair overhanging them, from her sewing, and say: "I do not see how I could be any thing else, aunty, considering the mother I had. When one is away off in a foreign land like this, knowing, too, that the old South we loved so well is all broken up and ruined, if one does not look to heaven, what is there left? The Catholics clinging so to their Madonnas put us to shame. Besides you and poor dear Ferdinand I have nothing in all the world. I feel, too, that I must hold all the firmer to God when all the people, here at least, seem to be going off into infidelity. I wish I was a more devoted Christian! I intend to try to be." And her aunt thought she never looked quite so lovely as when she said that. The plain truth is, notwithstanding all that Dr. Wright thought about it, Miss Bell Harris was a good, earnest, pleasant little lady to see, with plenty of quiet decision of character underneath her child-like gayety of manner.

Here again I heartily wish that I could with truth narrate some convulsion of nature by which the end was precipitated, especially as the threatening of war in Europe about that time would have enabled me quite easily to invent and palm off upon the reader something thrilling if not ingenious, but I am compelled to cleave to the macadamized turnpike of facts. Let me hasten upon it to the end.

"What do you suppose induced me to

yield?—I mean, what do you think was the last inducement which turned the scale?" asked a lady of Dr. Wright, as the two were seated together upon the deck of a steamer, America bound, just two years to a day after the doctor had crossed to Europe.

"I do not know, Bell," the gentleman replied, in a common-sense way, "unless it was that you slowly came to see that I must have been made for you, since nothing could be plainer to any body than that you were made for me."

"No, Sir. That was what Aunt Magruder called your hallucination," the lady answers. "I suppose I must have been slowly giving way, unconsciously so, for a long time. But if you had ever given me an opportunity by saying a word to me about it, I would have rejected you, and over and over again whenever you tried it. No, Sir: that letter from old grumpy Mr. Garner in New Orleans did it. I thought at first you were intoxicated, you were so radiant with joy to learn, as you did from aunt—you never would have done so from me—that we must return, because our money was almost gone; that the hands were free now and would not work on the plantation; and pages on pages to that effect."

"I am sure I did not say any thing," Dr. Wright made answer.

"No," the lady continued, "and I would have been angry if you had. But you were like a child, so full of happiness at the hope that now you would be able to do something to prove all you wanted to be to me, that I could not resist it; and I began to realize the difference between your steady, settled purpose in life and the butterfly sort of life I had been leading. You did not ask me again, but I could not hold out against your eager and joyful silence. If you had heard that you had suddenly come into an estate, you could not have gone about happier than you were, rubbing your hands and rumpling your beard, laughing and talking as if you were beside yourself."

"I do not remember saying any thing to you at last," said her matter-of-fact husband.

"Are you not ashamed of yourself to say so? At least," the lady added, with a blush, "you had been saying so much to me silently for so long, it was not in my heart not to say something at last. I did not have to say much."

"And I will tell you," her husband said, taking her hand under the cover of her traveling shawl, as they sat side by side at the taffrail of the vessel, steaming smoothly along homeward, "what was the one thing in you that determined me to persevere. There were many lesser things, but this was the chief thing. As I told you, I had been trained to religion on the old farm. We had the Bible and prayers every day as regularly as our meals, as necessary a thing from force of long habit, yet the dullest of all matters. There was nothing of it during life in camp, and I saw, as all men do, the need of it. Now I did not have it, and you did, and that is all, only your joyous faith and happy content have thrown the bright sunlight over what had seemed gloomy and dark before. It was the way you used to put your very soul of Sunday afternoons in your singing which made me certain that if I was ever to have religion, I must have you."

I will only add that my neighbor, Dr. Wright, is succeeding at his profession here in Jackson splendidly. He is, in fact, our main reliance as physician and surgeon. Aunt Magruder, Dr. and Mrs. Wright, their little Ferdinand and Isabella—twins once more, if you will believe me—and Ferdinand Harris, battling manfully, with his sister's help, against his besetting weaknesses, are all living quite happily together. Should you be any where in the region, they would be glad to have you call. They are by no means rich, but will try to give you a genuine Southern welcome as of old.

THE ANSWER.

We wished the winter days away—
"After March winds and April rain,"
I said, "will come the warmth of May,
And then you will be strong again."

When snows were deep and winds were wild
We talked of summer woods and streams,
Till all the present was beguiled
To gladness by our happy dreams.

Beside the fire I pictured days
When spring, transforming all the land,
Invests the common scenes and ways
With charms we can not understand.

And planned: "When you are well, we too
Will help the general holiday,
Will celebrate the time, and you
Shall be the gayest of the gay."

She answered with a little smile,
That came to eyes a shade too grave
And left them bright, "But wait a while,
Till we are sure of wind and wave!"

And I smiled back, "Let those beware
Who cross the path of my desire,
Who raze my castles in the air,
Or spoil my pictures in the fire!"

Brave words! brave words! in looking back,
How confident and glad they seem!
Ah, what we have, not what we lack—
That is the shadow and the dream!

I prayed, I hoped, and never knew
The higher meaning in my prayers,
Until the perfect answer grew
Into my knowledge, unawares;

For April lingers, loath to go,
And God has made His blessing plain.
What can I wish for, since I know
That she is well and glad again?

Ah, let my selfish grief be dumb!
Why should I wrong the dead so far?
Safe where no care or grief can come,
And happy as the angels are!

H. R. Hudson.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER IX.—*Continued.*

"AH, Garth, you're too late to introduce us!" cried Uncle Golightley, turning to his nephew and Miss Elinor as they came up, with a manner of airy playfulness. "Miss Margaret and I have found each other out without your help, haven't we, Miss Margaret? By George! you rogue!" he added, laughingly tapping Garth's shoulder with his whip, "no wonder you stick to your woods, if this is the kind of flower that grows there!"

Some obscure emotion of dissatisfaction caused Garth to look at Madge rather gravely. But she wore to-day her loveliest aspect, and it was impossible to see her without an impulse of delight. She was half an inch above middle height, and her lightsome, roundly moulded figure expressed no less vigor than grace. Her apparel was as piquant and original as ever, quite at variance with the fashion, yet so artfully suited to the best interpretation of the wearer's face and form as to more than answer all fashionable purposes. A silver-gray quilted petticoat, short enough to show a small pair of slim arched feet in red stockings and low shoes; a light over-skirt, gathered and puffed at the sides and open down the front; sleeves tight above the elbow and falling open below it; a V-shaped glimpse of a lovely neck—these, with the short scarlet mantle caught round the throat and falling behind the shoulders, and the quaint straw hat courtesying downward to the brow, were the main features of the costume. The influence of her artist lover, perhaps, had enhanced Madge's natural tendency to be picturesque. Few young women could have indulged in her solecisms either of attire or behavior without making themselves ridiculous or worse; but she was privileged, both by reason of her genuine originality, and because the villagers were proud of her as beyond question the belle of the neighborhood, far and near.

Madge was at this time twenty years old, and probably at the apogee of her beauty. She was a brunette, and her good looks, exceptional though they were, were nevertheless subordinated to an extraordinary vividness and mobility of expression. Her long oval eyes were very dark, and seemed to inform themselves of all things round about without requiring her to turn her head. Her face, without any palpable apparent movement, could in a few minutes run through a gamut of meanings such as no ordinary person, with much contortion, could have compassed in a day. Her manner, sometimes effervescing with gayety and daring, was on other occasions demurely undemonstrative, and yet again would be graced with a hundred winning flatteries and caresses. A slight Frenchy flavor was still perceptible in all she said and did, and perhaps aided her immunity from the ordinary standards of criticism, while a touch of *naïve* rusticity now and then disarmed such as would have called in question her spontaneousness. But, in fact, she had few detractors, the world of Urmsworth having gradually come round to the old minister's opinion, that her mere charm was reason sufficient for her existence. Madge Danvers grew not on every tree. Meanwhile her betrothal to Garth Urmson, a young gentleman whose personal weight of character was, perhaps, more generally recognized in the village than was the merit of his paintings or the good of them, could always be quoted in her favor. Whatever her present defects, so wise a marriage must counterbalance them.

"Mrs. Tenterden has been to see mamma," said Madge, addressing Garth a little shyly in the presence of his new friends, and half meeting Miss Elinor's point-blank glance with a hovering smile. "We have been showing her the rooms, and she has been talking about which she would have. For she will come to us," continued Madge, now more directly turning to Elinor, with a prettily apologetic air, "if Miss Golightley does not object when she sees."

"And leaves me out of the question altogether!" exclaimed Uncle Golightley, humorously counterfeiting indignation. "Oh yes, that is the way you women treat gray-haired old boys like me. Well, Garth, you are a man and a nephew: you won't refuse a roof to your old uncle, I know!"

"Not I; you must go nowhere else," answered the young man, cordially.

In truth, the arrangement pleased him well. It was better than having all three of the party at Urmhurst; it was a proper act of hospitality; and, finally, Garth had persuaded himself that he should profit by long and familiar conversations with this cultivated and engaging relative of his, who, having lived twenty-five years in Europe with the avowed purpose of satisfying his æsthetic cravings, must needs be a hotbed of wisdom on matters of art. Although

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

Garth had himself lived abroad long enough to get what seemed to him a valid notion of the Old World's educationary scope and worth, and, like other men of individuality, was self-reliant in interpreting whatever had to do with his chosen pursuit, yet his capacity for taking in and using information, as well as his patience of criticism and openness to suggestion, was unusual in a man of his age. Moreover, he was disposed to treat his uncle with more than ordinary kindness, partly, perhaps, in rebuke of a secret impulse of personal antagonism toward the man, which was, of course, unjustifiable, and partly from having entertained harsh thoughts against him on the score of their pecuniary relations—also, he now hoped, unjustifiably.

"Thanks, double thanks, my dear nephew," said Uncle Golightley, turning, as he spoke, from Garth to Elinor, and from her to Madge, on whom he smiled while adding, "But I should feel surer of my peace of mind if Urmhurst were two hundred instead of two miles away from Miss Margaret's home!"

If Madge's simplicity was not entirely proof against this flattery, she yet bore herself with such good discretion, such happy demureness of eye and lip, that the most jealous lover could scarcely have taken alarm; and Garth was not jealous. He happened, too, to be looking, not at her, but at Miss Elinor, about whose relation to his uncle he felt some uncertainty. She appeared to be lost in reverie, though the short curve of her upper lip wore the faintest touch of disdain. It might, however, have been an unconscious trick of habit, instead of a silent comment on the turn of the conversation. But Garth preferred the latter theory: he was inclined to question the good taste of his uncle's sally, and wished to believe that Miss Elinor shared his opinion. All at once she quietly dropped her abstracted manner, and said to Madge,

"How soon can we come to you?"

"Oh, immediately, if you will! You are coming, then?" she exclaimed, eagerly.

"I don't think we could do better," returned Miss Elinor, half smiling, in spite of herself, at the *naïve* vivacity of the country maiden.

Madge pressed her hands quickly together, at the same time tiptoeing up with so airy a motion that she seemed to be overcoming an impulse to fly. It was as pretty a betrayal of pleasure as one could wish to see, and Elinor's mouth softened still more, as she continued,

"But I must ask you, first, whether you or your mother will be disturbed by my music? I sing, and play on the violin."

"You play on the violin!" exclaimed Madge, in unaffected surprise. "Oh—how delightful! Why, I thought only men did."

They all smiled at this! "Bless me! don't I remember when I thought the same thing?" murmured Uncle Golightley; "and when old Pete Davids, the gunsmith here, who used to fiddle at our village dances thirty years ago, was my Apollo and Orpheus rolled into one? Ah, my dear child, you will see the world some day, if I'm not much mistaken; and then you'll find out that you women are robbing us of our masculine prerogatives one after another, and beating us on our own ground, too!"

"Were you coming to meet us?" asked Garth of Madge. "I was expecting you earlier."

"I couldn't get away in time," answered she, stepping nearer and pulling at a button of his coat while she talked to him. "And then Mrs. Tenterden said that Miss Golightley and"—she hesitated—"Uncle Golightley had gone to the lake; and I thought you might have all met one another, you see; and I came, so that if I found you, and Miss Golightley wanted to go back to the village, I might show her the way."

"Thank you!" said Elinor, with a slight inclination of the head; "that is just what I wanted. Shall we go now?"

Madge went up to the reserved young lady, and to her surprise took her left hand in her own right, as a child might do, and said, "Come!" For a fraction of a moment Elinor held back. But Madge's clasp was so soft and winning, and her eyes so sweetly ingenuous, as not to be resisted. With a blush, therefore, and a corresponding relenting of her whole manner, she yielded her hand.

Hereupon Uncle Golightley put his arm through Garth's, and affected to hurry him away, with a sigh and a shake of the head expressive of humorous amazement and despair.

"Let's be off," said he. "I own myself defeated. Why, my dear boy, that Margaret of yours has done in four minutes what I've failed to do in as many years. Witchcraft, by George!—the witchery of woman."

But Garth was again silent and grave. The episode had touched him with a sense of refined pathos. Charming as was Madge's action, he wished the sanctity of Elinor Golightley's hand had been left uninvaded. It was as though the chaste fragrance of a flower had been too familiarly inhaled.

The party were now at a fork of the path, one branch leading to Urmhurst, the other to the village. Uncle Golightley faced round toward the two young women, laughing, and lifting his hat with a picturesque bow.

"Farewell, fair lassies. We part friends—*a rivederci*, as the Florentines say." He came in front of them, leaving Garth a few paces aside, his bundle of sticks on his shoulder, and a slowly gathering frown darkening his eyebrows. "Elinor," he flow-

ed on, in his easy tones, "tell mamma I'll be with her in the course of the afternoon to help move the trunks. Margaret, you won't mind if an elderly, respectable Uncle Golightley—eh?" He bent deftly forward and kissed her cheek.

She screamed a little "Oh," and clung to Elinor's hand as if for protection. Yet the sparkle which Uncle Golightley caught in her dark laughing eyes did not seem to mean displeasure; howbeit Garth, on the other hand (who had his perversities, and felt rather fierce for a moment at such free behavior), was partly appeased by a lightning glance of comic repugnance which at the same moment she somehow or other contrived to dispatch in his direction.

Certain it is that in a predicament where most girls would have offended all concerned, and made themselves ridiculous into the bargain, Madge, by dint of her nimble tact and self-possession, had recommended herself to each of three very dissimilar persons. Garth, perhaps, was still a little out of humor, but less with her or his uncle than with himself. He could not understand or justify his own state of mind.

He was conscious, in an undefined way, that seeing Madge kissed had not affected him as it should have done. Instead of sympathetic concern for maiden sanctities invaded (as before, with far slighter cause, on Elinor's behalf), he had felt only anger at the infringement of his own rights. Was the explanation in the women themselves, or in the difference of his relation toward them? Madge, to his knowledge and belief, was pure and modest as a woman could be. Might she, then, without detriment or dishonor, allow liberties which Elinor could not modestly have tolerated?

All the way home, beneath the current of talk carried on by his uncle, he was turning this matter over in his mind, without, however, coming to a satisfactory conclusion upon it. Why, to begin with, had he set up Elinor, of whom he knew nothing whatever, as the ideal of maidenly reserve? Was she, indeed, of a higher, more refined type than Madge? or was not Madge's the deeper, fuller, more comprehensive nature, able to think, say, and do things which Elinor's narrower and colder temperament must abjure? So, at all events, Garth would fain believe, and thus account for the curious fact that, save in so far as his private and selfish interest was involved, he could more complacently see Madge the recipient of gallant freedoms than Elinor.

Meanwhile he and Uncle Golightley were jogging along together with every appearance of amity, the two girls having gone villageward by themselves. Uncle Golightley, after asking and receiving some information regarding the present condition of Urmhurst, began to talk about himself and his experiences in a manner which Garth, despite his preoccupation, could not but feel was humorous and entertaining. Judging from what he said, his uncle must have passed a life of no ordinary scope and distinction. His screed smacked of the companionship of gods. He knew them all, and called them by their first names, preceded by a pungent descriptive epithet. He knew the politics of Europe, and his timely counsel had once given wealth to a Rothschild, and, again, preserved the power of a prince. Many a name then famous in art or literature had been helped or held to its renown by Uncle Golightley. He had divined the talent latent in the man ere himself was aware of it, and with magician's wand had summoned it forth. He touched lightly upon æsthetic subjects, but always with an air of authority. Culture was his divinity, and his conversation ever aimed to prove him her high-priest. Beneath his diamond-studded shirt front dwelt in harmony the soul of epicure, artist, author, sculptor, scholar, man of the world. In all seriousness (as Garth, notwithstanding that the man's expansive and self-appreciative manner frequently amused him, did not fail clearly to perceive), Uncle Golightley was clever and even brilliant, of superior talents, and observation wide and hungry, if not always accurate, shrewd, and not without tact, hard to put out of countenance or get the better of. His style of narration when he was in good vein was impressive even when it moved the listener to smile a little. He was not without a strong love of approbation, and when he thought himself believed in, he overflowed with good-fellowship and an airy kind of geniality. He manifestly, and not unjustly, prided himself upon his astuteness and insight, though Garth fancied that a person of far less ability who was acquainted with his character might easily mock and ridicule him to his unconscious face; for self-centred men too seldom take the precaution to look at themselves from an outside point of view, and can disbelieve any thing except the sincerity of their companions' homage.

By-and-by some peculiar feature of the landscape forced itself on Uncle Golightley's recollection, and led him to revert to his earlier days.

"I never really could decide, Garth," he remarked, in his languid, superior, enlightened way, drawing his hand down over his face with a slow, self-admiring gesture which was common with him—"I never could quite make up my mind what place in this world was worthiest for me to fill. My father—dear good man that he was—wished me to go into business; and without doubt I had business talents—splendid ones: indeed, I intend giving you an account, one of these days, of certain operations of mine

which—but never mind now. Well, you know, I shrank, I recoiled, from the idea of binding myself up for life with the ledger; and money-making, in the gross sense, was always hateful to me. What I craved, as I tell you, was education—culture. I had at one time a passion for college; not for Bowdoin—that's a good, respectable place, I know—but I thought of Harvard. And I actually did run down there, just to look over the place. It was charming in many ways, but I soon saw it was not for me. I was a natural scholar—a born scholar; but the routine and blind discipline of the place—oh, I couldn't have endured it! The kind of culture I needed demanded, first of all, freedom, expansion. Such things as the necessity of rising by daylight, or earlier, for prayers, attending recitations at stated hours, being confined to certain books, certain fixed courses—I hadn't the soul to put up with that. I love knowledge, but I must woo her in my own way; my worship mustn't be polluted by rules and regulations, and the enforced society of thirty or forty perhaps unsympathizing fellow-devotees. Does that place deserve the name of university, I asked then, and I ask now, where each student may not pursue his studies in his own way, at his own leisure, without the necessity of treading the vulgar, beaten track? I saw the president, Garth, and told him what I have told you; but he was narrow, provincial; he would make no changes, and I was obliged to give it up. It was a cruel disappointment—oh, I didn't recover it for years! But finally I saw there was but one thing for me: I must enter the grand university of the world to find what our pigmy institutions could not furnish. And so it happened that I went to Europe. There was some sadness—some painful things connected with my departure. My father—a fine, trenchant character, but stern: yes, I may admit to you, my dear boy, that he was often harsh with me—unjust almost. Yes, Garth, why should you not hear it? He *was* unjust, cruelly unjust, to me! Yet I never gave him cause for anger. Well, well, it's over now—forgiven, if not forgotten, years and years ago. But, ah! I have suffered!"

"You have been long away," observed Garth. "Are you glad to be back?"

"A man," returned Uncle Golightley, lifting his hat and passing his fingers back through his hair—"a man who has lived the life that I have can seldom feel what you young people call gladness. There's too much bitter knowledge, too much pathos, interwoven with it all. No one could have stronger home instincts than I, you know; no one could look forward more yearningly to the rest and peace which only home can bring. But what am I about?" exclaimed Uncle Golightley, suddenly altering his pensive tone. "Piling the weight of my hypochondriacal philosophy on your young shoulders! Glad to get home? Yes, and I mean to stay."

"Do these ladies mean to stay too?"

"Now, Garth, you are not to feel too much interest about those ladies. Great God!" cried Uncle Golightley, laughingly, "if your native ladies are not enough for you, you're hard to satisfy. However, I'll tell you something about them. I met John Tenterden—one of those crude, good-hearted, thick-bodied old millionaires—in Germany. I think it was in 1846. John was a good fellow, and a little while before he died he did me a service—well, the greatest service he could have done me: however, more of that another time. We got acquainted quite by accident. He had seen me register my name at the hotel, and that set him to making inquiries about my family; then he introduced me to his wife and foster-daughter; and, in short, we became very good friends. John, perhaps, was the least personally attractive of the family to me; hadn't culture—oh, not a shadow of it, Garth!—but as good-hearted a fellow as ever lived."

"Has Mrs. Tenterden got culture?" demanded Garth.

"Ah, Mildred—Mildred is a fine woman," affirmed Uncle Golightley, caressing his cheek and looking gratified. "She has natural cleverness, and it is surprising how much that woman knows. A Southern-bred woman, and has her eccentricities—her little ruggednesses of speech and manner. You'd hardly suspect what was in her on a first acquaintance. But, oh! I do love to talk with her—she has so much information!"

"Is she a young woman?" Garth inquired: "the lady I saw in the Green Vaults couldn't have been she."

"Oh, Mildred must be all of sixty; perhaps sixty-five; indeed, I have an idea that she and Cuthbert are about of an age. But she don't look it: dark hair and eyes—erect—full bust—oh! a fine figure of a woman. But you should have seen the astonishment of the family when I first claimed her as my sister! Until that moment they had supposed—and so had all her Southern relatives—that my mother had met her death, either accidentally or by violence, in the latter part of 1803. You are familiar with the story, I suppose? She had come North, in that year, to find Captain Brian, and had contrived her flight in such a way as to lead to the belief that she had been killed."

"She was supposed to have met my grandfather, and fallen in love with him, as much as twenty years before, father said," rejoined Garth. "It seems too romantic to be true. She had been married since then, and had children, and her husband had

died; and she had heard nothing of Captain Urmson meanwhile. Such constancy is almost unnatural."

"Women are very unaccountable beings when they get a crotchet in their heads," observed Uncle Golightley, trimming his mustache. "Mildred says she was about seventeen when her mother disappeared. She was immensely wealthy, you know; and shortly before her disappearance she settled all her property on Mildred. Mildred, by-the-way, had just married John, and gone to housekeeping near where her mother lived alone. And speaking of romance, Garth, Mildred inherited a touch of it too. I couldn't make out, for a long time, how she came to marry a man like John at all. But one day he told me, speaking of his early life, that he had courted Mildred a long while, and had offered himself half a dozen times; but she wouldn't have him. Finally, he had lost all his money—he used to be very rich too—and had written to her renouncing all pretensions, and so forth; and then what did she do but write back that he might come and marry her as soon as he liked! That 'll show you what sort of a woman she is."

"Very pleasant!" said Garth.

"Oh, she's a darling! But I was going to tell you about my first acquaintance with them. They'd been abroad then about six years—had come chiefly to educate Elinor: and by George, Garth, there never was a girl who had more advantages of education, or knew better how to profit by them, or had finer natural abilities to profit with, or kept more quiet about them, than Elinor Golightley."

"She looks very intelligent; but I noticed a sad expression—almost cynical—now and then."

"Ah, that kind of woman—that fine, exceptional organization—is seldom happy. Poor child! I suppose, until she met me, she had never found a human being who thoroughly understood her. Besides, her merely outward life was a sad one. Losing her father and mother just when she was most passionately attached to them, you know; and then coming among strange people—uncongenial, in spite of all their kindness; and then, again, the having no desire ungratified except the one all-important desire for some being worthy of her best affection, and able intelligently to sympathize with her: I tell you, I only wonder she isn't more cynical than she is. But, oh! she's far cheerfuler than she used to be: only poor John's death, and the loss of their property, have put her back a little, temporarily."

"I suppose her music consoles her," Garth suggested. "She has a wonderful voice, judging from what I heard of it."

"Why, that voice, my dear Garth," said Uncle Golightley, in a confidential tone—"that voice is simply—unique! The first masters in Italy and Germany (she has studied under every one of them) have told me that it is, in many respects, superior to any thing they have heard, off the stage or on it. There was one fellow in Dresden whom I thought I should have trouble with. He taught her for three months, and worshiped the very ground she walked upon. One day, after the lesson, he came into the parlor, where John and Mildred and I were sitting, and burst into tears. He said that the thought of that voice being lost to the world was breaking his heart. He said there never had been, or would be, or could be, any thing like it. He said if she would consent to sing in opera or at a concert, she might have all the kings and queens on the earth for her audience. And finally he blurted out that he adored her, and was hers body and soul, and would follow her round the world until she agreed to marry him. Well, I wish you'd seen Mildred. She drew herself up like a regiment of cavalry! 'My good gracious alive, John! Really we ought to congratulate ourselves on having secured such an excellent match for Miss Golightley!' I jumped up to show the poor fellow out, and save his life if I could; but just then in came Elinor, with that devilish cold, sarcastic look about the eyes and mouth, and a paper in one hand and something in an envelope in the other. She walked up to the writing-table with an air as if she owned mankind and was tired of them, and sat down there, and called the man up to her as gently and quietly as possible. He came and plumped down on his knees, not knowing what was to happen to him any more than we did. Elinor opened the envelope, and counted out of it a dozen ten-thaler bank-notes, one after the other. 'The month is not quite up, Herr Skalier,' says she; 'but, to avoid trouble, I shall pay you as if it were. An hour each week, at thirty thalers per hour, makes one hundred and twenty, does it not? Please to count it over, and then sign your name here;' and she dipped a pen in ink and held it ready for him. By George, Garth, I turned pale—I turned pale! Well, that shows you the sort of a woman *she* is."

"What did the music-teacher do?" demanded Garth, who had listened with attention.

"He plucked up spirit enough—God knows how—to sign the bill, and put the money in his pocket, and walk out of the house; and he gave up the idea of following Elinor round the world from that moment. I remember John, who had some dry humor, poor fellow, saying, after Skalier had disappeared, 'Seems to me, Mildred, we haven't secured Miss Golightley's match yet.' We found afterward that he had offered himself to her

in the midst of the lesson, and she had told him to go into the parlor and wait for her answer. She was only eighteen at the time; but she was a 'captain,' as Mildred would say."

"From what you tell me," remarked Garth, after an interval of silence, "I take Mrs. Tenterden to be a better sort of woman than Miss Golightley."

His uncle laughed and said, "Yes, most people fall in love with Mildred before they do with Elinor. But no harm was done. Skalier tried to drink himself to death, I believe, with Bavarian beer; but when he found it was only making him fatter even than he was already, he gave it up, and married a lantern-jawed Saxon *prima donna*, with a mouth like a reticule, whom he had scorned before. Elinor, though, set down her foot that she would have no more singing-masters, and she hasn't had a lesson since that day. But she had already grown fond of the violin, and now she took to it altogether; and really it was a fortunate thing, for she has made herself as supreme with that as with the voice. Frankly, Garth, she has but to say the word to command a fortune from any musical director in Europe."

Garth shook his head. The idea of Elinor Golightley's singing and fiddling in public was somehow repugnant to him, notwithstanding his dislike of her apathetic cynicism.

"Of course," resumed Uncle Golightley, "we don't want Elinor on the stage, though I dare say she'd be as *safe*—with that devilish cold gray eye of hers—there as in her own boudoir. But, oh!" (here he caressed his cheeks with slow, admiring hand) "we hope she is reserved for a happier, tenderer destiny than that!"

"Is that to be your wife?" thought Garth, drawing his eyebrows together, and half disposed to ask the question aloud. But he shunned the point, and made some inquiry apropos of Mr. Tenterden's loss of fortune.

"There was a mystery about that," said his uncle, with a short laugh; "nobody seemed to know at the time, or has been able to tell since, what became of the money. If I could have seen my way to accept the offer John pressed upon me, before we had known each other a year, to undertake the entire management of the estate, why, of course, the crash never could have occurred. But I explained to him that it was impossible I should accept such a responsibility, because if any accident were to happen, I hadn't the means to make it good. He begged me, and brought out all his papers, and made me look through them and see just how every thing was placed, and told how his old agent had just died, and that he himself knew no more about business than a child (which was true enough, God knows), and implored me at least to advise him as a friend, and if not as his friend, then as Mildred's, since all the money really belonged to her. It really grieved me to refuse, the more because I knew how much I might have done for him. Why, Garth, I remember, in 1844, standing on the floor of the English House of Commons, talking with William Ewart Gladstone—I suppose one of the greatest financial geniuses that ever lived—and this is what he said to me: 'Mr. Urmson, if you were an Englishman and a member of this House, I should look forward to the country's financial future with security.'"

"What did he mean by that?" demanded Garth, with a grim smile; but his uncle was not so easily disconcerted.

"I'd been dropping some hints about the forth-coming budget," he explained; "and Gladstone was so startled by my insight into the thing that he let fall that acknowledgment before he could stop himself. Well, as I was saying, I had to refuse John; but just before the crash came, two or three years afterward, a rather curious thing happened, which I was glad of on his account as well as my own. Ah! what's that on the hill? surely that must be our old Urmhurst!"

They had emerged from the woods, and the venerable mansion stood out, solid, dark, and four-square against the sky, moored between its mighty chimneys. The many-paned windows glanced blue, while the dense oak foliage of the porch wore a sullen crimson color. The far-projecting eaves, and the peaked hoods of the dormers, cast heavy shadows downward, beneath the midday sun. Uncle Golightley made a long pause to look.

"You must have a studio, Garth," he said at length; "where is it?"

"In the northeast corner of the garret. I cut out a section of the roof, and filled it in with glass."

"In the garret, eh? the old garret! I used to spend a good deal of my time in that garret, do you know, when I was a boy. I never was tired of pulling over the boxes of old musty papers that were kept up there. I suppose there wasn't a single document that I didn't examine."

"Did you expect to find some ancient deed of land or forgotten will?"

"Ha! ha! Oh, I dare say I was quite romantic enough for that. It would have been odd, too, if you and I had both made our fortunes up in that garret, I with my documents and you with your canvases—ha! ha! ha! Tell me, Garth, my dear boy—you have strong eyes—who is that standing in the doorway? Not your father?"

"No; it's the cook—Nikomis."

"Nikomis—an Indian name. Where did she come from?"

"No one knows much about her before her appearance here, twenty and odd years ago. She has lived with us ever since I was fifteen or so, in the other corner of the garret. I have taken her portrait; she's a picturesque old savage."

"How our stern old forefathers would have stared to hear that at some future day an Indian would be domiciled at Urmhurst! I wonder whether Nikomis knows whose bones underlie that stone she is standing on?"

"Perhaps she's the embodiment of their revenge," suggested Garth, with a smile. "She often looks sombre and cross enough for that. I'll christen my portrait 'Our Fury,' or something of that sort."

"Can that be Cuthbert!" exclaimed Uncle Golightley, as a silvery-haired figure turned the corner of the house, walking slowly, with a slight stoop of the shoulders, and his hands behind him. "Good God! can that white-headed old man be Cuthbert Urmson?"

"Is he so old?" said Garth, rather falteringly.

"Good God!" repeated Uncle Golightley, snatching off his tinted glasses, and thereby revealing a peculiar cast in one of his eyes, "can that be my poor brother Cuthbert? Garth, what do you think he'll say to me?"

CHAPTER X.

THE FIRESIDE.

At Urmhurst that night there was an unusual scene. It had fallen suddenly cold after sunset, and the mighty kitchen hearth had been cleared of the movable iron stove kept to facilitate cooking operations, and the first great fire of the season had been kindled there. The rude stump of a hemlock-tree, nearly six feet in girth, was brought in by Garth on a wheelbarrow, and cunningly built into place with a substructure and abattis of smaller logs, dry branches, brush-wood, and shavings, and the whole set going by a skillfully applied match. With much crackling and whispering, the flames fastened hastily to their work, climbing from the smaller to the larger sticks with ever-increasing power and relish, until the under side of the hemlock itself began to flush red-hot from the multitudinous soft lapping of the fiery tongues, which corroded while seeming to caress. Anon came sharp, dry detonations, and a bubbling and stewing of sap from the ends of the huge stump; the welded smoke and flame hurtled upward, and the spacious fire-place radiated outward such an abundance of heat that only one or two of the seven persons sitting round about could endure to face it steadily.

But love of a noble fire is so deep and universal in the human heart that it must correspond to some essential human quality. There is no better company, for it talks to each one in the language he loves best; helps the wit to be brilliant, and the silent man to hold his tongue with a good grace; is as fitting to a savage's cave as to an emperor's palace; and can never be in bad taste or out of fashion. It roars and frolics and devours, and tosses daringly aloft into the blackness of the chimney, even as the vital principle of existence flouts the hollowness of death. It humors our joy or sadness, but creates neither, being mere life, without heart or soul; and perhaps it suits best with that pensive mood which is often nearer to enjoyment than enjoyment itself.

The Urmhurst fire-place, with its room-like breadth and depth, must have been large even for the age in which it was built. Standing within it on a clear afternoon, and looking upward through the shaft of the chimney, stars could be discerned in the oblong patch of sky above. There was no mantel-piece, the arched opening being so high that venerable Parson Graeme could stand upright under it, his stiff white hair barely brushing the key-stone; but there was some ornamentation in the way of old smoke-darkened Dutch tiles, inlaid here and there; and within the recess half a dozen sooty iron hooks and festooned chains recalled the primitive methods of cookery. The fire-place was built of brick, all but the hearth-stone, a roughly hewn piece of granite, its inequalities polished by the shuffling feet of full seven generations of Urmhurst cooks. As for the kitchen itself, it was large and high and darksomely picturesque, wainscoted breast-high with black oak, and traversed as to the ceiling by two gigantic beams, made out of irregularly squared trunks of oak-trees, gradually narrowing in breadth from one end to the other. The half of the floor adjoining the front window was raised above the rest by a step some six inches in height, and the long massive table, whose legs passed through the planking and descended into the cellar like the masts of a ship, was made with a corresponding inequality half-way down its length. Beyond the fire-place a narrow passage-way led to the back entrance of the kitchen, passing the head of the cellar stairs on the right. The walls were diversified with shelves of glistening crockery, and here and there a closet door. All these details, however, were but indistinctly discernible in the gamboling fire-light, which, indeed, was less concerned in giving them prominence than in causing the seven shadows of those who sat so quietly around the hearth to dance an extravagant fandango, leaping from floor to ceiling, bobbing and beckoning to one another like grotesque goblins, and darting to and fro with super-

human agility; all this phantasmagoric *mêlée* being accompanied by a breathless stillness that rendered it oddly impressive.

"Ah, how it all comes back to me!" said one of the party at length. "Bless you! I used to make just such fires as that, when I was a boy, on this very hearth. Delightful, isn't it, Mildred?—this primitive flavor about every thing! I knew you'd enjoy it."

The lady addressed had been leaning back in her chair, posed in a stately, luxurious attitude that seemed natural to one of her statuesque proportions. She laughed good-naturedly, and answered, smoothing down her black dress with one hand, "Oh, we have fires and fire-places like this in Virginia too; I dare say you know, Mr. Urmson. This is splendid, though, I'm sure; and I suppose the people here need great fires more than we do, the winters are so cold."

"But she never saw a hearth-stone like this in Virginia, did she, Cuthbert? Come, you're our historian; tell us about it. It's a component part of New Hampshire, isn't it?"

"It goes down through the cellar, at all events," said Mr. Urmson. "When the foundations of the house were being dug, this great bottomless rock seemed very much in the way, and the faint-hearted ones, who were terribly afraid of the ghost of the dead Indian, wanted to abandon the site and go elsewhere. But Captain Neil would not; and by turning the plan of his house a little more to the southward he brought the top of the rock into the kitchen fire-place; then he reduced it to the proper level by cutting a thick slice off it; and so killed three birds with one stone; for there was a hearth ready-made, and as for the slice, it served both as a tombstone to keep down the ghost and as a threshold for the house. But Mrs. Tenterden will think she is living in a ghost story if she hears any more Urmhurst legends to-night," added he, looking at her with his keen grave smile.

"Oh, mercy!" exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden, more good-naturedly than ever; "I'm sure I don't mind it at all."

"It was good to make a hearth-stone of a piece of the solid earth," observed a low, sober-toned young voice from Mr. Urmson's right hand.

"I think so too," said he, turning toward her. "It's like a bond between the heart of the house and the heart of nature. I like to believe that to the end of time this savage old rock can never quite forget the years it spent amidst us, with our joys and follies and griefs and deaths. Here it will stand when Urmhurst, and even this famous Yankee nation of ours, have dissolved into dust and vapor. But something human will have melted into it, and that is better than engraving inscriptions on obelisks for strangers to be curious about five thousand years hence."

"Now, Cuthbert, lad, do you tell the stories, and leave the preaching to me—haw! haw!—it's my business—haw! haw! ho! I don't believe this good lady here, nor miss there beside you, understands how a bit of granite can remember folks, any better than I do; and I was ninety-five last birthday, ma'am, so *that* needn't trouble you—eh? ha! ha!"

No one could resist the hoary geniality of this gruff-spoken old Colossus, who seemed himself more ancient than the rocky womb of the land that bore him. Mrs. Tenterden laughed heartily, and said, "Well, I suppose I am a pretty stupid old woman about such things."

Mr. Urmson stroked his nose gently and arched his eyebrow. "The parson," said he, "is even more envious than stupid. I hope he may live to outgrow it. And if Miss Golightley had not made me forget myself by giving me a text, I should not have provoked him."

"But tell me, Uncle Golightley," said Madge, who sat between him and Garth, "is it certainly true that the Indian is buried under the threshold? Has nobody ever looked under it to see?"

"People who look under grave-stones," observed Garth, as his uncle did not immediately reply, "are apt to find a curse buried there, if nothing else."

Besides the seven persons whose shadows were flickering about the fire-lighted kitchen, there was an eighth present—a silent, self-contained, stoical individual, wrapped in a dark shawl, and smoking a short cutty-pipe. It was old Nikomis, the cook, who had sat and smoked thus every night for the last ten years, and who, it appeared, was not to be frightened away by unusual company. She was so far removed within the chimney-corner that, although the wrinkled coppery skin of her broad grim face received the intensest glow of the fire, no shadow was cast into the room beyond. She sat with her arms folded, and the pipe stuck in the corner of her mouth, and from pipe and mouth alike jets of smoke issued at stated intervals. But for this she might have been a statue or a mummy, so far as any sign of life was concerned. Hitherto she had neither taken part in the conversation nor even seemed to be conscious of it; but at Madge's idle question she partly turned, and pushing aside with one dark knotted talon the swath of grayish-black hair which hung down beside her face, fixed her small black eyes upon the fresh and lovely girl.

Garth, sitting between, observed these two women with an artist's eye for contrast. While marveling at the breadth of a human nature which could include two such diverse beings under one category, the fantastic notion occurred to him whether any imaginable freak of destiny could ever cause

their several thoughts or desires to run for a moment in the same channel. Madge, it was true, had been known to entrap Nikomis into something like conversation, and even to effect an entry to the old Indian's wigwam in the garret, which was closed against every one else. But this must have been due rather to their intense dissimilarity, mental and spiritual as well as physical, than to any direct sympathy between them. The notion went and came in a breath, and then Garth made his rejoinder to Madge. Nikomis thereupon gave vent to a guttural "Ugh!" and turning again to the fire, resumed her impassive smoking as before.

"The old lady agrees with you, Garth," remarked his father; for Nikomis's habitual silence had for years brought her to be spoken about in her own presence as if she were deaf or out of the way. "I have always believed that the murdered warrior, as well as the original old sachem, was an ancestor of hers, and this confirms it."

"My good fathers! Mr. Urmson!" cried Mrs. Tenterden, with an accent of anxiety. "What—why—I shouldn't think it would be safe. At least," she added, lowering her voice behind her fan, "the Indians down in Virginia are perfectly awful!"

"Oh, Mildred!" murmured Golightley, letting his hand fall softly upon hers, "you are simply the most delicious woman in the world. Isn't she, Cuthbert? Oh, it 'll be charming to watch you two!"

"Nikomis stays here, Mrs. Tenterden," said Cuthbert, entirely unmoved, "because the place belongs to her. I wish to atone for the wrong my forefathers did hers. She is a lady, and appreciates my motive; and even should justice require my scalp at her hands, no personal feeling would be engendered either on her part or mine."

The idea of Mr. Urmson's being scalped by his cook caused Mrs. Tenterden to fold her statuesque arms with a shudder. "But why do you think she is one of those Indians instead of any other?" she asked.

"It saves so much trouble. If I believed she was some one else, how could I believe I was repairing my ancestor's misdeeds?"

The good-natured attempt which Mrs. Tenterden made to catch the drift of this remark put the scalping out of her mind, and before she could recur to it, Golightley had taken up the conversation at the point where Garth had left it.

"By-the-bye, Garth," he began, affably, "aren't you laying down the law rather broadly as regards that matter of opening graves? My notion was that an old tomb was one of the likeliest of places for stumbling on some forgotten treasure."

"If there's a fortune under our door-step, it can't be meant for us," returned the young man. "We should probably stumble on some proof of our never having had a claim even to such fortune as we possess."

"Oh, then let us not look!" exclaimed Madge, with a *naïveté* that drew forth a general smile. "Besides—there are the ghosts. Are there any ghosts, do you think, Miss Elinor?"

"It seems as if there might be to-night," said Elinor, with a half-playful apprehensiveness of eyes and tone, and a slight nervous shrugging of the shoulders.

"Ghosts? to be sure there are!" affirmed Uncle Golightley. "I wonder now whether I ever told any of you a ghostly experience of my own, which happened to me in this very house when I was a mere boy, thirty years ago. I don't believe I ever did. Well, now, this is just the place and time for a ghost story. Let me see if I can remember it. Yes—I was between twelve and fifteen years old then. Cuthbert, you were away in Europe at that time, and I was living here alone with the captain, and being about as unhappy as I knew how to be, I suppose. I was much in the garret, partly to be out of the way, and partly because I enjoyed rummaging over the old chests of papers. It's curious, as I was remarking to you this morning, Garth, what an attraction that garret has had for our family, one way or another!"

"I recollect I used to haunt it before you were born," remarked Cuthbert; "but I never saw the ghost."

"He appeared first to me," rejoined Golightley, stroking his face; "but there's no reason, so far as I know, why he should not appear hereafter to other people. Well, one day—one day, Miss Margaret, with your black eyes—I had staid in this garret until near dusk, and was just going to shut up the chest and depart, when my eye happened to light upon a document folded in triangular shape, which I couldn't remember having seen before. It was a parchment, very much worn along the folds, and crumpled at the corners, and discolored in several places, as if it were either very old or had been carried about a great deal in somebody's pocket. I took it to the window, for it was getting pretty dark, you know, and found some half-erased writing on the back. I could make nothing of that, and said to myself, I'll look inside. But on trying to open it, I found it was carefully sealed along the edges with seven wafers, four blue and three red ones.

"I was thinking whether or not it would be wrong for me to open it, when all at once I felt there was some one in the garret with me. I was scared for a minute: I was standing with my face to the window, and the idea of turning round was disagreeable, I can tell you. However, I had to turn at last; and sure enough, there was somebody squatting down beside the chest of papers I had just left.

"I looked at him at first only in surprise. There was not much light to see him by, and he had his back toward me; still I fancied there was something familiar about him. Gradually I noticed that he appeared to be about my own age and size; not only that, but the clothes he wore were just like those I had on. His hair, as nearly as I could make out, was about as long as mine, and curled in the same way. And, by George! his way of pulling over the papers and holding them up to look at them was so like my way that I could hardly believe he was not me. For all that, though, there was something devilish about him, as if some evil spirit was amusing himself with mimicking me. After I got over my surprise a little, I began to feel—not frightened exactly, but indignant.

"I didn't move or say any thing, but stood watching him; and though it grew darker, I saw him more clearly in the darkness than in the light. He continued pulling over the papers and peering into them, until at last he brought out—what do you think it was, Mildred?"

"Oh, Golightley, don't!" exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden, with one of her shudders; "I declare it's awful!"

"As soon as I saw it, I knew I had to deal with nothing human; and, another thing, I became immediately conscious of what was going on in my Doppelganger's mind, or perhaps it would be more accurate to say I felt his mind as if it was my own, and the thoughts he had seemed to be my thoughts. Though I saw him, and knew that I was something distinct from him, yet I knew that I was possessed by him in the same sense that people used to be in the witch days. And though I felt, so far as I had any feeling of my own left, that he was hideous and repulsive to the last degree, still I couldn't help sympathizing with him, and looking at things from his point of view, and agreeing, as it were, to every thing he proposed. But the worst of it was that I knew I was guilty of whatever wickedness he might meditate; I must consent to his crimes, and that was the same as to commit them myself. He had power over me."

"Why didn't you down on your knees, lad, and pray God to succor you?" boomed the venerable parson, at this point.

"I didn't think of it, I suppose, until it was too late. It was part of the ghost's infernal cunning, you see, to make me forget every thing except him and what he was doing. Well, the thing he brought out was a discolored old parchment, folded in triangular shape, and very much worn and crumpled along the edges. He turned it over, and I saw, looking through his eyes, that something had been written on the back and partly scratched out. Then I felt him think, 'I'll open it,' and when he (or we) made the attempt, we found it was sealed along the edges with seven wafers, three red and four blue."

"Why, it was something like the one you found, wasn't it?" murmured Mrs. Tenterden. "How strange there should be two of them!"

"A coincidence," remarked Cuthbert, "is often the strangest feature of adventures of this kind. Proceed, brother."

"The sight of those wafers," continued Golightley, who was sitting erect, with his elbows on the arms of his chair, and accenting his narrative with the impact of one long forefinger against the other—"the sight of those seven wafers, so far from making me hesitate about my right to break them open, gave me (through the depraved heart of the Doppelganger, you understand) a thrill of delight, because here was something unlawful to be done. And yet, somehow, it didn't seem wrong either, but a particularly pleasant kind of right. At all events, when I saw him begin breaking the seals open, I approved and rejoiced exceedingly, and accepted the deed as my own. We violated them one by one, and when the parchment lay open before us, we had a complacent little chuckle together."

"The Lord be merciful unto you a sinner!" rumbled Parson Graeme, whose venerable mind had lost the elasticity whereby to distinguish the impress of a skillfully told fiction from that of a true tale. Fortunately he was a Universalist, and had hopes even for so depraved a soul as Uncle Golightley's.

"But tell me—what was in the parchment?" demanded Madge, with a piquant intrepidity that caused a corner of Cuthbert's mouth to move slightly, and him to turn a quiet glance on the questioner.

"What was in it, my dear child?" returned Uncle Golightley, taking her hand caressingly in his own; "why, writing—nothing but writing. The body of the writing was in an old-fashioned but easily legible hand, but across the top of the page was one sentence in a different character. We read that first, and it gave us such an appetite for what was to follow as only a warning to read no further could have done.

"However," said the story-teller, after an interval of silent gazing at the fire, which, reflected in his glasses, seemed to give his eyes a red, demoniac glare—"however, I'm not going to tell you what was written in that document. I promised my Doppelganger I wouldn't, and it's a promise I haven't the courage to break. Luckily, the story does not need that I should; in fact, its peculiar interest would be greatly impaired were I to do so. It is enough to say that it was a potent spell, and that its effect was to endow us (under certain penalties which I can appreciate better now than I did then)

with a peculiar and irresistible power; a power, too, that could be exercised invisibly, and whose very existence would be unsuspected by most people. Not only that, but it was, in a certain sense, a perfectly legitimate power. No one could have condemned me—us—for using it; no one, except ourselves, could have divined the secret sin that lurked within it; in fact, the sin was nameless, intangible, so subtle that it vanished altogether beneath a direct look, or appeared only in the likeness of a virtue. And to tell the truth," affirmed Uncle Golightley, leaning back in his chair with a dry laugh—"to tell the truth, my good people, I'm more than half inclined to-night to think that there really was, so far as I was concerned, more of right than wrong in the matter, after all. The devil had a finger in the pie, I admit; but it's my opinion that he simply played a practical joke on my common-sense, and that if he had kept out of the way, and had left me to deal with that seven-sealed affair alone, I should have come off without singeing a hair. It was the doubt—the haunting, casuistical doubt—that betrayed the cloven hoof! That Doppelganger of mine, he tries to persuade me that he's the best friend I have, and most of the time I believe him; but sometimes—when I have a headache or an influenza, for instance—sometimes I don't.

"Well—but this is getting to be rather a metaphysical ghost story, isn't it? Come, wake up, Mildred, and hear the end of it. As for you, Cuthbert, old boy, I see you remember my philosophic and analytic predilections of old. Well, and so, my little Margaret, the ghost and I read to the end of our naughty parchment, and then we folded it up carefully, and sat down to think what we would do next. We didn't need the parchment any more, that was pretty plain to us; but neither would it do to destroy it, or to let any one else get hold of it. It must be put away somewhere where it would remain both safe and secret. After a few moments I felt it come into the ghost's mind where the hiding-place should be, and I agreed to it immediately, and we had another chuckle over our cleverness. I saw him put the papers back in the box, and shut the box up; the triangular parchment with the seven violated seals he thrust into his bosom—I still seeming to be the real doer of all he seemed to do. He got up and stole away on tiptoe down the garret stairs. It was then quite dark, but, as I said before, I could see him all the better for that, and I stole along with him. It was so dark that when we came to the first floor, and met Captain Brian on the broad landing, he passed without seeming to see us. Since then I've often wondered whether, had he seen us at all, he'd have seen two of us or only one, and which one.

"Down we went to the kitchen—this same old kitchen, with the embers of a fire upon the hearth. There was light enough there to throw a shadow on the opposite wall, but there didn't seem to be enough to cast two! one only could I see, stealing along beside me. Either the ghost itself was the shadow, or else, in spite of its overmastering reality to me, it had not material reality enough to intercept the dying fire-light. We went to the dresser—the same one, I think, that stands beside the wall there now—and laid hold of an old pewter plate with a double bottom, used for keeping buckwheat cakes hot. We unscrewed the false bottom, slipped the triangular parchment inside the plate, and screwed it up again. Then we took an old hatchet from the corner where it hung, and went down the cellar steps.

"It must have been pitch-dark; but I saw my pet cat sitting on the head of an apple barrel. She had always been very fond of me, after the selfish manner of cats: but now her back was up, her eyes glaring, and her tail almost as big round as my arm. As we came nearer, she gave the most hideous, despairing, miserable yowl I ever heard, and dashed frantically past us up stairs. It could not have been the sight of me that threw her into such a fit; and I leave it to any one familiar with ghost stories like this to guess what else it could have been.

"The cellar door flew shut with a bang, closing us in. I was ordinarly rather a timid boy, I believe; and I remember wondering why I didn't feel frightened then, for I was as bold as a lion. Probably it was because I existed only in sympathy with the ghost; and of course a dark cellar was the most congenial sort of place for him. We kept along, and soon brought up against that part of the wall which is just underneath the front-door of the house. On the other side of the wall, and beneath the threshold stone, lay the bones of the two legendary Indians. The wall was of brick—the same bricks that Neil Urmson had built up there two centuries before. I saw the ghost take the hatchet and begin loosening some of these bricks and taking them out. I had known he would do this, ever since I felt the purpose enter his mind up in the garret; and now I approved again, and seemed to help. In a short time there was a hole through the wall, and a little cavity had been dug out beyond. It seemed to me that we had dug right into the skeleton of the murdered Indian; and when we had taken the old pewter plate, with its contents, and thrust it far into the hole, I peeped in, through the ghost's eyes, and saw it lying in the mouldering cavity of the ribs, just where the heart used to be!"

Here Mrs. Tenterden began to laugh rath-

er hysterically, remarking, brokenly, that it seemed such a funny thing for a skeleton to have a pewter plate for a heart.

"Ay, see how a man is led on from one sin to another!" growled the ancient parson; "if he hadn't broken open the seals and read the parchment in the first place, he'd never have been tempted to make away with his father's warming dishes afterward!"

"Well, I'm nearly at the end of my catalogue of crimes," returned Golightley, laughing affably, and not at all put out by the interruption. "By George! I ought to feel complimented—eh, Cuthbert? at the flavor of reality I seem to have contrived to give to this extempore little *jeu d'esprit*. Let me see, where was I, my dear little Margaret? Oh yes, we had got the parchment safely into the hole. Well, then, we filled the hole up, and replaced the bricks as they were before. And then came the most disagreeable part of the adventure to me.

"The ghost had hitherto kept his back constantly turned toward me, and I had never thought of his face, whether it resembled mine or was different from it, or how it was. I had only seen him from behind, and had no more curiosity as to his features than as to my own. But when the last brick had been settled in its proper position, and there was no more work to do, the ghost turned quietly about and stared at me!

"He certainly did resemble me very closely, but it was a ghastly likeness, brimming over with infernal malice. It was a face that copied mine throughout to a hair, and yet, instead of being an innocent, boyish face, it was a face that had lived in hell and was familiar with all its wickedness. And another thing, wicked as it was from the core outward, I could see nothing in it which I could not imagine true of myself. We were essentially one, and among all the legions of devils there was not one who could have represented me as this one did. In him I saw all my good turned to bad, and all my bad made worse. He was a visible prophecy of what I might at last become, and had just taken the first step toward becoming. You mustn't expect me to describe the face; but if any one of you when you get to heaven grow tired of singing psalms and thrumming on your harps, just look down over the edge for a minute and call for me!

"Now, as I said, so long as the ghost had kept his back toward me, and so concealed the full blast of his deviltry, I had been bold and jaunty enough; but when he confronted me, eye to eye, and forced me to realize what it was had supported me and led me on, I began to sicken and tremble. At the same time, though, I felt that whatever strength I had now depended on him, and that, hideous as he was, I could rely on no other support than his. I would have given the best half of my life never to have seen him at all; but since that was past helping, I was ready to give the other half to keep him with me forever thenceforth. But the worst of that kind of friends is, they are so apt to take leave of you on the wrong side of the scrapes they get you into; and I knew, as soon as he turned about, that he was going to desert me in that dark cellar. The last moment I remember was an indescribable whirl of all sorts of strange sights and thoughts. I imagined this fellow dogging my steps ever since I was born, sometimes getting near enough to touch me, sometimes dropping behind again, then catching up once more, and on this fatal day fairly getting the best of me. And that was not all. I saw him cropping up at unexpected junctures throughout my future life, always bearing the same devilish resemblance to me, always by means of the spell helping me to gain some advantage fair in outward seeming, but which in my own secret heart I knew was dastardly. So by degrees he vitiated my soul surely, and yet so subtly that even to myself I would not admit my guilt. At last the fifth act of the tragedy came; the spell had been used for the last time; it had succeeded, as it always must; but my time was drawing near. In one of the concluding acts I made a sort of half-hearted effort to retrieve myself, but it did not avail. Suddenly I saw a body that I knew was mine lying in a familiar room bleeding inwardly. Friends were standing round it, and some enemies were not far off; but, searching every where, I could nowhere find the demon. For an instant I felt a thrill of triumph, thinking that, after all, I had escaped. Then the last breath came, and the soul left the lifeless corpse and paused for a moment beside it. As it turned away to depart I saw its face, and it was the face of the demon. There, my little Margaret, is not that a nice ghost story?"

"I never knew, brother," said Cuthbert, after no one had spoken for a time, "what a dramatic genius you had. Upon my word, I would not dare venture either into the garret or cellar to-night."

"My good fathers!" ejaculated Mrs. Tenterden, folding her arms with a shudder. "I should think not, indeed!"

"But that isn't all?" exclaimed Madge. "How did you get out of the cellar? and did you ever see the ghost again?"

Golightley laughed, and drew his hand down over his face caressingly. "I see I shall have to confess," said he, "or you'll all be looking upon me as a hideous criminal, taking this means to make a clean breast of it without getting compromised. Why, don't you recollect, Cuthbert, that old volume of Italian romances, translated by a

certain John Reynolds about the time our family left England, and brought over here, I suppose, by old Captain Neil himself? Well, I got the idea of my yarn from one of those infernal old histories of his; and by adding local tints here and there, I made it into what you heard. Bless me, I thought some one of you would have found me out before I was half through!"

"If John Reynolds could have told the story as you told it," observed Garth, with a long sigh, "we should have remembered him even after two centuries. There's truth in it, more or less, for every body!"

"I don't like to think so!" murmured Elinor, with a slight frown and contraction of the under eyelids.

"What! all a make-believe?" grumbled old Mr. Graeme, standing up and kicking a shower of sparks out of the red-hot log with his huge foot. "Humph! shouldn't make believe about serious things like that, Golightley, my lad. However, since it's over and done, it's better to have it make-believe than truth: no doubt about that, eh?—haw! haw! haw! Nikomis, what do you think— Why, where is she?"

It was now observed for the first time that Nikomis was no longer one of the circle. On reflection, however, Garth thought he remembered having seen her depart about five minutes previous—shortly before the close of the story; and Madge affirmed that she had gone off in the direction of the back-door.

"Your metaphysics were too much for her, brother," said Cuthbert; "the next time you tell the story, you must flavor it with scalps and tomahawks, for her sake."

"I told it altogether too well ever to venture on repeating it," returned Golightley, laughing and turning away. "By George! I almost humbugged myself, for the time being."

"Nellie," said Mrs. Tenterden, who had just crushed a yawn, "isn't it time our wagon was here? I declare, Golightley," she added, good-naturedly, "all this excitement has made me dreadfully sleepy."

Garth looked out of the window, and reported that the wagon was at the door. It was thereupon arranged that Elinor and Mrs. Tenterden should come the next afternoon to visit the studio, while Madge, who was sitting as a model to Garth in one of his pictures, was to appear in the morning. Meantime the minister, with ponderous gallantry, stood ready to escort the three ladies home, looking, in his vast cape coat, like some genial old mountain with snowy summit. The ladies put on their shawls and hoods, for it was colder than ever, and all the seven friends came out upon the door-step, and paused there a moment to see the wide valley sleeping beneath the moon, and Wabeno watching over it like a shadow.

"Is this the threshold stone you all were talking about," inquired Mrs. Tenterden, "that has the Indians under it?"

"Yes," replied Cuthbert; "and it is here that the pewter buckwheat plate reposes."

"Now, grandfather, if you'll put Mrs. Tenterden into the wagon, I'll hold the horse," said Garth.

"Uncle Golightley," said Madge, softly, as they stood observing the parson's manœuvres with his charge, "I can tell you where Nikomis went."

"Can you, my dear?" he responded, laying his hand affectionately on her shoulder. "Well, where did Nikomis go?"

"She went down cellar," said Madge, looking up in his face.

Uncle Golightley made no reply.

"She's a funny old creature," continued Madge, "but not half so stupid as she looks. She used to be considered a sort of witch, I believe, before she came here. I think I am better acquainted with her than almost any one, and she has told me some very curious things. I think you would be interested in her."

"All in?" called Garth from the horse's head.

"In a moment," cried Madge. "Thank you, Uncle Golightley. Good-night." She gave his hand a little pressure, and whispered in his ear, "I liked your story very much; but I shall make you tell me the rest of it some time."

"All right?" called Garth again.

"Yes, yes," they all said.

As he came round to the side of the wagon, Madge stooped down and held out her mouth for a kiss. He colored, and kissed her; and the wagon drove off before Uncle Golightley could decide whether or not it were incumbent on him to claim a salute likewise.

A COUNTRY CHORISTER.

"IT is the case," said Jane, "of the sheep that tumbled over the precipice, and the whole flock rushed pell-mell after it. Of course our little ewe lamb couldn't be expected to escape the ridiculous infection."

At this obscure hyperbole Mrs. Fairfield opened wide her eyes and looked at her eldest daughter in bewilderment.

"It's plain to be seen," pursued Jane, "that Dora's head over ears in love with Miles Van Dorn, like all the other fools in the parish!"

Mrs. Fairfield quite blushed at this bold assertion.

"I'm ashamed of you, Jane," she said severely. "Dora's a mere child, and has no more idea of that kind than a babe in arms. I should think you'd have more delicacy than to accuse your sister of giving her love unsought."

"That's all balderdash, mother," said the practical Jane. "I don't profess to know much about the tender passion, but the little attention I've bestowed upon it proves to me that it holds itself quite beyond the volition of its victims. Her failing to gain the approbation of this piping shepherd is the only thing that gives me a hope of quenching her love for him."

"Nonsense, Jane," said her mother. "Of course she respects him—we all do; but as for love—"

"As for love," repeated Jane, "I never saw a more decided case of infatuation in my life. The way she hung upon every note of his at the singing-school to-night was simply distracting."

"She's fond of music," pleaded the mother.

"Yes, and for that reason," said Jane, "she should have listened with any thing but delight. His voice is passable, merely passable; in the high notes it fails ignominiously. But high or low, true or false, upon every note Dora hung enraptured. I felt a chill creep down my vertebræ as I looked at her."

Jane Fairfield was the eldest of the two daughters of the village school-master, and had, years since, left the paternal roof and gone up to the city in search of fortune. Steadily eschewing more æsthetic but less profitable employment, she had served a long apprenticeship to the dress-making business, and having graduated with an artist in that line at the metropolis, she counted her future safe in her own hands. Devoting herself to her needle and shears, the world dwindled down to a small compass with Jane, and time fled speedily by. Once a fortnight she ran down home, and heartily enjoyed what domestic amusement she could glean there—advised and harangued her mother, scolded and drilled her little sister, accepted reluctantly the benign patronage of her father, and, looking around upon the village folk, devoutly thanked Heaven that she was not as other people are.

In all dispositions like Jane's there must be one element predominating; her nature was too strong to be diffusive. It was necessary there should be a concentrating point. With her it was ambition. Not for herself—that was given up long ago with a bitterness that partook of scorn. Nothing could be done without a reasonable capital, and poor Jane had a scrawny figure, a harsh voice, and a general *tout-ensemble* that possessed more character than grace. That portion of Jane's life which the French gracefully term the beauty of youth had been frittered away in the struggle for independence, so that Jane had ceased to hope for any personal joy; but it had become a delight to her to fancy that something might come of Dora.

When her sister was but a child it chanced that she sang a simple little ballad within hearing of a professional friend of Jane's, who fell into raptures over the pure clear notes, and declared there was the germ of a fine, of perhaps an extraordinary, voice. Jane cherished this semblance of promise, and as soon as Dora was old enough she was brought to the city twice a week and placed in the professor's hands, as docile a little pupil as that ardent lover of music could desire. And the child grew lovable as the years went by—lovable and, above all, lovely: above all with Jane, as it was the one thing she held altogether without approach. She had been known in one of her audacious flights to declare the result of genius could be attained by application, but nothing had ever been found that quite took the place of beauty. So the energetic spinster gloated on Dora's fresh young loveliness, upon the lithe pliant form, the shifting lights in her hair, the wonderful color that was never the same from one minute to another—now faint and fading rapidly, now bright, vivid, increasing in intensity, until it glowed like a flame, then fleeting again like the gorgeous tints of an evening sky.

The music lessons went on, the professor became more and more encouraging, and poor Jane reveled in a fool's paradise. Heaven knows what lofty aspirations took shape in her mind. When her establishment was closed, and Jane, who could well afford it, took a hack to the stylish boarding-house where her nights were spent, she allowed her busy hands a resting spell; they lay idly in the folds of her well-fitting robe, while her imagination wove many a fanciful dream of the future. The dream generally culminated in a spacious hall crowded from pit to dome with a full-dress audience, each man and woman of them all breathlessly intent upon catching every note that fell from the lips of a marvelously lovely creature bending and swaying upon the great stage before them, shaking out from her pretty throat trill after trill, each one more wonderful than the last, until, driven to enthusiasm by this witchery, they rise from their seats and fling flowers and jewels at the feet of this beautiful magician.

Jane was in the full tide of these visionary delights when, in that summer holiday at home, she went with her young sister to the choir meeting. No other gathering could have tempted her from the paternal hearth; but there was a sort of malicious sipping from the cup of nectar in hearing Dora sing in the village choir. Jane fancied these simple villagers were entertaining an angel unawares, and unconsciously doing homage to a melody that would one day enchant the world.

But suddenly the exquisite notes were hushed, and looking over at Dora, Jane

found her, with clasped hands and rapt eyes, listening to a strain from Miles Van Dorn. And even when the strain was finished, Dora's eyes still rested upon him with an expression that caused that chill to run down the vertebræ of her sister Jane.

The next day Jane carried her young sister off with her to the city. She was a reluctant traveler, and drooped perceptibly every mile farther from home.

Although Jane persisted in drives and promenades, concerts and receptions, although she procured for Dora all the amusement that money and a respectable share of influence could obtain, Dora remained obstinately docile, but wearied.

"A decided case of ennui," said one of Jane's friends. "I've never seen that bored expression so perfect before. I'm afraid, Miss Fairfield, it's genuine: your field daisy won't bear transplanting."

Jane winced at this, but bore it doggedly, until, three weeks later, the professor himself declared that the child must go home.

"Do you not see, my friend of friends," cried the professor, "that even her voice is dwindling away? It is thin—thin to attenuation; there is no longer power nor compass. See, now, she must go back to the green fields and the daisies. It is a terrible sickness, this *mal du pays*. In the years that are gone, Mees Fairfield, I was near dying with it myself. To long for one's native sky, for the air that nourished the young life, you see."

"I don't see," said Jane, testily, looking at the poor old man with an air of stern contempt. "You needn't tell me it's all homesickness."

"Every bit of it, Mees Fairfield. Tell her now this night that she shall go home tomorrow, and let us mark the result."

So Jane dropped into Dora's listless ear a few magical words, of which one was "home," and forthwith that treacherous color leaped to Dora's cheek, her lips trembled. "Oh, Jane!" she murmured, and two big tears of joy fell out of her trembling eyes.

One little hour after, she sang divinely to the professor's accompaniment. That good man clasped his hands and looked upward with devout enthusiasm.

"*Ach schön!*" he said, "*wunderschön!*" and the exclamation was a volume in itself. It prophesied success and glory, the fulfillment of all their dreams.

"I suppose it *might* be homesickness," whispered Jane to herself, consolingly, "there's so much of maudlin sentimentality in some natures. If this old idiot of a professor babbles thus of green fields and daisies, why shouldn't it be for Dora?"

All the way home, however, a moody skepticism weighed upon the soul of Jane, and it was not until Dora had partaken with spirit of the delicacies provided for the evening meal, and nestled close to her mother's side in the evening twilight, singing softly but joyously a little hymn they all loved, that Jane was allowed to fully rest upon the thought that it was only homesickness, after all, that ailed Dora.

But even as they sat there, hemmed in with ropes of tangled shrubs, the fragrant scent of a hop vine slyly steeping the practical soul of Jane to a semi-intoxication, Dora's sweet voice seemingly a part of the dew and the twilight, and all of it wondrously resting to the poor tired *modiste* from town —even then a big shadow loomed up before them, and rather a harsh rasping voice said, "I've come to bid you good-by."

Jane cast one look at Dora. The rosy lips of the child were still parted with the last note of the song, her little white hands stretched forth unconsciously to the newcomer, and a faint echo of the word "Good-by" reached Jane.

"Why, dear me!" said Mrs. Fairfield; "I never thought to tell you that Mr. Van Dorn is going away. Ralph Peyton has coaxed him off to his church in the city to be chorister there; and our folks don't like it a bit, either. But I suppose it's best for Mr. Van Dorn: there ain't much chance for getting ahead here. What with fagging at the village store all day, and teaching school at night, I can't see when he gets a chance to read law; but I believe he does it, somehow or other."

"That is one reason I can't stop and talk with my friends like other folks," said Mr. Van Dorn, "but can only find time to say good-by. I shall miss Miss Dora's voice in my new choir. It is always full and rich; but I never noticed till to-night the haunting sweetness about it, that gets by the senses into the soul, and stays there when the music is fled."

"Hum!" said Jane; "you'll never make much of a lawyer if you din such stuff as that into people's ears."

"I don't give way to it often," said Van Dorn, laughingly, and made his way over to Mrs. Fairfield and Dora. Suddenly Jane saw the slender figure of her sister stagger a few steps toward the door, then sink forward. Jane sprang to catch the falling form, but Van Dorn already held her in his arms, and lifting her into the sitting-room, placed her gently on the old chintz-covered lounge near the window.

"It is the heat, I think," said Van Dorn, with a flush of surprise and alarm in his face.

"Yes," said Jane, bitterly, "it is the heat, and you'd better get away; the fewer people we have here devouring the air the better."

Van Dorn cast one more lingering, puzzled, pitying look upon Dora's prostrate form, then went away.

Dora soon recovered consciousness, and said no word of complaint; only asked that she might go to her room at once.

"I wonder what ailed Dora?" said Mrs. Fairfield, when they had put the child to bed, and descended again to the sitting-room.

"Oh, mother," said poor Jane, "get away, and leave me to myself a while! Whatever ailed her, it couldn't have been homesickness, could it?" Then she laughed sardonically. And Mrs. Fairfield declared, as she got out of her eldest daughter's presence, that if there was one thing more than another she hated, it was that nasty scoffing way Jane had.

Taking the early train in the morning, Jane resolved she would remain in the city till affairs had settled into the pleasant shape Van Dorn's absence would naturally bring about.

A month passed away, however, and there was no word of cheer from home. A few lines scrawled upon an expanse of paper at length told her that Dora was unable to write, and that even the music lessons must be discontinued. A kind of debility had seized upon Dora, Mrs. Fairfield wrote, that took away her strength and appetite.

Jane fumed and fretted over this bulletin, and the forewoman of her establishment declared there was no pleasing Miss Fairfield nohow. Miss Slopkins's evening silk fitted her to that perfection that she looked as if she was melted and poured into it; but there was no pleasing Miss Fairfield nohow.

As the weeks went by, the messages from home became more and more lugubrious, and at last there was a hint that some of Dora's ancestors had been affected similarly at Dora's age, and that Jane knew consumption was in the family.

At this dire word the letter fell from Jane's trembling hand. Like many healthy, vigorous organizations, she shuddered when the knowledge was forced in upon her that somewhere there was lurking a fell destroyer capable of swooping down upon any prey, foul or fair, that might seize his fancy. She became enraged, of course, with what she called her mother's imbecility, and wrote back to her never to dare mention that word again, that if it ever had been in the family, it was the old-fashioned kind that people throve upon and lived with to a ridiculous old age.

Jane said "it" all through the letter, then became so terrified with this little monosyllable that she tore the paper into fragments, sent a telegram to her forewoman, and started in the afternoon train for home.

Dora looked so beautiful to Jane that she could not persuade herself she was at all out of health. Her eyes shone like sapphires, and her cheeks wore so brilliant a glow that Jane took courage, and began to believe that all would yet be well.

For a week or two Dora seemed to gain strength again. Jane's sharp yet genial company was like a tonic to the failing health of the child, and she was even able to go to church once more. But her step was faltering and slow, and the powerful, imperious notes that had once filled the church with rare rich melody were lost in a faint sweet shadow of their former selves. Tremblingly and low they fell upon Jane's listening ear, and smote upon her heart till it was like to burst. Then the pitying glances of the good country folks, the dainties showered in upon her day by day for her fainting appetite, above all, the unearthly beauty that seemed to shape itself about Dora before Jane's terrified eyes—all these drove the poor woman to desperation, and she found herself praying for relief in any shape. She wished from the bottom of her heart that this man Van Dorn loved Dora, as the poor child was foolish enough to become a prey to a hereditary malady simply because this one strong element of her life was thwarted.

But Jane could find no proof of this either in the past or the present. He had simply been civil, perhaps kinder to Dora at times than to others, because nobody could help being kind to her.

But how to inveigle this fellow to Dora's feet? It was a most unpromising and hateful task. What an aggravation to misery to plot and plan for a result that will only be bearable as a means of saving life! As far as all those bright dreams of Jane's went, it would snuff them out like the extinguisher of a candle. But life, sweet life, must be saved from the wreck. If that were overpast for Dora, then would it be worse than worthless to Jane.

Of course the instrument must be money. This was the lever that moved the world. Miles Van Dorn was ambitious; he was also poor, struggling, hemmed in with difficulties on all sides. Jane could afford to pay well for the overthrow of her own ambition, and thus foster that of Miles Van Dorn.

She went to town, and from thence drove out to the parsonage of Ralph Peyton, which was but a short distance from the suburbs of the metropolis.

Entering the snug little study, it gave her a singular shock to see the shapely form of Miles Van Dorn bent over a huge volume of legal lore. She expected to see him, and really chose the evening for her visit to favor this presumption; but, nevertheless, to have thus before her this fleshly agent the fates had chosen for her discomfiture gave her a shock of dismay.

Calm and cold, always seemingly well dressed, whatever the material or cut of his apparel, Jane vaguely approved of his personal appearance. It was creditable—amazingly so—for a Van Dorn! He seemed

politely desirous of news from his late abiding-place, but kept his long front finger on the page of his book, and glanced longingly thither from time to time. At last Ralph's step was heard in the hall, and immediately upon the young minister's entrance he turned again to legal study. He bowed politely when Jane left, but looked to Ralph to do the honors of her departure.

Jane paused at the outer door.

"Ralph," she said, "I came here with a purpose, but my heart failed me. The fact is, this is a terrible blow to me."

"What is a terrible blow, Jane?"

"Why, this foolish madness of Dora's. I don't believe, mark you, she's dying for love, but she's naturally delicate, and has been spoiled all her life. Whatever it is, she's wasting away, Ralph, and I *can't* bear it; it kills me. You know, don't you, Ralph," said Jane, with her foot on the step of the carriage, "that all I have will be hers sometime? and it's no paltry trifle, I can tell you."

Then she drove away, leaving Ralph gazing after her with almost a ludicrous air of bewilderment. He walked with a slow, halting step to the study, and sank into a chair with a heavy sigh.

Miles looked over inquiringly.

"Have you heard any thing to disturb you?" he said.

"Yes, Miles," replied Ralph, impatiently. "Do put by that plodding of yours, and give me some advice. You know I boarded in the school-master's family when I preached out there."

Miles nodded.

"Well, you also know what an impulsive fellow I am. Oh, Miles, if I only had your coldness and reserve! I'm afraid I've unconsciously gained the affection of the school-master's daughter."

"Miss Fairfield—the lady that was here just now?" inquired Miles.

"No!" roared Ralph. "How could you suppose such a thing? I mean Dora, little Dora—dear, gentle, sweet little Dora. To think of it, Miles! She was a mere child that one couldn't help petting and caressing. You certainly must remember her well. She sang, didn't she, in your choir?"

Miles looked at his friend, and a heat gradually gathered in his eyes, in his voice; even the forefinger that rested in the huge book of legal lore trembled.

"Go on," he said, calmly. "Of course she sang in my choir. I do remember her well. Go on."

"'Go on!'" repeated Ralph. "It's all very well to say 'Go on,' but what am I to do? Her sister has just told me that she's wasting away. You know she's delicate any way, Miles, and she can't bear my departure from there. Dear, dear little Dora!"

"Do you mean to say that Dora Fairfield is actually ill in—in your behalf?" said Miles.

"Her sister told me so just now, and she ought to know. What was she to do? This confidence is excusable on her part, Miles; she idolizes Dora. How can she help it? Dear little rose of the wild wood!—to think I should have unwittingly won her love!"

Miles grew visibly paler.

"It seems to me I can remember now," he said, closing the book, and leaning his head upon his hand, "that when she fainted in my arms that night it was after the sudden mention of your name."

"Fainted!" cried Ralph; "I never heard of that. Why didn't you tell me?"

"I never talk of those things," said Miles, coldly; "but as corroborative testimony it is, of course, valuable."

"What am I to do?" exclaimed Ralph. "She mustn't perish, Miles; that would be terrible. Wouldn't you go to her at once if you were in my place?"

A smile of an icy bitterness touched the lips of Miles Van Dorn. "Yes," he said, coldly, "if I were in your place, I should go to her."

Ralph started to his feet. "Will you go over, Miles," he said, "the first thing in the morning, and ask Jane—Miss Fairfield—to go down with me? I'm afraid the shock might be injurious to Dora. Jane can tell her, you know. You'll go, won't you, Miles?"

It was a matter of wonderment to Miles afterward how he was induced to do such a thing; but certainly he did find himself, after a sleepless night, at the door of Jane's boarding-house, and actually sent up his card by the servant.

Jane arose early that morning because of anxious thoughts that also drove sleep from her eyes. Slowly and ploddingly she went on with her toilet, a look of despair shaping itself in her face. For the first time in years a prayer forced itself from her lips. "Let this cup pass from me!" cried poor Jane. "Don't let Dora die!"

And at that moment a servant knocked at the door, and put a card into her hand. Jane started and turned pale as she read "Miles Van Dorn." She went down stairs, firmly persuaded the whole thing was a dream.

Miles got upon his feet when she came in, with the awkward conviction that his presence there was an intrusion, and his errand an impertinence. "I am sent here by Mr. Peyton," he said, briefly, "to ask if you will accompany him down to your house in the country this morning. He proposes starting as early as possible."

"As a minister?" cried Jane. "Does he dare to think of hastening the poor child's doom by telling her she is going to die? Great Heaven!" said Jane, becoming more and more excited. "He can do her no possible good. There is only one person in the world that can—" Jane paused abruptly.

The slumbering heat in the eyes of Miles Van Dorn leaped into a blaze. "And that person is not, then, Ralph?" he asked, eagerly.

"Why, the monstrous egotism of the fellow!" said Jane, laughing with the air of one to whom laughing is unfamiliar. "Of course it isn't. How could he dream of such a thing?"

"It is natural sometimes to fall into error," said Miles, a gradual agitation betraying itself in his ordinarily cold and measured tones. "I have myself been driven to think of this subject; it has, entirely against my judgment, absorbed much of my time. Since that night Miss Dora fainted I have found it impossible to keep her from my thoughts. You will pardon my determination to discover this party who can be of benefit to your young sister if I confess to you, Miss Fairfield—" Miles paused; a sudden impulse of passion swept away all his rhetoric. He went over to Jane. "I love Dora," he cried; "I love her with my whole heart and soul. Now tell me, who is this party of whom you speak?"

"Why, then, God bless you, Miles Van Dorn!" said Jane, the tears bursting from her burning eyes: "that party is yourself!"

These tears, seemingly wrung from an unwilling source, melted the heart of Miles Van Dorn. "Miss Fairfield—Jane," he said, "it has not been my fault that Dora has suffered. I have not dared to think of love; it has not been a part of my plan of life. It did not seem possible—I did not know—"

"But you know now," said Jane. "Hasten back to Ralph, tell him the little mistake he has made, and meet me at the train."

Needless to tell of the interview between Miles and Ralph, or strive to paint the rapture of Jane when she was able to give into her darling's hands the elixir of life in the old shape of love.

Jane had the felicity afterward to see Dora, dressed in a marvelous mixture of lace and illusion, singing to thousands of people who hung entranced upon her voice. But it was not as a *cantatrice* she sang, nor altogether to further the delight and ambition of her good sister Jane: it was at a charity concert, as the wife of the eminent judge and jurist Miles Van Dorn.

THE GHOST'S ENTRY.

The candle flutters and darkles;
  There is no sound within;
The embers in ashes redden;
  One flame crawls spectral and thin.

The candle flutters and darkles—
  Wide and black is the door! I start—
The Wind was the ghost that entered,
  And shook me and chilled my heart.

JOHN JAMES PIATT.

LEGISLATIVE HUMORS.

PART IV.

BY THE HON. S. S. COX.

"Let man send a loud ha! ha! through the universe, and be reverently grateful for the privilege."—DOUGLAS JERROLD.

IN previous papers the analysis of the deliberative mind, collectively and individually, has been directed to its humors. Their utility in debate has been defended. The attempt has been made to remove from them the reproach of levity, while from different epochs of legislative history, and from other conspicuous sources, this element of parliamentary rhetoric has been illustrated.

In this paper the purpose is to treat in detail of the occasion and mode of using the various kinds of parliamentary weapons which are tempered by humor.

The liberty which allows so many levities is, as Mr. Hallam has said, "the slow fruit of ages." This indulgence is in proportion to the lusciousness of the fruitage. Just before and during our civil war, when men were almost on their knees in prayerful perplexity and trouble, as well as on their muscle and skill in great conflicts—the legislative humor was not pleasant. In vital conflicts fun does not flow so readily. Shadow and sorrow do not make mirth. Thaddeus Stevens was, perhaps, an exception, but his flavor was not always saccharine. It grew out of the war. It was acidulous and sharp. Few "summer-sweets" were found in his orchard. If they were there, there were plenty of stones and clubs beneath the trees.

If I should generally characterize the humor of Congress in the twenty years of my knowledge of it, it should be said that the Forty-first and Forty-second Congresses had the rarer felicities. Do you ask why? Because the war was over, and reconstruction had begun to show itself in better temper. Again, do you ask, "Who should be selected from this period as the happy members?" Using my tests, first, the lapse of time, and next the translatability of the merry words, I should say that Edmunds of Vermont was the capital wit; but Thurman met him ever with exquisite cunning of fence. Then follows a constellation, comprising Tipton, Nye, Howe, Conkling, Casserly, and others in the Senate, and Schenck, Butler, Stevens, Dawes, Garfield, Ross, Proctor Knott, Johnson of California, and a score of members of the House answered well the call of genial-tempered debate.

The same law which forms the pearl rules the witty expression. Naturalists ascribe the origin of the pearl to an irritation produced by the intrusion of a grain of sand or grit into the shell of the mollusk. This by a peculiar process is covered over with

a calcareous secretion, which is deposited in layers, and lo! the pure and perfect pearl. It is this same audacious and gritty though small intruder which irritates, till its priceless and creamy beauty is radiant with the rare iris of humor. Although humor, like the pearl, may only seem fit to be strung as an ornament to tickle vain minds "to mirth effuse," yet its utility is no less evident.

Quite a portion of the chitchat which gives zest and life to the daily routine of Congressional work and worry is laminated, little joke on joke, as pearls are formed. It is that which concerns the personal foibles, the length of service, the manners, or the committee-work of members. Sometimes it is the bar-room and cross-roads talk, the badinage of the stump, the ignorant and ungrammatical fanfaronade, and the stupid brag of the Bobadils. Sometimes vulgarity competes with courtesy, and wins an apparent advantage until tested by taste and time. Yet such simple chitchat is not without its utility. It is far better than the forcible-feeble denunciations, spiteful snap, and pandemoniac howling which fill the earlier *Globes*. These are associated with cries of "Order!" "Order!" They brought forth at times the emblematic mace itself from its marble pediment. Often its silver eagle flew into the arena restrained by the stalwart grasp of the sergeant-at-arms.

Let me, then, refer to some of the occasions and illustrations of this by-play of humor. The gentler sex is a frequent theme. The laughs, however, are too often equivocal and reprehensible. Widows' pensions, the marriage and other relations, are subject to the usual bandy of unexpressed but suggested ribaldry. The stage is not coarser than Congress in this respect, and a gallery of ladies makes no difference. No matter what the subject, whether Topsy or Thanatopsis, mention "women," and the old joke appears, ineradicably suggestive of something not said. References to whisky and Democracy; to finance and its intricacies; to our colored brethren; to party shibboleths and motions for adjournment; to the youth and age of members, and by the member who would "not kick at nothing for fear of a sprain;" to the devil and the Lower House, where he presides; to old Jacob Townsend; to victorious election prophecies and news; to Daniel and the locked-jawed lions, and the other roaring lion—the lobby; to Sir Boyle Roche's mixed metaphor of rat, bird, and bud; to "loyality;" to opening the mouth and putting your foot in it—these furnish much of the chitchat of debate. There are certain quotations very common, such as, "Ill fares the land;" and on funeral occasions, that "storied urn" is sure to make an "animated bust." "Your gory locks" are as sure to be shaken as "the galled jade to wince." That jade has winced till she has quite lost her winsome ways. General Morris's woodman has so often been besought to "spare that tree" that the theme is hackneyed; and Mr. Bryant's "drapery" has been a good deal crumpled by insane though "pleasant dreams." On solemn occasions there have been a sufficiency of "weeping hermits" dwelling around the Congressional Cemetery to make a procession of the Middle Ages to the Holy Sepulchre.

Frigid statistics thaw into humor, and help to give a merry tone to dry detail. How the House laughed at the mortality of the Maine regiments as compared with those of New York! It was a question of rations and liquor. The tax and the Maine law played their part in the debate. New York stood 52, but Maine 124. Temperance was shown to be unhealthy, and Maine and her soldiers demoralized. And the House found the figures funny.

Once Senator Edmunds proposed an amendment to an appropriation so artfully as to change the $20,000 for goods to that sum for transportation, and the $5000 for transportation to the cost of the goods. It had pertinency against the inordinate cost of transportation.

"It is alleged," said Mr. Axtell, "that we have traded away $15,000,000 for Alaska, and have only one million's worth of real estate. Any man who can't trade within 1400 per cent. of the value of an article ought to be expelled. Such a Congress, Sir, no longer deserves the confidence of a free people."

The pungency of wit is seldom associated with mere phraseological conceits. This element of legislative life, though it give vivacity to the session, is to be found in a higher grade of humor. I propose to characterize it in the following order: First, personalities and localities, and their points; second, defending the bad by the fallacy of fun; third, pithy narration and application of anecdote; fourth, apt repartee and cunning diversion; fifth, argumentation, in the form of burlesque and irony; sixth, antithetic brevities; seventh, and lastly, those miscellanies which defy classification.

First. Personalities and localities.

An allusion to the personal appearance of a member excites as much fun in the English Parliament as in our Congress, if not more. When Colonel Sibthorpe said that he did not like the countenances of the ministers opposite, as their faces were the index of the mind, there was an artillery of explosions. But O'Connell, in reply, turned the House upside down with its echoing roar by referring to the gallant colonel's own face, bushily bearded all over; and he (O'Connell) "would not abate a single hair on the point of good humor." The famous pasquinade of the same great Irish orator was made upon the same theme—whiskers—

and on the same Colonel Sibthorpe, "to beard whom Nature had shaved" the other two obnoxious and bigoted members!

Could any thing be finer than O'Connell's compulsory apology: "I said you were composed of six hundred scoundrels, and I am very sorry for it!" It was the royal purple upon his frieze coat. It was a personal generality, with the subtlest ambiguity of regret. It was worth a centennial birthday celebration, in which it played a festive part.

The same kind of risibility which O'Connell provoked on the hirsute Sibthorpe was produced in Congress when General Farnsworth referred to General Butler's face, and the latter then got tangled in the long beard of the gallant Illinoisan. But there is too much venom in such allusions to be enjoyable. Henry Clay's supreme and genial jocosity is better. He had a habit of making merriment at ex-President Buchanan's peculiarity of optics, to which I have referred, with such a Palmerstonian *bonhomie* that no offense was or could be taken.

Ex-President Tyler once touched the Senatorial vein of pleasantry by referring to the firm of "Madison, Grundy, John Holmes, and the Devil!" He remarked that Mr. Grundy had retired, leaving his Satanic Majesty to take care of the remaining partners!

Mr. Hawes, of Kentucky, on the French debate in 1835, to which reference was made last month, defending Quincy Adams from a general attack, said that he "did not like to see the gentleman from Massachusetts, whose long career had been crowned by that brightest of all crowns, the suffrage of a free people, exposed to a rifle here, a musket there, and a popgun over yonder!" That popgun was not so frequently fired for the rest of the session.

Our rules, like those of the Commons, try to guard against personalities. They forbid the use of members' names. The French and Spanish are less punctilious on this point. But while the rule is not observed in Congress as it used to be, there is no difficulty in making it apparent to whom allusion is made. Some members are at once recognized by a reference to their seat or locality, to their committee, or to their hobby. No reference to the red man in the late Congresses would have been complete unless it pointed at General Shanks, of Indiana, just as a reference to a tragic manner or to pig-iron immediately suggests an accomplished Pennsylvanian. Once I had occasion to insist on having macaroni kept on the free list. A long and red-haired, tall, lank, and odd member, full of complaisance, opposed it, as he said that he did not affect the dish. It was foreign; it was not nice. A playful allusion to his being fed on the badly manufactured native article was an *ad hominem* that brought forth a round of fun from the House, and from him the exclamation that he once promised his wife never to find fault with his "vittels," and he never would again!

That was a very clever rejoinder Senator Conkling made to Judge Thurman last Congress. "When the Senator turns about and addresses me, as he has half a dozen times, does he expect me to respond?" said the judge, just a little nettled. "When I speak of the law, I turn to the Senator as the Mussulman turns toward Mecca. I look to him only as I would look to the common law of England, the world's most copious volume of human jurisprudence." Those who know the judicial aspect of the Senator from Ohio will appreciate the force and elegance of this superb badinage.

The "long gentleman's speech," by an amusing mistake, is used for a short Senator who made a long speech, and the ripple of fun runs around at Garrett Davis.

The question of specie payments was under discussion in 1866, and so in clamoring for them was Long John Wentworth. He begged Mr. Stevens to lead them on to specie. "I believe it can be done," said Long John. "My friend is large, but he has faith like a grain of mustard seed," said Stevens.

John Morrissey was once ordered to be arrested, under a call of the House. Mr. Eldridge, of Wisconsin, amusingly suggested two sergeants-at-arms for the apprehension of the gladiator.

Senator Conkling, famous for his hyacinthian lock, one day inadvertently referred to the old abolition times, when politicians thought it derogatory to say that their hair curled. Of course, in the remarks which followed by another Senator, the blonde curl of Conkling became crisp with more than Numidian elegance.

Not unlike these personal hits are those which consist in taking off localities. This is a favorite theme for pleasantry. Dickens made his description of our new Eden, as Proctor Knott did of Duluth; but whether located in one section or another, such grotesque allusions to the *locus in quo* of members are enjoyed as if they were a "*tu quoque*." How Mr. Rollins, of Missouri, played his jet of fun on watery Cairo! His steamboat landed passengers in the third story of its first-class hotel. In the very heart of the new city the cry of the faithful boatman is, "No bottom!" Said another member, on another occasion, "I say to gentlemen that Cairo is one of the rising cities of this Union!" To which, "Has it risen above high water yet?" was the apt response.

We remember the impeachment trial. How important a part a Delaware witness played. He swore that the "eyes of Delaware" were on the Executive conduct and War Department. What trepidation followed! In vain the Chief Justice rapped "Order!" The laugh would be renewed.

Delaware has sometimes received a slap for being small; but only when small States or men are pretentious do good men assail their diminutive proportions. A Senator from Delaware cries out, "If Delaware had the physical force, Sir, she would hurl you from her borders should you attempt it." To which a Maine Senator, with a *sang-froid* such as becomes an ice-bound coast, replied that he "hoped the day was far distant when the nation would array itself against Delaware." "Or," added another, as the laugh grew lively, "Delaware array itself against the nation!"

"Where is the Seekonk River?" "In Rhode Island." "How long is it?" "Four hundred yards," answered Cowan of Pennsylvania. "Oh, longer than that," said the Senator from Rhode Island. Judge Trumbull: "There's no such river. It is not in the bill." "Well, it's in the State, anyhow," said Governor Anthony.

When, however, League Island, near Philadelphia, was asking appropriations, Anthony returned the compliment by similar ridicule. "There was an iron-clad took fire on that island," said he, "and there was not water enough to put it out."

Senator Cole represented California. He had charge of appropriations, and he, too, had made an adverse dash at League Island. The Pennsylvania Senator—Scott—intimated that a noted example taught that all good works should begin at Jerusalem, and therefore that Mare Island, California, was a good place to begin. The ever-felicitous Edmunds, well up in geography, remarked, "Mare Island is not Jerusalem." Mr. Cole: "No; far from it." This was Ionic in softness and Attic in elegance.

But a Senator from Rhode Island is not always the man to touch upon localities. This, Governor Anthony has often experienced. Who was it said that a traveler on horseback, stopping overnight, and hitching his horse in Rhode Island, was sued in trespass twice next morning—once in Massachusetts, for his horse eating oats from a field in that State, and again, at the same time, for his kicking down a stone fence in Connecticut? Some one once intimated that Rhode Island was a large State, for it had two capitals!

Secondly. Why is it that some of the best humor is in defense of the bad? Why is the indefensible so often defended by fallacious fun? Does the devil monopolize the best jokes as well as the best music? Falstaff, when he defends his vices, lards the lean earth with unctuous hilarity. Hudibras makes a witty theme out of Puritanic austerity, as Aristophanes made Athens laugh rather with than at the corruptions of his time.

One of the most exquisite pieces of rhetorical humor was once delivered by a California Senator. He defended the exaltation of intoxication with such incomparable pleasantry that many went out and imbibed. The Senate was left without a quorum. In the spring of 1870, Mr. Johnson, just elected Lieutenant-Governor of California, made a speech, almost a poem, in which the fruit of the vine was celebrated in a purple shower of wit, and where no tears but "tears of wine" were shed to enhance the luxury of nature's rich clusters and golden goblets!

In the same perverse tendency of fun, a Senator is up arguing lustily for the abolition of the frank. Another Senator, whose significant name is Fowler, leads a pack of Senators after this first Senator with questions like these: "Is there any thing to prevent the Senator paying his postage if he chooses?" "May he not dispense with the accursed privilege?" until the hoarse voice of Sumner tumbles in with: "The Senator may emancipate himself by refusing to frank, and paying all his own postage." Whereupon the Senator who would make reform is put down as a charlatan. A member in 1866 offered to expel another because he did not take the extra compensation voted; while another argued that if the salaries were reduced, the incomes of all Senators should be equalized.

Thirdly. Another species of humor consists in the narration and application of anecdote. It may seem strange that a body of men so accustomed to use this trick of rhetoric on the stump should not fully appreciate its use in Congress. But such is the fact. The galleries sometimes appreciate it. Whether because the story is too slow and zigzag a way of reaching the object, or whether the joke is generally stale—whatever it is, anecdote is too diffuse and vapid; and if pungent, it is apt to degenerate into the coarse acidity of vulgarism. Stories are almost as much out of place in Congress as Shakspeare's sea-coasts were in Bohemia. Still, they are not infrequently used, whatever may be their effect. The Senate and House seem equally impatient and inappreciative of anecdote. General Logan arises and tells the old story of the man who bragged he was one of the minister's converts. The minister rejoins, "I should think so, for it don't seem as if the Lord was in it." Does the joke tell? It hardly evokes a simper or cachinnation. But once I saw General Houston quit his whittling of cedar sticks in the old Senate-Chamber to plague General Cass. He did it by relating the story from Irving of a fight between two tortoises on shipboard. The fight consisted in blowing at each other, standing on their hind-legs. It was intended to illustrate diplomatic logomachy. Did it win applause? Palpably; but it won by the grotesque manner of the narrator and the pithy pertinency

of the story. General Hawley, to show the horrors of war, briefly related how he once asked one of his subordinates in his first battle, "Colonel, how did you like it?" "Well," said he, "I am satisfied; but when I saw my men going down all around me, I thought, 'Can't this thing be compromised?'" These instances are, however, exceptional, and depend for their success on their pointed application and concise expression.

General Nye was happy in a short story. The question of rebellion and amnesty was up. "Guilty or not guilty, is it you ask me?" said an Irishman. "How can I tell till I hear the evidence?" The story is somewhat musty. The point was a good deal in the Corwinian manner. How well, not to say how often, he told the story of the man who mauled the dead badger, for the purpose, as he said, of convincing the badger that there was punishment after death! Not less brief, as an illustration of the "uncertainty of the law," was that of the young lawyer who had thrown up the profession and gone to speculating in lottery tickets.

Mr. W. R. Roberts, of New York, neatly touched up the peaceful character and doubtful existence of the Ku-Klux by calling attention to the fact that nowhere in either party, from the South or elsewhere, were there evidences of violence. An Irishman in a strange town stood looking at a vessel. He was accosted, "Where are you from, Paddy?" "Begorra, Sir, I'm from any where but here, and I'll soon be from here too, Sir." *Argal*, where were the K. K.'s?

Illustrating the monopoly of ferries over the streams in a remote Territory, an exaggerative Delegate said that he had known two horses to be taken to pay the toll for one.

General Nye illustrated the binding force of instructions to a committee by the story of an Irishman in one of our big cities. The dogs took after him, and he tried to stone them. He found the stones fast in the street, and he said, "It was a very pretty country for liberty, to turn the dogs loose and tie the stones down." This Senator seemed more than any one to make the Senate redolent of the stump. He had carried his hustings from New York to Nevada, and thence brought them to Congress. He could not strike an inconsistent Senator without telling the story of the Dutch artist representing the Scriptural scene of Abraham offering up Isaac. He gave, by a cruel anachronism, a pistol to Abraham instead of a knife. "How, then, could the angel intervene?" He finally poised the angel on wings, with a cup of water to wet the powder in the pan! Thus was Isaac saved.

John P. Hale once told this story of patronage: "A lady appealed to me to assist her, as she had a Revolutionary claim; she said that she would go out into the street and get some boy, and bring him in and have him appointed a page, and she would take half his pay for her ancestor's services in the Revolution."

Senator M'Creery, who is unctuous with humor, once related that a lawyer in his State, while admitting the foreknowledge of God as a general proposition, did not believe He could tell in advance how a county court of Kentucky would decide a case.

General Butler once apologized for a long speech by the remark of Charles II. when dying. He knew he was an unconscionable long time dying, and apologized therefor to his friends.

To make clear some of the beauties and virtues of reconstruction, Senator Dixon once repeated Dr. Johnson's narrative to Boswell: "I was passing a fish-monger's stall, and I saw him skinning an eel alive; and he was cursing the eel because it would not lie still." The disquieted and uneasy South, and the debate on its outlawry, were the points aimed at by the elegant and lamented Senator from Connecticut.

A Missourian desired to help a special bill, but not give up a general one for the benefit of his State. He said: "It reminds me, Sir, of the case of a profligate man who went to a respectable judge, and said, 'The laws of society are not properly constructed.' 'What is the matter with them?' said the judge. 'Why, you are rich, and I am poor, and I think we ought to divide.' 'If I did divide with you,' said the judge, 'at the end of six months you will have spent all your money. What will you do then?' 'Why, divide again, of course.'"

An Ohio member once touchingly related how an old bridge on the Miami had been carried off in a freshet. Bill Beckett was there, looking on. As he saw the bridge float away, with fifty years of association from rosy youth to gray age, tears stood in his eyes. "Ah! no wonder," said a friend of Bill's; "he was its biggest stockholder."

One of Mr. Lincoln's stories was once used to display the heavy points made by an antagonist. One of the President's neighbors had some heavy butts of logs on his land. "They were too infernal heavy to roll, too darned soggy to burn, and too tarnal tough to split; so he just plowed all around them."

A point was once made on the Methodist Senator, Mr. Harlan, by Senator Saulsbury. "A brother was in the habit of responding to all the minister said with a hearty 'Amen.' He became troublesome, and was cautioned. He held in for a while. But feeling a disposition one night, he hallooed out, 'Amen! at a venture!'"

"Are you not conscious that you are laboring under a prejudice against that man?" was one of Judge Collamer's happy anecdotes. "Yes, Sir, I think it likely. I have detected him stealing two or three times."

Another of the judge's well-applied though aged stories is that of the Irish proposition: first, that a new jail should be built out of the materials of the old one; and second, that the old one should be kept good for prisoners till the new one was finished.

Apropos of this sort of narrative for rhetorical effect, it is a marvel that spicy literary allusions are so seldom used for illustration in Congress. They are quite infrequent, more so than in Parliament. Only once can I recall a reference to Dickens, and rarely have I heard a hint of Cervantes. Judge Kelley once called Bunsby to his side to help him answer the question whether a protective duty is a tax or a bounty: "The bearing of this observation lays in the application of it."

Fourthly. Under this head may be considered, in connection with the last remark, those natural and ready responses which are condensed by the fire and hurry of debate. The quick fusillade of fun, the sudden turn of expression—these are repartees. They are unstudied and innocent. But the keenly barbed shafts that strike the white may not be classed strictly with repartee. They are retorts and sarcasms. They are the *diablerie* of wit, not the benevolences of humor.

Once when the Calhoun and Van Buren rivalry existed, and Calhoun was presiding in the Senate, with Jackson at the White House, General Noble, in alluding to those relations, said, "I tell you, Mr. President, the little magician will spoil your dish with the old hero; he is as cunning as a serpent and as harmless as a dove." "The Senator will confine himself to the subject." "Which subject?" "The one before the Senate." "I am trying to do so. I see but one subject before the Senate, the other is at the White House." "The Senator will take his seat." "As I was saying, the little magician—" "The Senator was directed to take his seat." "So I did, but the chair did not expect me to sit there the balance of the session."

"What's before the House—does the gentleman know?" says the irate Speaker. "I am," said the member. The House and Speaker laugh.

"Will the gentleman explain so that I can understand?" "I will not engage to do that," says General Butler.

A member is urging the widening of the bronze doorway, so as to make more commodious the promenade from the House to the Senate. "Does the gentleman," said Mr. Dawes, who may then have been cultivating an enlarged bronze for the Upper House, "find his progress to the Senate obstructed by the narrowness of the way?"

Mr. Dawes once suggested a monument to Governor Swann's memory for certain reforms he had projected. Governor Swann, with his usual *savoir-faire*, begged him not to hurry the monument.

A Pennsylvanian was opposing an appropriation for the Ohio River. Said Mr. Stevenson, of Ohio, "It is a public work." "But," responded Mr. Dickey, "the gentleman thinks the country begins and ends on the Ohio River." "Why, Sir," said Stevenson, "it rises in Pennsylvania." Mr. Dickey: "The only good thing about it."

They were talking of the system of compulsory pilotage. It is a State system. "They have to be boarded," said one. "They board the vessel and the vessel boards them," said General Garfield. "I put four pilots in irons for refusing to pilot Farragut," said General Butler. "Ah, that *was* compulsory pilotage," said Mr. Potter.

A member anxious to take up the tariff, in which the duty on coffee was involved, said, "There is a cry of agony from the coffee interest." "Then it needs settling," said a Senator. "On what *grounds?*" said another.

A member asks to insert "rock" before "salt" in the tariff. He fails. "You split on that rock," says a member.

"My colleague," said General Banks, "has deceived me again; he would deceive the very elect." "Of course," said Mr. Dawes to the defeated colleague, "that does not include you."

In discussing about improvements in Washington, Mr. Cameron said, "Talk about parks and lungs. The city is all lungs." "So it appears *here*," said Edmunds, with a chuckle.

"Sir," said a Southern member, "sal-soda enters into the composition of soap; and soap, Sir, is used by every man, woman, and child in the country." "Or ought to be," said the jocose Job Stevenson, of Ohio.

Ohio desires a bridge elevated, as it is only forty feet high. "The river is a gorge, and rises sixty feet from low to high water," argues Senator Sherman. "Then," said Governor Ramsey, "the fault is in the river, and not the bridge." Why did not some practical legislator move an amendment to lower the river?

The Indian service is before the Senate, and the local Christian agencies. "I have met no Christians in Nevada," said Oregon. "You did not associate with our best people," said Nevada.

They were taxing petroleum. It was called the poor man's light by a Pennsylvanian. "Were there no poor men before this light was discovered? No light from fish oils?" "That," said the Pennsylvanian Scofield, "was the 'light of other days.'"

There is a canny sort of fun in Cameron's homely thrusts. Judge Thurman was interested in a debate. Mr. Cameron, who wanted an executive session, suddenly interrupts. The polite and irate Ohioan is a thousand times obliged to the Senator for interrupt-

ing him in the middle of a sentence. Mr. Cameron: "It will give the Senator more time to reflect on the rest of it." The secret session is ordered, with genial temper.

"If the Senator is firing at the flock, it is a safe way of firing," said Mr. Casserly. "One bird is hit, at any rate," rejoined Edmunds.

The navy is anchored in Congressional waters. "What the Senator says shows that he is a thorough seaman." "Or a good deal at sea," responded Mr. Edmunds.

"The Senator says that neither war nor secession can take a State out of the Union." This was from Senator Patterson to Senator Hendricks. "Suppose," he pursued, "all the male voting population of South Carolina were to die, where would the government be?" Mr. Hendricks: "That, Sir, is rather an exhaustive question."

Hickman of Pennsylvania called Vallandigham of Ohio severely to account for having a rebel camp named after him in Kentucky, when Vallandigham turned sharply and said, "Is there not a town in Kentucky by the name of Hickman?" The effect was electrically humorous.

"Were one to rise from the dead, would it convince the gentleman?" "Well," said Mr. Stiles, of Pennsylvania, "I would as soon take it from a dead man as from my colleague."

John P. Hale once made a retort that filled the galleries with laughter by quoting ironically a text from Second Samuel on Judge Douglas: "Absalom said, moreover, oh, that I were made a *judge* in the land!" He was equally happy on Wigfall, who had insisted on secession and that Texas was out. He called Colonel Wigfall the Senator of the *late* State of Texas. When Wigfall protested, he called him the late Senator from Texas.

It was a railroad grant. "Where is all this to lead?" exclaimed Washburne. "To the Pacific coast," said Garfield. "To the bottom of the Treasury rather," was the prompt rejoinder.

"They may use any power to stop the cholera," said Chandler. "What! martial law? I would rather have the cholera," said Governor Anthony.

"This is whipping the devil round the stump," said a member. "No matter, if you can only hit him," said Lynch of Maine.

One of the proofs of genuine humor is often found not only in the pert repartee, but also in the manner of adroitly avoiding the point. It is a part of the study of an English minister to parry a question. *We* have no cabinet in our Congress to be interrogated, but we have the American or habitual disposition to interrupt with a question "just here."

No man had a better knack than General Banks for parrying these queries and making a diversion. His reply to a Mississippi member in 1854 is felicitous not only for the grandiose manner which the general always displays, but for the affected wisdom of the answer. "I am asked whether the black race is equal to the white. I answer, this can only be determined by the absorption or disappearance of one or the other, and I propose to wait until the respective races can be properly subjected to this philosophical test before I give a decisive answer." This would elicit laughter from a legislature of owls. So non-committal a member on the then prevailing topic was naturally preferred as Speaker of the House, which was of doubtful majority on either side.

Fifthly. There is a species of humor which consists in a quaint commingling of opposites as incongruous as "lutes and lobsters, seas of milk and ships of amber." It is a species of argumentation. It belongs to the *reductio ad absurdum.* It is epigrammatic. One of the most eloquent members, Mr. Fitch, of Nevada, used it frequently. Referring to the Indian appropriations in this vein, he said, "What a mixed assortment of Quakers and blankets, saw-mills and school-books, to send to vicious and unappreciative savages!"

An original paraphrase for a "pork thief" was once made by a Virginian: "Scoundrels who had plenty of pork in the winter and no hogs in summer."

"Let the Senate clear the galleries." "You will be fortunate," said the witty Wigfall, "if the galleries do not clear the Senate." This was in the days when Benjamin's musical voice allured Southern men and women to the Senate.

This rhetoric has often the cogency of logic. It belongs to this category of humor if to any, as the following elucidations show:

Was that not a pleasing argument made by a member under arrest, after a call, that the Constitution provided "that members shall be privileged from arrest while going to and returning from the sessions of the House?"

"The man is to be hung if he does the act, and to be hung if he does not," said Senator Doolittle, in reference to certain State laws against the Federal fugitive law. "If so, it does not make any difference to him. Then, in a certain case, the State law is void." "And the hanging too," said Mr. Benjamin. "But the hanging would be a certainty, and not void for uncertainty." And the lawyers had their smile at their legal quiddity.

Judge Douglas once made a humorous argument against secession. "Here you deny the right to coerce, and here by its side is a proposition to buy Cuba for three hundred millions. Would it not be a brilliant achievement to buy Cuba, let her se-

cede, then re-annex herself to Spain, and sell her out at half or double price, according to the gullibility of the purchaser?"

A member ridiculed a lot of abstract resolutions against rebellion by moving a resolution to abolish the rebellion.

I had the honor once to propose to inflate the currency by moving to stamp all ones as twos, all fives as tens, etc., whereat a brilliant member intimated that I was a noun with a profanatory prefix. Yet I endeavored to save the cost of printing new notes and all the risks of counterfeits.

Senator Morrill, of Vermont, once made himself a similar target by moving to a railroad grant that any body in any State should have power to build a railroad from any one spot to another, and have all the lands not claimed by any other railroad. This was seriously pronounced simply ridiculous, in fact, impossible—really out of the question.

Judge Van Trump, of Ohio, desired General Schenck to answer whether he would follow the interest on the new bonds, by exempting it from tax, into other investments. "Suppose a man," said Schenck, in reply, "has a quantity of whisky, on which whisky there is now levied a tax, and he swaps it off for a horse, you do not continue to tax that horse as whisky." The verbose and complicated query of the dignified judge was simplified amazingly, and the House enjoyed the whisky and rode the horse.

The Civil Rights Bill is up, and so is Mr. Sumner. The Pacific coast is aroused, and so is the Chinese topic. A motion is made to keep the Celestials out of the benefaction of the bill. Then the large hearted and bodied Senator M'Creery moves, and his motion comprehends the argument. It is that the act shall not apply to persons born in Asia, Africa, or any of the isles of the Pacific, nor to Indians born in the wilderness. And yet with what grace did this liberal Senator last Congress receive his colored highness Kalakaua in the Capitol! We served together on the reception committee, but we had *white* gloves and *mouchoirs*, and thus saved *our* colors.

Mr. Wood once made a startling point humorously as to the duty on Cuba sugar. It was that his Republican brethren were offering a premium on slave labor. He vociferated for tellers, amidst a roar of logical fun, "to see who were the friends of slavery." There was sweetness in the House all day.

Mr. Senator Tipton, arguing ironically for permanency in the officers of the government, intimated that he would carry the idea so far that when occasionally one should die, he would bury him in a vault under the building, in order that the outside and greedy world should not know that a vacancy had occurred in the inside.

"The gentleman so declares for economy that the wheels of the universe must be stopped because they consumed too much grease." This was one of Donnelly's good hits upon the frugal Washburne.

A more innocent species of humor was displayed upon a dispute of boundary. New York once had an interest in Vermont. Vermont had to pay New York $40,000 before she was admitted as a State. "It is the impression in Vermont," said General Banks, in a quizzical way, "that this payment was the foundation of New York's prosperity."

Even in burlesque we find a species of logical humor. Although it is reckoned in the lower rank, yet it is more useful and delightful than the aggravating retort. The easy repartee, the babbling gossip, the prattling puerility, which too often pass current for "good humor," are not comparable with burlesque. Not one ray of light, but a whole orb sometimes, glows with a diffusive splendor, from the contrast which burlesque weaves between the subject and the manner of treating it. Herein shone Corwin and Knott.

On a proposition to send black and white children to the same school, Mr. Senator Norwood hit off the project in a spreading eloquence quite enjoyable: "He proposes to capture them with a lasso, drag them humanely to the same school-room, tie them on the same forms, lash their arms together to hold the same book, fix their eyes on the same page, make their eyeballs stationary, and then, by some patent process as yet unknown to any one except the inventor of this exquisite machinery for the propagation of knowledge and peace among men, to wind up their brains like eight-day clocks, and set their tongues, like pendulums, in motion, to tick out learning in harmonious measure."

How musically expansive was Senator M'Creery on the currency speech of Senator Morton! "He began his voyage amidst the convulsions of revolution, circumnavigated the globe, visiting England, Germany, France, and Spain, and, more fortunate than Captain Cook, he entered the ports of redemption and reconstruction with flying streamers, under cloudless skies, and impelled by pleasant breezes!"

When General Nye eloquently remarked that the Goddess of Liberty had her home in the mountains of Nevada, Governor Hendricks pricked his swollen balloon by remarking, "Quite a solitary residence for the lady." How happily Nye rejoined that Liberty was a mountain nymph; that the flag when it went down elsewhere would find its barricade in the mountain fastnesses, where our people inhale liberty in the air they breathe, unmingled with the malaria of States located in that aguey country

along the beautiful Ohio. Indiana called for quinine and whisky.

Senator Logan once made a burly burlesque of the Indian Commissioner on a high horse, booted and spurred, lassoing the Indian children on the plains to put blue breeches on them; and the House was quick to take in the scene. It was the forerunner of Proctor Knott's race of the Indians after buffaloes, and driving them into the corrals of Duluth.

"There is not a sheep from the green hills of Vermont to the mountain ranges of California, where sheep are slaughtered by tens of thousands, that does not in his dying moments ejaculate as to both of these revenue arguments on wool, 'Baa! baa!'" This was from Mr. Brooks, of New York, and was effective.

These inflated expressions, by the unexpected escape of gas, are often compelled to come to earth. Two notable instances should be recorded, one by General Butler, and the other by Mr. Evarts on the hole in the sky, before the impeachment legislative tribunal. General Butler used to answer Mr. Bingham's rhetorical flights about the land drenched with the blood of millions, and the gathered wisdom of the Constitution, by saying, "I always did like that speech."

There is a certain kind of wit or humor too evanescent and exquisite for general apprehension. Large assemblies do not quickly catch it. If Addison had spoken in Parliament what he makes Sir Roger de Coverley say in the *Spectator*—that he would have given her (his mistress, or his country) a coal-pit to keep her in clean linen, and that her finger should have sparkled with a hundred of his richest acres, the heavy yeomanry of the Commons would have looked at him in daft amazement. There is in such humor too much recondite fancy for the ordinary mind. Its very prepensive prettiness and precariousness prevent any sting or stimulus. The Addisonian wit, like that of Webster and Corwin, was jeweled in the hilt. It never carried blood away on its blade. Not so with the wit of Thaddeus Stevens. His retorts riled; his quiet question quenched his opponent. It is said that a needle under the microscope will show ragged edges. Doubtless if the microscope magnified sufficiently, the needle point, so smooth and acute to the eye, would show jagged crags, Alpine peaks, and abysmal gorges; but Nature is infinite in her exquisite craft. The sting of a bee is as smoothly keen under the miscroscope as the needle is to the naked eye. This was not the sting of Thaddeus Stevens. His was the sting of the wasp or adder; for though he had much gentleness in his nature, he was not careful of consequences. "Who will take me up in their strong arms when you two mighty men are gone?" said he to the two officers who carried him in his chair across the Capitol grounds. This was nectarine fun. "Ah, John," said he to his friend Hickman, as he was dying, "it is not my appearance, but my disappearance, that troubles me." This, too, is a spiced dainty. But when he said to a troublesome member, who was ever uncertain as to his course and vote, and who was asking liberty to pair, "I do not object to your pairing, but pair with yourself," he displayed no honeyed humor. When he said, "Must we forgive these traitors as they forgive us? why, they do not forgive any body on earth," he was not of amnesty all kind. A member asks him, "Are there not sixty-four half gills in a gallon? If I am not correct, the chairman of Ways and Means will correct me." "I need not tell you. You have counted them a hundred times." This was in his happy mood, and perhaps more characteristic. And in the same vein, when once the question of taxing lager-beer came up, he humorously defended lager. "Its effects are eccentric and amusing," he said. "Many a night I have looked out of my house and seen the honest men who drank it stumble against the fence. Once they knocked it down. I should therefore designate its effect not as intoxicating, but rather as exhilarating." Once he remarked in a speech that he was not well; and hence he was diffuse. "A man always is diffuse when feeble, and feeble when diffuse." This had the playfulness of the lamb; and so has this: An appropriation is up for a sewer in Washington. "It is out of order," said one. "The sewer is," said Stevens, "but not the proposition." His sarcasm was not always thus curbed. "I do not," said he, "give the gentleman my censure or advice: the one is beyond my jurisdiction, and the other would do him no good." This was not a little sarcastic; but not more so than the next: "The style of these Congressional biographies is as various as the gentlemen who write them." His diabolic wit shone with the *feu d'enfer* when he met James Brooks in a hot encounter. Mr. Brooks had said, in response to Mr. Stevens, very bitterly: "There are three gates in London renowned for peculiar architecture: Newgate, of the prisons; Cripplegate, of the cripples; Billingsgate of the fish-women. The gentleman has studied his vocabulary in all three." "There is one gate which the gentleman will enter," retorted Stevens, "that I will try to avoid."

In contrast with this sarcastic humor, let me recall one of the most playful speeches ever listened to. It is remembered for a humor iridescent and fluttering. It was a short speech of Judge Holman's. His subject was "the economic plants," as they had been termed, raised under "the glass struc-

ture to make elegant bouquets for the delectation of officials." Is it too dainty a simile to say that the judicial mind on that occasion reminded me of the *trochilidæ?* What are they? or, rather, "what is it?" It is to America what the sun-bird is to Europe. It is an airy sprite, "barrin' it's a bird." It has the lustre of topaz, emerald, and ruby on its plumery. It revels, as did my friend's raillery, amidst tropical blossoms which rivaled those jewels in hue. Like the humming-bird, from fuchsia to japonica, from sunny heliotrope to night-blooming cereus,

"Each rapid movement gave a different dye,"

as the judge, with the barbed and viscid tongue of the hummer, drew the mischievous insects, with the honey, from the flowery depths. So illustrated he his theme that the House was tickled into a vein of honest reform.

Lastly. Let me hang upon my string a few more pearls—or imitations, perhaps—of various color and shape, and which can only be defined as miscellaneous.

Speaking of the civil service, General Banks turned on this *jeu d'esprit:* "It is no matter whether the applicant knows how near the sun is to the earth, unless it gets so near as to scorch him on duty."

Mr. Morton wittily likened the Bourbon element of the improgressivists to the man riding in the cars backward, who never sees any thing till he has passed it.

Once in the chair I made the mistake of saying, "Gentlemen will please go *through* the tellers." I should have said "between." It was an agreeable variation from the stereotyped form, and from a representative of the big bad city it was accounted larcenously and eminently proper, for to go "through" is to—become amenable to the criminal law.

"What are these fifteen extra Capitol police for?" "To keep the people from stealing the bronze doors and carrying off the dome," said Dawes; but the laugh was bracketed thus—[great]—when he answered the argument for this extra police that they were necessary for the funerals of members: "If we are not more earnest in economy, our funerals will be attended to elsewhere, and without charge."

"Such a selection for an Indian superintendency," said Senator Sargent, talking about Nevada, "would necessitate Artesian wells; for if the Indian agencies are to be distributed among religious denominations without the wells, you must inaugurate a sect of dry Baptists."

General Cass once made the Senate ring with fun as he described the effect of noticing a slanderous enemy. He gave it as a lesson to younger members. After rising to a personal explanation, and denying and disproving what all knew to be false, yet, when he went home to Michigan, what was his surprise when he found the whole batch of lies fortified and proven against him by affidavits!

John Covode was an odd member. It is said that Mr. William J. Florence, in his famous character of Bardwell Slote, the member from Cohosh, has taken him as the antitype of his histrionic member. However that may be, one thing Slote does not do which Covode did—quote Biblical history. "Solomon," said Mr. Covode, "went on taxing to beautify Jerusalem, and the result was, it bursted up the ten tribes of Israel, and left Judæa and Jerusalem high and dry." Covode was known as Ahab, from his frequent and pungent references to that party. Slote's ways and dress and mannerisms are wonderfully like the average Congressman, but I will not say that for his moral tone. The expressions of these half-loose public trustees are hardly to be taken as full indices of their generous and genial character. As the quaint Sir Thomas Browne once said of his own style, "Many expressions are merely typical, and to be taken in a soft and flexible sense." Many allowances are to be made for the stormy passions of a body representing such diverse interests. Our Congress can not for that reason be, like the Italian Parliament, as dull as the lake that slumbers in the storm. No fugitive or cloistered virtue can live in such an arena, where are exhibited so much ardor and *élan.* You must meet the adversary not in the impersonal editorial or the one-sided pulpit, not in the controversial tractate or the quiet thunder of the big folio, but face to face. There can be no slinking, no hiding. The garland of the Congressional race must be won through the heat and dust of active personal conflict.

In making this analysis and collation of the humors of such an arena the writer is conscious of its meagreness. The spoken word has nothing of the immortality of the written word. It does not live a life beyond life. Tradition can not, does not, convey its impression. The very ecstasy of its enjoyment by the orator unfits him afterward, as it unfits his reporter, to place his evanescent humors upon the same scroll with sedate thought. Still, enough has been distilled from the conduct of Parliament and Congress to show that our legislative life is not made up of the dull, cheerless, sunless commonplaces so often derided by the press.

We might wish in our legislative discussions for more variety in style, and now and then for some quaintness or felicity of expression in place of the old state-paper and commonplace jargon. Why can not some one change the monotony of the public formula? Why must the question be always put just so, and the clerk read in a high dead level? Why should a motion to

adjourn be made without the slightest regard to the inflection of the voice or the object of the motion?

Oratory should follow the teachings of her sister art. In painting, the artist who distributes his lights and shades best shows his taste and skill when he gives relief by contrast. The dark parts of his canvas would fail of their intended effect if the light parts were darkened. Our energies as a people need the relief which the shadow does not bestow. Public speakers are not exempt from the ordinary rules of art. We have enough clouds of sorrow here. Let us fringe their dark edges with sunshine. Let us mellow and brighten them for the solace of others, if not for the joy of our own heart. Grief and melancholy are selfish. All nature calls for hilarity. To a spirit penetrated with its subtle essence "the open sky will sit upon its senses like a sapphire crown, the air will be its robe of state, the earth a throne, the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it," and no sphere in the wide range of its sympathies will be kingless. In that province of human activity in which life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness are the ostensible objects of guarantee—the province of statesmanship—where collisions of prejudice, interest, and passion are of constant occurrence, while there may be no need for the cap and bells of the fool or the acrobatic entertainment of the harlequin and clown, there is ever an urgency for those gifts which cheer, brighten, and bless, and which diffuse through society their soft radiance like the sweet hallowing influences of sunset.

DON JOAQUIN.

I.

HAD the summer midnights of 1874 found you in Havana, you could not have idled long among the grave and elegant loungers of the Alameda but you would certainly have noticed one man, tall, faultlessly attired, dark, handsome, sombre, who moved among his more quiet fellow-Cubans—for something made him restless—conspicuous, not for youth, less for conversation, but for the grace of his figure and the impressive dignity of his bearing.

You would presently notice that he was much courted. As, with his slow and stately step, he passed one and another group, half officers, half civilians, that sat smoking and chatting in the broad moonlight of the Parque, an acquaintance would lift a cigar from his lips, and say, invitingly, "Don Joaquin!" and draw up an empty chair; or another, more free and soldier-like, would say, "Justiniani!" and beckon coaxingly, but generally without success. Then a third would say, "He learned that odd habit of promenading from Simpson." And they would resume their gossiping upon the subject of the war.

In the Casino he was always the centre of a circle, though he listened far more than he spoke, never played, avoided the library, and seldom filled his glass. Not that he turned his back on Pleasure, but he had caught a habit of looking her in the face and never smiling.

Monasterio, the architect, of Matanzas, but lately come to locate in Havana, said of him that he walked the earth as a man who had had one love affair and could never have another; but Monasterio was a sentimentalist—even his fast and effeminate Havanese comrades admitted that—and we shall see whether he was not mistaken.

The don's friends understood, however, that there was something wrong with his heart. Not any thing silly—that even a voluntario would smile at—but something that made life all romance and burden. No matter where he carried this heart, by day in the bustling Calle del Mercaderes, by night under the romantic blending of lamp-light and starlight on the Prado, in the Tacon, under the palms of the Quintas, in the gay hurry of the Paseos, through all the halls of the Casino, it had one constant moan, like the cry of a feeble child in the arms of a forlorn father, crying, "Give! give!"

Said Simpson, the burly English merchant, who used to sit in the card-room of the Casino with his big pink fist lying beside his glass of ale, while he railed by turns at his two great aversions, Cuban customs and womankind—said he:

"I'd be confounded glad if Justiniani didn't have a heart! Why don't he come square up like a man, and look his trouble in the eye till it gives over and backs down? But no; to-day he punishes it, and to-morrow he fondles it. That's the way with you bloody Cubans. To-day he runs away from it to the bull-fight. What a beastly bit of foolishness that bull-fight is!"

"Si," said Monasterio, who understood a little English, and was æsthetical.

"To-night," continued the Englishman—"to-night he lets it follow him to the theatre, and here to-morrow he'll take it up gently to church, and kneel with it through all that deuced mummery. I hate to see a fine man spoiled that way. For Justiniani *is* a fine man. If Justiniani was an Englishman, what a bully fellow he'd be!"

"Si, si," said the invincible courtesy of his Cuban listeners.

But Justiniani was not an Englishman; wherefore neither friends, nor incense, nor blood of bulls, nor wine, nor music, nor ladies—ah! the poor heart turned away quickly with a little shudder. None of those—no, no, any thing but them!

Nothing brought him joy.

One lovely night in summer the mood

came upon Don Joaquin, as it does at times upon all men who carry hidden griefs, to tell his trouble. Whether it was the poetry of the romantic scene about him I know not; something made him for the moment, if the truth must be told, sentimental.

The evening was far spent. The thousand little cabs that had been trundling here and there, freighted with fair women, were for the most part disappearing, and the ringing pavements and the wretched, frantic little steeds that traversed them began to have a moment of partial rest. Among the trees of the Prado and Plaza still glittered the countless lamps, and while the windows of the hotels and the Louvre shone brilliantly on one hand, on the other the Casino beamed light and merriment from its deep arcades, and at stated moments an intense flash darted over the scene from the majestic light-tower of the Morro, as its single burning eye was cast now far across the Mexican Gulf, and now over that ancient, cruel, ungodly beauty, the city of Havana.

"Justiniani," said the Englishman, as the graceful don was slowly passing where he sat, "give a fellow a light."

Don Joaquin stopped, brushed the ashes from his cigar, and tendered it. The Englishman touched it to his own, and paused to condemn, in his British way, the "fellow that sold it." The don drew one from his breast.

"Thry theez one," he said, in the slow, gentle, hoarse voice peculiar to his people; "it ees-a—ees-a frone—"

"From your father's plantation?" asked the Englishman, accepting.

"Si, si," replied the don; "z-frone me plan'-tion: 's-the bez-a kine."

"Sit down," said the Englishman, patting a chair bottom with his broad fat hand.

The Cuban waved a gracious refusal, looked up at the stars, and suddenly letting his trouble into his face, shook his head mournfully.

"What's the row?" asked the Briton. "Sit down, Justiniani—sit down, old fellow. What has got into you? You weren't always so, were you?"

The Cuban drew a chair a little toward his friend and seated himself.

"What makes you so deyvilish sad, old boy?" continued the Englishman.

"Is-a troubly," slowly responded the low voice of the don. Then, after a pause, "Is-a one teeng-a—if a was not—I would-a be cheer."

The two were silent. The chairs around them were becoming vacant; the blue linen uniforms of the army were much in the majority, and even of these, two or three groups near them presently dispersed. The Englishman softly brushed off the ashes of his cigar against the post of his chair back.

II.

The don resumed. "Is abou' seeze yearce ago"—dropping his words very slowly, one by one, with great painstaking—"'s abou' seeze yearce ago—was one lathy—one creole de Coovâ [Cuba]—z-was young-a—beautifule—deen loog lig-a the creole—has-a eyes-a—blu'; z-was beautifule. Fore-head—w'-i-ite—cheeks—a-t'roat—a-leeps"—he expressed their lusciousness by gathering his finger-tips at his mouth and opening them with a solemn wave of the hand, then looked up into the starlight with a sad ecstasy in his eyes as though he saw her face in heaven.

"Dead?" asked the Englishman.

"No—belief—not."

"Did she live in Havana?"

"No—Marianao, she leeve. I love-a her. I go to see—a-plenty time—plenty."

"You used to go to see her often?"

"Si; often—pazz by the weendow—lookin' out." He touched his hat reverentially, as if he bowed to her once more at the window in Marianao.

"Why didn't you ask her father? But you didn't know him, eh?"

"No—*si*—no; I—ah—I deen—"

"You didn't know him at first, but you met him afterward?"

"Si, si. I ask-a heem come to see hees-a thaughter. He sayce, 'Si, señor.' She have a-no mo-ther; a-no seest'r; a-no bro-ther. He sayce, 'Come; bud-a me thaughter has-a been leeve in the States; z-you want marry—muz-a got to ask-a me thaughter ligue mesel'.'"

"Right," quietly said the Englishman.

"I go—oaften. Af'-w'ile—" The don looked at his companion to know if he had the word correct.

"Yes," said his friend, "'afterwhile.'"

"She lo-vez me," said the don, with a deeper voice than ever. His eyes glistened with moisture. "I theenk," he resumed, explaining; "I thoughd." He sighed, and again was silent. "One thay, some bothy was a-git weddin'."

"Married," said the Englishman.

"Si; git marriet. We was a-talkin' 'bout—that lathy, hor-a fadther, an' a-mesel'; we was a-talk' 'bout. An' hore-a fadther sayce how theez a-bri'groom ask-a fore thad brithe three timce. I sayce it was-a bad; he muz-a stop—he muz-a— I don' know how you cole—" The don halted, and frowned at the poverty of his English vocabulary.

"Right," said his companion; "that a man shouldn't make an ahss of himself twice for one woman."

"Ah, señor!" said the Cuban, "she was-a young—was-a only eighteen;" trying to hold up eighteen fingers.

"Oh, I know," replied the other, hastily; "but it's their blahsted way. They're all alike: I say the women are all alike."

The don shook his head, but was too polite to contradict. After a pause he recommenced, with his usual slow impressiveness. "She sayce she t'ing-a dat-a me—I—will ask-a thwize for-a me—inamorata."

"The deuce!"

"Z-was all-a play." The speaker paused a moment, and then resumed: "Z-was all-a playin'. Hor-a fadther, he laughin'; an' she laughin'; an' I sayce, 'I will a-bet a-you the protiest-a *granada* in Coova.' Z-was-a one pomegranate, you know."

"She took the bet," said the Englishman, confidently.

There was a long silence. The Englishman extended his lighted cigar toward his friend, for his light had gone out; but with a wave of acknowledgment the offer was declined.

The Cuban resumed. "Was nex'-a even' I ask-a—to be me wife." He drew a long breath.

"And she said 'no,' I suppose. She just played with you."

"I sayce dat!" replied the don. "I sayce, 'You has-a play weeth me—fare-a-well!'"

The Englishman thumped his knee with his palm. "Justiniani, you're a man—I'll say that for you!"

"But-a z-ees a-keelin' me," slowly responded the don.

"It sha'n't kill you!"

"Leesten," said the Cuban, with unbroken sadness. "I was leav' the door, she look-a fright'; an' she laughin', an' sayce, 'When you comin' 'gain you bring-a one pomegranate.' Oh, she was-a beautifule—moze in theez world. I come back to Havana."

"Now see there what a piece o' nonsense!" said the Englishman.

"Si, señor," said the other; "all-a nonesense. She was a-young, you know. Hor-a fadther thied. I was-a one thay—a cowart; I go to Marianao—try to see hor-a once-a more; she was-a go' to France! I was afrai' to be a cowart again—I go to the chorch—kneel-a before the Virgin, you know, an' make-a swear—" The don could go no farther.

For a minute or two neither spoke. All at once the Englishman rose nervously. "Oh! see here, Justiniani, what ails you? you're not going to—" But he was. His sad, handsome face went down into his palms, and the drops of anguish stole through his fingers to the ground.

The Englishman stood up disconcerted. Then he sat down again, his hands in his pockets.

"See here, Justiniani!"

But the don did not respond. In a little while he tried again:

"See here, Justiniani!"

The Cuban rose to depart. His companion immediately offered an arm. It was accepted.

"Justiniani," said the Englishman, "I'm sorry for you."

The don was, as we have said, a grave and solemn man; still, he was a Cuban. He drew his arm out quickly to cast it lovingly about the speaker's neck; but it was caught by the Englishman's hand.

"None of that!" said the true Briton; "I'm no Cuban. Take my arm." They walked away together.

"Now, Justiniani, I'm going to tell you what I've been thinking this long time. There isn't much the matter with you; but you've got to go to work and make a man of yourself, and not be carrying that blahsted long face about, or some of these nights you'll blow your brains out."

We need not follow to hear the Cuban's answer. His friend's boorishness failed to offend him. Havana had tacitly consented to let Señor Simpson be as ill-mannered as he chose. It was no little marvel that he and Don Joaquin should knit so closely to each other; but the whole philosophy of their phenomenal friendship lay in the simple fact that each felt sure that the other was trustworthy.

Before the Englishman gave any further advice, he repeated the assurance that what Don Joaquin had done was a manly and proper action, and proceeded to add that a woman who would reject the hand of the man she loved solely for the vain complacency of being asked a second time, was a "bloody fool." To this the don made instant and emphatic objection; and the Englishman apologized, and admitted that women are different from men. Then he recommenced his advice. It consisted in an emphatic, wholesale, and rather rugged denunciation of those peculiar Cuban pastimes for which he had no relish, and a recommendation to Don Joaquin (who was, to say the least, not a devotee to any of them) to let them go to a certain custodian unmentionable to ears polite; to choose something to do that was worth doing, and give himself plenty of trouble about it. "Occupation, Sir, is all you want."

The don, in his faltering English, said something about doing much to oblige his friend. The advice seemed good, he said. What should he do?

But instead of replying to this question, the Englishman incontinently said goodnight. He had a mortal horror of a man who did not think for himself, and he would not tolerate a hint of the defect in Don Joaquin.

III.

Don Joaquin's friend Simpson was one of those people who try faithfully to be hardhearted, and can not. Never a morning came but he rose with the fixed determination that that day he should do nobody a favor, and that that day nobody should get

admittance into his sympathies on any pretext whatsoever; then, as a toper takes his daybreak cocktail, so he would stiffen himself up with some sinister maxim, which in his heart of hearts he did not believe in. But alas for good resolutions! before the day was half spent his bosom was distended with the milk of human kindness, and though he kicked against his fate with British energy, somebody was "into him," as he said, by sundown, and walking off with a milk-maid's song and a bucketful of benefits. But he was "going to stop this thing." He was always going to stop it.

To see this temper in full flower one had to visit him in his counting-room in the Calle— I've forgotten; but it was a dingy room with a wooden floor. There was a stone floor under the wooden one; but the Cubans like stone floors; so he had the wooden one laid over.

"Good-morning, Mr. Justiniani," said he, nervously, as the stately don appeared in the door opposite his desk the morning after the night of tears. He spoke his good-morning as one would say, "There, if you please, don't come any nearer." "Take a seat, Mr. Justiniani. We sha'n't have time to talk to you to-day, Mr. Justiniani. José! Where's the confounded fellow? Don't go out, Justiniani. What the deuce!—José!" to a little, thin, excited-looking Cuban, who dashed off a new hat of preposterous pattern as he entered, and came to a halt on a pair of inadequate legs. "José, where's those samples of sugar? Sit down, Justiniani. To-day's our busy day, you know. Have a chair. José, give Mr. Justiniani a chair. There's the *Voz de Cuba*, Justiniani. José, where d'ye say you found that house for the lady and gentleman that are coming from New Orleans—in O'Reilly, wasn't it?"

"Obispo," answered José, starting wildly from his high stool, and stopping in the middle of the floor again.

"And who else did you say was going to arrive to-day from New Orleans?"

"Monasterio."

"Yes, yes; Monasterio. He's made a quick trip."

"Monasterio?" asked the don, softly, of José.

"Si, señor," whispered José.

"Now, José," cried the Englishman, "don't you be too late with those bills for the royal mail steamer, now."

"No, Sir," said the clerk, supplying Don Joaquin with a pen.

"Did you take those Vera Cruz letters— Where on e'rth is that long letter in the blue envelope? I laid it *raight heer*—ah! never mind, José. How's your digestion, Justiniani? José, did you get those passports?"

"Yes, Sir."

"These people are an eternal nuisance. I'm going to be rid of them. I'll be whipped if I know why I'm such a simpleton as to be attending to their business for them. So you got the servants all into the house in O'Reilly, have you, José?"

"In the Calle del Obispo," said José.

"Yes, yes, in Obispo; and they've every thing ready for the gentleman and his niece, eh? There's a chance for Monasterio; they say she's beautiful. Well, you'd better step around to the steam-ship agents in Mercaderes, José: you'd better go at once, and board the vessel with their clerk; you know the gentleman's infirm, and will want assistance with his lady—"

José was off like Mercury.

"José! What the deuce are ye always in such a deyvilish big hurry to see the women for, José? Get a good cab for them, José, you know. Now what are you waiting for, José?"

José vanished.

"Confound these people, Justiniani, I'm not a maid-of-all-work! They're an infernal nuisance."

"Si," said the don, who had been busy at a desk. He came forward now, and dropped a note before his friend's eyes.

"Hello!" said the Englishman; "what's the r-row?—this to Monasterio? So you're going to take my advice, eh? Getting your architect 'lready, are you? That's bully, Justiniani. What are you going to build?"

"Go' to buil' one chorch."

"You're not going to do any such a thing!"

"Ye-e-e-s-a."

"Why Justiniani, you're a— Why, don't you see it will never do? You've got to build your *heart into it*. You must build yourself a house to live in—one of the finest sort. Something *magnifico*, you know. If you feel pious, you can give the Church a check on the bank."

The handsome don was silent a moment. "Or-right," he said at length, and was going.

"Oh! Justiniani!"

The don paused half-way down the stairs.

"But I'll see you in the Casino to-night, eh?"

"Si, señor."

IV.

A week had hardly elapsed before the Englishman began openly to boast that he was "curing Justiniani." But just then there came in a counter-influence—something unseen, impalpable, working so subtly upon the sad Cuban's mental bruises that the vexed and mystified Simpson found the magical effects of his British oil, so to style it, inexplicably retarded.

The source of this influence, so hidden from the Englishman's impatient perceptions, was the simple reiteration here, there, every where, by all the gallants in Havana, of the name Luisa. Not an evening half

hour could pass but it was cast like a handful of salt upon the ever-open wound in the poor don's heart.

A knot of young officers, with ostentatiously beautiful throats and tiny hands and feet, would be sipping ices about a table—let us say in the Tacon restaurant.

"But, Rodriguez," one would say, as he polished with his sleeve the tortoise-shell visor of his white fatigue cap, "you were going to tell me"—here he would bow reverently to Don Joaquin walking by—"you were going to tell me about the Señorita Luisa."

The don's heart would leap as if pricked with a hot sword; and before an hour had passed, the same accident would befall him again.

"Speaking of Don Joaquin's liberality to the Church," some one in the Casino would say, "did you hear what he did for Simpson? Simpson being straitened, he lent him ten thousand dollars on his note, and sent him next day a little silver urn with a lid on it, and under the lid the ashes of the note."

"Yes," another would say; "but a still prettier thing was the check for two hundred and fifty which he left on José's desk, payable to his widowed mother."

"He's a generous gentleman, that Justiniani."

"Oh, we are a generous race. The world calls us cruel; but at the most we are only just."

"The world is crazy. But have you heard about Simpson being in love?"

"No! With whom?"

As the answer is given, fate brings Don Joaquin within ear-shot.

"With this Señorita Luisa de Grijalva."

Oh, poor heart, lie still! There was a Señorita Luisa once—not De Grijalva; but rise, strong new resolution, and dote on the new task—this house, this gorgeous habitation; build in anticipation its lofty halls; stand in its flowery court; hear and see its fountain dancing under palms; and seek its deep, hushed inner chambers, where the air shall be heavy with sweet rest.

One night Don Joaquin found the whole Casino in a distended smile. Was he the occasion? Not at all. Simpson had been making an absurd attempt to describe a "deyvilish beautiful woman" whom he had become acquainted with, but whose place of residence he declined to reveal to "the bloody Cubans," as if every one did not know it must be the Señorita Luisa.

Then and there the don's heart turned at bay, and, sitting at the invitation of a wounded colonel, he nerved himself to hear who the new loadstar was.

She was not the belle of the Captain-General's late ball, nor of the Cerro, nor yet of the Prado, but simply because she had not appeared at either, for rumor said she was singularly and superbly beautiful. It seemed she was from New Orleans, had made her new acquaintances only among the foreign residents, had the care of an infirm uncle, and felt compelled to be always within his call. If you wished to see her, you must pass her house in the cool of the evening, and behold her at her grated window, like, as the poetical colonel said—"like a dove in a cage."

"It is worth the trouble every day," said he. "There are none like her for beauty, nor for goodness, I dare venture, though"—with a *blasé* smile—"that is a minor consideration."

Her residence was in the Calle del Obispo, an ordinary Havanese dwelling, neither poor nor pretentious, two stories high, of concrete, with a square paved court at the bottom of its covered carriage-way, its drawing-room on the ground-floor with windows immediately on the street, protected by the perpendicular iron grating which the climate demands instead of window-sash.

Looking into one of these windows, one could see that the furnishing of the apartment was in Cuban style: a large rug in the middle of the checkered marble floor, and ten cane arm-chairs standing around its edge. This is notable, as it was rumored that the gentleman and his niece had brought many of the manners and customs of the "States" with them. All the appointments of the room were costly, and the vases, pictures, and statuettes, which were plentiful, were gems of art.

"Monasterio says so," remarked the colonel, "and there is no deceiving him in that direction; next to señoritas, statuettes are his maddest passion. You will know the place by the very large *zaguan*" (carriage-way through the house). "There is an empty space across the way with a few old foundation stones on it, and some acacias—"

"You forget," breaks in a slender youth whose gaiter toes turn up marvelously, "that Señor Justiniani is building directly opposite. Certainly. Monasterio selected the site, and is to be builder as well as designer. It is to be a perfect palace, I am told, Señor Justiniani."

The suffering don answered only with his shoulders, and the young man understood that he had spoken overboldly. The don rose to leave the place, but before he reached the street he heard two handsome fellows on the stairway say that "the only two who had the privilege of stopping at her drawing-room window were Monasterio and Simpson," and he knew they meant the Señorita Luisa.

V.

"Ees a fas'-a woark-a-man—Monasterio," said Don Joaquin, in one of his brighter moods, to the Englishman. But the Englishman answered only with a surly grunt.

He had come to loathe the architect; for Monasterio in love-making was little short of a genius, while he, though he trudged up and down the Calle del Obispo at a broad-footed English trot until the very sparrows knew him, and though he had José to help him, made slow progress. When the señorita had first landed, Monasterio had followed her in a cab (as is proper for Cuban admirers to do), and had marked her dwelling. The next evening he had passed it on the farther side of the way; the third evening he had stood on the corner and drawn forth his handkerchief with a coy flirt; on the fourth he had crossed over and bowed.

He was a handsome man, maybe a little light of frame, but with a clear olive skin, bright black eyes, and a harmless boyishness of face that helped to excuse the superabundant locks which his delicate artist fingers kept tossing up.

It was merely the artist, however, not the man, whom the "proud señorita," as the neighbors called her, favored with a recognition, and it was only when he was the enthusiastic bearer of some lovely bit of ornamentation intended for the new house that he was certain of a pleasant evening chat, to the chagrin of a score of persistent passers-by.

He was, as the don said, a rapid workman. No sooner had the site been finally chosen, where the heart of Don Joaquin, like the ashes of Columbus urned in the old cathedral, was to have a dwelling-place, than the crow-bars had struck in, and the harmless little gray lizards that dodged in and out among the stones and rubbish to drink the torrid sunshine, and the yellow-tufted acacias that had planted their feet so happily in the crannies, were ousted from their snug homes without writ or apology. The old foundations were heaved from their beds, spade and mattock ran a six days' race, and from the quarries came stones that made the mighty necks of the oxen to tremble and their sure feet to slip, while the Englishman, leaning from Don Joaquin's volante, said biting things against their cruel masters. In ever so short a time the well-pleased don saw the new foundations fitly laid; and as the weeks passed in and out, and the beautiful structure began to be a reality, he felt, despite the weary mention of the Señorita de Grijalva, his spirit somewhat lightened.

His heart seemed little by little to build into the stately walls as day after day they rose, great stones upon great stones—the yellow coral rock that holds the island up, and which grows younger and more imperishable as it grows old and gray. It entered into the halls of marble, into the frescoed chambers, and took delight in the doors of precious wood, the pavements of Italian tiles which Monasterio loved, and all that the architect's enthusiasm had furnished, poetical in architecture, Spanish in art, or rich and Cuban in display.

His trouble fell asleep. Even then, it is true, it stirred in its slumber; for the very artisans had caught the name of the señorita over the way, seeing Monasterio and the Englishman so often at the window, and had learned to startle the don with commendatory allusions to this or that piece of bronze-work or tiling as the Señorita Luisa's choice.

Not only so. The Englishman too made her the burden of frequent conversation with his friend, and heaped up one more annoyance upon a hundred earlier by asking at every meeting, "Have you not seen her yet, Justiniani? That's strange: you've never seen her, though you pass her house every morning. If you would go by some evening, now—"

"No." The Cuban made a dark grimace.

"You'll see her yet, Justiniani; and mark you, when you do you'll say you never saw so fair a woman in your life."

"Egcept-a one!" said the don, with a slow, imperative bow.

"Well," said Simpson, "wait till you see her. But see here, Justiniani, when you do, you mustn't steal a march on me, you know."

Even Don Joaquin, plainly vexed, had to smile.

"Ez ees a quastione I naver-a go' to ask-a no-bothy."

"Oh, confound you, I wouldn't trust you unless you promise!" cried the Englishman, whom love had made a little silly.

"Or-righ'," replied the tired don; "I mag-a the pro-mise."

One day—how the year had worn round! —the house was completed. Nothing was wanting save to hang the beautiful rose-wood gates at the entrance of the great arched carriage-way. Monasterio stood by the workmen all day, and then burst in upon the don and the Englishman after night-fall, as they were pacing, side by side, a room in the Hotel de Ingleterra.

"All is done! the gates are up! the house —your beautiful house—is finished!" He cast his arms around Don Joaquin's neck and kissed first one cheek and then the other, while he patted him with soft ecstasy between the shoulder-blades.

The Englishman looked on in mute disgust.

Monasterio recommenced: "There is absolutely nothing to add but the knocker for the gate; and oh, could you see that! the silversmith will deliver it in a day or two; sculptors and anatomists in council could not find fault with it; it is a heavenly piece of work; silver and gold and blue enamel; the design of—softly, señors; this way a little—of Señorita Luisa! I permitted her. It was the greatest sacrifice

I could make to living being. I shall tell her so."

"Pish!" said Simpson. "Come, Justiniani. Monasterio, you will please excuse us."

"Buenas noches," said Don Joaquin, smiling apologetically, and bowing his architect away.

"A single word," said Monasterio: "come a little later than your wont to-morrow, señor, please. Good-night."

VI.

In the Calle del Obispo the sidewalks are but twenty inches wide. When, therefore, the Señorita Luisa, having risen at an hour which the ladies of Havana call early, walked to the drawing-room window, and leaned her cheek against the iron grating in contemplation of the newly finished mansion, it is not strange that the dark face of a passer, who happened at the moment to be picking his way along the narrow walk, came very near her own.

It was the face of Don Joaquin.

For an instant they were eye to eye; but the señorita fell back a step, and he, with all his heart's blood in his brow, promptly touched his hat, murmured apologetically, and passed across to the new house. A man with a pair of compasses began an eager speech to him, but he answered in a monosyllable, and turned to move off. As he did so he sent a quick black-eyed glance across to the grating, looked on up to the cornice of the house, ran his eye along from one house-top to another, and walked away. She had left the window.

Though the driver of his volante saluted thrice, the don passed it without seeing him. He saw nothing—*nothing!* He walked as one in sleep; but his heart, which at sight of that form at the window had started and flinched like a sick man when something falls, was awake, with the old cry of "Give! give!" rising up and dying at the lips.

Gaining his bed-chamber, he locked himself out of sight and hearing of the world, and fell down, with his head between his hands, to hold communion with the foolish vow that had wrecked his life.

O Luisa, Luisa! O God! O cruel, idle vow! O morsel of pride for a princedom of love! O wretched life at this whipping-post of a sworn promise! O blindness! O little, little vow, holding the neck to the ground! O life! O suicide! O shame if the oath be broken! O agony if the oath be kept! O Luisa, Luisa! and O false friend! and O false and traitorous counsel!

It was nearly sunset when he arose. Going to a small drawer, above which stood a crucifix, he took from it a silver pistol, and carefully noting that it was freshly charged, thrust it into his bosom. His face was that of a man ruined by a cruel fraud, and bent on a sudden terrible reprisal. But, "Her face once more first," he said aloud, took up his hat and cane, and walked forth.

He enters the Calle del Obispo, and retraces his morning walk. At every step he is greeted with the deferential bows of his many acquaintances, and returns them measure for measure. But there is one acquaintance in Havana, if he is now in his path, woe betide that man!

Don Joaquin comes in sight of his goal. O heart! how hateful looks his gaudy pleasure-house! He draws nearer. Now he is almost opposite the window. His heart stops.

Can he command his steps? By force of will, yes.

Can he lift his eyes? Yes—no—yes. He gathers all his strength; he looks across the way. Oh, torture! oh, delight! there she stands, as she used to stand so often in the happy times at Marianao.

She was leaning gracefully against the grating, with one beautiful hand upon it, a slender, softly moulded figure, her upward-turned face a little pale, and a light from heaven falling upon her head, and making tender the gentle majesty of her long down-sweeping summer robes. Truly, truly, not like the creoles of Cuba. From her fair temples the auburn hair waved back in its old luxuriance, half caught in the comb, and half escaping away on her shoulders, and one bold ringlet—ah, so well remembered!—ran round and touched her snowy throat. Her eyes a single moment were gazing upward; suddenly they turned to his, then fell—

Will she go away? O Love! O Heaven! will she stay?

She stays.

"Señorita!" One who has grown haggard since morning stands close outside the bars.

"Don Joaquin!"

Their hearts leaped together.

For a blissful, all-unmeasured lapse of moments the low, sweet cadences of the Spanish tongue trembled through those iron bars, each voice to each listener's ear like a long-hearkened-for music coming at last across the sea from far-off summer islands.

The Señor De Grijalva's footsteps came within hearing. She called him to see "the old friend of my girlish days of whom I have so often spoken; for whom, too, the beautiful house has been built, and whose name you insisted was certainly Christiani." And when Monasterio passed the place two hours later, he was, in a figure, stabbed to the heart at sight of a group of three *within* the window that had so long been to him the gate of Eden. Don Joaquin was saying good-night to Señor De Grijalva and to Señor De Grijalva's sister's child. Her name was not De Grijalva. She had never been to France. She had been in Louisiana all those six years.

But did Don Joaquin go to a happy couch that night? Ah, no. Memory was waiting for him, like a creditor, in his bed-chamber, and through all the hours of a sleepless night floated, ghost-like, sometimes before and sometimes behind him, with the whisper now of the old vow and now of a listless promise but lately extorted by a friend. A friend? A traitor! And on the head of the Englishman he let fall such a silent curse as a Cuban can. At a certain hour which he seemed to have fixed upon he stood prepared to go once more into the streets. He paused and looked forth at a window. The beautiful harbor of Havana, with all its bravery of decks and spars and shimmering waters, lay asleep in the soft light of the moon. The peaceful scene was not without its effect upon him. For a moment the tumult of his mind subsided, and he thought within himself how the great heart of a true man, thus freighted with hopes and enterprises, might lie still with bliss under the smile of a fair, true woman. But he turned himself, and was gone.

He went to the Hotel de Ingleterra. The object of his search was not there. He ventured into the Casino, cautiously, fearing to have his haggardness challenged. His enemy was not there. He walked in the shadows of the Alameda. He was not there. He called a cab and rode into the street, and to the dim number of the wooden-floored counting-room; but when he looked up at its window, all was dark. The night wore by; all Havana slumbered; lights disappeared; the footsteps of the dull *serenos* began to echo against the silent walls; yet Don Joaquin still paced in and out among the lights and shadows. The cock crew, but the spectral memory staid. He was carried at last by mere vacancy of conjecture to the fish-market; but his enemy was not there.

Early in the morning the vainly sought Englishman entered his counting-room and sat down at his desk. It was a habit with him. But this time he first opened an iron safe, and taking from it the tiny silver urn that Don Joaquin had once sent him, set it on the desk, reseated himself, and began to write. Presently he heard a footstep on the threshold. He looked up. Don Joaquin stood before him.

VII.

But what saw Don Joaquin? A face so drawn with anguish that astonishment held him fast.

"Hello, Justiniani!" said the Englishman, huskily; "I was about to write to you. What fetches you out so e'rly?"

The answer was slow and solemnly passionate:

"I com'-a to keel-a you!"

"You'll make a great mistake if you do," said the Englishman, looking quietly but wearily into his eye.

"You has-a play' the r-rascal!"

"Mr. Justiniani," replied the Englishman, "I went last night to De Grijalva's to ask him for his niece's hand."

Don Joaquin's hand went slowly to his bosom.

"I had not been there two minutes before I discovered that she is your old sweetheart from Marianao. I had never suspected it. I foolishly took it for granted that her name was the same as her uncle's. I came away, Sir, saying to myself that by rights Mr. Justiniani ought to be allowed to speak first. I came to your door last night, but it was locked. I know, now, what you were doing. I have been walking the streets all night. I'm tired. Now, Sir, I suppose you're ready to commence shooting; if so—" He made a motion as if to resume his pen.

Don Joaquin had something to say. He extended his beautiful hand toward his friend, opened his lips to speak, closed them tightly, swept the trembling hand across his brow, came forward, still mute, and put his hand upon the Englishman's shoulder.

His friend rose up.

Again the don's lips parted; one short, inarticulate note was all he could utter; he averted his face, covered his eyes, and wept.

Simpson tried to laugh, but failed. "See here, Justiniani," said he, presently, "we'd as well do the whole scene now." He handed the don the familiar little urn. "This has nothing to do with last night's discoveries, you know; I arranged this some time ago."

Don Joaquin lifted the lid and took out a piece of paper. This he unfolded. On the back was written in pencil, "To be given to Don Joaquin Justiniani in the event of my death." The inside was a check for ten thousand dollars, dated some two months back. The don made a motion toward tearing it, but the Englishman prevented him.

All at once the Cuban's arms fell about his friend's neck. The Englishman endured the torture for a moment, and then said, "Oh, come, come, Justiniani; suppose some one should come up and catch us this way. Go, now, pocket your pride, and—"

The don sadly shook his head.

"You mean you'll not break your vow?" asked the other.

"I have-a swear een the chorch."

The Englishman mused a moment. "But you will see her?"

The Cuban made a sign of assent.

"Well, Justiniani," said his friend, with somewhat more energy, "I want you to take a letter to her. You see, I draw out." He forced a smile. "She's deyvilish beautiful, but I don't want to see her again—under the circumstances—at least, not for some time. Still, it wouldn't be just gentlemanly

for a fellow to go as far as I have and then walk off without a word of rhyme or reason, you know. D'ye see, Justiniani?"

"I taga the lettre," said the don.

"And I want you to help me in other ways to-day, Justiniani, for I sail for Vera Cruz by the royal mail steamer."

The Cuban looked up from the floor, painfully surprised.

"Oh, it's only business," said the Englishman; "besides, I sha'n't be gone but six months. Anyhow, old fellow, don't you see how it will be? Don Joaquin and Simpson can't be the old chums they were, now you and she—"

"Boat I have-a swear-a—"

"Never you mind that," said the Englishman, with a nod that the Cuban ought to have understood. "You just deliver the letter that I'll write to-day."

"Boat-a—"

"Oh, Justiniani, be quiet!" said the Englishman.

The don ceased.

"Will you help me?" asked the Englishman.

"Yaz-a."

So all that forenoon the busy alleys of Havana saw the volante of Don Joaquin—conspicuous even there for the opulence of its silver trappings—hurrying from place to place; and now the Englishman, and now the Cuban, with busy countenances, stepping in and out. The hour of noon passed, and the Englishman's letter was not prepared. Then came the regular afternoon shower, during which the letter was written; and when the rain had passed away, the don's flashing volante, with its front curtain closely drawn, rumbled around the Plaza de Armas, and entered the Calle del Obispo.

"You see, Justiniani," said the Briton, "I'll keep dark in the volante, and you'll just knock at the zaguan, and send up the letter, saying that you'll wait for an answer."

Don Joaquin only nodded assent. He was frowning at what he saw ahead through the small glass window in the curtain of the volante. His friend looked, and beheld the agile Monasterio just bowing backward from the señorita's window, and tripping away with the air of a happy man.

"Oh, he's a bloody fool!" said the Englishman.

A moment afterward the volante flourished up to the door, and Don Joaquin knocked, delivered the letter, and waited.

The servant who took it, after a considerable absence, returned, and asked him in. But the servant had made a mistake.

As the door of the drawing-room, standing ajar, was silently pushed open by his usher, and Don Joaquin stepped from the pavement of the zaguan to the threshold, he saw before him, standing in the centre of the apartment, the Señorita Luisa. Her face was turned away. The Englishman's letter had been absently let fall upon the marble floor. In her hands, in its blue satin cushion, lay a small, costly toy. She seemed gazing upon it with admiration; and in the unconsciousness of her fancied seclusion, her lovely form had happened upon such a graceful attitude as might well have kindled a colder eye than that of Don Joaquin.

Turning at the sound of his footstep, she blushed with surprise, and never, to that moment of her life, had she looked so beautiful.

She quickly smiled, but not without a certain faint sadness, and as she advanced toward him, the word that was upon her lips escaped unuttered, and her blush deepened. For an instant she seemed almost to betray a look of alarm. She stopped as the don started forward, and dropped her glance, then by an effort looked at him and spoke as one who must.

"Señor Justiniani," she tremblingly said, "your architect has left for me to admire—" the faltering speech broke of its own weakness. "I owe you, Don Joaquin—I have owed you—oh! I have served pride for six years—we have both suffered—my debt." Her tears brimmed over. She stood close before him, silent, with downcast eyes, and by a little tremulous effort lifted the burden of her hands into his.

Well, I say, it was, after all, only a costly toy, the knocker at whose knocking the beautiful gates of his beautiful home were to open; but it was the finest in Cuba—the silver effigy of the señorita's own hand tendering a small golden pomegranate.

The Justinianis never allowed their dear Simpson to sail for Vera Cruz. But when the sobbing Monasterio said he must go to Matanzas to *see his wife*, they let him depart. He wept all the way.

THE FLORIDA PIONEERS.

By WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

Stay, love; for see! the sinking moon
Has drawn apart the braids of rain,
To look on happy fields of grain,
And grove and garden full of June—
The husks that fold in monochrome
The sweet small kernel of our home.

Long vistas of clear atmospheres,
Like mirrors that repeat themselves;
Low dirges, as by ledgy shelves
Of brook-falls, constant in the ears;
And palms and pools where herons wait,
Narcissus-like, to meditate.

How changed from that black Abaddon
We looked on first, that seemed to scold
In saw palmetto! vines that hold
The live-oak, like Laocoon;
But, cleft, the rough, thick-sharded pine
Gives aromatic fruit of wine.

To clear away that outer bark
What work we had! what make-believes
Of cheerfulness those troubled eves,
As children whistle after dark,
When progress seemed to balk the will,
Like a blind horse in a crushing mill!

The strayed ox and the balky team;
The cyclone rending through the grain;
The wood's fire, like a burning rain
That flowed off in a scathing stream—
We've had them all since first we planned
To own a rood of cow-penned land.*

Ease came, unconsciously as sleep
When slept the boy Endymion;
Like tired oxen coming on
By sheaves of wheat and herds of sheep
And falling days, as blossoms shed
Their leaves to keep the fruit instead.

You smile, and call me patriarch.
The Southern sun has made the man,
And every year has laid a tan
Since baby shipped his Noah's ark,
And saw the pearl-coat minnows rise,
To call them pretty water-flies.

His plaything scraped by dismal isles,
Like ours, when baby had the croup.
O God! to hear him gasp and roup,
And not a doctor in thirty miles,
And we unskilled to know or do
But ask God's help! He gave it, too.

Around us ebbed and flowed the change
Of town lot, store, and mill and school;
A slow tide, freshening sink and pool,
Of farm land eating up the range—
Around about us, little wife,
The slow, sweet percolating life.

By that, and by the timely stitch,
And not a railroad* taxed and ground
From the public purse, it all came round
In the orange grove, and we are rich.
To think! 'twas just six years ago
We came—out of Chaldee—love, you know.

That is the epic. See! the moon
Is down, and, like a rock-cut pool,
So deep and sweet, so dark and cool,
The night fills up the sills of June.
A nation's epic. Homes like ours
Are the native seed: America flowers.

* Land on which the stock has been turned overnight for a month or two to tramp and manure it—a common preparation of farmer and fruit grower.

* Orange County, without railroad help, or metal or mineral, has by its orange groves alone increased in wealth from twenty to a hundred fold in six years.

Editor's Easy Chair.

"BUT is old, old, good old Christmas gone? Nothing but the hair of his good gray old head and beard left? Well, I will have that, seeing I can not have more of him." These are the words, quoted from "Hue and Cry after Christmas," which Irving prefixes to his papers upon the holiday in the *Sketch-Book*. Horace Binney Wallace, of Philadelphia, said, in his severe criticism upon Irving, that his works furnished the original and model of Dickens's descriptive manner, and mentions the "English Stage-Coachman" in the Christmas series as the preliminary study for the elder Weller. But is not the same series also the prelude of the great Christmas revival which came in with the *Christmas Carol* and all of Dickens's and Thackeray's Christmas books? Certainly Irving in a sense introduced Christmas to us. That is, he recalled and vividly reproduced the spirit of heartiness, of universal hilarity and hospitality and good feeling, which are traditionally associated with the old, old, good old Christmas to which he appeals. Thackeray says that there is no doubt Dickens's holiday stories were the cause of an amazing conviviality and good-fellowship, and Irving's sunny and cheery description of the Christmas games and dinner and general festivity immensely quickened the observance of the day in this country. When it was objected that his description was antiquated and that his story lost probability because the customs were obsolete, Irving replied that he had seen almost every thing that he described in the country on the skirts of Derbyshire and Yorkshire, where he passed the holidays of one of his years in England.

The Puritan element in this country long held old Christmas at bay. In Virginia, however, and wherever the Establishment was paramount, there were relics of the traditional day. But as the Puritan rigor relaxed, and the national influence of the great Irish and German immigration began to be felt, a more festal spirit was developed, a more evident fondness for pleasure and enjoyment appeared, until now New York, at least, observes the day not less than any other of the great capitals of the world. Even New England memories which are not very long can recall the scant honor that was paid to the day. The Easy Chair knew one little fellow who had some feeling for the festival, picked up in some old book in the public library of a New England town, and which contained glowing descriptions of the ancient customs—the lighting of the *Yule-clog*, the stirring and the quaffing of the mighty wassail-bowl, the bringing in of the boar's head, the entrance of the mummers, and, above all, the kissing under the mistletoe. The boy's fancy was so alive that he counted the days and the hours to the blessed morning, and when Christmas-eve came he walked in a glory of dreams. Yet there was no sign of Christmas in the little town—no peal of chimes, no generous expectation of Santa Claus. None the less he went into the street and believed that every body shared his feeling, and that before he fell asleep that night he should hear the waits softly singing in the moonlight on the snow. The little head lay long intent upon the pillow, waiting for the solemn music, but the boy was sound asleep before he heard it. The next morning, alas! was like all other mornings. There had been no stocking at the fire-place, there was no green in the windows, there was no sign of Christmas. The little boy began the morning ruefully, no longer

feeling that every body was secretly conscious of the day. If he thought of "Dame Mince-Pie" and "Roast Beef" and the Lord of Misrule, it was as of the loved and forever lost. It was not a sense of personal grief only that oppressed him, but a feeling of something exceptionally wrong and monstrous in such disregard of such a day. At length, when his mother asked him what made him so sober and cross, the boy answered it was because Christmas had been forgotten. The good mother, to whom Thanksgiving was the high feast of the year, slipped out of the house, and presently gave the young protestant a purse with a bright silver piece as his Christmas-box. That was something, and the boy ran to the confectioner's, an old Frenchman who had been settled in the town many years, and who rose to wait upon his customer. The Christmas confectioners' shops of to-day are bowers of bliss, and tempt every youngling to spend his whole fortune, if only amidst the embarrassment of riches he could decide what to buy. But in the old Frenchman's shop in the quiet town there was no recognition of the festival—no sprays of hemlock, no ground-laurel over the door or in the windows, no piles and pyramids of unimaginable boxes of comfits and every kind of fresh and delightful candy. The old familiar sugar-plums were ranged upon the old familiar shelves, and the same ancient cakes pined and withered under the same dim glass. The boy was vaguely conscious of this bareness, but he had still a distinct knowledge that almond candy was his toothsome choice, and the old Frenchman gravely weighed out the small measure. As the buyer took out his new purse to pay, with a sudden impulsive hope to find some spark of sympathy, he held it up and said, in a bashful way, "That's my Christmas present."

"What's dat you say, little boy?" replied the Frenchman.

"That's my Christmas present."

"Christmas! Christmas!" exclaimed the old man, impatiently. "No, no: nobody know Christmas here!"

There was such a depth of scornful repudiation of a community that knew not Christmas, and by implication such a profound and hearty regard for it in his own heart, in the tone and air of the old Frenchman, that the boy was satisfied, and felt that his deep longing for some due observance of the day had been satisfied by the suppressed but immense feeling of the old Frenchman.

But in that quiet town Christmas has doubtless come to his own again; and even in that earlier time when it had no honor, the little Episcopal church was dressed with evergreen sprays, and a little later its bell was rung on Christmas-eve. Yet the charm of that sound and the associations that it awakened were doubtless due to the papers in the *Sketch-Book* that described the holidays at Bracebridge Hall. Now it is a great and universal holiday, the happiest of the year. It is the feast of brotherly love, which is the essential doctrine of the religion that it commemorates. And what eating and drinking! What immense good cheer! That comes from our Northern blood, from the ancestors who did not figure a heaven of harps and hymns, but a Walhalla of wassail-bowls and endless quaffing of mead:—no sarsaparilla runnings, but liquid fire burning through immortal veins. Dickens's Christmas has been called gross and sensual—a feast made by the butcher and baker—the kind of Christmas that Kenny Meadows used to draw in the *Illustrated News*, where bald old gentlemen pledge in flowing bumpers shriveled but still gay dames in caps, and the red-faced cook brings in a smoking plum-pudding large enough to feed a city, and the whole world guzzles and gorges. But although Dickens is sympathetically just to the beef and pudding, it is the kind and generous heart which the profuse table symbolizes that is his real text. The spirit of his Christmas stories gives an appetite for doing good things as well as eating them; the heart and the hand are to open as well as the house; the carol that he sings is peace and active good-will to men; the chimes that he rings are the accord of charity, patience, fidelity, unselfishness, with real happiness and genuine success. There are wise critics who think that they have disposed of Dickens by calling him a sentimentalist. What is the Sermon on the Mount? What is the soul of all religion, what is morality itself, but sentiment?

The chief event of the autumn to many serious persons was the preaching and singing of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey, whose object was to produce a revival of religion. That is the daily object of all good persons. But with this particular effort there has been so much that is known as sensational and spectacular that, without condemning the movement as useless or worse, certainly very many of those same serious persons have fallen to thinking of the degree of service to right living which is rendered by such proceedings. The evangelists were not unknown before their English visit. They had preached and sung in Brooklyn without producing any remarkable impression. But soon after they crossed the sea and began to preach in England and Scotland, rumors returned to us which recalled the days of the Wesleys and Whitefield. Their story—the story of the early Methodists—is one of the most striking and touching in history. There were, of course, good men and women enough in the Established Church, but its forms had become so outwardly formal that the conduct of clergymen seeking to be made bishops, and of bishops seeking preferment, is painful to read of, and that emotion, fervor, ardent aspiration and expression, which had been always associated with piety and religion as of their very essence, were decried under the name of enthusiasm.

The Bishop of London warned George Whitefield against enthusiasm. It was warning a nightingale against singing. But he feared to shock fine society. It was like the anxious clergyman warning Peter Cartwright in a whisper to be careful what he said, because General Jackson had just come into the church. But Peter, with all the spirit of the first Methodists, replied audibly: "And who is General Jackson? If he does not look to the saving of his soul, God will damn him as surely as a Guinea negro." The agonized clergyman went next morning to apologize to General Jackson for the plain-speaking of Cartwright. Probably he thought, in the spirit of the French monseigneur, that God would think twice before damning General Jackson. The Bishop of London—and in perfect good faith—

would have warned the stern old Covenanters in the mountains of Scotland against enthusiasm, and he would have prayed the early Christians in the Catacombs to beware of it, unheeding that it was enthusiasm which had brought to England and planted there the religion of which he was a minister. The Chancellor of Bristol would not allow the enthusiast to preach in Redcliffe church. But he went four miles out of the town to a wild common inhabited by savage colliers. A hundred came stupidly to hear him. Soon came twenty thousand, full of emotion, the tears leaving "white gutters" on their black cheeks.

The astonished clergy and undoubtedly "the better classes" of society all agreed with the remark of the *Weekly Miscellany*, the religious journal of the time: "These rash pretenders, who thunder out damnation at random, without study, experience, thought, or judgment, deserve punishment much more than ignorant licentiates merit the censure of the college for their malpractices; and as far as any of us, by all fair means, do not endeavor to prevent the havoc they make among weak people, we are so far answerable for the ruin of families as to their temporal welfare and peace of mind." This was the prevailing tone. How bitter and contemptuous it was half a century later, the sneers of Sydney Smith in the *Edinburgh Review* show. How common it still is, the columns of the newspapers illustrate. But "these rash pretenders" produced an immense effect. The cries and convulsions that attended their preaching are familiar. They were likened to the shouts of the demons who rent the bodies of those upon whom Christ exercised His power. But it had other results. "Ladies who used to wear French silks and French hoops of four yards wide, *tête de mouton* heads [wigs], and white satin smock petticoats, are now turned Methodists and followers of Mr. Whitefield, whose idea of the new birth has so prevailed over them that....they now wear plain stuff gowns, no hoops, common night mobs, and plain bags for under-clothes."

Sydney Smith and his school were of opinion that all this was a form of hysteria, and he ridiculed it remorselessly as fatal to noble character and to true religion. He published a series of incidents, advertisements, etc., taken from various magazines under Methodist control, nearly seventy years ago, and they are certainly exceedingly ludicrous. For instance: "Wanted, by Mr. Turner, shoe-maker, a steady apprentice. He will have the privilege of attending the ministry of the Gospel. A premium expected." "Wanted, a man of serious character who can shave." "Wants a place, a young man who has brewed in a serious family." But the most extraordinary of the advertisements was a letter to the *Evangelical Magazine* of 1807, commending a religious hoy for Margate; and this, it must be remembered, expressed the sincere feeling of many persons.

"Religious Passengers accommodated.—*To the Editor:* Sir,—It affords me considerable pleasure to see upon the cover of your magazine for the present month an advertisement announcing the establishment of a packet to sail weekly between London and Margate during the season, which appears to have been set on foot for the accommodation of religious characters, and in which 'no profane conversation is to be allowed.'

"To those among the followers of a crucified Redeemer who are in the habit of visiting the Isle of Thanet in the summer, and who, for the sea-air or from other considerations, prefer traveling by water, such a conveyance must certainly be a *desideratum*, especially if they have experienced a mortification similar to that of the writer, in the course of the last summer, when shut up in a cabin with a mixed multitude, who spoke almost all languages but that of Canaan. Totally unconnected with the concern, and personally a stranger to the worthy owner, I take the liberty of recommending this vessel to the notice of my fellow-Christians, persuaded that they will think themselves bound to patronize and encourage an undertaking that has the honor of the dear Redeemer for its professed object. It ought ever to be remembered that every talent we possess, whether large or small, is given us in trust to be laid out for God; and I have often thought that Christians act inconsistently with their high profession when they omit, even in their most common and trifling expenditure, to give a decided preference to the friends of their Lord....I am, Mr. Editor, your obliged friend and sister in the Gospel, E. T."

This is so foreign to the modern methods of religious expression that it seems almost revolting. It is such a grotesque blending of the most spiritual and sublime emotions with the most ordinary and material associations that it seems to be more than an offense against good taste, and to be what is usually called blasphemous. To a temperament like Sydney Smith's, who was a type of the cultivated, conservative, commonsense Englishman of his time, it was so repulsive as to seem the hollowest cant and hypocrisy. It is to the same feeling that we owe Dickens's Stiggins and Chadband, and Thackeray's picture of the "Serious Paradise" at Clapham in the opening chapters of *The Newcomes*, and the ludicrous play of *The Serious Family*. They were all satirical and farcical shafts leveled at Wesley's and Whitefield's Methodism become formalism. But neither Dickens nor Thackeray would have satirized the profound earnestness and prodigious effect of early Methodism, and the modern English novel may well set off Dinah in *Adam Bede* against any of the Chadband fraternity.

But "revivalism" did not begin with the Methodists. The great awakening in New England of which Jonathan Edwards was the chronicler preceded the excitement in England, and when John Wesley read the account he wrote in his journal, "Surely this is the Lord's doing, and it is marvelous in our eyes." Soon afterward the "manifestations," as they were called, began under the influence of his preaching—the cries and shrieks and convulsions and trances and fits which are in a lesser degree familiar in the history of American revivals. The degree is less because there is probably no class of people in America who attend revival meetings like that to which the early Methodists preached—the Kingswood colliers, and those who were too ignorant and brutish ever to enter a church. Here, again, to the typical respectable Briton, like Sydney Smith, the preachers who produced such effects could only seem a kind of mountebank, and all the Cavalier contempt of the Roundhead in the previous generation broke forth in the feeling of the Establishment toward the "fanaticism" of Dissent. "Mr. Shufflebottom, of Bungay, gave the charge," wrote the clerical wit in scornful italics. And a little later he quotes sardonically from a Baptist missionary record:

"Brother Carey's Piety at Sea.—Brother Carey, while very seasick, and leaning over the ship to relieve his stomach from that very oppressive complaint, said his mind was even then filled with consolation in contemplating the wonderful goodness of God."

It is very interesting to contrast with the

preaching of Wesley and Whitefield and its effects the work of Mr. Moody and Mr. Sankey in England. There has been no such religious sensation since the time of the Methodists, and the tone of the press was remarkable for its freedom from the aggressive contempt and bitterness of the treatment of the earlier movement. The general feeling was—and it has survived the departure of the preachers—that it had done very much more good than harm by quickening the consciences of those who would otherwise have remained torpid and dull. But this, of course, leads to the further question, Has it aroused the consciences of poor men and women to the resolution of living better lives in this world, of being pure and temperate and truthful and charitable, as well as to the desire of saving their souls from future woe? This is the great question that confronts every religious revival or movement. It challenges Methodism itself. Did the marvelous eloquence of Whitefield, the fervent exhortation of John Wesley, the songs that his brother Charles sweetly sang—did the heroic endurance and lofty devotion and untiring zeal of the early Methodists not only amaze and enrage the Establishment, and array public opinion and mob violence against the preachers, and melt and console and terrify the poorest and most neglected people in England, but did it make them better? Did crime diminish? Does history record that society became more peaceful, more charitable, more humane? Did the preaching and the praying and the singing issue in a higher, purer, nobler national life, or exhale in a fruitless, barren emotion, in a conviction of sin, but not in honester living? This is the real question, and there can be little doubt that it is a true answer which says that "to the ignorant, the depraved, the violent, and to the victims of sensual indulgences, it was.....a restorative and saving grace." While apart from the immediate, tangible, calculable effect, the contemplation of a great moral heroism, whether the Methodist Wesley confronting the wild mob in England, or the Catholic Brebœuf facing the savages in Canada, is a tonic and inspiration to human life and character every where.

There is nothing of this imposing aspect in the English work of Messrs. Moody and Sankey. Their utmost persecution was a doubtful prohibition to preach at Eton. There were no cries or convulsions at their meetings. Lords and ladies and respected clergymen of the Establishment sat upon the platform. The newspapers were courteous and friendly. Thousands listened to them daily and decorously. It is assumed—for it can not be known—that their influence was salutary. On the other hand, it is alleged that such exhortations lead people to suppose that a condition of emotional excitement, and not clean and honest living day by day, is the essential thing, and that as all excitement is followed by reaction, a momentary exaltation of this kind may have pernicious consequences. Meanwhile the notoriety of the preaching in England excited great curiosity in this country, so that when the preacher and singer arrived, public expectation was very eager. But in a country of eloquent preaching and of revivals, the success seems to have been one of decorous curiosity, and at the time when this is written there is nothing comparable in the Moody movement to that of the revival of 1857. It was impossible that great crowds should not attend, both because of the foreign renown of the movement and of our readiness for any new form of excitement. The well-bred crowds who have thronged the hall in which the revivalists began their work have listened with attention and propriety. A great multitude of people always magnetizes itself, and the choral singing of a thousand voices is always inspiring. Yet it is impossible to read one of Mr. Moody's sermons, as printed in a *verbatim* report, and not feel that however earnest and sincere the preacher may be, the hearer may be very easily confused by his words, and mistake a feeling, or a wish, or a nervous emotion for a spiritual spring and revelation. Mr. Moody is an honest man, honestly anxious to make men better in calling upon them to save their souls. But if any susceptible youth or maid, charmed and softened with Sankey's singing, and excited with the declaration of Moody that men can find mercy if they only will, and that they should seek the Lord then and there—if any such hearer should suddenly spring up, joyfully shouting, "Hallelujah! He is mine! I have found the Lord, and I am His forever!"—does he think what it means to find God? Does he reflect upon the famous saying of old Jeremy Taylor, that "godly sorrow is but the title-page" of good living, that only the good are godlike, and they prove that they have found God by obeying His commandments?

Mr. Moody is not a clergyman, nor is the Easy Chair in orders. Its province, as it has been sometimes reminded, is the minor morals and manners. But what are minor morals, if not the obligations of honesty, fidelity, and charity in the small, constant, vital relations of life? And what is the worth of a revival of religion which does not revive these? Who can believe that the tide is rising if it does not flood the most secluded inlet, the remotest shore?

Sagacious observers define a poet as he who says what every body wishes to say; and great fame is, therefore, a kind of self-applause. We rejoice in Shakespeare because he says what we think. Indeed, according to this view, renown is only recognition, and we recognize only what we know. But if we praise so warmly the man who says what we think, we can not help praising the man who does what we would have done. Nothing seems easier than to write a poem like the "Song of the Shirt." Poor victims, women whose lives are inconceivably sad, and who, as a recent case of suicide in New York shows, despite every shame, are yet capable of an absorbing passion, are found every where in great cities, and some morning "one more unfortunate" is taken drowned from the river, or lies shot or poisoned by her own hand on her bed. It is an incident most familiar to ordinary experience. We speak of it with a shrug or a sigh, and pass on. But one day Hood describes it in verse. The passionate pathos rings and tingles through the common heart and conscience. He has said what we all felt. How easy it was! It was only to transcribe the universal emotion. But he alone did it, and his poem becomes an immortal strain in literature, and the singer himself is famous for the song forever.

In the same way nothing was easier than to put off from a port in Spain, and passing through

the Straits of Gibraltar, to push steadily westward toward Cathay, and find a new world or a new way to the old. Any body, we say, might have done it; but one man did it, and he too is honored and immortal. Any body might have seen the condition of the English jails; but John Howard looked at them, and arousing England and the world, made a great reform by simply pointing out what thousands already knew. Sir Samuel Romilly, with other Londoners, knew that men were hung every week at Newgate for small offenses, and also that juries would not convict, even upon the clearest evidence, because they did not choose to hang starving girls for stealing a loaf of bread. He merely told Parliament what every honorable gentleman knew, and the criminal law was reformed and Sir Samuel was famous. In the streets of every great city we have all been in the habit of seeing and pitying the suffering of horses, and often a gallant and impetuous man has interfered between an abused brute and his tormentor. But our observation and sympathy and anger generally exhaled in exclamations. Mr. Bergh's did not. He saw no more than the rest of us, but he did a great deal more. He went to the Legislature, and obtained the power of the law to stop the abuse. Instantly the old spectacle had a new aspect. The eyes of the whole community were turned threateningly upon the torturers of animals; there has been an immense diminution of the abuse; and Mr. Bergh has a gracious and humane distinction which he has well won. As the poet sings what we all obscurely feel and think but can not express, so the practical humanitarian does what we all see ought to be done, and what we are glad to have done, but what we should not have done ourselves.

This was curiously illustrated in the case of the little tight-rope dancer or acrobat known as Prince Leo, who was recently rescued from his tormentor by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. The very people who were encouraging the brutal master to torture the boy applauded heartily when he was arrested. That shows that there is, under all the excitement of watching the spectacle, a consciousness that it is cruel and wrong. The positive action of the society develops that consciousness into active protest, and the result will undoubtedly be a discontinuance of the monstrous practice of training helpless little children by whips and terror and torture of every kind to dangerous performances upon the rope in circuses and theatres. It will teach every person in the audience to reflect that the bespangled Prodigies and Phenomenons and Mademoiselles and Masters are pitiful little victims, who are made to risk their lives and limbs, and to their own daily mortal terror, for the benefit of some lazy and cruel scoundrel, their master. The fathers and mothers and children in the audience will be ashamed and indignant, and the music and the lights and the spangles and the grimaces will not hide from them the real nature of the scene.

This little fellow, called Prince Leo, was brought upon the stage, frightened and trembling from head to foot, and made to walk backward and forward upon a tight rope, carrying a balancing pole. Then, while his muscles twitched with terror, he was blindfolded by his tormentor, and so sent across the rope again. Then a rope was stretched from the floor to the ceiling, a distance of sixty feet, at an angle of forty-five degrees. Up this the little child of seven was forced to climb in a paroxysm of fear, painfully crawling with the pole in his hands. When he reached the top, he put his right foot backward and clasped the rope between his first and second toes, and so slid down with a frightful rush into the arms of the master. There was no net to catch him if he fell, and the only provision for his safety was a small cord tied around his middle and passed over a block at the top of the stage, the other end being in the hand of the master. This cord was not as large as an ordinary clothes-line, and as there was a slack of six feet, it would probably have cut the little body in two had it fallen. The child could give little account of himself when his master was arrested. But the testimony of one of the ballet girls tells the probable story of his life. "It was only Saturday morning that I saw Leonard whip little Leo terribly. He told him to perform a new and very hard feat. Leo tried to obey, but was overcome with fear, and fell to the floor when half-way through. Without stopping to see if the boy was hurt, Leonard beat him and kicked him. We girls interfered and tried to stop him, but he swore at us, and beat the boy all the worse. The next time Leo tried the feat, he got through all right, and Leonard told him to take care that he did not fall again."

This is one case, like the single horse that you may see kicked and beaten in the street. But summary dealing of the law with such cruelty brands it to the thoughtless public gaze, so that the public conscience is awakened. This is the way in which a high civilization asserts itself. That of Athens and of Rome was graceful and splendid, but it was the glory of a few, not of a whole community. The test of a high civilization and its security is sensitiveness to the general welfare. The active sense of universal brotherhood is the mainspring of Christianity as distinguished from other religions. And the societies for the prevention of cruelty to children and to animals are essentially Christian, because they develop and strengthen the consciousness of mutual responsibility and the sentiment of humanity. Even the pessimist may be consoled by comparing Gérôme's noted picture of the gladiators in the Coliseum going to butcher each other to make a Roman holiday, with the scene at the Tivoli Theatre when the agents of the society arrested the brutal master of Prince Leo.

THERE is an active movement in England for what is called funeral reform. Its object is to diminish the enormous and extravagant expenses for burials, and it goes so far as to urge the discontinuance of mourning apparel altogether. The shops for the sale of mourning have long figured sarcastically in many of the English stories, and the pomp of grief in the mutes, the empty carriages, the nodding plumes, the undertakers of official solemnity, and the general gloomy magnificence of burials have been relentlessly satirized. The other day, in New York, a poor girl of twenty-one ended her dissolute life by killing herself, and when she was buried, three coaches were hardly enough to carry the flowers which other poor girls—brilliantly wretched, the saddest paupers of to-morrow—heaped upon her

coffin. There are many sensitive persons who smell in the penetrating scent of tuberoses only the shop of the undertaker, so associated is that flower with funerals. Families who know not where to look for food when the "bread-winner" is dead, bury him at an expense of carriages and mourning that is but a mockery.

In England this is felt to be so serious an evil that the movement has become already important. Mr. Gladstone writes to express his sympathy, but is not willing to say that he approves of renouncing mourning altogether. Mr. Bright, who comes of Quaker stock, heartily approves and commends the example of the Friends, who wear no mourning. There is certainly nothing more repulsive than the custom which, when the best beloved lies dead in the chamber, turns the house of mourning into a millinery shop, and is mainly intent that the wife who has lost the friend and companion of years shall appear swathed and enveloped in thick folds and clouds of crape and bombazine, stifling herself and darkening the day as she goes. The same show of sorrow is extended to the coachman and footmen. Note-paper and cards share the gloom. In this excess it is but a refined barbarism. It is the howling and sitting on the ground and scattering ashes on the head, of earlier times and people.

But while the excess is repulsive, the wearing of mourning is a natural instinct. It is not as a sign of respect for the dead, but as harmonious with a chastened and saddened feeling, and to apprise strangers of it, that mourning is worn. That it is often and easily abused and made ridiculous is certainly no serious argument. If a strip of crape or a black glove will spare the kindly friend from speaking with a jarring tone of jollity, or from saying what he would not and could not say if he knew that the shadow of death had fallen upon you, why not spare him the real pain? Moreover, dress is not only a covering: it is an expression; and as you would not sing and shout and dance when those you love are lately dead, so you naturally seek a sober tone in the dress you wear. The funeral reform is timely and wise, but it may easily become mechanical and unreasonable. The custom of wedding gifts has become formal and inexpressive. But that is not a reason for a reform which would abolish them altogether. Even Santa Claus has grown into the most intolerable tax-gatherer in many households. But what parent, for that reason, would blockade the chimney, or lose the exquisite music, beyond waits and *pifferari*, of hushed little voices and pattering little feet in the early darkness of Christmas morning?

Editor's Literary Record.

SCRIBNER AND CO., who published last year the two sumptuous volumes of travels in South America by Paul Marcoy, surpass themselves by their publication this year of two volumes somewhat similar in general character and design, as in their French origin—*Spain*, and *India and its Native Princes*. *Spain* is the joint product of Baron CH. DAVILLIER and GUSTAVE DORÉ, the former furnishing the letter-press, the latter the illustrations. The book has been known some time to the readers of French, but is now for the first time, if we mistake not, introduced to English and American readers. Spain is a theme admirably adapted to Doré's peculiar genius. Except perhaps his illustrations of Dante, we recall nothing from his facile and fertile pencil which better accords with the spirit of his art: he is always at his best in the semi-grotesque and the weird. The scenery of Spain, with its rocky defiles, its dark and sombre mountain passes, its frowning and forbidding precipices, the architecture of Spain, never in the truest sense simple and sublime, but always salient and romantic, are successfully portrayed. But his character sketches are the feature of the book. The Spanish priest and peasant and dancing girl and gypsy and beggar, the solemn procession bearing the image of a crucified Redeemer, and the bull-fight with all its brutal horrors, the interiors of the cathedral and of the cigar factory, the street dancers and the gypsy "wake," the smuggler, the peddler, and the merchant, all pass in a wonderfully varied panorama before you, with every variety of form and face and feature, from the dark-faced beauty of the theatre to the horrible, toothless hag, her mother and chaperon. The author, like the artist, is very catholic in his tastes. He is equally ready to describe a funeral service or a bull-fight, and, with a Frenchman's quick sympathies and versatile nature, to see every thing with Spanish eyes and from a Spanish point of view. He possesses, too, that peculiar vivacity which characterizes most French literary travelers, and which is ordinarily so conspicuously absent in the descriptive writings of their English cousins. He has neither religious bias nor national prejudice; perhaps for young readers more pronounced opinions on the moral aspects of Spanish life would be desirable, but the adult can easily supply for himself these moral reflections, which, if they were provided by the author, would probably be skipped by the reader. He that desires to form quickly and easily some judgment as to the immediate prospects of republicanism in Spain will find some materials for his judgment in a mere glance at the singularly stolid and brutal faces of these Spanish peasants, and he will find abundant light by a careful reading of the book.

But the most sumptuous book of travels of this season, if not of any season, is *India and its Native Princes*. The monuments of India are probably, its literature is certainly, the oldest in the world. Its philosophy is poetry; its history is romance; its native religion is the plaintive, pitiful sigh of a wandering soul after an unknown God; its architecture, partaking of the dreamy character of its people and the gorgeous character of its scenery and verdure, seems at once a product of the soil and a voice of the soul. There is in all the world no mountain scenery more grand than its Himalayas; no field for romantic exploits more attractive to the hunter than its jungles; no literature more fascinating to the scholar than its Rig-Vedas; no gold region more alluring to commerce than its wonderfully fertile

plains; no religion more curiously interesting to the theologian than its parallel but wholly distinct systems, Brahmanism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, and the religion of the Parsees; no people whose hunger for spiritual life, interpreted by the outcry of their own poets, has made a field so attractive to the missionaries of the Cross. Look at it from what point of view you choose—that of the tourist, the hunter, the scholar, the merchant, the theologian, or the Christian worker—India is the richest country of the world. This is the land which M. Louis Rousselet opens to the American reader, with the aid of Lieutenant-Colonel Buckle as a translator, and Scribner, Armstrong, and Co. as publishers. The volume contains 317 illustrations and six maps. Of the illustrations over one hundred are full-page. They are all admirably executed, and in an artistic point of view the volume is characterized by something of the gorgeousness of the country which it describes. This is its excuse for a binding almost too ornate. The work is the result of six years' study of the land, its monuments, religious beliefs and symbols, and its history and native civilization. To modern India—the India which Great Britain has made or marred, the only India which the ordinary tourist ever sees any thing of, the India of railways, hotels, and telegraphs—M. Rousselet pays very little attention. His enthusiasm was aroused by, and his attention is concentrated upon, what we may call Indian India, to distinguish it from European India. He not only made the entire circuit of the peninsula, he pursued his travels into the heart of the country, and traveled north almost to the heart of the Himalayas, and quite to the borders of Cashmere. He became thoroughly familiar, also, with the social life of the people. He seems to be a man of rare tact, and that winning and flexible character so peculiar to the Frenchman, and to have been able to commend himself to the good graces of the Indians of all ranks, perhaps the more readily from the contrast which he presented to the austere, reserved, and cold-blooded Englishman. He thus succeeded in entering private houses, witnessing domestic and other fêtes, penetrating even into temples ordinarily closed to the stranger, and thus obtained the materials for a picture of the inner life of the people, and in some instances of scenes and features which are so rapidly disappearing before the spirit of progress, which has pervaded even India, that they may probably never be seen again. He writes purely as a narrator; looks upon all that he sees with the eye of sympathy; commends rather than criticises; and though his pictures of Indian life, character, and religion may be somewhat less coldly accurate than if they had been written in a more critical spirit, they are really more truthful, because they represent not merely the outward semblance, but also the inner heart of India and her peoples.

In *Old New York from the Battery to Bloomingdale* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mrs. Greatorex and M. Despard conduct the reader the entire length of Manhattan Island, for the purpose of showing him, not the prosaic pride of its present, but the picturesque beauties of its past. The letterpress in such a work as this is no small test of the literary capacity of the writer, and M. Despard fulfills his difficult task well. His descriptions are simple; historic sketches are woven very naturally into his pages; and he is at once content to fill a second place, and not indifferent or careless because it is subordinate; for the real value and attractiveness of this work depend upon the illustrations. In Part I., which lies before us—the work is to be completed in ten parts—there are six full-page pictures, etchings by H. Thatcher from pen drawings by Mrs. Greatorex. She is a true artist, and proves herself to have the soul of art by her rare appreciation of beauty in very common and even uninteresting objects. The view looking up the lower end of Broadway, through the leafy arch of the trees of the Battery, is a genuine picture; so is the tumble-down old rookery which she tells us is the old Jersey ferry-house. Of all the myriads who daily pass and repass St. Paul's, we doubt whether a score ever recognize the quiet placid beauty of the old church-yard, which Mrs. Greatorex has not only seen and felt, but so interpreted as to make others, far less royally endowed, recognize also. In execution the work is not altogether satisfactory. A certain vigorous roughness enters into and forms part of the charm of etchings; but these are foggy and ill defined, at least in some notable cases, lacking that vigor and clearness of contour and color which so remarkably characterize the best specimens of Hamerton's analogous work. Stronger lines and fewer of them would produce a better effect, and correct the dimness and irresolution which are the chief, if not the sole, faults of these otherwise admirable designs.

We all recognize in the bird an element of romance. Its flight is the very poetry of motion. Its wing beats are rhythmical. But it requires genius to discover and disclose to others, as Jules Michelet has done in his last book, *The Insect* (Thomas Nelson and Sons), the same poetry, romance, divinity, which he so successfully interpreted in his pen pictures of the bird and the mountains. If we desired to inspire in any one a love of science, we would commend to him one of these volumes of Jules Michelet. He imparts all the attributes of soul to these little creatures. He writes of them less in the spirit of a modern scientist than in that of a Hebrew prophet and poet. He transforms even the spider, and awakens at once our pity for his misanthropical loneliness and our respect for his patient industry. This poetic, sympathetic, spiritual character of his observations and descriptions is indicated by some of his titles—"Compassion;" "The Orphan: its Feebleness;" "The Home and Loves of the Spider." His general divisions are threefold—Metamorphosis; Mission and Arts of the Insect; Communities of Insects. His material is his own personal and painstaking observations of their habits and methods. Sometimes, perhaps, his imagination perceives what the unaided eye could not see. Sometimes his deductions are those of a poet rather than of a purely scientific scholar. But he sees much of the true life of this insect world which men generally do not see; and what some will perhaps call imagination would be more justly entitled insight. There are few men who would feel remorse for having killed a bee that had invaded their sleeping-room, and still fewer who would have watched the stunned intruder with pitying eyes till he recovered his consciousness, came back to life, and sprang away at a bound. There are few,

therefore, that would have detected the calculating cunning of the bee. There is a special advantage in the insect world as a theme of study, in that it requires no instruments but eyes, and no preparation but patience. Light a lamp on a summer evening in the country, open the window, and in twenty minutes your table will be covered with the material for your investigations. Then watch. Read Michelet's *The Insect* first; in it are abundant suggestions of points for your study. You will be astonished, if you pursue your investigations in his spirit, to find how much there is of poetry, and how much of real mental and moral life, in the bugs that have hitherto aroused only your repugnance or your fear. The 140 illustrations by Giacomelli are exquisite—only inferior to those of *The Bird* because the theme is less capable of artistic variety and beauty.

The same artist illustrates Mrs. TRIMMER'S *History of the Robins* (Thomas Nelson and Sons). The same study of nature is apparent in the great variety of pictures, in all of which birds, in most of which robins, are almost the sole figures. The book itself, under guise of a story, conveys to children, for whom it is especially written, valuable information respecting the nature and habits, the life, food, and dangers, of our common garden birds, and, what is perhaps more important, can not fail to awaken the hearty sympathy of youthful readers for the feathered tribe. The boy that reads this book will never rob a nest, or stone a robin, or use one as a mark for his shotgun, unless he is a confirmed and irredeemable burglar and assassin—of birds.

The Dresden Gallery (George Routledge and Sons) ranks among the finest illustrated books of the season. It contains fifty examples of the old masters, selected from the famous Dresden Gallery, reproduced by photography, which the title-page entitles "permanent," as a guarantee against fading. Titian, Correggio, Holbein, Paul Veronese, Rubens, Vandyck, and Rembrandt are among the artists represented. The selection embodies a large variety of theme and treatment, as well as of schools and of individual artists. Tragedy, comedy, peace, war, repose, action, sacred and domestic scenes, are intermingled. Each picture is accompanied with a very brief description, and a paragraph respecting the artist, which gives, however, little more than his birth and death and school of art. Something more of biographical and critical matter would have enhanced the value of the work for the great body of readers. As it stands, it is a fine collection of photographic reproductions of remarkable works by remarkable artists.

Farm Legends, by WILL CARLETON (Harper and Brothers), does not rival in humor or pathos its predecessor and companion volume, *Farm Ballads*, by the same author. It is the law of literature that the cream always rises to the top, and the first skimming is the best. But, comparisons forgotten, the reader's heart will warm to the writer on the perusal of the preface, and it certainly will not be chilled by reading the poems which follow. "In this book the author has aimed to give expression to the truth that with every person, even if humble or debased, there may be some good worth lifting up and saving; that in each human being, though revered and seemingly immaculate, are some faults which deserve pointing out and correcting; and that all circumstances of life, however trivial they may appear, may possess those alternations of the comic and pathetic, the good and bad, the joyful and sorrowful, upon which walk the days and nights, the summers and winters, the lives and deaths, of this strange world." This is indeed "the truth of things," and this divine truth would suffice to impart the flavor of genuine poetry to these simple legends even if there were not, as there are, marked literary excellences, especially a notably smooth poetic form, and very considerable vigor in character drawing. But the peculiar charm, the characteristic magnetism, of the book is in the broad human sympathies which pervade its pages. The illustrations are characterized by vigor both of conception and execution.

Mabel Martin, by J. G. WHITTIER (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is substantially a reproduction of the "Witch's Daughter," published some years ago in *Home Ballads*. It now appears in an illustrated edition, with designs by Mary A. Hallock, J. J. Harley, A. R. Waud, and T. Moran, engraved by A. V. S. Anthony. The song is a quiet song, and the singer a sweet but calm singer, whose story is a simple one of bitter sorrow cured by love. The artists have in this respect caught the spirit of the book, and the pictures are quiet in tone, as befits the theme and the poet. It is characteristic of Whittier to give, as a portrait of the witch, one

> "who turned, in Salem's jail,
> Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er
> When her dim eyes could read no more."

And it is characteristic, perhaps equally characteristic, of Mary Hallock to give a picture of the old woman to whom your heart instantly warms. The conventional old hag is neither in picture nor in poem. Even in the representation of her execution the stern spirit of the Puritans has been caught and preserved by an illustration which does not lack strength, yet does not possess a single hideous feature or figure. The volume is worthy to compare with Longfellow's *Hanging of the Crane*, of last year, which in size and general structure it resembles.

MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy* (James Miller) is one of those books concerning which the popular verdict and the critical verdict are directly opposed. The critics all laugh at it, the people will read it. This edition is accompanied with sixteen full-page illustrations, mezzotint. We judge that they have been adapted to the text, not drawn for it, and they are decidedly old-fashioned in style, as perhaps befits a very old-fashioned poem. Both in a literary and an art point of view the work recalls the Christmas books of thirty or forty years ago. —A companion to it is *Half Hours with the Poets* (James Miller). The book is a new edition of what is a deserved favorite. The illustrations, which are steel, belong to a school now gone by, but the plates are in a good condition, and the impression clear and distinct.—*Bishop Heber's Poetical Works* (James Miller) will never grow old. Mr. Miller's red-line edition is neatly printed, and contains a few steel page illustrations, which are hardly worthy the poet's numbers.

"The Mountain of the Lovers" (E. J. Hale and Son) is the first and the largest poem in a new

volume by PAUL H. HAYNE. It is founded on an old legend of the miscalled chivalric age, so the poet tells us, though to us the legend is new. The tragic end is unexpected and disappointing. Love so heroic, so self-restrained, so masterful, should have proved more than a match for blind malignant passion. But for that the old chronicler, not the new, is responsible. "The Vengeance of the Goddess Diana" is also an ancient legend in verse; the rest of the pieces in the book are short poems. Mr. Hayne is familiar to most American readers as one of our most popular verse writers. His imagination sees clearly, and his descriptions, especially of external scenery and circumstance, are pictorial—as the perilous ascent of the doomed lovers; his fancy is chaste, and his ornamentation refined rather than profuse; but the quality which impresses us as predominant in his verse, perhaps because of the contrast to most of modern literature, especially that written for our papers and periodicals, is its perfect finish. Every word is well chosen and well placed. The verbal perfection of his verse belongs to the school of which Moore and Byron were exemplars.

The Sunlight of Song (George Routledge and Sons) is a collection of sacred and moral poems, with original music and illustrations. We have no opportunity—so late do we receive the book—to try its music; but among the composers we observe some of the best modern English ballad writers. The songs are nearly, if not quite, all religious in their character, and a great improvement on the sentimental productions with which the piano is too often profaned. The illustrations are fine; some of them are exquisite. The whole book is an inspiration, especially to the family which closes the Sabbath with a service of home song—and what close could be better?—*The Shepherd Lady, and other Poems*, by JEAN INGELOW (Roberts Brothers), is a very attractive volume. It is printed on thick paper, with wide margin and red line. The illustrations are designed by Arthur Hughes, Mary A. Hallock, G. Perkins, J. A. Mitchell, W. L. Sheppard, F. O. C. Darley, and Sol Eytinge. There is considerable difference in the value of these illustrations, and in some instances the engraver has done the artist scant justice, but in its entirety the book is a worthy testimonial to the poet. The portrait is fine, and the face is one to make a fine portrait.—*Famous Painters and Paintings*, by Mrs. JULIA A. SHEDD (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is practically a biographical dictionary of famous artists. It is arranged in chronological order, so that the reader may trace the rise and progress of art, but a classified index at the end gives the means of pursuing inquiries respecting any artist. The articles are very brief—too brief, indeed: a smaller type, less white paper, and more matter would have made a more useful book. The eighteen illustrations—reproductions by the heliotype process—of remarkable works by a few of the more famous artists greatly enhance the value of the present edition.—Professor W. J. ROLFE, whose edition of the *Merchant of Venice*, etc., was so admirably prepared, sends out a small companion volume, *Select Poems of Oliver Goldsmith* (Harper and Brothers). The form is very convenient—the book can be slipped into an overcoat pocket—and is better reading in the cars than such as travelers are ordinarily served with there. The introduction contains a biographical sketch of Goldsmith. The poems chosen are "The Traveller," "The Deserted Village," and "Retaliation." The notes, which are literary and critical, are wisely placed in an appendix. The volume is fully illustrated.

Dr. J. P. NEWMAN'S *Thrones and Palaces of Babylon and Nineveh* (Harper and Brothers) is a fascinating book of travels, and fully and finely illustrated. Though in part it carries us to scenes which previous writers have made familiar, yet parts of the course are rarely traveled by American tourists. There is abundant opportunity for romance, and Dr. Newman loses no such opportunity. He spices his narratives with that exaggeration of coloring which characterizes almost invariably the most entertaining story-teller, but without awakening any suspicion of his integrity as a historian. He infuses into his narrative a strong and, on the whole, healthful feeling. His simple faith is quite charming; sometimes it approximates the amusing. It is well enough, perhaps, to chant from *Paradise Lost* in the full assurance that he is standing in the identical Garden of Eden, pardonable to build a poetic sentiment for the dust of Ezra, at his traditional tomb, on very slender rabbinical authority, and even allowable to glory in the sacred ruins of the tower of Babel, small as is the ground for identifying the ruins of the temple of Belus with that probably long-since demolished structure. But there are points beyond which credulity ceases to be a virtue; and when he suggests that there may have been a foundation in fact for the *Arabian Nights*, hints at a historical Sindbad the Sailor, and discovers in a supreme moment of wonderful excitement "the lion's den into which Daniel was thrown"—"a depression four feet deep," and identified beyond doubt by the fact that it contains "a lion of dark gray granite, ten feet long and as many high, standing over a man with outstretched arms"—the reader does not need to know that the lion was a common emblem of Babylonish power in order to read with amused incredulity the account of our traveler's emotions. Dr. Newman pursued an unusual course, starting from Bombay, sailing up the Persian Gulf, thence up the Tigris to Bagdad, and thence traversing Mesopotamia and Northern Syria, ending his journey at Iskenderoon, not far from the ancient Tarsus, in Cilicia. A more entertaining book of travel through this region we have never read; but it is entertaining because its author is not critical, and we do not advise our readers to accept too unquestioningly his surmises as to traditional sites of sacred places.

Family Records (Henry Hoyt) is a book for mothers and maiden aunts. It contains, besides pages for journalizing, one for each member of the family, with a blank for every important act in his life, from getting his first tooth to his marriage and his first child.—*Story of the Hymns*, by HEZEKIAH BUTTERWORTH (American Tract Society), is partly poetical, partly biographical, partly bibliographical. It is an account of the origin of hymns of personal religious experience, the value of which is often very considerably enhanced by a knowledge of their genesis. Mr. Butterworth is an enthusiast in this department of hymnology, and his book gives abundant evi-

dence of being written *con amore.*—*Church Decoration* (E. P. Dutton and Co.) is peculiarly appropriate to Christmas. It gives practical directions—first a very good list, with brief descriptions, of the principal emblems and their meanings, including the flowers for the different feast days, and then practical instructions how to trim and decorate the church. Much of the book will be equally useful in home decorations. —*John Todd: the Story of his Life* (Harper and Brothers) is "told mainly by himself." Though Dr. Todd never kept a journal, his letters and published writings had so much of his own personal experience in them that his son, the editor of this volume, has found it practicable to weave from these materials a story practically autobiographical. He has done his work well. The story, though a quiet and in some respects a humble one, is well worth the telling.—*Travels in Portugal*, by JOHN LATOUCHE (G. P. Putnam's Sons), is artistically attractive. The illustrations are photographs, apparently from India-ink sketches, and are wonderfully soft and beautiful. The ground is not much traveled: why not as much as Spain it would be difficult to say. The author's accounts of the people are more satisfactory than his descriptions of the scenery. The former he judges at once intelligently and sympathetically, the latter he appreciates better than he describes. But despite some obvious literary defects, chiefly, perhaps, growing out of the fact that he took no notes and wrote wholly from memory, his book is decidedly more interesting and instructive than the average volume of European travel.—The "Little Classics" (Osgood) and "The Bric-à-Brac Series" (Scribner) we have hitherto referred to in notices of individual volumes. For busy men and tired women the first series will give in entertaining form a very fair knowledge of some of the *chefs-d'œuvre* of the best writers, English and American, especially of fiction; the latter, in an anecdotal way, gives similar information concerning the lives of English *littérateurs*. Either set makes an attractive and useful addition to the home library.—The same may be said of J. S. C. ABBOTT'S series of "American Pioneers and Patriots" (Dodd and Mead), the last volume of which is *Columbus*. This series promises to do for American history something the same service that has been so well done for English and French history by the Abbott "Red Histories."

The great pile of children's books before us admonishes to exceeding brevity; but this Literary Recorder can not wholly omit the children at the Christmas season. Among their distinctively illustrated books especially notable are *Splendid Times*, by M. E. SANGSTER (American Tract Society), adapted to the younger children, sprightly, and with those inimitable character portraits which only German art can produce; *Frisk and his Flock*, by Mrs. D. P. SANDFORD (E. P. Dutton and Co.), who is to be congratulated on the literary skill with which she has adapted her story to the illustrations, which are of English origin; *Doings of the Bodley Family in Town and Country* (Hurd and Houghton), by the author of *Stories from my Attic*—a decidedly unique combination of prose and poetry, fact and fancy, old and new pictures; the cover is odd and ingenious; the silhouettes on the inside of the cover and fly-leaves are curiosity-provoking; but the real charm of the book is in its true poetic spirit and its beautiful though subtle teaching of Christian goodness.—*The Mysterious Island dropped from the Clouds* (Scribner) is another of JULES VERNE'S impossible and popular stories. The illustrations are striking in composition but imperfect in execution.—*The Big Brother*, by GEORGE CARY EGGLESTON (Putnam), is a romantic story of wild adventure in Alabama and Mississippi during the Indian wars of 1813. It is harmlessly sensational.—*The Realm of the Ice King* (Putnam) is an English reprint, giving, for the benefit of the children, with fair illustrations and an excellent map, an account of the various explorations in the arctic zone, from those of the Norsemen to the present day. It is a book to be cordially commended to the boys, who will not think adventures the less interesting because they are real.—*Ada and Gerty* (American Tract Society) and *Fred and Jennie* (Carters) are two stories for girls in their early teens. They are decidedly religious in their character.—For the same class of readers are two series, "Miss Ashton's Girls," by J. H. MATTHEWS (Carters), and the "Say and Do Series," by Miss WARNER (Carters). Both are decidedly religious in their purpose, the former teaching by the characters and incidents of the stories, and the latter by the more direct means of conversation and precept.—We are glad to read another volume from KATHARINE WILLIAMS. *How Tiptoe Grew* (American Tract Society) is as good as the original Tiptoe, which is high praise.—*Proud Little Dody* (American Tract Society) is by a well-known and deservedly favorite authoress, SARAH E. CHESTER. Dody is a companionable little girl, notwithstanding her pride.—*A Story-Book for the Children* (Osgood) is a collection of sixteen short stories by Mrs. DIAZ. The illustrations greatly vary in their merit.—*Mice at Play*, by NEIL FOREST (Roberts), is a story of very genuine children, whose capers keep their seniors in perpetual perplexity. This story and *Jolly Good Times*, by P. THORNE (Roberts), are decidedly entertaining reading; but how would it be if our real children copied the pranks?—Miss ALCOTT'S *Eight Cousins; or, the Ant-Hill*, is better reading for the aunts than the cousins. Excessive reverence for their elders is not one of the faults of modern juveniles.—*Nine Little Goslings*, by SUSAN COOLEDGE (Roberts), are short stories, the plots for which are suggested by certain of Mother Goose's melodies. Both in the plan and in its execution Miss Cooledge has exhibited the same kind of ingenuity which made *The New-Year's Bargain* so unique.—James Miller seems to have a mission to rescue from oblivion books too good to perish. *Robin Hood and his Merry Men*, CAROVE'S *Story without an End*, ANDERSEN'S *Dream of Little Tuk*, and GRIMM'S *Fairy Tales* are children's classics.—Somewhat of a soberer type than our average American children's books, and more after the model of Miss Edgeworth's stories, are three series published by Porter and Coates: the "Willow Vale Library" and the "Magnolia Library," by Mrs. HOFLAND, and the "Leila Series," for older children, by ANN FRASER TYTLER.

From George Routledge and Sons we receive a number of attractive illustrated books for the children, characteristically English in both art and literary contents; more sober but also

more healthful than much of our modern American child literature. For very little folks are the *Blue-beard Picture Book*, with thirty-two pages of unique colored pictures; *Buttercups and Daisies*, a volume of rhymes and pictures—the former not embodying any remarkable poetic merit, the latter decidedly bright and pretty; *Happy Child Life*, with real sparkle in the rhymes, and with colored pictures very attractive. —Oscar Pletsch has a remarkable genius for portraying children and child life.—The *Golden Harp Album*, *Little Wide-Awake*, and *Every Boy's Annual* are collections of prose, poetry, and pictures, rather too miscellaneous to take first rank in children's literature.—*The Young Ladies' Book* is a very useful manual of amusements, exercises, studies, and pursuits. Its object is to teach young ladies something to do, both in useful employment and in recreation; it begins with nursing the sick, it ends with directions for a picnic.—Another book very full of useful information is *Discoveries and Inventions of the Nineteenth Century*, by Robert Routledge. It is almost a cyclopedia of inventions, contains over 300 illustrations, and covers a wide scope. It gives more credit to American inventors than many of the foreign works on kindred subjects are accustomed to do.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

OUR *Astronomical* record for October begins with the notice of two new asteroids, No. 149, discovered on the 6th inst. by Perrotin at Toulouse, and No. 150, discovered on the 18th by Watson at Ann Arbor.

In the mathematical department of astronomy we should not fail to note the memoir by G. W. Hill, of Nyack, on the development of the perturbative function in periodic series. Mr. Hill occupies himself with that method of developing the perturbative function in which all the elements are left indeterminate, whereby a literal development is obtained possessing as much generality as possible. This method has been invested with additional interest, he states, on account of certain investigations arising from Jacobi's treatment of dynamical equations, and Delaunay's method in the lunar theory.

The Analyst, the pages of which are enriched by Mr. Hill's memoir, is a journal devoted to pure and applied mathematics, edited by J. E. Hendricks, of Des Moines, Iowa. This is the only purely mathematical journal at present sustained in America, and it is believed that it is doing a good work in encouraging the study among us of that which lies at the foundation of all progress in the physical sciences.

In publishing some observations on the planets as made at the observatory at Paris, Leverrier states that the observations of Mercury are represented by the tables of the movements of that planet with very great precision; but in the construction of these tables it has been necessary to assume that the perihelion of Mercury's orbit moves in such a manner as corresponds to the existence of one or more intramercurial planets. These planets, as is well known, have never yet been satisfactorily observed, nor is it known whether they are of the nature of asteroids or meteoric dust, nor whether, perhaps, the zodiacal light and the solar corona may not contain sufficient material to cause by their attractions the movements observed in Mercury.

Secchi contributes to the Paris Academy of Sciences the full details of his observations of the solar protuberances and spots since April, 1871. This period covers fifty-five rotations of the sun around its axis.

Professor Heis has published the complete details of his observations of the zodiacal light. These observations extend from the year 1847 to 1875, and their complete publication constitutes a very important contribution toward the solution of the questions bearing on the true nature and the cosmic relations of the phenomenon. A large number of the best modern observers of the zodiacal light have been stimulated to their exertions by Professor Heis's interest in the work. Among these we note Weber, whose observations have been made at Peckelot, about twenty miles east of Münster; Goldschmidt, whose observations were made in Paris; Tromholdt, in Denmark; Groneman, in Groningen; Eylert, whose observations were made during an ocean voyage from Hamburg to Buenos Ayres. The observations made by Schmidt, Jones, Neumayer, Serpieri, and others are also made use of by Heis; and, according to the careful comparison of modern and ancient observations, it would appear that there is reason to suspect little or no change in the general features of the zodiacal light during the past two hundred years.

Progress is reported in the construction of the new physical observatories being erected, the one at Paris, under Janssen, and the other at Potsdam, under Sporer, Vogel, and others.

A school of practical astronomy has been established by Mouchez at Montsouris. It will be open to all who have any desire to study astronomy. Special attention will be given to spectral analysis and celestial photography.

In *Meteorology*, we take pleasure in calling the attention of both theorists and observers to the methods adopted at the observatory at Montsouris for studying what is there called the physics of the atmosphere, by which, however, is more especially meant the study of the *rôle* played by the moisture both in its invisible and in its visible state. The complete investigation of this subject is provided for by Marie Davy, the director of the observatory, by the use, first, of a large achromatic with a silvered objective and achromatic ocular, by means of which the brightness of any portion of the sky is determined. Second, a similar apparatus with unsilvered objective for determining the relative brightness of the diffused light of the sky, and the actual brightness of the solar rays; and the same apparatus is employed also for a similar object at night, to determine the transparency of the sky. Third, a modified form of Desain's thermo-electric actinometer, whence an indication as to the total quantity of the vapor of wa-

ter contained in any portion of the atmosphere is obtained. Fourth, Arago's cyanometer, and side by side with it Arago's polarimeter, to which the modifications suggested by Rubenson are to be applied. The important works of Desain are fully appreciated by Marie Davy, who follows very closely in the route pursued by him, in that he insists on the preponderating influence of aqueous vapor upon the variable diathermancy of the atmosphere: aqueous vapor, in fact, plays a double part, both as an invisible gas and as a visible cloud or haze.

In reference to the relation between the solar radiation or solar spots and terrestrial meteorology, Blanford, of Calcutta, remarks that in India, in general and in detail, in the annual changes as well as in the daily, the temperature of the air and its humidity always vary in opposite directions. This is easily explained by considering that the greater the humidity of the air, so much the greater is the quantity of cloud and the quantity of rain. Therefore it follows that under these conditions a less amount of solar heat reaches the surface of the earth, which is consequently cooled down by the evaporation of the falling rain-water. It would seem, therefore, that on the average throughout the world, since there is more water than land, the principal effect of an increase in the temperature of the sun would be to increase the quantity of moisture in the atmosphere, and to diminish the temperature of the air at the immediate surface of the earth.

Professor Wild, of St. Petersburg, announces that the Central Physical Observatory in that city is to be enriched by the erection of an auxiliary observatory at Pavlovsk, some fifteen miles to the southeast of the present institution. In this new building numerous researches will be carried on that are quite impossible in the old one, where there is now experienced much disturbance from the traffic in the city. The income of the auxiliary observatory will be about one-half that of the central institution.

Mr. Hellmann has investigated the peculiarities of the atmosphere as observed by the Army Signal-office at Mount Washington in May, 1872. He finds a decided connection between the difference of the temperatures at the top and bottom of the mountain, on the one hand, and the direction in which the wind is blowing and the state of the cloudiness of the sky, on the other.

We understand that the Japanese government has taken up in earnest the matter of meteorological observations, partly, it is said, in consequence of representations made by the Americans and English residing in Japan. The first step has been taken by the Kai-Ta-Kui-Shi, or the department for the colonization and development of Jesso. This department has determined to establish eight stations on that island and one at its head-quarters in Tokio. The instruction of the observers and the organization of the whole system seem to have been intrusted to G. J. Rockwell, Professor of Chemistry at the Imperial College at Tokio, whose name will be familiar to many of our American readers.

Professor Rowland has begun the publication of his studies on magnetic distribution. He states that his investigations made in 1870 cover a portion of the ground recently treated of by Jamin. His own observations were conducted in reference to the confirmation of his mathematical investigations, which are represented by very general formulæ. The most novel feature of Rowland's experiments consists in the method adopted to measure the intensity of the magnetism, for which purpose he uses a small coil of wire sliding along the magnet.

Professor J. L. Smith, in a note on the Dixon County (Tennessee) meteorite of 1835, states that this is the most interesting specimen of pure meteoric iron yet known. Its surface was not melted, although evidently highly heated in its passage through the atmosphere. The Widmannstättian figures are developed with exquisite beauty. It contains 71 per cent. of hydrogen.

Among the *Physical* papers of the month may be mentioned Marey's valuable memoir on the movements of liquid waves in elastic tubes, in which is given the results of experiments made to elucidate the circulation of the blood, particularly with reference to the character of the pulse as determined with the author's well-known sphygmograph. By means of a very ingenious little apparatus called an explorator, several of which are placed along the length of the tube through which the wave moves, compressed air is made to move a style at the instant the wave passes. This style records the movement, both in time and in form, upon a blackened cylinder, whose surface moves twenty-eight centimeters per second. The author's conclusions from these experiments have a high physiological importance. Romilly has studied the action of a current of air or steam in drawing into its course the surrounding air, using for this purpose various forms of openings and ajutages. The same results were obtained with air and steam, the maximum pressure in the receiver being obtained when the receiving cone has an angle of 5° to 7°, the base directed away from the jet. This latter is placed at a distance from it determined by making the jet the apex and the opening of the receiving tube the base of a cone of 15°. Then the quantity of air drawn in is directly as the diameter of the two openings (of the jet and receiving cone); the velocity is in the inverse ratio; the pressure is inversely as the section of the receiving tube, the absolute pressure varying according as the receiver is open or closed.

Parish has described a simple form of balance for taking specific gravities of solids, constructed somewhat like a common form of letter scale, with unequal arms, the substance being placed in a pan (which can be immersed in water) at the end of the shorter arm, while the longer is graduated directly to give the specific gravity.

Schott has examined the character of the crystallizations which are produced in common glass under various conditions, with a view to elucidate the chemical character of glass itself.

Nipher has published a paper on the variation in the strength of a muscle, in which he calls attention to the fact that after the relation of the strength of a muscle to the dynamical work of exhaustion has been determined, its strength at any time is easily found by measuring the dynamical work of exhaustion. He also finds that the co-efficient of power of a muscle per square centimeter of its section is very variable; so

that the work a muscle can do depends not alone upon its size, but also upon its quality.

Victor Meyer has devised a simple and very effective method of determining the solubility of salts in solvents, which is rapid and accurate, whatever be the temperature at which the solubility is taken.

Schüller and Wartha have proposed some modifications in the ice-calorimeter of Bunsen, with a view of adapting it to more general use. The freshly fallen snow is replaced by ice, and the measurements are made by weighing the mercury expelled.

Naumann finds in the recent results of Kundt and Warburg upon the specific heat of mercury vapor a complete confirmation of the opinion which he, on purely theoretical grounds, expressed eight years ago, that mercury and cadmium molecules are diatomic. Moreover, he shows, in accordance with the dynamic theory of gases, that the heat of the atomic motion is to the heat of the molecular motion, and to the heat of expansion as $n : 3 : 2$, in which n is the number of atoms in the molecule. The specific heats of gases, including that of mercury vapor, calculated on this hypothesis, agree well with those experimentally determined by Regnault and others.

Abney has investigated the conditions of photographic irradiation—which causes the photographic image of a luminous body in front of a dark background to appear larger than it is—and concludes that the current theory that it is due to reflection from the back of the plate can only be true when the incident rays make an angle with the normal to the surface. This he conceives to be the fact, the particles of silver bromiodide scattered through the collodion film acting to reflect the light thus obliquely. The experimental results given accord well with those calculated on this theory.

Terquem and Trannin have described a new method for determining rapidly the index of refraction of a liquid, which, like Wollaston's, depends upon the angle of total reflection, but which does not require a special apparatus. By means of two plane parallel plates of glass, having a film of air between them, which are immersed in the liquid to be examined, the critical angle is determined, and so the index.

Hagenbach has called attention to the fact that unannealed or imperfectly annealed glass, which is in a state of tension from too rapid cooling, is very likely to break either from a blow or from sudden changes of temperature. As this tension renders the glass doubly refracting, he proposes to examine glass articles with polarized light in order to detect any imperfection in the annealing.

Sandoz has examined four of the new Jamin permanent magnets of laminated steel with a view to ascertain whether their force varied with time whether the armature was attached or not, and also whether sudden rupture diminished the portative force. The magnet employed weighed 411 grams, and its armature 69 grams. Its maximum lifting power was 9.3 kilograms, or nearly twenty-three times its own weight. He finds that these magnets gain rather than lose by time, and that whether they are kept armed or not; and sudden rupture rather increases their power to receive charges.

Camacho has described a new form of electro-magnet, in which, instead of a bar of iron, the core is made up of a number of concentric tubes of iron, around each of which a coil of wire is wound. In one experiment such a magnet, charged with the same battery, lifted five times the weight which was raised by a precisely similar magnet constructed on the old plan. In a subsequent paper Du Moncel has communicated to the Academy some results he obtained with this magnet, which are analogous to those made by him in 1862. He shows that the increased power obtained in these magnets is due to a superposition of the magnetic effects by the enveloping cores.

Jamin has re-observed and extended the curious fact stated by Haldat that iron filings, inclosed in a brass tube and compressed, retain their magnetism permanently. Tubes thus made were shown the Academy, eight or ten centimeters long and three in diameter, which attracted iron filings at least as strongly as steel bars of good quality of the same size. Filings of pure soft iron showed the same result, as also did iron reduced by hydrogen.

Deprez has made some experiments on the velocity of magnetization and demagnetization of iron, and finds that soft iron, ordinary iron, malleable cast iron, and chilled steel all required one-and-a-half-thousandths of a second for magnetization, and one-four-thousandth for demagnetization. Gray cast iron was magnetized in one-thousandth.

Rowland has published the results of his studies on magnetic distribution, giving the results of experiments made in 1870–71.

Fuchs has devised a simple means of detecting the presence of an induced current by means of a gold-leaf electroscope.

Oberbeck has experimentally determined the resistance which the air offers to an induction spark. He shows that it is a function of the strength of the currents, and that hence its numerical value may be calculated in the same way as that of solid or liquid conductors.

Bauermann communicates a method of showing the conductivity of the various forms of carbon, due to Dr. Von Kobell, of Munich. A fragment of the carbon to be tested is held in a pair of zinc tongs (a simple strip bent on itself) and immersed in copper sulphate solution. The proportion of copper deposited on the carbon indicates its conducting power.

Lippmann notes the curious experiment of putting a mass of water contained in a glass vessel in communication with the earth, and then bringing near it an excited rod of resin; oxygen is evolved at the wire. On removing it the hydrogen is disengaged. But before removing the rod, where was the hydrogen? The author says it is neither in combination nor solution, but is retained upon the surface of the water.

Buff has made an extended investigation into the changes of temperature which are produced when an electric current passes from one metal to another. The evolution of heat is proportional to the quantity of electricity passing in a unit of time multiplied by the electro-motive force of the battery.

In *General Chemistry*, Cayley communicated to the Chemical Section of the British Association a paper on the analytical figures which are called trees in mathematics, and on their appli-

cation to the theory of chemical compounds. His purpose was to determine the theoretical number of hydrocarbons of the formula C_nH_{2n+2}, and his results agree with those of experiment so far as the latter have been developed. He shows, for example, that 799 isomers are possible, having the formula $C_{13}H_{28}$. Berthelot has continued his studies in thermo-chemistry, and has published two papers. In the first of these he treats of the thermal changes connected with the oxides of nitrogen; in the second, of the thermic formation of barium dioxide and hydrogen dioxide.

E. Dumas has written upon the touch-stone, giving an extended historical sketch of the subject, and furnishing an analysis of a stone which has been used from very ancient times in the Paris assay office. It proved to be a piece of fossil wood, of an unknown genus and species, however, to which, on microscopic data, Renault assigns the generic name *Obrussaxylon*, meaning wood used for assaying gold.

Behrend has described a new method of preparing sulphuryl chloride, which consists in heating sulphuric chlorhydrin in sealed tubes to 170°–180° for ten to fourteen hours. The yield is satisfactory.

Frerichs has devised a new form of balance, in which the beam is made of aluminum alloyed with five per cent. of silver. The beam is very short, and yet the balance is not at all deficient in delicacy. The use of riders is dispensed with, the small weights being determined by the torsion of a wire ingeniously arranged.

Arzberger proposes the use of an air-damping apparatus for chemical balances, to diminish their oscillations. To the stirrup a gilded brass plate is hung, which moves in a short cylinder, a trifle larger in diameter, supported on the case.

Precht and Kraut have investigated at length the question of the dissociation of salts which contain water, and have obtained some valuable results.

Langley has proposed, in determining carbon in iron and steel, to burn the carbon without first separating it from the copper, as is the usual method.

In *Organic Chemistry*, Prescott has given the results of his determinations of the solubilities of the alkaloids in the crystalline, amorphous, and nascent conditions in ether, chloroform, amyl alcohol, and benzine respectively, these solvents having been washed with water before use.

De la Harpe and Van Dorp have examined the hydrocarbon fluorene discovered by Berthelot. They find that when fluorene is distilled over moderately heated lead oxide a semi-solid reddish product is obtained, which is a condensation product containing double the number of carbon atoms in its molecule.

Liebermann and Fischer have further examined chrysophanic acid, the active principle of rhubarb. They find it to stand to emodin, its associate, precisely as alizarin stands to purpurin, only both the former are homologous with the latter, being derivatives of methyl-anthracene. Chrysophanic acid is dioxymethylanthraquinone.

Tiemann and Haarmann have described a method for the accurate determination of vanillin in vanilla, and have shown that the price of the commercial varieties is not always in accord with their content in vanillin.

Latour and Cazeneuve have separated from mahogany an astringent substance containing carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen, which is crystalline, and identical with catechin.

In *Physiological Chemistry*, Schutzenberger has continued his valuable researches on albumin and the albuminates.

Gautier and his pupil Scolosuboff have made an extended examination on arsenic in the tissues, and have shown that it principally localizes itself in the nervous tissues. They also describe an improved method of separating it from organic matters.

Mineralogy.—Dr. Moore has recently described a new mineral from the zinc mines at Stirling, New Jersey. It occurs in small hexagonal crystals, and in drosses of indistinct crystals. It has perfect basal cleavage, and a metallic lustre; color, bluish-black. The hardness is 2.5, and specific gravity 3.91. An analysis showed that it was a hydrous oxide of zinc and manganese, it being closely related to psilomelane. When ignited, it assumes a copper-red color, and it is in allusion to this that the name chalcophanite is given.

Professor Secchi has recently published at Naples an elaborate memoir upon the eruption of Vesuvius in the spring of 1872, it being the continuation of a work commenced by him a year since. He enumerates a long list of minerals found as sublimation products, and among these the following new species: *Atelite*, which is a compound of oxide and chloride of copper, containing water; it is produced by the action of hydrochloric acid upon melaconite. *Cryptohalite*, a fluo-silicate of ammonia. *Chlorallumínite*, a hydrous chloride of alumina. *Chlorotionite*, found in crusts of an azure-blue color, and being a sulphate of potash and copper. *Pseudocotunnite*, found in acicular yellow crystals, which are without lustre; it is supposed to be a compound of chloride of lead and chloride of potash. *Hydrofluorite*, hydrofluoric acid and *Proidonite*, fluoride of silicon.

Des Cloizeaux has continued his valuable optical studies of the feldspars, and now describes a more simple method of distinguishing between them than that already given.

Professor Cox, at the meeting of the American Association in Detroit, describes a new porcelain clay, which he calls *Indianaite*. In composition it is quite near kaolin. It is found in Spice Valley township, Lawrence County, Indiana, in considerable deposits, and is already used in the porcelain potteries of Cincinnati.

Microscopy.—The *Academy* (May 8) says that a microscopic examination of the dust which fell in parts of Sweden and Norway on the night of March 29–30, 1871, has led M. Daubrée to believe that it proceeded from a volcanic eruption in Iceland. The dust was found to be composed of fragmentary transparent grains, some colorless, others more or less brownish-yellow. Minute crystals of feldspar and pyroxene were recognized. There are many instances of dust being conveyed by air currents to great distances. Thus in February, 1863, sand apparently from Sahara fell in the western parts of the Canaries, and, more recently, ashes from the Chicago fire reached the Azores in four days, accompanied with an empyreumatic odor, which made the inhabitants suppose that a great forest was in conflagration.

Dr. C. Johnson gives the following as the

method adopted by him in preparing sections of coal, in the Cincinnati *Medical News*, July, 1875: 1. Macerate suitable pieces one-quarter or one-half inch thick in liquor potassa until they swell or soften. 2. Soak for a few hours in pure water, and drain. 3. Macerate in nitric acid until the color changes from black to brown. 4. Soak for a few hours in water, and drain. 5. Put in alcohol for a few days. 6. Fasten in a cutter with paraffine, and make sections, the sections to be mounted in balsam after successive immersions in absolute alcohol and oil of cloves.

In the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for October, 1875, is an interesting paper on *Cephalosiphon* and a new infusorian, by Dr. C. T. Hudson. He concludes that the *Cephalosiphon* is a genuine Melicertan, forming its tube from early youth, and is not a temporarily incased *Philodine*, as had been supposed, from having only one antenna. The new infusorian is named *Archimedea remex*, so called from its frequently assumed corkscrew shape, and from its rows of cilia used as banks of oars. The full-grown *Archimedea* is about $\frac{1}{90}$ inch in length, with a tube of $\frac{1}{25}$ inch, more or less, in length. It was found attached to *Anacharis alsinastrum*. The tubes are exceedingly slender, and readily deserted upon the least disturbance. They are, of course, far too long for its inhabitant, which, as a rule, lives in the top of it, though occasionally it backs down nearly to the bottom. In the same journal is an excellent paper, by G. J. Allman, on "Recent Progress in our Knowledge of the Ciliate Infusoria," being the anniversary address to the Linnæan Society. We will notice it more at length hereafter.

The subject of *Anthropology* has been very closely studied of late through the medium of idiots, imbeciles, and microcephales. The labors of Marshall (*Phil. Trans.*, 1864, vol. cliv., p. 501), of Bradley (*Journ. of Anat. and Phys.*, 2 ser., vol. vi., 1871, p. 65), of Broadbent (*ibid.*, 2 ser., vol. iii., 1870, p. 218), of Jensen (*Archiv für Anth.*, Bd. iv.), of Vogt (*Mém. de l'Inst. Genèv.*, tom. xi.), of Schule (*Archiv*, 1872, Bd. v., 437), of Aeby (*Archiv*, 1874?), and finally, of Dr. Pozzi (*Rev. d'Anthropologie*, 1875, num. 2), show how much interest attaches to this branch of the investigation. The last-named author, from a review of the subject, comes to the following conclusions: 1. The weight of the brain has only a relative value in determining the degree of intelligence. 2. On the contrary, the morphology of the convolutions is a factor of far greater importance. 3. The obtuseness of intelligence is correlated in the case under examination, and in most of its analogues, with a great simplicity of brain convolution. 4. This appears to result from an arrest of development, generally corresponding to positive characters among the anthropoid apes. 5. Certain morphological phenomena can not be thus interpreted: alongside of anomalies reversive by arrest of development are found also anomalies due to deviation of development.

Among the interesting papers read at the American Association a few were devoted to ethnology. We call attention to Professor C. V. Riley's paper on locusts as food for man; Professor R. J. Farquharson's, upon Indian mounds; Professor L. H. Morgan's, on ethnological development; and to the communications of Mr. Henry Gilman on the ancient men of the great lakes; of Professors E. A. Strong and W. L. Coffenberry, on mound explorations in Kent County, Michigan; of Professor E. D. Cope, on the archæology of New Mexico; of Dr. Sternberg, on Indian mounds and shell heaps near Pensacola, Florida; and of Mr. Lorenzo G. Yates, on the aboriginal money of California.

An entirely new feature in the history of ethnology is the Congress of Americanists held at Nancy from the 19th to the 22d of July. The first session was devoted to the discussion of the relations of America to the Old World before Christopher Columbus. The Northmen, the Phenicians, the lost Atlantis, the lost tribes of Israel, were all treated to a discussion; but the conservative spirit of the Congress decided to require greater light upon these theories before accepting them. The second session was devoted to American anthropology proper. The discussions were conducted by MM. Broca, Petitot, Barten de Metz, Professor Hynes, and Professor Joly. The third session was devoted to American languages. Papers were read by M. Pacheco on the Quichua language; by Leon de Rosny on the decipherment of the Maya inscriptions; by M. Petitot on the Déné-Dindjies of the Mackenzie River; by Jules Vinson on the pretended analogies between the Basque and some of the languages of the New World. The fourth session was devoted to American culture. Oscar Comettant's paper on American music was especially noteworthy. The stone age was discussed by M. Reboux, M. Chel, and Francis Allen. Waldemar Schmidt presented a manuscript with sketches made by the natives of Greenland.

Part xvi. of *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ* appeared in May last. Chapters xxiii. and xxiv. are devoted to classified lists of birds and stone implements found in the caves of the Dordogne Valley. Chapter xxv. is on "Fossil Man from La Madelaine and Laugerie Basse," by E. T. Hâmy.

The Geographical Congress and Exposition at Paris were exceedingly rich in ethnological material. The papers read at the Congress were of the most thorough and interesting character. We can do no more than indicate their titles. M. Venioukoff made an important communication upon the races of Asiatic Russia. In a very interesting communication upon the Negritos of India, Dr. Hâmy showed the presence of this race of oceanic negroes of short stature on the Gangetic peninsula. M. De Hujfalvy spoke of the migrations of the Turanian races. Upon motion it was resolved to adopt the name Uralo-altaic for Turanian. At the Exposition, archæological and ethnological geography was a prominent feature. Russia sent the works of Saveluff, Ouvaroff, Europäus, Koppen, and others upon the various peoples of that vast empire. Sweden, Norway, Denmark, England, the Netherlands, Germany, Austria, Belgium, Spain, and the United States were more or less largely represented. Of course the best showing was by France. The most ancient times were represented by two cases containing a part of the rich collection of M. Reboux from the quaternary alluvium of Paris, Clichy, Levallois, Neuilly, Grenelle, etc. Next to these were four glass cases containing a splendid series of objects from the Pyrenees, grottoes of Gourdon, Arndt, and Lorther, the product of the labors of M. Piette. Charts of France during all of its ar-

chæological eras were both plentiful and beautifully executed. In all respects the Congress and the Exposition attained the most satisfactory results in anthropology, ethnology, and protohistory.

M. Prunières having sent to the Society of Anthropology a fragment of a human skull bearing traces of small circles in the interior, M. Mortillet, following the conjecture of M. Lequay, that they were made by a circular die, had a series of experiments made with iron and bronze dies of different patterns, and confirmed M. Lequay's theories. M. Broca, however, did not agree with his colleagues, but endeavored to prove that the effect was produced with a pointed tool directed by the hand.

M. Topinard having presented to the Society of Anthropology of Paris the two microcephales, Maximo and Bartola, who have been exhibited in both hemispheres as Aztecs since 1854, and who have been thoroughly examined and accurately described by many anthropologists, beginning with Richard Owen, a long and interesting discussion of the whole subject of microcephaly was excited.

M. Sanson, in the Bulletin of the same society, describes the methods of artificial skull perforations among the South Sea Islanders.

In the general meeting of the German Anthropological Society, at Munich, Dr. Ecker announced that in the hard coal near Metzikon, occurring between two glacial epochs in that region, Dr. Schleuerman had discovered a number of pointed sticks carbonized (probably of *Abies excelsa*), which gave the strongest evidence that they were the work of man. These were sent to Professor Rutimeyer, who describes them fully in *Gaea*, 1875, 575. This is probably the oldest relic of humanity ever found in Germany or Switzerland, and perhaps in all Europe. In the same coal are remains of *Elephas antiquus*, *Rhinoceros murkii*, and *Bos primigenius*.

In *Zoology*, some important papers have appeared. Professor Hyatt's "Revision of the North American Poriferæ," a group of sponges, is the first installment of a series of papers on our native sponges, comprising considerable work done under the auspices of the United States Fish Commission, as well as on specimens from the different museums of the country. It is accompanied by a plate drawn on stone, and contains remarks on foreign species.

Some four years ago the Rev. Mr. Dalliger and Dr. Drysdale began to publish a series of papers, which have attracted much notice, on the life history of monads. The last is now published. The authors remark that simple conditions of season and temperature may account for their successive appearance in the fluid, without supposing that one form was developed out of another. "On the contrary, the life cycle of a monad is as rigidly circumscribed within defined limits as that of a mollusk or a bird." In no instance was the continuance of the species maintained without the introduction of a sexual process, a blending of what were shown in the sequel to be genetic elements. The experiments as to the effect of heat on the monads and their spores uniformly established an important fact, viz., that the spores resist heat much better than the adults. A temperature of 150° F. was always found to destroy utterly all the adult forms, while the spores resulting from sexual generation have a power of resistance to heat which is greater than this in the proportion of eleven to six on the average. "This appears to us," they say, "to be the very essence of the question of biogenesis *versus* abiogenesis. In some, at least, of the septic organisms spores are demonstrably produced, and these spores can resist a temperature nearly double that of adults on the average; that which some can resist is 88° F. above the boiling-point of water." This, adds the *Quarterly Journal of Microscopical Science*, is in harmony with the experiments of Roberts and the later ones of Huizinga.

Heretofore the earliest indubitable remains of dragon-flies have come from the lias formation, but lately, in some fragments of carboniferous shale from Cape Breton, Mr. S. H. Scudder has detected "well-preserved remains of the abdomen of a larval dragon-fly," thus carrying back the existence of these insects into the paleozoic age.

Some facts regarding the habits in confinement of the blind craw-fish of Mammoth Cave and the restoration of lost parts are given by Mr. F. W. Putnam in the Proceedings of the Boston Society of Natural History.

In the Proceedings of the same society is a lengthy enumeration of North American Neuroptera, by Dr. Hagen.

Under the head of *Agricultural Science* we note the observation by De Luca that the earth of the Solfatara (areas where sulphur vapors escape and sulphurous incrustations are deposited) of Puzzuoli, near Naples, absorbs ammonia from the atmosphere. This De Luca believes to be due to the sulphur and arsenic present, which, under the influence of air and moisture, become converted into acids, and then combine with ammonia. His suggestion that this fact may be of importance in agriculture is not without plausibility in view of the fact that organic compounds containing sulphur exist and undergo decomposition in every fertile soil.

Tissandier has examined the dust gathered from the air and brought to the earth by snow. Snow which fell in the city of Paris and in the country was melted and evaporated to dryness. The residue on analysis yielded from 53 to 61 per cent. of ash and from 47 to 39 per cent. of organic matter. It was found to contain, besides considerable quantities of iron, silica, carbonate of lime, alumina, chlorides and sulphates, and likewise nitrate of ammonia. The residue was an impalpable grayish powder. The earlier snows of the season brought more, and the later less, the quantities varying from 16 to 212 parts in 1,000,000 of snow-water. Material so rich in organic substance and in nitrogen must be very effective in fertilizing the soil. The atmospheric dust in snow is quite similar to that obtained from air in other ways, as is shown by extended researches by the same author. The iron universally present he believes to be of meteoric origin.

The guanos of the islands Enderbury and Raza, which belong to the same group with Baker Island, have been investigated by Schumann and Heiden, and shown to be similar and fully equal if not superior to the Baker guano. They are very rich in phosphate of lime—80 to 90 per cent.—and contain but little carbonate of lime. They contain only traces of fluoride and chloride of calcium, which fact shows that they are not

phosphorites. In the absence of chlorine compounds, a dry product is obtained on treating with sulphuric acid, while not enough iron and alumina are present to cause any appreciable reversion of the superphosphate to an insoluble form. On the whole, these two guanos are pronounced the best crude materials for the manufacture of superphosphates which are brought into the German market.

In *Engineering*, we may record that the New York Rapid Transit Commissioners have announced their conclusions with regard to the kinds of structures that will be built in that city. After specifying the several forms and modifications of elevated railroad that will be required upon streets of different widths, the report, which is quite lengthy, prescribes numerous details of construction and appointment, designed to render the operation of the roads safe and satisfactory.

Concerning the Flood Rock excavations, upon which work was commenced last June, we learn that a shaft ten feet by twenty feet in plan, and sixty feet deep, has already been sunk, from the bottom of which two tunnels have been started, which are in about twenty feet and thirty feet respectively. One of these runs across toward the New York shore, and the other in the direction of Hallett's Point. The work of excavation here will necessarily be delayed until after the great blast at Hallett's Point, referred to in our last month's summary. The works are under the superintendence of Captain William H. Heuer, United States Engineers.

The tunneling of the Detroit River is still being mooted, despite the misfortune which attended the work inaugurated in 1871, and abandoned, in the face of great difficulties, several years later. Soundings have lately been taken, in the interest of the Canada Southern Railroad, at a different point in the river, and with what is reported to be a very favorable result. Here the bed of the river is principally of limestone, and the tunnel proper will require to be only half a mile long. Estimates have been presented, likewise, showing that a double-track tunnel can be constructed at this point at an expense not quite half as great as the estimated cost of the abandoned project.

In accordance with the recommendation of the Senate Committee on Transportation, a government survey has just been completed for a railroad from the Tennessee River to the Atlantic. The line surveyed begins at Guntersville, Alabama, on the big bend of the Tennessee River, and terminates at the harbor of Brunswick. The line passes through four counties in Alabama and sixteen in Georgia, including the richest portions of these States. Its length is 412 miles, and the line diverges nowhere more than five miles from an air line. The railroad is proposed as an outlet for the grain and other produce of the Mississippi Valley. Our contemporary the *Railroad Gazette* expresses an unfavorable opinion concerning its utility.

From abroad we learn that the St. Gothard Tunnel, according to latest reports, has been bored on the side of Switzerland to the depth of 2500 meters, and on the side of Italy 2000 meters, leaving 10,500 meters yet to be penetrated. At the present rate of progress, the work will probably be finished about the year 1880.

In order to facilitate increasing traffic, a proposition to widen London Bridge has been referred to a committee of experts by the municipal authorities of that city.

The soundings for the submarine tunnel between England and France are being carried on actively. At the time of this writing the operations are directed to the part of the strait a few miles from the English coast, and report has it that the engineers charged with the important duty are well satisfied with the results obtained.

The English papers comment upon the curious coincidence that at the recent celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the opening of the Stockton and Darlington Railroad, the first public railroad worked by steam, the announcement should have been made at the close of the banquet of the signing, on the very day of the celebration, of a contract for the construction of the first Chinese railway.

The *Railroad Gazette* has information up to the 30th of October of the construction of 920 miles of new railroad in the United States in 1875, as compared with 1242 miles reported for the same period in 1874, 2955 in 1873, and 5312 in 1872.

The accompanying figures, compiled from the *American Manufacturer's* recently published reports, show the number of iron furnaces in and out of blast in nearly every section of the country on the 1st of September, 1875, as compared with those which made similar reports to the same paper on the 1st of September, 1874. The returns for 1874 were from 82 per cent. of the whole number of furnaces, and those of 1875 are from 95 per cent., the latter being so nearly complete as to afford a very correct idea of the present condition of the pig-iron industry. The number of furnaces reporting is as follows: in 1874, 575 stacks; in 1875, 664 stacks. Of these there were in blast, in 1874, 348 stacks, with a weekly capacity of 51,439 tons; 1875, 289 stacks, capacity, 47,008 tons. Out of blast, 1874, 227 stacks, capacity weekly, 39,089 tons; 1875, 375 stacks, capacity, 53,803 tons. The whole number of stacks in the country is now about 700.

At Phœnixville, Pennsylvania, an experimental trial was lately made of a single-track elevated railroad in the presence of a number of engineers and other invited guests. The trial is said to have resulted very favorably. Both the road and engine contain features of novelty, which would require an elaborate description to be comprehended.

In *Technology*, we may allude to the frequent paragraphs in the daily press noting the increasing employment of natural gas in the manufacturing works of Western Pennsylvania.

The Lowe petroleum water-gas system for illuminating gas has been adopted by and introduced into the city of Utica, New York.

A new system of signaling with the electric light, in which the clouds are made use of as the screen upon which the image is cast, is being at present experimented with in Berlin, with the view of its adoption for military purposes if found successful.

Cuir-liége is the name of a new fabric, exhibited for the first time at the late Paris Maritime Exhibition. It consists of thin sheets of cork coated on both sides with rubber, with some textile fabric outside, the whole forming one coherent tissue. It is designed as a substitute for

leather, and possesses great strength and elasticity, besides being extremely light and quite impermeable to moisture.

An enameled water-pipe is a novelty introduced by the National Tube-works Company.

M. Lecoq, a French chemist, is reported to have discovered, with the aid of the spectroscope, a new metal closely allied to zinc and cadmium. The discoverer has named the new substance gallium, in honor of France.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of November. Elections were held, November 2, in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Massachusetts, Wisconsin, Kansas, Minnesota, and Mississippi. In New York, John Bigelow, the Democratic candidate, was elected Secretary of State by a majority of 14,902. The Democratic majority in 1874 was over 50,000. The next New York Legislature has a Republican majority of 8 in the Senate and 14 in the Assembly.—The election in New Jersey was not for State officers; 8 State Senators and 60 Assemblymen were chosen. As a result of the election, the Legislature has a Republican majority in both branches.—In Pennsylvania, Governor Hartranft was re-elected by a plurality of 12,030.—In Massachusetts, Alexander H. Rice, the Republican candidate, was elected Governor by a majority of 4979 over Gaston. The Democratic majority in 1874 was 7000. The Legislature has a Republican majority in both branches.—In Maryland, John Lee Carroll, the Democratic candidate, was elected Governor by a majority of from 8000 to 10,000.—In Wisconsin, Harrison Ludington, the Republican candidate, was elected Governor by a majority of 843. In the Legislature the Republicans have a small majority in both branches.—The Democrats carried Mississippi, where a State Treasurer was chosen, by a majority of about 10,000.—In Minnesota, J. S. Pillsbury, the Republican candidate, was elected Governor by a majority of about 12,000. The Legislature is two-thirds Republican.—As a result of the election in Kansas, the Republicans carried all but three of the seventy-two counties in the State.

In New York city, the entire anti-Tammany ticket was elected.

In Nebraska, the Republican candidates for Supreme Judges were elected. The new Constitution was carried by a majority of nearly 25,000.

Joseph Guibord was buried in the Catholic cemetery, Côte des Neiges, in Montreal, November 16. The coffin was laid in a bed of cement, to preclude the possibility of its removal. Guibord died in 1869. He was a printer, and, as a member of the Institut Canadien, had been excommunicated from the Church. His remains were refused admission to consecrated ground. His wife applied to the Superior Court for an order to compel the Church to allow his burial in his own lot in the cemetery above named. The order was granted finally by the Queen's Privy Council, November 28, 1874. On the 2d of last September an attempt to execute the order occasioned a riot, and the burial was postponed.

The Prince of Wales, who is visiting India in royal state, was accorded a magnificent reception on his landing at Bombay, November 8. Over 200,000 spectators witnessed the procession escorting him to the Government House, and the city was splendidly decorated.

The German Parliament was opened October 27. The Emperor was absent, on account of indisposition, and his speech was read by the Minister of State. The Emperor's speech declares that peace is now more assured than at any time during the twenty years preceding the reconstruction of the empire.

The French Assembly re-assembled November 4. One of its first acts was the adoption of M. Buffet's motion to discuss the Electoral Bill on the 8th. The debate was accordingly opened on that day, and is still continued. On the 11th the ministerial party gained a triumph in the vote relating to the method of voting. Gambetta unsuccessfully urged the adoption of universal suffrage. The clause passed provided for elections by districts instead of on a general ticket.

DISASTERS.

October 26.—Great fire in Virginia City, Nevada. The business portion of the city completely destroyed. Estimated loss, $4,000,000.

November 4.—The steam-ship *Pacific* foundered between San Francisco and Portland. Nearly two hundred lives lost.

November 9.—The steam-ship *City of Waco* burned off Galveston Bar. Nearly seventy lives lost.

October 21–23.—Severe gales off the Scottish coast. Five vessels lost, with their crews.

November 7.—Wreck of the British ship *Calcutta*, from Quebec to Liverpool, on Grosse Isle. Twenty-three lives lost.

November 11.—Explosion of fire-damp in a Belgian colliery. Over forty lives lost.

November 15.—News in London of the wreck of the British ship *Astrida*, near Boulogne, France. Nine persons drowned.

November 18.—Railway disaster between Stockholm and Malmo, Denmark. Sixty passengers killed or severely injured.

OBITUARY.

October 27.—At Newtonville, New York, the Rev. Dr. William Arthur, author of a work on *Family Names*, aged seventy-nine years.

October 29.—In North Brookfield, Massachusetts, the Hon. Amasa Walker, the well-known publicist, aged seventy-six years.

November 4.—At Cumberland, Rhode Island, the Hon. Thomas A. Jenckes, author of the Civil Service Bill, aged fifty-seven years.—In New York city, William T. Blodgett, a prominent merchant and art collector, aged fifty-two years.

November 21.—In Norwalk, Connecticut, the Hon. Orris S. Ferry, United States Senator from that State, aged fifty-two years.

November 22.—In Washington city, Vice-President Henry Wilson, in his sixty-fourth year.

Editor's Drawer.

QUITE a number of years ago a Methodist clergyman, well known in those parts, took up his quarters for a time in a leading town of the western region of one of our Middle States. Mr. Burchard was a revival preacher, and he hoped to animate the people to a warmer interest in the cause of religion. Before beginning his labors he politely called upon the respected Episcopal minister and other clergymen of the place to explain his views and to obviate any possible objection to the somewhat irregular course he intended to pursue. He was well received by them all, however, and proceeded in his ministrations with exemplary success. He boarded with a worthy widow, Mrs. Jones, for a good while; but what was the surprise, not to say consternation, of his followers and of the town in general when it was learned that he had suddenly shifted his lodgings to the more free and easy tavern kept by Mr. Pomeroy, directly opposite the house of his recent landlady! There were many shakings of the head and whisperings among his congregation, for Mrs. Jones was a communicant of his church and a person highly regarded by all, while Pomeroy, though he knew how to keep a hotel, and was a good fellow in his way, yet scarcely maintained among the stricter portions of the community a reputation similar to that of his excellent neighbor. Still the wonder grew, until the rumors, which had reached the dimensions of an actual scandal, came to the ears of the reverend gentleman himself. At length Mr. Burchard gave public notice that on a specified evening he would meet the town-talk by an address upon the subject of discussion. Great expectations were naturally excited, for Mr. Burchard was an uncommonly popular speaker, and somewhat eccentric in his methods of illustration. Accordingly, some attended for the fun of the thing, and the rest with the serious object of having the mystery cleared up. The church was crowded, and no doubt Mrs. Jones and Pomeroy were both on the spot. After the usual preliminary religious exercises, Burchard took up his theme:

"There is great misapprehension, my friends, in regard to the operation of Divine grace upon the human soul. It affects the moral nature of the man, and so renders him more conscientious in the pursuit of his business, but it does not necessarily enlarge his business faculties, or render him more skillful in the exercise of his ordinary employments. For example, if I want a good coat, I go to a good tailor; if a suitable pair of shoes, to a first-rate workman in that department. They may be wanting in divine grace, but they make an article worth buying, and which answers its proper purpose. Divine grace, I say, makes a man or a woman a good Christian, but keeping a hotel is a very different thing. Now there is my worthy friend Mrs. Jones: is any one sick, where is there such an excellent nurse? is any one in trouble, no one can administer consolation better than herself. But, as I have remarked, keeping a boarding-house is a very different thing. Three times a day Mrs. Jones stretches out her scrawny arm and rings a little bell, cost two and threepence" (imitating her shrill voice), "'Fish and potatoes! Fish and potatoes! Fish and potatoes!' And there is Pomeroy, you all know him well. He comes riding into this town like Jehu; he drinks and, I am afraid, he swears; and" (sinking his voice) "if he does not repent, he will go to hell! But three times a day he reaches out a bell you can hear through the stable-yard and all round about, cost two dollars and a half—'Beefsteak and coffee! *Beefsteak and coffee!* BEEFSTEAK AND COFFEE!' Hence you see, my friends, why I left the table of our well-deserving professor Mrs. Jones, and resorted to the public-house kept by a character like Pomeroy."

AN original anecdote of that most original and genial of men, Father Tom Burke, will be welcome to readers of the Drawer. Father Burke, as is well known, is one of the simplest, kindest-hearted men in the world, and by kith and kin is almost worshiped. To his mother, of whom he is exceedingly fond, he said one day, "Mother darling, wouldn't you like to go and hear my lecture to-night? You've never heard it."

"Yes, my son, I think I'll go."

After the lecture Father Burke came home, and, after giving her a ringing kiss, said, "What did you think of it?"

"I didn't hear it, my son."

"And why not, darling?"

"Because the crowd was so great I couldn't get in."

"Ah, mother dear, wasn't that too bad! Just to think of it! Why, if it hadn't been for *you*, dear, *I wouldn't have been there myself!*"

HERE and there through Mr. Moody's sermons a bit of humor crops up that shows him to have a keen sense of fun. Thus in one of his addresses delivered at Northfield, on resuming his labors in this country, he spoke of the efficacy of prayer, appealing to several gentlemen near him if their prayers had not been answered. Among others, he turned to a venerable old man, eighty-two years of age. "How is it with you, my aged friend?—can you not testify to the fact that in various instances your prayers have been answered?" An answer was given in the affirmative. "Yes," continued Mr. Moody, "here's a man who has been living *twelve years on borrowed time* who is a witness to the efficacy of prayer."

AMONG the college addresses of 1875 we have seen none better than that delivered on the 22d of October last by Mr. Charles Nordhoff at the twenty-first anniversary of "Old Woodward" College, Cincinnati, Ohio. Many of the "old boys" of the college assembled to rehearse old times, and to show each other their wives and babies. The orator of the occasion lifted himself out of the ordinary rut and rot of college orations, and in a jocular way became very personal. "There," said he, "was Charley Matthews [now one of Cincinnati's most eminent citizens], who wore the only tall hat in the school in my time, and whom we called Mathematics. There was Gib Cranmer, the most agile and gallant player at crackabout, whom I met last winter in Washington, and seeing a portly gentleman before me, I realized for the first time that I was no longer a boy. There was Bodo De Beck, the left-hand-

ed, who threatened in those days to be a great mathematician. And Tom Foulds, who was the envy of us small boys because his hands were beautifully decorated with warts. And Bill Abbott, who used to catch flies under my school Bible when he was kept in at noon. And Jim Lynd, who, defying the constituted authorities, one day jumped out of a school window, and, as I then religiously believed, went off to become a pirate. There were the Donaldson boys. I called one of them Bricktop one day, and he taught me such a lesson in good manners as has made me dislike the personal column in newspapers ever since. And Dick Farquhar, with the bluff countenance, who seemed to my simple youth to bear the royal front of Richard the Lion-hearted, until my admiration was tempered by his success with a machine which jabbed a needle into my thumb. There were the Gano boys. It was the tow-headed one I played with. Come to think, however, they were all tow-heads in those days. And Fayette Mosher, now, I am told, in far-off Oregon, who lent me, good fellow that he was, the first copy of the *Arabian Nights* I ever read, and caused me to miss my lessons for a fortnight afterward. I see before me, not grave and reverend Senators, but boys whose shins I used to kick; boys who commonly did not know their lessons much better than I did; boys who thought that the best part of our founder's endowment was, not the school-house, but the play-ground. We have got beards and wives and children, and some of you, perhaps, grandchildren, since the sunny days when we played crackabout on the old *campus*. Most of you, I notice with grief, have got stout. There was less disposition to-day than formerly to follow the foot-ball to its ultimate conclusion in the fence corner, as Charley Matthews used to pursue a mathematical demonstration all over Dr. Ray's blackboard in the old times."

But Mr. Nordhoff's loftiest flight, his highest flew, was where with biting sarcasm he crucified Mr. John Wright, the president of the Woodward Club, who in a sneaking manner pretended to make certain suggestions in the name of a committee, when in reality there was no committee excepting himself. "General John Cochrane," said Mr. Nordhoff, "a famous warrior of New York, this past summer went up to Albany, and in his own proper person held a Liberal State Convention, in which he elected General Cochrane to the chair, instructed General Cochrane to write a platform and address to the people, and having, on motion of General Cochrane, adopted these by a unanimous vote of one, *General Cochrane adjourned himself and went home.* I venture to say that John Wright had just about as much of a committee behind him as General Cochrane."

Adjourning one's self is good.

JOAQUIN MILLER introduced himself to the Washington people in an address quite characteristic of the man, and quite out of the ordinary conventionalities of the platform. He said:

"When I was about to leave the mountains of Oregon, a few years ago, and try my fortune in the great wide world, as the phrase runs, an old man, sitting on a worm-fence one evening, with his buckskin legs hanging down, said to me, very tenderly and very wisely, 'Joaquin, don't you go: the world's an impostor, and it 'll feed you on husks, as it did the probable son.' But I told him I was resolved to go. Then the old man looked down into the sun that was falling into the Pacific sea like a mighty hemisphere of fire, then up at his flocks of sheep feeding on the hillside, and said, 'Wa'al, Joaquin, if you must go, go; but you'll come back some day to the old ranch. You'll be sick of the world, and sorry you went, and you won't have no home. But when you do come back—for you're a good-meanin' boy, Joaquin—and have no buckskin clothes and no home, you must come to me, and I'll give you a home, and you shall live with me and take care of my sheep, at forty dollars a month, as long as you live.' Well, I have worn out my other clothes, and I have no home; but I can't go back to the old man in the sheep business, for, as the French say, *he is dead, and gone over to the majority*, and I come to you to-night to lecture. I make my first bow to you this side of the Rocky Mountains. I tell you all this to show to you that this is not my favorite pursuit, and also to show to you that I have not the highest opinion of the present lecturer. Nor have I of any man who wins notoriety or a name in quite another field, and then consents to exhibit himself for hire, and call that lecturing. No: I had preferred the sheep business, and at this moment wish I had accepted the old man's offer, and possibly before I conclude, you will wish so too."

The lecture was interesting, particularly in reminiscences of literary people, of whom Mr. Miller saw many and much, and with whom he appears to have been a favorite.

THAT man in Detroit keeps it up pretty well. His last is of a youth in that city who surprised his father by asking:

"Father, do you like mother?"

"Why, yes, of course."

"And she likes you?"

"Of course she does."

"Did she ever say so?"

"Many a time, my son."

"Did she marry you because she loved you?"

"Certainly she did."

The boy looked the old man over, and, after a long pause, asked, "Well, was she as near-sighted then as she is now?"

OUR courts of record are often the scene of a little hilarity just before election, when gentlemen of foreign nativity are desirous of becoming citizens of the republic. To do this, they must forswear all allegiance to the particular worm-eaten monarchy of the Old World whence they emanated, and swear fealty to the United States, the Star-spangled Banner, the Stars and Stripes, and other Federal emblems. Desirous of becoming a son of freedom, a red-haired party from Ireland presented himself at the Court of Common Pleas, where he was required to answer certain interrogatories put to him in a very bland way by Mr. Jarvis, the popular clerk of that tribunal.

"I come for my papers," said the Irish gentleman.

"How long have you been in the country?" asked Mr. Jarvis.

"I've bin here since '49."

"It will be necessary," continued Mr. Jarvis,

"for you to have a witness of that, and you must swear that you have been in the United States continuously for five years past."

"Well, I've got no witness, but the *records* will show it."

"A witness is indispensable."

"I've got no witness, but I can prove from the records that I've bin here five years, and no mistake."

"That won't do."

"Well, sure, the records is the best thing any fellah can have; they'll tell ye."

"Where have you been?"

"Well, I've bin *up the river!*"

"At Sing Sing?" quietly asked Mr. Jarvis.

"Yes."

It was scarcely necessary to prolong the dialogue. The fellow didn't know that his five years' imprisonment for felony had disfranchised him, but supposed that he was to enter at once upon the duties of citizenship, and dispose of his vote to the best advantage. He went out blaspheming.

THIS from New Jersey:

Every body in Morris County knows Ed A——, who for a generation has been a member of the Board of Chosen Freeholders. In his township was a lunatic who would allow no clothing to remain upon him, and who had been cared for in a private family for many years, and for whose support a regular allowance was made by the county. In process of time the man died and was buried, and a bill was presented before the board to defray the funeral expenses. Every thing was regular and seemed satisfactory, until Director H—— happened to notice an item of five dollars for a suit of clothes for the deceased. Some objection being made, A—— was referred to for an explanation, which he gave in this wise:

"Well, gentlemen, to my certain knowledge the deceased has not had a rag of clothing on him for the last twenty years, but I imagine my good brother H—— would hardly care to meet him in another world stark naked."

It is needless to say that the bill passed without reduction.

THE cantata of *Belshazzar* was recently rendered in Portland before a large and enthusiastic audience. On the following Sabbath a young lady, who taught a class of little boys in a mission school, took occasion to tell the young hopefuls of the lively king and his vision. After completing the story, she desired to see how well the boys remembered what she had told them, and so asked, "Who was Belshazzar?" One little fellow, whose father took part in the recent play, sprang from his seat with the pleasant information, "He was Mr. Brown, from Boston, and my father was—" The flow of information was here checked.

A GENTLEMAN in Maine sends the following anecdote of Daniel Webster, which he thinks has not appeared in print. It was told by Judge Burbank, who said: "When I was a student in Mr. Webster's office he always kept a boy to sweep out and run on errands. Mr. Webster made a practice of giving this boy all the coppers which might be passed to him for change when doing his errands. One day Mr. Webster came to the room where I was sitting, his face all aglow with one of his benignant smiles, and said: 'Mr. Burbank, that boy of ours will either make a smart man or become a great rascal. I gave him a quarter to buy a paper this morning, and he has brought me back nineteen pennies.' And the great man, laughing and enjoying the joke, swept the pennies with his hand from the table to the floor, allowing the boy to carry them off for his smartness."

THE following comes to the Drawer from the grasshopper district of Nebraska:

Our ex-Governor, David Butler, is "reminded of a story" almost as frequently as the late President Lincoln. He tells this upon himself: While electioneering in one of the frontier counties, he was lodged at a log hostelry where the accommodation was so scant that his Excellency and a son of the Emerald Isle were assigned to the same bed. On retiring, the Governor remarked to Pat that he would "have to stay a long time in the old country before he could sleep with a Governor."

To which Pat replied, "Begorra, ye'd have to be a moighty long time in the owld counthry before yer honor would be Governor!"

A CORRESPONDENT at Parker's City, Pennsylvania, writes that on the occasion of the death of a prominent man in the oil region, whose house was some distance in the country, the hearse was sent for to convey his body into town. As the funeral passed a farm-house, a woman, seeing the hearse, rushed out and said to the driver of the solemn vehicle, "Say, mister, what are you peddlin'?" No dialogue ensued. The funeral passed on.

IN Lord William Pitt Lennox's *Celebrities I have Known* occurs this anecdote of the late Duke of Gloucester, which will be appreciated by our sportsmen readers:

"A more eager sportsman with a gun I never met, and, in truth I am bound to add, a more indifferent shot I never saw. His Royal Highness reminded me of a story which has been told of a noble lord, still flourishing, who said to a keeper,

"'I suppose you've scarcely ever met with a worse shot than I am?'

"'Oh yes, my lord,' responded the keeper, 'I've met with many a worse, *for you misses them so cleanly!*'"

THE early settlement of Wyoming Valley was distinguished by the massacre of more than three hundred of its inhabitants by the British Indians and Tories on the fatal 3d of July, 1778, and also by a long and terrible conflict between the Connecticut settlers there and the land jobbers of Pennsylvania, known as "Pennamites." Locally this conflict is known as the "Pennamite war." It lasted for forty years, but was most severe during the years 1783 and 1784.

By fraud and treachery the Pennamites succeeded in driving the settlers from their homes and possessions in May, 1784, and in getting their own tools from Pennsylvania and New Jersey in their place. The settlers rallied and returned in the summer to regain their possessions. Negotiations were entered into which lasted for some time, but resulting in nothing satisfactory

to the settlers, they proceeded to take possession by force. The Pennamites were in garrison, and well provided with means of defense and for sustaining a siege. On the 29th of September, 1784, the garrison was closely invested, the settlers occupying a couple of houses from which they had driven the Pennamites. Two men of the same name belonged to the investing party, designated as little William and big William Smith. The latter, in attempting to obtain water from the river, was shot through the body. He reached the house, and said, "They have killed me," and almost instantly expired.

His friends subsequently erected a stone at his grave, on which they cut the following inscription:

1784.
Here lies the body of
William Smith.
Mortals attend—he was
called forthwith.
He left the world at
twenty-five.
A warning to all
that's yet alive.
His zeal for justice
tho' hard to relate,
It caused his flight
from this mortal state.

A gentleman in one of the interior towns of this State has a musical friend who is connected with one of the church choirs, and has a particular dislike to a tune called "Brown," not so much on account of its musical demerits, as from the frequency with which it is selected. On a recent Sunday morning, after a fresh repetition of "Brown," the gentleman drew a tombstone, and inscribed thereon the following obituary, and passed it around to his sympathizing friends:

Here lies
H—— S——,
Born ——,
Died ——.

Kind friends, draw near
And let the tear
Of sympathy roll down,
While I relate
His mournful fate:
He died of too much "Brown."

Now, free from care,
And gone to wear
A bright immortal crown,
He endless days
Sings songs of praise,
Unless the tune is "Brown."

Who has not witnessed and laughed at the ridiculous blunders committed in churches where a new organ has been purchased, a new organist inaugurated, new music, especially "set" pieces, introduced, and big things attempted generally? Something in this line occurred recently in Austin, Nevada, where a new and powerful instrument had been erected. The Sunday on which it was first to be used saw a large congregation gathered, and a mild-mannered young man with eyeglasses and a catarrh, who had been secured for the occasion, seated himself before the keyboard. As is usual on such occasions, there was a hitch in the programme—the blower was behind time, having stopped on his way to adjust a personal difficulty, and when he did arrive he was too much battered and worn to furnish wind for the voluntary. So the minister read a little, and then the choir stood up. It was one of those modern compositions called a "set piece," where the soprano makes an assertion in solo, after which she is joined by the contralto in repeating the sentiment, followed by the tenor with his view of the case, and to whom the basso acts as a sort of musical indorser. Well, the organ peeped gently on the little pipes, and the soprano sang, "Eef I had a—wings, wings like ah dove." Then the contralto chimed in, and the ivory manipulator pulled out a stop and let on more steam, when a wild, shrill cry, like the wail of a lost soul, horrified the listening ears of the audience. Fear brooded over the choir, and they glanced with awe toward the organ, all except the tenor, who had a cast in his eye. With trembling voices the burden of the song was taken up, and the tenor took a deep breath, wherewith to tackle the high note he was to begin on. The time came, and the organist grabbed a handful of stops and bore down on the pedals. The note came, and with it a shriek at utter discord with the singer's voice. But the organist was interested, and did not heed the frightened looks of the congregation, so he turned on a fresh supply of pipes, and the basso thundered out, "Eef I had wings." Just then the player kicked all the pedals into motion and jammed down the swell. Then came a rattle and a hoarse cry, the blower fled from his post, the choir abandoned their desire for wings and used their feet, as a yellow gentleman cat, with tail erect and blazing eyes, leaped from the swell box and lit in the deacons' pew. Then the audience went out, and so did the cat through a window.

The "man and brother" is arriving, though by slow degrees, at the technical distinctions of securities. With him, as with his less deeply frescoed fellow-citizen, absolute security for capital invested is of higher moment than large interest. Thus it was with Mr. Cæsar Smith, who applied recently to his neighbor, Mr. Thompson, for a little advice.

"Mr. Thompson," asked Mr. Smith, "would you lend Cuff Jones forty dollars if you was me?"

"What security can he offer?"

"A morgidge."

"A mortgage? Why, what has he got to mortgage?"

"Dat's what bodders me, Mr. Thompson. I know he don't own nuffin but de duds on his back."

"Well, then, how can he give you a mortgage?"

"Dat's de queshun, Mr. Thompson. No, he can't do it, and I's made up my mind dat he can't have de money unless he gives me his note of hand!"

In a rural Presbyterian congregation in the western section of Canada the people, for various reasons, were desirous of a change in the pastorate. A meeting was called to consider how the desired change could be effected. All were agreed that though the pastor was a learned, laborious, amiable, and excellent man, he was exceedingly prosy and uninteresting as a preacher. It was resolved, therefore, that a deputation should be sent respectfully to ask him to demit his charge. No one was ready to undertake the difficult and delicate task. At last two elders were induced to go and talk with the minister about the matter. They went on their mission with no little trepidation, but were greatly relieved

by the cordial manner in which the good minister received them. He listened quietly to their hesitatingly told story, and at once acquiesced in their desire that he would resign. Elated with their success, they hastened to report the results to the people. All were greatly gratified at the prospect of such an amicable arrangement; and feeling some sense of gratitude to the minister for his many years of service, and especially for his ready compliance with their wishes, they determined to present him with an address and a purse. A public meeting of the congregation was held, at which the pastor was invited to be present, an address was read to him containing strong expressions of appreciation and gratitude for his manifold labors and of strong personal affection for himself, and the purse was handed to him as a token of their continued esteem.

On rising to reply the pastor was deeply moved, and spoke with a faltering voice. He stated that, influenced by the statements of the elders who had called on him, he had resolved, at much expense of feeling to himself, to resign his charge. Pausing for a minute, as if overcome with emotion—not a few of the tender-hearted betraying their sympathy with him—he went on to say that in view of the affectionate and touching address he had just received, so very numerously signed, and accompanied by so generous a gift, he felt constrained to abandon his purpose, and would therefore remain with them, and devote his future life to the best interests of a people who were so warmly attached to him, and who so highly valued his humble services.

The reply was so obviously dictated by genuine simplicity that no one at the time had the courage to rise and explain. That minister is still pastor of the same parish. The incident transpired some ten or twelve years ago, and contains a good moral.

In the way of undoubtedly remarkable poetry we have seen nothing, of modern make, comparable to the following, written by a lyrist named T. H. Fonesca, and published by the Commercial Publishing Company, of Edinburgh. As a specimen of Highland genius and first-class versification it can not be beat. It is entitled "An Interview with his Holiness:"

Says the Pope to me, of the *Vatican*,
I'll *do vat I can* for thee;
But in return send me *paper notes*,
As it does for the *papacy*.

Says the Pope to me, I'm *infallible;*
I published a *bull*, don't you know,
That will *cow* the world for ages to come,
For to be, for to come, for to go.

Says the Pope, I belong to the *Holy See!*
'Tis better than the Holy Land;
I believe in Peter he's the *salt* of the earth,
Though I've no *saltpetre* at hand.

Says the Pope to me, I like you vell,
You're quite the Roman gent;
You got a noble Roman nose,
And you believe in Roman cement.

The following anecdote illustrates the wonderfully accurate knowledge prevailing among some people of the higher and most enlightened classes of England in regard to America: During the trial at the Old Bailey of the notorious Bank of England forgers, a well-known American detective, on then seeing for the first time the two Bidwell brothers (two of the forgers), remarked to one of the leading London lawyers, who happened to be standing next to him, "Those Bidwell brothers must have some Indian blood in their veins. Look at their swarthy complexion, high cheek-bones, and straight black hair. Those are all characteristics of the Indian race."

To which the English lawyer replied, "Certainly; it must be so, for the depositions show that the Bidwells came from Indiana."

Mrs. Laura P——, of Frankfort, one of the queens of Southern society, and morally, mentally, and physically a symmetrical lady, was during her girlhood and early married life an acquaintance and friend of General William Nelson. The opening of the war found them in an antipodal situation, she being a zealous Confederate in sentiment, and he an active soldier for the Union. They met at Frankfort, however, without bitterness, in the midst of the war, though a good many sharp passages of wit passed between them, she, according to his expressive phraseology, always "mounting too many guns for him." On one occasion there was great excitement in the Kentucky capital, growing out of a report that the rebels were moving in force near the place. General Nelson was in command of the Frankfort troops, and there was sudden mounting and rapid preparation to follow the enemy. The streets were filled with hurrying soldiers and busy teams, and Mrs. P——, then a widow, who happened to be passing, was forced to take refuge in the vestibule of the ladies' entrance at the principal hotel to avoid the rude jostle of the crowd. There were many ladies at the windows, mostly wives of officers, and the Union sentiment was rather strong at that place. General Nelson, with his staff, rode up just as Mrs. P—— secured a safe position, and as he halted in front of the door, a lady at one of the windows addressed him, saying, "General, be sure and capture the rebels, and bring us the head of Buckner."

He made no reply to her, but turning to Mrs. P——, said, "Ah, madam, what do you think of that?"

She replied at once, "I think it a very proper request, if necessity knows no law, for I am sure your command needs *a head* very sadly."

The same lady was on terms of warm personal friendship with Mr. Crittenden, notwithstanding the great difference in their ages; and being so opposite in political sentiment, it was always a contact of flint and steel when they came together. On one occasion, at her house, Mr. Crittenden was speaking with enthusiasm of the neutrality policy adopted by the State. Mrs. P—— said it was a cowardly resort, when the Senator rose to his feet and said,

"Madam, this is outrageous. You have no State pride."

"Very true, Sir," said she, "but I am full to blushing with State *shame*."

An ignorant woman once said to her:

"Do you know your people take our dead soldiers and boil their bodies to make soap?"

"No, madam, I did not."

"Well, they do. Now what do you think of it?"

"Oh, I think it's a case of concentrated *lie*, that's all."

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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LYME.

A CHAPTER OF AMERICAN GENEALOGY.

MORRISON R. WAITE.

LYME is a word of four letters; and it brings the cars on the Shore-line Railroad from New York to Boston to a full stop for the space of perhaps a minute at the eastern end of the Connecticut River bridge. That is as far, probably, as your next neighbor, who is descanting learnedly upon the charms of foreign travel, will be able to enlighten you. The car window discloses little save a broad stretch of picturesque scenery, including the natural variations between a fine old sea-beach and rough and ragged undulations piled one upon another half a league inland. Should you suddenly be attacked by the spirit of inquiry, as well as by the notion that, as a native of average intelligence, you are deplorably unfamiliar with the individual features of your own country, you may find yourself, as did the writer on a certain occasion, standing conspicuously alone in apparent possession of the main outpost of this ancient and interesting town.

From Noyes Hill, a few rods north of the station, you obtain your first glimpse of the village, or rather of its roofs and chimneys and spires among the tree-tops; also of Meeting-house Hill beyond, of the salt meadows and Long Island Sound to the right, and of a beautiful river, formerly the harbor for merchant vessels when Lyme was a shipping port, winding lazily to the sea in the foreground. The ferry road crosses a snug New England bridge, and guides you to the Pierrepont House, a new summer hotel, which occupies a commanding position just outside the wealth of shade which shields the town. The name of this hotel hinges upon the romantic. It was given in honor of one of the early ministers of Lyme—Rev. Samuel Pierrepont, a brother of the wife of Rev. Jonathan Edwards—who in 1722 was drowned in crossing the Connecticut on his return from a visit to his lady-love in New Haven.

Lyme itself is the namesake of Lyme-Regis, on the south coast of England, which, with its geographical peculiarities, its history, traditions, and romances, has been so graphically described by Mr. Conway in his "South Coast Saunterings." It covers seven or eight square miles of territory, bounded on the west by the Connecticut River, and on the south by the Sound. It was settled over two centuries ago (in 1666) by an active, sensible, resolute, and blue-blooded people, who gave it a moral and intellectual character which it has never outgrown. Its climate is one of perfect health, and its people live to a great age. The salty, bracing atmosphere tends toward the increase of mental vigor as well as length of years: hence the results which we are about to chronicle. It is a town which has kept pace with the times. It has been near enough

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THE WAITE MANSION.

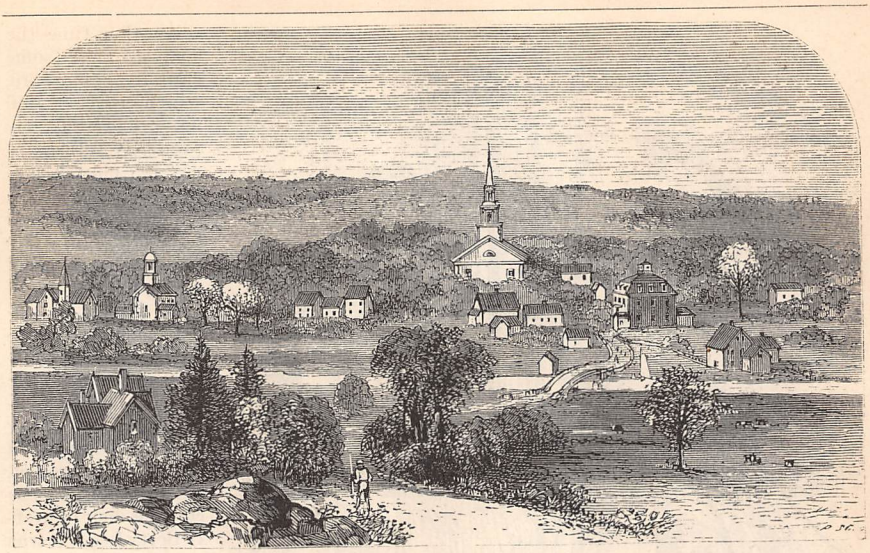
the metropolis to partake of its literary culture and many-sided opportunities, and sufficiently remote to escape its dissipating wastes, and it has always maintained a self-respecting inner life. It is exceptionally rich in family reminiscence, occupies in a certain sense historic ground, and possesses elements of national interest. Lyme-Regis is said to have been famous for its physicians. Lyme is, or ought to be, famous for its lawyers, as it has produced more than any other town of its size on this continent, or any other continent, and not only lawyers, "whose trade it is to question every thing, yield nothing, and talk by the hour," but eminent judges, Senators, and Governors, its latest and grandest achievement being a Chief Justice of the United States.

As you proceed from the hotel, "The Street" springs upon you like a new character in a novel. There is no warning of its nearness until you are among its soft shadows. It has a fascinating air of easy old-fashioned elegance, is a mile and a half long, is wide enough to swallow a whole family of New York city streets, is lined with handsome grandfatherly-looking trees, and mansions, some modest, some pretentious, some antique, are planted on either side of it at neighborly distances. Your eye will fall also upon two churches, an academy, a post-office, two or three stores, where groceries, hardware, and dry-goods dwell in harmony together, a milliner's shop with peaches and melons to sell, and a wagon shed where they mend breaks and shoe horses. Signs of business there are none. The scene is one of tranquillity on a broad scale.

One of the first houses which attract attention, through its associations, is a cottage-built, vine-clad, flower-surrounded dwelling, with a body-guard of aged apple-trees. It was the home of the Hon. Henry Matson Waite, Chief Justice of the State of Connecticut, the father of the present Chief Justice of the United States, and where the latter was reared into manhood.

It is only a few months since we witnessed a rare phenomenon, which is fresh in the public memory. An American citizen was elevated to one of the most dignified and important judicial offices in the world without a dissenting voice. When the nomination was announced, a flood of surprise seemed to drown captious politicians and impatient office-seekers. The choice had, singularly enough, fallen outside of their ranks. Ere they came to the surface, Congress had bowed its lofty head to merit, the newspaper press had despairingly confessed its inability to find any fault with the nominee, and the question had rung through the length and breadth of the land, and been satisfactorily answered, "What manner of man is he who is to be henceforth the custodian of the liberties of forty millions of people?"

The office had been entirely unsought. Morrison R. Waite was a lawyer with an immense and valuable practice. He was the acknowledged leader of the Ohio bar, and had been for a long series of years. He was one whose clearness and dexterity of intellect had never failed to bring order out of confusion in the most complicated law cases which had been placed in his hands. He was, moreover, a thorough gentleman, with an acute sense of justice, strong opinions, sound judgment, and a spotless private record. He had meddled little in public affairs, although repeatedly urged to accept a nomination to Congress. He had declined a seat upon the bench of the Su-



VIEW OF LYME.

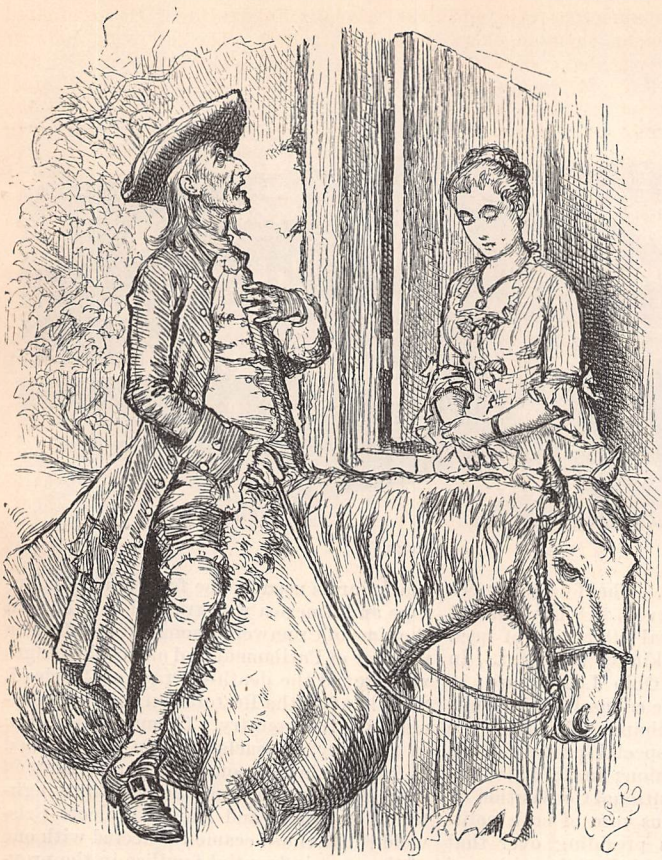
preme Court of Ohio. The few instances in which he had served the government were where the mutual attraction of need and fitness were strikingly apparent. In 1849 he was in the Ohio Legislature; in 1871 he was one of the counsel of the United States at the tribunal of arbitration at Geneva, winning special praise for his labor in the commission; in 1873 he was elected to the Constitutional Convention of Ohio by the unanimous vote of both political parties, and was presiding over that body when he was notified of the action of the administration. He stands out in American history, bright and clear as sunlight, a living refutation of the popular idea that a man must have narrowed and belittled himself with district politics—in short, have gone through the worst possible training for it—before he can receive any national appointment.

Chief Justice Waite is so rounded in character and culture that there are few salient points to seize for purposes of description. He is of medium height, broad physique, square shoulders, large and well-poised head, hair and whiskers slightly flecked with gray, complexion heavy, eyes dark and piercing, and mouth indicative of decision. His general bearing is firm and self-possessed. He was born in Lyme, November 29, 1816. He studied law with his father, after graduating from Yale, but completed his forensic education in the office of the Hon. Samuel M. Young, of Maumee City, Ohio, with whom he subsequently formed a partnership that continued with marked success for nearly a quarter of a century.

He removed his family to Toledo in 1850. The name of Waite is both ancient and honorable. It dates back many centuries. The coat of arms used by the family in both Europe and America was granted in 1512. In the time of Cromwell, Thomas Wayte* was a member of Parliament and one of the judges who signed the death-warrant of Charles I. Shortly after the Restoration the family removed to this country. Thomas Waite, born in Sudbury, Massachusetts, in 1677, settled in Lyme when a young man, and married Mary Bronson, whose mother was the daughter of Matthew and Annah Wolcott Griswold.† He thus became connected with one of the most influential families in the province, and in an age when the distinctions of rank and caste were held in severe respect, even in democratic New England, "where mental and moral cultivation was the first

* From the Waite records it appears that the name anciently was written Wayte, in modern times Waite, and in some instances Wait. It also appears that the names of Thomas, Richard, John, and Joseph, especially the former two, were favorite names in the family. —*History of the Waite Family.* P. 11.

† The Griswolds and Wolcotts were of the old English gentry. Matthew Griswold, the first magistrate of the Saybrook colony, married Annah, the daughter of Henry Wolcott. Matthew Griswold was a descendant of Sir Humphrey Griswold, whose seat was at Malvern Hall. Henry Wolcott was the son and heir of John Wolcott, of Golden Manor. The manor-house is still standing, an immense castle of great antiquity, designed for the purposes of defense against the excesses of a lawless age, as well as for a permanent family residence. It is richly ornamented with carved work, and upon the walls may be seen the motto of the family arms, "*Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri*" —inclined to swear in the words of no master. It was in keeping with the independent spirit of an English gentleman of the Middle Ages, and with that of a Puritan of a later date, who spurned the dictation of ecclesiastical wisdom. Wolcott sold a portion of his estate before he left England. He was a magistrate in the Connecticut colony, and his descendants in the direct line were magistrates, judges, and Governors for a period of over one hundred and eighty successive years.



"THE LORD'S WILL BE DONE."

essential for access to good society, and honest labor esteemed no shame." He was the father of eleven children. His fourth son, Richard, was twice married; his first wife was Elizabeth Marvin.

I beg pardon for the digression, but I am reminded of a little story. One of the early settlers of Lyme was Reynold Marvin. He was a rich land-holder, a militia captain, and a deacon of the church. He professed to be governed by Divine communications. On one occasion he announced that the Lord had directed him to distribute his cows among the poor. A shiftless fellow who was omitted in the distribution finally went to the deacon and said he too had received a communication from the Lord, who had sent him there for a cow.

"Of course, then, you must have a cow," was the reply. "But what sort of a cow did the Lord say I must give you—a new milch or a farrow?"

"A new milch cow, Sir."

"Indeed! Your communication could not have been from the Lord, for I have no new milch cow."

The baffled beggar departed.

Another time the deacon opposed some church measure, which was carried in spite of him. He promptly refused to pay his church taxes, and was sued, and his saddle taken for the debt. He esteemed himself deeply wronged, and rode upon a sheep-skin (wheeled vehicles had as yet hardly appeared in the colonies) forever afterward. And riding upon his sheep-skin one day, he reined his horse up to the cottage door of pretty Betty Lee. It was an old Dutch door, cut in two in the middle. She came and leaned upon the lower half, her blue eyes opened wide, and her dainty hands holding fast to a plate which she was wiping.

"Betty," said he, solemnly, "the Lord sent me here to marry you."

Betty's eyes fell upon the door-step, and so did the plate. The demure maiden, however, rallied instantly.

"The Lord's will be done," she replied.

The deacon nudged his horse and trotted slowly away, and the maiden finished washing her dishes. Betty's father was not friendly to the deacon, and tried to break the engagement. He did not succeed, as appears from the *publishment* which, according to the custom of the times, was posted upon the church door. It was the production of the prospective bridegroom, and ran thus:

"Reynold Marvin and Betty Lee
Do intend to marry,
And though her dad op-po-sed be,
They can no longer tarry."

They were married, and lived in peace, and in a small stone house on the west side of "The Street" brought up a large family of children, and in due course of events were gathered to their fathers. On a time-worn head-stone in the Lyme cemetery may be seen the following inscription:

"This Deacon, aged sixty-eight,
Is freed on Earth from sarving,
May for a crown no longer wait
Lyme's Captain Reynold Marvin."

The Marvins were a numerous race, and jurists were thick among them in every generation. They seem to have been native bards also. One Reynold Marvin (not the deacon) closes a letter in 1737 to Judge John Griswold in the following manner:

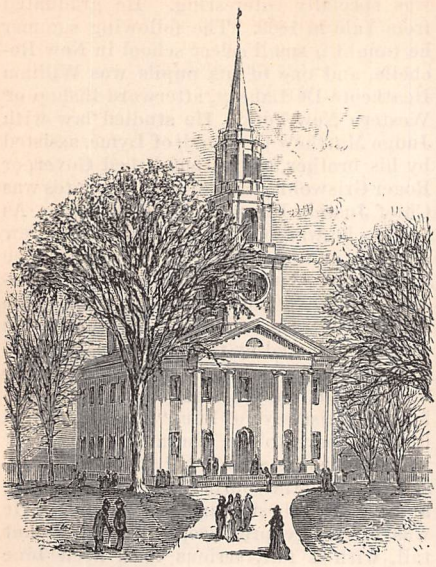
"Sir, this is yours, at any rate,
To read if you have leisure,
To burn, conceal, communicate,
According to your pleasure."

To return to Richard Waite. He lived on a farm in that part of Lyme known as "Four-mile River." He was a leading man and a justice of the peace, which was more of an honor in those days than we of this generation can comprehend. He had ten children by his Marvin wife, one of whom became the celebrated Judge Marvin Waite, of New London, whose son is the Hon. John Turner Waite, of Norwich. He married secondly Rebecca Higgins, the daughter of Captain Higgins, a large, handsome, imperious woman, who, as the years rolled on, devoted herself with great zeal to the education of her two sons, Remick and Ezra. When the latter graduated from Yale, and then declined to carry out her wishes by studying divinity, she was grievously disappointed; and when he crowned his irreverence by declaring in favor of law, she would have nothing more to do with him. She was severely religious, never allowed cooking or sweeping in her house on the Sabbath, and always entered church at the precise and proper moment. At one time (just prior to the Revolution) both she and her husband withdrew from the communion because of certain charges against their pastor, but finding them untrue, offered to return. Captain Higgins violently opposed such a proceeding. "What!" said he to his daughter, "has our Lyme church become a tavern, where people may go out and come in when they please, without even knocking?" Her son Remick Waite turned his attention to agriculture; but the law in his blood found vent. He was made justice of the peace when quite young, and sustained the office with dignity to the end of a long and useful life. He married Susanna Matson, who was a lady of superior talents and great worth and strength of character. It was her sister who was the mother of Hon. William A. Buckingham, late United States Senator, and the great war Governor of Connecticut, and of Rev. Dr. Samuel G. Buckingham, long a beloved and honored pastor in Springfield, Massachusetts; and she herself was the mother of Chief Justice Henry Matson Waite.

The last-named gentleman deserves honorable mention, not only because he gave direction to and helped to mould the mind which now defines for us the limits of even authority itself, but on account of his own personal excellence and valuable public services in his native State. His career was specially interesting. He graduated from Yale in 1809. The following summer he taught a small select school in New Rochelle, and one of his pupils was William Heathcote De Lancey, afterward Bishop of Western New York. He studied law with Judge Matthew Griswold, of Lyme, assisted by his brother, the accomplished Governor Roger Griswold: One of his classmates was Chief Justice Ebenezer Lane, of Ohio. As soon as he was admitted to the bar he grew steadily in importance. Prior to 1854 he had served several terms in the State Legislature, and had been for twenty years judge of the Supreme and Superior courts. He was then elected by the unanimous vote of both branches of the Legislature to the highest seat on the State bench. A well-known jurist says of him, "He contributed his full share to the character of a court whose decisions are quoted and opinions respected in all the courts of the United States, and in the highest courts of England." He was of stately presence, tall, and yet not tall, with a fair, serious face, keen blue eyes, and light hair. He was highly cultivated by study, chose to use his means for educational and religious purposes, and to help others, rather than in a pretentious mode of living, was social in his tastes, and enjoyed the perfect confidence of the entire community. His wife was of the first order of intellect, and, sympathizing in his pursuits, contributed largely to his professional successes. A fit mother was she, indeed, for her distinguished son.* She was Maria Selden, the daughter of Colonel Richard Ely Selden, and granddaughter of Colonel Samuel Selden, a notable officer in the Revolution, who was himself the grandson of Governor Dudley, of Massachusetts, which carries us again into lordly halls across the water, only that we are too intensely republican to need any such background and perspective. We all began on this side.

Chief Justice Morrison R. Waite married his second cousin, Amelia Warner, of Lyme, the great-granddaughter of the distinguished Colonel Selden, of Revolutionary memory. She was a beauty and a belle, a leader in fashion and society, and now, with the

* Chief Justice Waite is not the only lawyer son of Hon. Henry M. Waite. Richard Waite has been in active and prosperous law practice in Toledo, Ohio, for some nineteen years. Another son, George C. Waite, who died in his twenty-ninth year, was a promising lawyer in Troy, New York, and an efficient member of the Troy Board of Education. To him that city is mainly indebted for its present free-school system. Hon. Horace F. Waite, of Chicago, a prominent lawyer, member of the Illinois Legislature, etc., is a nephew of the late Hon. Henry M. Waite, and a native of Lyme. Mr. Daniel Chadwick, a leading lawyer, State's attorney, etc., residing in Lyme, is another nephew; and a niece married the accomplished scholar, Rev. Davis Clark Brainard (recently deceased), who for more than a third of a century had been the pastor of the Lyme church.



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

added grace of years, no lady in the land is better fitted by education, culture, and travel for the position in Washington circles which destiny has thrust upon her. She carries good sense, refined taste, and a quiet independence of character to the front, which will prove an invaluable balance-wheel to the great social structure.

Turning north from the Waite mansion, you are confronted by a quaint homestead which seems to be taking life comfortably right in the middle of "The Street." Venerable trees rise above it, and their branches droop over its small-paned windows. Its door-step is foot-worn, its hall of entrance of a pre-Revolutionary pattern, and its whole architecture one-sided; but it has an unmistakable air of gentility. If you enter, you are plunged headlong into an antiquarian mine; paneled walls, curious cornices, enormous fire-places, high mantels, and round tables bring all your forefathers and foremothers round you in their powdered wigs and high-heeled shoes. The chairs and pictures are many of them two hundred years old. You may presume before you get to it that "The Street" ends plump against the little door-yard fence. No; "The Street" is guilty of no such impertinence. It dodges politely around the edifice, and pursues its otherwise unbending course as if accustomed to trifling obstructions.

To the south another mansion has spread itself squarely across the way. It does not, like its *vis-à-vis*, offer the apology of antiquity, but is evidently a freak of modern independence. It is high and broad, the front-door swings in the centre, and it has wings on the side and rear. It is imbedded in shrubbery, and gay-colored flowers brighten its pretty grounds. The effect of the two houses facing each other half a mile apart is novel in the extreme. They impress you as being active participants in human affairs. They both belong to representatives of the Lord family, who were among the first settlers of Lyme, and who have in all the generations since been lavish in their distribution of doctors, judges, and divines throughout the country.

The Congregational church towers above you, like an anciently bound and well-preserved chapter of ecclesiastical history, on the corner where the ferry road enters "The Street" at right angles. It is an imposing edifice of the Ionic order of architecture, and strikingly ornate. At its right, and under its very droppings, as it were, is a large, square, old-fashioned house half hidden among stately trees, which is the home of a lady of elegant scholarship and rare accomplishments, who has for almost half a century been the educator of the ladies of Lyme, and to whom is due in large measure the credit of having developed the artistic and musical talent for which they are celebrated. Nearly opposite the church is the Mather homestead. It is gambrel-roofed, and was clapboarded before the time of sawing clapboards—when they were rived as staves are split. It has been the home of the Mathers—the ancient and learned family to which Increase and John Cotton Mather belonged—for more than a century. In the palmy days before the Revolution, when Governors drove six horses, and all the consequential families in Lyme owned negro slaves, this house was almost without a rival in the elegance of its appointments.

Side by side with it stands the oldest house in Lyme—a landmark which has been protected with generous care. Like Sydney Smith's ancient green chariot with its new wheels and new springs, it seems to grow younger each year. It is the residence of Hon. Charles Johnson M'Curdy, LL.D., an eminent jurist, who was for many years in the Connecticut Legislature, was Speaker of the House, Lieutenant-Governor of the State, United States minister to Austria, and for a long period judge of the Supreme Court. It was he who, when Lieutenant-Governor of Connecticut, in 1848, originated and carried into effect through the Legislature that great change in the common law by which parties may become witnesses in their own cases—a change which has since been adopted throughout this country and in England.

This antique dwelling has the low ceilings and the bare polished beams of the early part of the last century. Its doors and walls are elaborately carved and paneled. In the south parlor is a curious *buffet*, built with the house, containing a rare col-

CHARLES JOHNSON M'CURDY.

lection of china from ancestral families.* Between the front windows stands an elegant round table, which descended from Governor Matthew and Ursula Wolcott Griswold, and around which have sat from time to time the six Governors of the family—of whom more presently. The whole house is a museum of souvenirs of preceding generations. In the north chamber is a rich and unique chest of drawers, which belonged to the Diodati wife of Rev. Stephen Johnson; also mirrors, tables, pictures, and other relics of great antiquity. This apartment was occupied by Lafayette at two distinct eras in our national history—for several days during the Revolution, when he was entertained by John M'Curdy, while resting his troops in the vicinity; and in 1825, as the guest of Richard M'Curdy and his daughter Sarah, while on his memorable journey to Boston.

The house has historical significance through certain Revolutionary events. It was purchased by John M'Curdy in 1750, a Scotch-Irish gentleman of education and wealth, who was a large shipping merchant. He had no sympathy with the arbitrary measures of the English government, and gloried in the spirit of resistance as it developed in the colonies. (He was the "Irish gentleman" mentioned by Gordon and Hollister as "friendly to the cause of liberty.") He was an intimate personal friend of Rev. Stephen Johnson, who was then the pastor of the Lyme church. The two had many conferences upon the subject of a possible independence of the colonies. They grew indignant with the serene composure of Governor Fitch and his associates. The first published article pointing toward unqualified rebellion in case an attempt was made to enforce the Stamp Act was from the pen of Rev. Stephen Johnson, and it was written under this roof. M'Curdy privately secured its insertion in the *Connecticut Gazette*. It was a fiery article, designed to rouse the community to a sense of the public danger. Others of a similar character soon followed; while pamphlets, from no one knew whence, fell, no one knew how, into conspicuous places. Could these walls speak, what tales they might reveal!—two sagacious and audacious men trying to kindle a fire; one feeding it with the chips of genius and strong nervous magnetism, the other fanning it with the contents of his broad purse. The alarm was sounded; organizations of the "Sons of Liberty" were formed in the various colonies; treasonable resolves were handed about with great privacy in New York, but no one had the courage to print them. John M'Curdy, being in the city, asked for them, and with much precaution was permitted to take a copy. He carried them to New England, where they were published and spread far and wide without reserve. This was in September, 1765, and before the end of the same month the famous crusade (which embraced nearly every man in the town of Lyme) moved from New Lon-

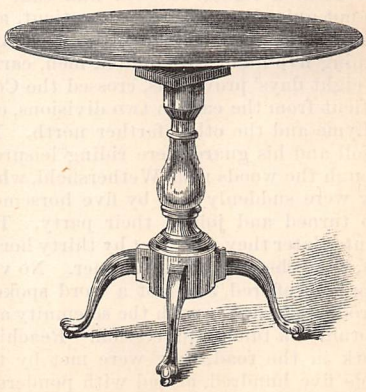
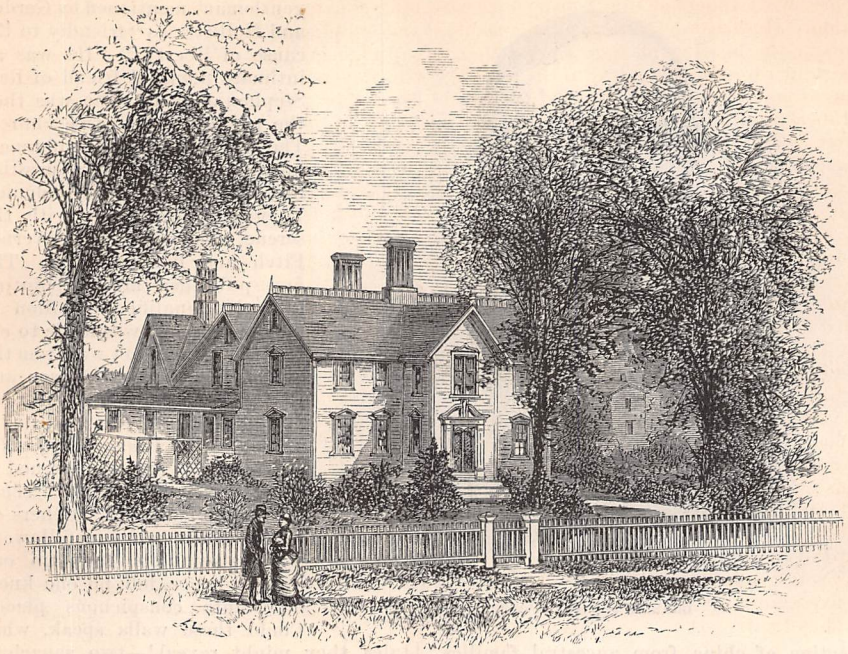


TABLE OF THE EX-GOVERNORS.

* The ancestral families connected with the M'Curdy household are the Wolcotts, Griswolds, Lords, Lyndes, Digbys, Willoughbys, Pitkins, Ogdens, Mitchells (the Scotch family of Mitchells, the same as that of "Ike Marvel"), and the Diodatis. The descent is direct, through the wife of Rev. Stephen Johnson, from Rev. John Diodati (the famous divine and learned writer of Geneva in the time of John of Barneveld), who was from the Italian nobility.



JUDGE M'CURDY'S HOME.

don and Windham counties against Mr. Ingersoll, the Stamp Commissioner. It was then and thus that the egg of the Revolution may be said to have been hatched.

When Governor Fitch proposed that he and his councilors should be sworn agreeably to the Stamp Act, Colonel Trumbull (afterward Governor) refused to witness the transaction, and left the hall. Others followed his spirited example until only four remained. Ingersoll, as the agent of Connecticut in England, had ably and earnestly opposed the passage of the odious bill; but when all was over, he had been duly qualified to officiate as stamp master. He had scarcely landed in New Haven on his return when a rumor reached him that all was not quiet beyond the Connecticut, and he started at once for Hartford. The same morning five hundred mounted men, carrying eight days' provisions, crossed the Connecticut from the east in two divisions, one at Lyme and the other farther north. Ingersoll and his guard were riding leisurely through the woods near Wethersfield, when they were suddenly met by five horsemen, who turned and joined their party. Ten minutes later they were met by thirty horsemen, who wheeled in like manner. No violence was offered, and not a word spoken. All rode on together with the solemnity and decorum of a funeral procession. Reaching a fork in the road, they were met by the whole five hundred, armed with ponderous white clubs, and led by Captain Durkee in full uniform. The line opened from right to left, and Ingersoll was received with profoundest courtesy. Martial music broke the sombre stillness, and they marched into Wethersfield, halting in the wide street. Captain Durkee then ordered Ingersoll to resign.

The latter expostulated. "Is it fair," he asked, "for two counties to dictate to the rest of the colony?"

"It don't signify to parley," was the prompt reply. "A great many people are waiting, and you must resign."

"I must wait to learn the sense of the government," said Ingersoll.

"Here is the sense of the government, and no man shall exercise your office."

"If I refuse to resign, what will follow?"

"Your fate."

"The cause is not worth dying for," said the prisoner.

A few moments later Ingersoll wrote his name to the formal resignation prepared for him. That was well, but it was not enough. He was required to swear to it in a loud voice, and then shout "Liberty and Property!" three times. This last ceremony he performed, swinging his hat about his head. He was then escorted to Hartford. He rode a white horse. Some one asked him what he was thinking of. "Death on a pale horse and hell following," was his quick retort.

They entered the capital four abreast, and formed in a semicircle about the Court-

house, with Ingersoll in a conspicuous position. He was ordered to read his recantation in the hearing of the General Court. He went through the ordeal to the satisfaction of his captors, even to the shouting of "Liberty and Property!" three times again. After which the sovereigns of the soil departed in peace.

Colonel Putnam, who had been one of the instigators of the movement, was prevented by illness from being present. He was shortly summoned before Governor Fitch. In the course of the conversation which followed, the Governor asked, "What shall I do if the stamped paper is sent to me by the king's order?"

"Lock it up until *we* shall visit you."

"What will you do?"

"Demand the key of the room where it is deposited. You may, if you choose, forewarn us upon our peril not to enter the room, and thus screen yourself from blame."

"And then what will you do?"

"Send the key safely back to you."

"But if I refuse admission?"

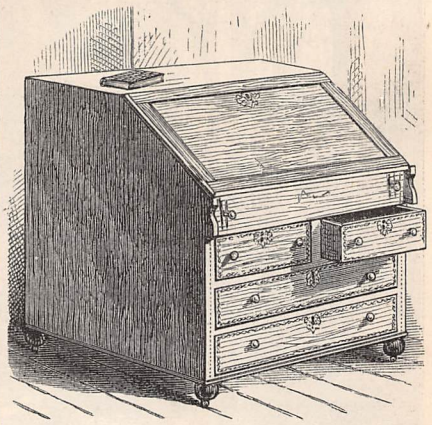
"Your house will be leveled with the dust in five minutes."

Thus the remarkable interview ended.

Lyme was not without a Tea Party any more than some of the sea-port towns of larger pretensions. On the 16th of March, 1774, a peddler from Martha's Vineyard came into the place on horseback with one hundred pounds of tea in his saddle-bags. He was arrested and examined, and in the evening the "Sons of Liberty" assembled, built a bright fire on "The Street" just above the Congregational church, and committed the peddler's whole stock in trade to the flames, and buried the ashes on the spot.

There are several Noyes houses which it would be pleasant to visit. The first minister of Lyme was the Rev. Moses Noyes, who preached sixty-three years. He was one of the first graduates of Harvard and one of the founders of Yale. He was from a clerical family; his brother was the first minister of Stonington; his father was an eminent divine of Newbury, Massachusetts; and his father's father was a still more eminent divine of England. His wife was the granddaughter of the learned Puritan Elder William Brewster. He was a large land-holder, and owned a number of slaves. His house stood for more than a century on the site of the present residence of Richard Noyes, one of his descendants. Its windows were few, and they were located nearly as high as the top of the door. They were small and square, and leaded over the sash. They must have been painfully inconvenient to the poor Indian when he was seeking a bit of useful information concerning the domestic fireside. The doors were driven full of nails. Ugh! one can almost catch the glitter of the tomahawk and scalping-knife.

Judge William Noyes, the grandson of the Reverend Moses, flourished a hundred years later. He was a tall, grave man, the terror of Sabbath-breakers. He never allowed a traveler to pass through Lyme on the Lord's Day without some extraordinary excuse. He was strictly conventional. When on horseback with his four grown-up sons, the latter never presumed to ride on a line with him, but always at a respectful distance behind. He inherited the large classical library of the Reverend Moses, also a writing-desk which Elder Brewster brought



BREWSTER'S WRITING-DESK.

to this country in the *Mayflower*, and which is now in the possession of his granddaughter, Mrs. Daniel Chadwick, of Lyme. Judge Noyes built the handsome old house in the northern part of "The Street," now owned by Mr. Schieffelin, of New York, the father-in-law of Rev. Mr. Sabine. By the side of one of the chimneys is a curious hole several feet deep, supposed to have been an invention of the judge to hide liquor from his negroes. Just south of this mansion, in the midst of English-looking grounds, is a great old-fashioned house, with pillars in front, the residence of Captain Robert, the youngest son of Governor Roger Griswold. And a little farther on is the pleasant home of the Huntingtons.

Black Hall is a pleasant drive of three miles from "The Street." You pass the Lyme cemetery, with its kindly shade and its ancient and modern head-stones—itself a history. You pass also a quarry of what seems to be the genuine porphyritic granite, with compact base, spotted with reddish crystals of feldspar; it is hard, and susceptible of a fine polish. The Swedes and Russians have worked a similar variety with success, and pronounce it more durable than any other material for building purposes. A polished specimen, beside one of the Scotch

APPROACH TO BLACK HALL.

granite of which Prince Albert's monument in Hyde Park is made, shows that it is of the same general character, only that the Lyme granite is the handsomer of the two. There is enough here to build a city, and it is significantly within a stone's-throw of the railroad track. Two roads diverge at the foot of Meeting-house Hill, one of which ascends that blustering height (the former site of three successive churches, two of which were burned by lightning), and passes an old burial-ground inclosed by a tumbling stone wall and overgrown by rank weeds, also the original mile-stone which, according to tradition, Franklin planted with his own hands when he was Postmaster-General of the colonies. It was the old stage route from New York to Boston, and most of the illustrious men of the olden time have traveled over it. The lower road passes the Champlin house, which was the scene of the marriage of the famous General Buckner to a daughter of Colonel Kingsbury. He was then a young West Pointer, and was married in his uniform. Just as the final words of the ceremony were being pronounced, there was an alarm of fire; a neighbor's house was burning. The bridegroom threw off his coat, and, with the minister and others, ran to extinguish the flames; then returned, recoated, kissed his bride, and received the congratulations of his friends.

Black Hall, the seat of the Griswolds, is a cluster of half a dozen houses, in the midst of a thick grove of trees, on the fine segment of land which slopes into the Sound so far that in winter the sun rises and sets over the water. This large property was a fief or feudal grant to the first Matthew Griswold in 1645. He built a log-house—the first house in Lyme—upon the site of the mansion, which you see at the end of the private entrance, and dug a well, which is still in existence. He sent a negro slave to occupy the premises, as the Indians were too hostile for him to venture to remove his family so far from the fort at Saybrook. Tradition says that the log-house was called the "black's hall," which is supposed to have been the origin of the pleasant-sounding name which the place now bears.

The old gubernatorial mansion of Governor Roger Griswold commands a magnificent view of the Sound and its shipping. It is the home of Mr. Matthew Griswold, one of the Governor's sons. It is a well-preserved specimen of antiquity, and one of those dwellings the geography of which can not be read upon the face of it. The rooms seem numberless, and vary in size and shape until the explorer is hopelessly confused. It is full of suggestion, for Governor Roger Griswold was one of our country's ablest statesmen. He was called, at the age of thirty-two, from a valuable law practice into the councils of the nation, and was pronounced one of the most finished scholars in Congress, where he served ten years—during a part of the administration of

GOVERNOR GRISWOLD'S HOUSE.

Washington, the whole of that of Adams, and a portion of that of Jefferson. He was a brilliant talker, and profoundly versed in law. He was the first cousin of Oliver Wolcott, who was at the same time Secretary of the Treasury. He was nominated Secretary of State in 1801, but saw fit to decline. He was subsequently appointed judge of the Superior Court, elected Lieutenant-Governor, and finally Governor of Connecticut, in which office he died, in 1812. He sleeps in the Griswold grave-yard, and his tomb, rising against a background of green, may be seen as you cross Black Hall River. He was the son of Governor Matthew Griswold, who was conspicuous for the energy of his counsels and active measures during the Revolution. Governor Matthew, when a young man, was grave, shy, tall, and somewhat awkward. He courted a young lady in Durham, who put him off, delaying to give an answer in the hope that a doctor, whom she preferred, would propose. He finally tired of his long rides on horseback, and suspecting the state of her mind, pressed for an immediate decision.

"I should like a little more time," reiterated the fair one.

"Madame, *I will give you a lifetime*," was the lover's response; and rising with dignity, he took his leave.

The lady took her lifetime, and died single, as the doctor never came forward. Young Griswold returned to Lyme so deeply mortified with the failure of his suit that he was little disposed to repeat the process of love-making. In course of events his second cousin, Ursula Wolcott, came on a visit to Black Hall. She was a modern edition of her grandmother, the historical Martha Pitkin, bright, beautiful, accomplished, and self-reliant. She was a little older than Matthew. She became assured that his affections were centred upon herself, but he was provokingly reticent. Meeting him on the stairs one day, she asked, "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?"

"I did not say any thing," he replied.

A few days later, meeting him, she asked in the same tone, "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?"

"I did not say any thing," he replied as before.

Finally, meeting him upon the beach one morning, she again asked, "What did you say, Cousin Matthew?"

"I did not say any thing," he still replied.

"It is time you did," she remarked, with emphasis.

Whereupon something was said, the result of which was a wedding, and the brilliant bride had a queenly reign at Black Hall. No lady in American history could introduce you to more Governors among her immediate relations. Her father was Governor Roger Wolcott, her brother was Governor Oliver Wolcott, her nephew was the second Governor Oliver Wolcott, her cousin was Governor Pitkin, her husband was Governor Matthew Griswold, and her son was Governor Roger Griswold.

Black Hall has always been famous for the beauty and spirit of its women. Governor Matthew Griswold had eight dashing sisters, who were known as the "Black Hall boys," from being given to all manner of out-of-door sports; they could ride, leap, row, and swim, and they had withal the gifts and graces which won them distinguished husbands. Phebe married Rev. Jonathan Parsons, the Lyme minister, whose clerical career did not run smoothly, in consequence of his admiration for Rev. George Whitefield. He was a *protégé* of Rev. Jonathan Edwards, and a man of excellent parts. A fair, frank, manly, good-humored face looks down from his portrait. He had a passion for fine clothes, for gold and silver lace, and ruffled shirt fronts, which distressed some of the good Puritans in his church. His wife was given to practical jokes. One evening as he was about to leave the house for the weekly prayer-meeting—after taking a last look in the mirror to satisfy himself

that every particular hair was stroked the right way—she playfully threw her arms about his neck, passed one hand over his face, and kissed him. As he entered the church he was nettled by a ripple of smiles which ran through the congregation, and he noticed that some of the brethren were eying him suspiciously. Presently it was whispered in his ear that his face was blackened. On another occasion his fun-loving wife wickedly clipped a leaf from his sermon, and sat in the little square pew before him, quietly fanning herself, and enjoying his embarrassment when he reached the chasm. She was remarkably clever with her pen, and it is said often wrote sermons herself. She was the mother of the celebrated Major Samuel Holden Parsons, and grandmother of Simon Greenleaf, professor of law at Cambridge, author of valuable legal works, etc.*

Two generations farther back we have a curious episode, in which Matthew Griswold the second figured as "Lyme's champion." He was a tall, broad-chested, powerful young athlete, and a justice of the peace. There was a troublesome controversy between New London and Lyme about a tract of land some four miles in width, which both claimed. One summer morning in 1671 a party of Lyme hay-makers went into the controverted meadow to mow the grass, led by Griswold. About the same time a company from New London entered upon the other side. They all pitched in together, and such a scrimmage was never witnessed before nor since in the land of steady habits. It began with words, but quickly came to blows with fists, feet, scythes, rakes, whetstones, and clubs. There were other justices of the peace present besides Griswold, and the belligerents were pretty generally arrested. They went to law, each party indicting the other; twenty-one from New London and fifteen from Lyme. The former were fined £9, the latter £5. The fines were remitted by the General Court of Connecticut, and the land divided between the two towns. But the dividing line was not determined. Then arose another civil or uncivil war. New London kindly offered to take three miles and give one mile to Lyme, and Lyme made a similar disinterested proposition to New London. The wrangling continued for some months. Tradition says "it was finally agreed, since the tract was not worth the expense of further litigation, to settle the question by a *private combat.*" This decision was piously recorded as "*leaving it to the Lord.*" Each town chose two champions, appointed a day, and people gathered in great numbers to see the fight. Matthew Griswold and William Ely fought for Lyme, and so valorously and well that they won the victory, and New London relinquished all claim to the property.

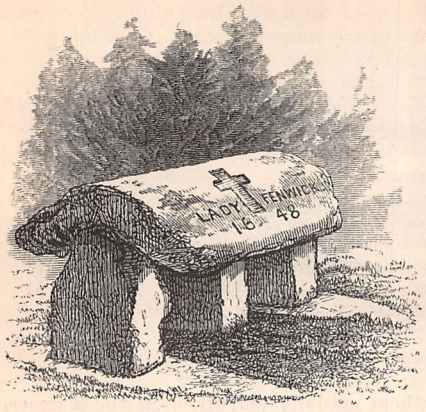
* In illustration of the statement concerning the remarkable number of lawyers, as well as other brilliant men and women of Lyme origin in different parts of the country, I will mention a few well-known names; but it must not be understood that I am in the garden to cull all the flowers. Chief Justice Ebenezer Lane, of Ohio, was a grandson of Governor Matthew Griswold, and Judge William Lane is a grandson of Governor Roger Griswold. One of the sisters of Governor Matthew married Elijah Backus, of Norwich, from whom descended General John Pope, of the late war. Another sister married Judge Hillhouse, whose descendants are among the prominent families of New Haven. General Joseph G. Perkins, of the late war, also Colonel John Griswold, an accomplished young officer who fell at Antietam, were grandsons of Governor Roger Griswold. Rev. George Griswold, pastor of the East Lyme church for thirty-six years, and Rev. Sylvanus Griswold, of Feeding Hills, were of the same family. Also Nathaniel Lynde Griswold and George Griswold, the great East India importers of New York; the wife of Hon. Frederick Frelinghuysen; the wife of Senator Lanman; the wife of Senator Foster; the wife of John Lyon Gardiner, of Gardiner's Island; the wife of President Tyler; Chief Justice S. T. Hosmer; and Eleanora, the wife of Virginia Cenci, Prince of Vicovaro, present Grand Chamberlain to the King of Italy. The prince is a lineal descendant of the family of Beatrice Cenci, and resides in the ancient Cenci palace. The Seldens have contributed largely to the eminence of our country. Conspicuous among the jurists of the present generation are Judge Samuel Lee Selden and Judge Henry R. Selden, of New York. We may add to the list Hon. Dudley Selden, member of Congress; General M'Dowell, of army notoriety; President Nott; Rev. Dr. Samuel Nott; Professor Eaton, of Yale; A. L. Backus, of Toledo; the wife of Rev. Leonard W. Bacon; Mrs. General Lewis Cass; and Mrs. General Hunt, of Toledo. A daughter of John M'Curdy married the famous and witty ecclesiastic Rev. Nathan Strong, of Hartford; another married Dr. Channing, of Boston. A daughter of Lynde M'Curdy married Hon. John Allen, member of Congress; and their son, Hon. John W. Allen, was also a member of Congress. Robert M'Curdy, the great importing merchant of New York, is a brother of Judge M'Curdy, and the daughter of the latter is the wife of Professor E. E. Salisbury, of New Haven. From the Smiths, Demings, Pecks, Sills, Marvins, Lords, Colts, Elys, Sterlings, Champions, and other Lyme families, the army is legion. Senator Truman Smith; Senator Nathan Smith; Judge Nathaniel Smith; Rev. Matthew Hale Smith; Colonel Henry C. Deming, member of Congress; Rev. Dr. Edward Strong, of Boston; Judge Strong, of St. Louis; Judge Strong, of the United States Supreme Court; Rev. Dr. Stone, of San Francisco; Mrs. Rev. Dr. Hubbell, author of *Shady Side;* Hon. David M. Stone, editor of *Journal of Commerce;* Mrs. Professor Hoppin, of Yale Theological Seminary; Dr. John Peck; Rev. Thomas Ruggles Gold Peck; Judge Seth E. Sill; General Theodore Sill, member of Congress; Miss Sill, of the Rockford Seminary; Judge William Marvin, of Key West, Florida; Judge Richard Marvin, of New York; George Griffin, the famous New York lawyer; Rev. Edward Dorr Griffin, president of Williams College; the inventor of Colt's revolvers; Judge Colt, of the Supreme Court; Judge Colt, of St. Louis; Hon. Alfred Ely, member of Congress, author, etc.; Elias H. Ely, fifty years a member of the New York bar; Abner L. Ely; D. J. Ely; Z. S. Ely, prominent New York merchants; Hon. Ansel Sterling, member of Congress; General Elisha Sterling; Hon. Micah Sterling, member of Congress (all lawyers of eminence); General Epaphroditus Champion, member of Congress; Rev. Henry Champion; Hon. Aristarchus Champion, of Rochester; Chief Justice William L. Storrs; Hon. Henry Storrs, member of Congress; the two wives of Governor Trumbull, and a host of others.

THE GRISWOLD GRAVE-YARD.

A pretty little romance once occurred in this same notable vicinity, which gave the name to "Bride Brook." In the winter of 1646–47 a young couple in Saybrook were to be married. The only magistrate qualified to perform the rite was absent. They sent to New London for John Winthrop, who replied that he would meet them at the river, which was then regarded as the boundary line between Saybrook and New London. It was some six or seven miles east of the Connecticut River, but thither the bridal party proceeded through deep snow-drifts. Arriving on the bank of the specified stream, they found it impassable on account of the ice, which was breaking. Consequently the marriage service was pronounced upon the New London side, and the loving pair promised to love, honor, and obey upon the Saybrook shore, and went their way rejoicing.

Lyme was formerly a part of Saybrook, the settlement of which commenced in 1635. The region was selected for the commencement of empire by Cromwell, Hampden, and several English noblemen who had become dissatisfied with the management of civil and religious affairs under Charles I., and fully determined to remove permanently to the wilds of America. They organized a company, and secured a patent for a large portion of Connecticut, and sent John Winthrop the younger to take possession and build a fort at the mouth of the Connecticut River. It was called Saybrook, in honor of Lord Say and Seal, and Lord Brook, who were foremost in pushing the enterprise. It was located on a peninsula, circular in form, and connected to the main-land by a narrow neck over which the tide sometimes flowed, and was considered safe from any sudden incursion of the Indians. Two great handsome squares were laid out on the rolling land near the fort, designed as a building site for palatial residences.

Colonel George Fenwick was the only one of the original patentees who came to abide in Saybrook. Cromwell and some others actually embarked in the Thames, but were stopped by an order from the king. Colonel Fenwick was accompanied by his young, lovely, golden-haired, sunny-tempered wife, Lady Alice Boteler. She had been reared in the bosom of English luxury and refinement, but could adapt herself to pioneer life, and made her rude home in the quaint fort bright with wild flowers and merry with laughter. She brought with her a "shooting gun," with which she used to practice, to the great diversion of her neighbors, and she had "pet rabbits," and a little garden which grew table delicacies. She was fond of out-of-door exercises, and was often seen cantering over the country on horseback. She had few associates—Mrs. John Winthrop, whose home during that period was on Fisher's Island, Mrs. Lake, a sister of Mrs. Winthrop, Mrs. Annah Wolcott Griswold, and Colonel Fenwick's two sisters (one of whom married Richard Ely), comprised about the whole list. She died after nine years of Saybrook life, and was buried within the embankment walls of the fort. Colonel Fenwick soon after returned to England, where he was one of the judges who tried the unhappy Charles I. He left his private affairs in this country in charge of Matthew Griswold, who erected the monument over Lady Fenwick's grave, which for two and a quarter centuries was an object of sorrowful interest on the treeless, flowerless, desolate bluff which overlooks the flats and shallows at the mouth of the Connecticut River. It is, however, no longer there, but occupies a shady nook in the old Saybrook cemetery. Four years since an enterprising railroad corporation found the world so narrow that it must needs plow directly through this sacred spot, and not only rob us of the last shovelful of earth which our heroic ancestors heaped together, but heartlessly overturn the "quiet couch of clay" upon which Lady Fenwick had so long rested. Her remains were re-interred with imposing ceremonies. Her golden hair was found in a perfect con-



LADY FENWICK'S TOMB.

dition, or nearly so, and a lock of it is preserved in an air-tight box in the Acton Library at Saybrook.

By-the-way, this library, which was dedicated with great enthusiasm on July 4, 1874, will repay a visit. It is an institution which originated with the ladies of Saybrook about twenty years ago, but which remained to take definite shape through the gift of a lot to the trustees by Hon. Thomas C. Acton, the well-known President of the Board of Police Commissioners in New York city in the time of the draft riot. He was also chiefly instrumental in raising funds to erect the handsome building, which, in grateful recognition, was christened the Acton Library. It contains some seventeen hundred volumes already, and the germ of a museum of relics and curiosities. It is situated on one of the principal streets of Saybrook, directly opposite the summer residence and attractive grounds of Mr. Acton.

An attempt was made in 1675 to annex Saybrook and its surrounding territory to New York. Sir Edmund Andros appeared off the coast with an armed fleet, and demanded the surrender of the fort in the name of the Duke of York.

"We will die first," was the reply of Captain Bull, the commander.

The garrison was immediately drawn up and prepared for action. Andros did not wish to incur bloodshed, and sent pacific messages. He finally proposed an interview with the officers, and landed. He was received courteously. But when he ordered the duke's patent and his own commission to be read, Captain Bull, whose messenger, sent in hot haste to Hartford, had just returned with instructions from the General Court, stepped forward and forbade the reading. The clerk of Andros attempted to go on.

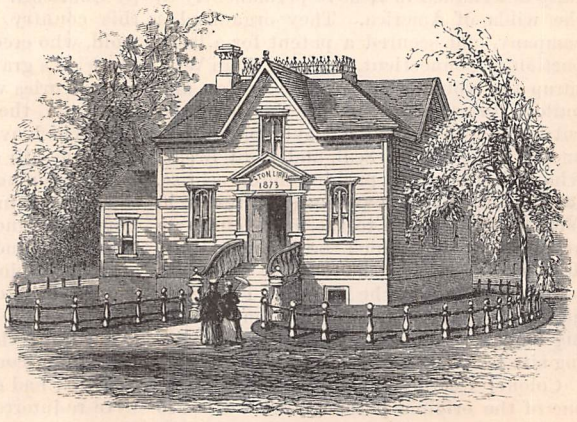
"Silence!" roared Captain Bull; and then with deep sonorous voice he recited the protest of the Hartford authorities. When he had finished, Sir Edmund Andros, pleased with his boldness and soldier-like bearing, asked his name.

"My name is Bull, Sir."

"Bull! It is a pity your horns were not tipped with silver!"

Andros wrote to his royal master after his return to New York that nothing could be done with officers or people in Connecticut, for the existing government was bent upon defending its chartered rights.

Saybrook's historical point, where the lordly palaces of Europe were to have been and are not, was the seat of the first Yale College. The building was one story high and eighty feet long, and, together with the lot, was a donation from Nathaniel Lynde, the great Saybrook land-holder, who was a grandson of the Earl of Digby. The books which formed the college library were donated by the ministers in the vicinity. The scholarly people of Lyme and Saybrook enjoyed the privilege of attending fifteen Commencements, and sixty of the graduates of that period afterward became distinguished in the ministry. When the subject was agitated of removing the institution to New Haven, these two ancient towns at the Connecticut's mouth arrayed themselves in open opposition. But potent influences were working elsewhere. The Governor and his royal council finally visited Saybrook in state—it was in the summer of 1718—and presently a warrant was issued to the sheriff to convey the college library to New Haven. He proceeded to the house where the books were kept, and found resolute men assembled to resist his authority. He summoned aid, entered forcibly, and placed the books



THE ACTON LIBRARY, SAYBROOK.

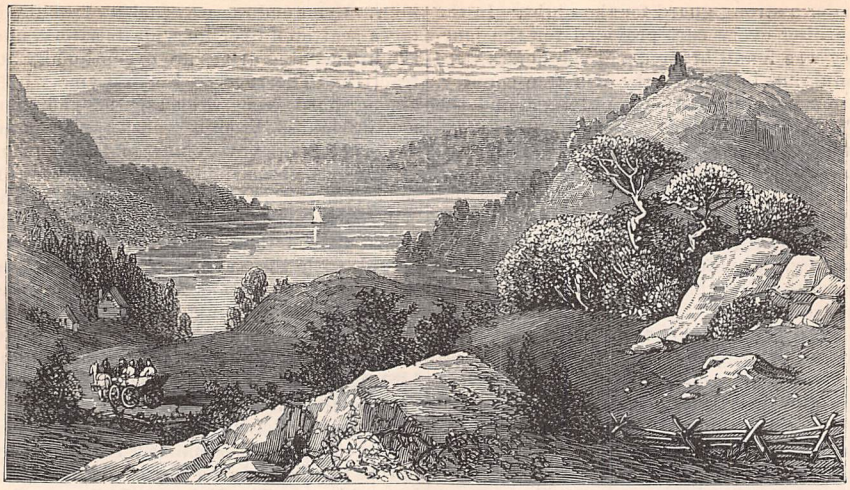
under a strong guard for the night. In the morning every cart provided for the journey was found broken, and the horses were indulging in the liberty of a free country. Other conveyances were obtained, and the troubled sheriff was escorted out of Saybrook by a company of soldiers. But, alas! the bridges on the road to New Haven were all destroyed. After multiplied delays and vexations the end of the route was reached, when, lo! three hundred of the books were missing, also valuable papers. It was whispered that they had been spirited away and buried.

Saybrook is larger than Lyme, and more given to business. Its streets are broad and beautiful, and well lined with the venerated trees which the first settlers planted. Its homes are mostly surrounded with spacious gardens and grounds. It has a newness hardly in keeping with its length of years, but many houses are standing, nevertheless, which have tasted the salt air for three and four half-centuries, and are full of historic charms and associations. Prominent among them is the Hart mansion. It was built by Captain Elisha Hart, the son of the old minister of Saybrook, and brother of Major-General William Hart, one of the original purchasers of the three and one-half million acres of land in Ohio known as the "Western Reserve." Captain Hart married the daughter of John M'Curdy, of Lyme, and they were the parents of seven of the most beautiful women on this side of the Atlantic. Two of these daughters were courted and wed under this roof by the distinguished naval officers, Commodore Isaac and Commodore Joseph Hull. It was the residence of Commodore Isaac Hull and his family for many years. A third daughter married Hon. Heman Allen, United States minister to South America. A fourth married the celebrated Rev. Dr. Jarvis. The house teems with incident, and many a thrilling romance might be gathered from its silent halls. Saybrook has five miles or more of sea-beach, presided over by Fenwick Hall, a great elegant summer hotel, which draws annually hundreds of visitors.

Lyme and Saybrook are about ten minutes by railroad apart; by carriage and the picturesque old Connecticut River ferry-boat, with its white sail, perhaps an hour. Lyme embraces a number of small villages scattered over its wide territory, and the intervening drives are exceptionally attractive. The road to North Lyme winds among sharp steeps, wild crags, around glimmering lakes, through weird ravines and darksome gorges, every now and then emerging into the broad sunlight upon the top of some remarkable elevation, where magnificent views may be obtained, stretching for miles up the Connecticut and across the Sound, with the valleys of soft green, the pretty curving creeks reflecting the blue sky, and Lyme half hidden among the leaves below. The variety in the landscape would drive an artist to distraction. It is a singular mixture of the wild and the tame, of the austere and the cheerful.

A beautiful lake some two miles long lies among these hills, seemingly thrown in by nature hap-hazard as a sort of plaything for her subjects. The Mohegan Indians had a settlement upon its shore in the olden times, and their bark canoes skimmed its polished surface in all weathers. It abounds in legends. When piracy was at its zenith, several noted brigands were in hiding for some time in a cave near "Lion's Rock," and it was afterward currently reported that Captain Kidd had buried a box of treasures under the same overhanging bowlder. Two negro slaves stole away one dark night to dig for it, armed with a Bible, which they had been told it was necessary to read aloud whenever the devil should make his appearance to

THE HART MANSION.



ROGER'S LAKE.

protect the property. They were followed to their ghostly task by some waggish young men, who hid near by to watch operations. For a time there was no sound save the steady stroke of the pick-axe into the earth. All at once there was a clink as if it had hit some hard substance.

"Quick, Sambo, read de Bible; I hear de debel down dar," cried Pete.

Sambo scrambled for the book and turned over the leaves.

"*Read*, Sambo, *read;* de debel am gettin' hold ob de lid ob de box."

"I can't find de place, de debel he shake me so," said Sambo, dropping the Bible and running, followed by Pete, neither looking behind them nor pausing until they had accomplished the whole five miles to the town.

Upon the heights near this lake is the residence of the celebrated Rev. Dr. E. F. Burr, author of *Pater Mundi*, *Ecce Cœlum*, and other works, who is the pastor of the church in North Lyme. To the west a short distance, near the old homestead of the Elys, and on one of the highest points in the region, is the elegant country-seat of Mr. Z. S. Ely, of New York. This romantic corner of Lyme was the ancient home of the Seldens and Sterlings, one branch of the Lords, and other notable families. It was here that John Pierrepont, the poet, wooed and won his pretty Lord bride; and it was also here that Henry Howard Brownell's last poem was written.

Lyme, notwithstanding its uneven surface, has very little waste land. Agriculture and the raising of horses, mules, and horned cattle have been a great source of wealth to the inhabitants, particularly in former years. The shad-fisheries in the Connecticut have also yielded large profits; and shell and other fish have been taken plentifully from the Sound. The town has a thrifty, well-cared-for appearance even to its remotest borders, and a quiet, unconscious aspect, as if the stormy world had rained only peace and contentment upon its legendary soil and historic homes. It is one of the loveliest nooks on the New England coast; and if its distinguished sons and daughters could all be gathered home, the world might well pause to exclaim, in figurative language, "However small a tree in the great orchard, Lyme is a matchless producer of fruit."

QUATRAINS.

SPENDTHRIFT.

THE fault's not mine, you understand:
God shaped my palm so I can hold
But little water in my hand,
And not much gold.

FAME.

Such kings of shreds have wooed and won her
Such crafty knaves her laurel owned,
It has become almost an honor
Not to be crowned.

EPICS AND LYRICS.

It sometimes chances that the stanchest boat
Goes down in seas whereon a leaf might float.
What ponderous epics have been wrecked by Time
Since Herrick launched his cockle-shells of rhyme!

A CHILD'S GRAVE.

A little mound with chipped head-stone,
The grass—ah me!—uncut about the sward,
Summer by summer left alone,
With one white lily keeping watch and ward.

TO ANY POET.

Out of the thousand verses you have writ,
If Time spare none, you will not care at all;
If Time spare one, you will not know of it:
Nor shame nor fame can scale a church-yard wall.

T. B. ALDRICH.

CONFESSIONS OF A CANDIDATE.

By PORTE CRAYON.

THE HEATHEN.

Menenius. He loves your people;
But tie him not to be their bedfellow.
Coriolanus. I do owe them still
My life and services.
Menenius. It then remains
That you do speak to the people.
Coriolanus. I do beseech you
Let me o'erleap that custom; for I can not
Put on the gown, stand naked, and entreat them,
For my wounds' sake, to give their suffrages: please you
That I may pass this doing. —SHAKSPEARE.

IT was once commonly believed that kings, ministers, statesmen, heroes, philosophers, and great folks generally exercised a controlling influence in moulding the character of centuries and directing the destinies of nations, while stars, planets, comets, aurora borealis, eclipses, and other highnesses (more or less serene) participated in their honors and responsibilities.

Lord Bacon embalms the popular faith in one of his terse aphorisms: "Princes are like unto heavenly bodies, which cause good or evil times, and have much veneration, but no rest."

Modern biographers and interviewers leave our princes neither rest nor veneration; and it requires the least smattering of science to perceive that nowadays the heavenly bodies have no hand in the management of our public affairs.

Princes and planets being thus dethroned and discredited, our political philosophers have turned in an opposite direction, and now maintain that the people themselves are the true sources of power, while wisdom and counsel are only to be found in the voice of the multitude.

And in compliment to the grangers, who are rapidly becoming a power in the land, we will proceed further to illustrate our faith by likening a free people to a mighty tree, deep-rooted, wide-branching, cloud-touching, with foliage of perennial greenbacks and fruits for the healing of the na-

tions, especially the effete monarchies of Europe and the barbarous hordes which infest this and other continents. As for officials, those pretentious governmental agencies to whom so much power and influence were formerly attributed, what are they in our eyes but so many troublesome vermin, taking the color, taste, and odor of the plant which engenders them; squirming borers secretly sucking the sap that flows up from the vigorous roots; greedy caterpillars pitching their subtle tents where the green-backed leaves grow thickest; strident ephemera that by luck or impudence have succeeded in crawling to the topmost boughs, thence to be picked off and gobbled by some investigating tomtit, or whirled by the next popular breeze into contemptuous oblivion?

Glistening in the many-colored light of a free press, and quivering with the winds of free discussion, the character and product of our national plant, as it shows above-ground, would seem to be sufficiently well understood; but the wise cultivator knows the tree of liberty is not an air plant, and in seeking assurance of its continued health, growth, and fruitfulness, he must consider the wide-spreading, hard-working system of roots—that humble brotherhood which with obscure and unceasing labor draws life and vigor from the bounteous earth to sustain the whole; and it is precisely because we happen to be located in the midst of one of these distant and obscure bunches of rootlets, and have had occasion to observe how the political sap which sustains our free institutions is elaborated, that we feel justified in enlightening the public with our personal experiences.

Shrinking from the competition, and underrating the prizes offered in the great world, I concluded some ten years ago to set up my tabernacle in Hardscrabble, a remote village in the mountains of my native State. Here, with pure air, quiet rural surroundings, and the absence of any high and exacting standard of living, I was enabled to realize the truth of Pope's philosophic couplet,

> "Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
> Lie in three words—health, peace, and competence."

I had little society out of my own family, but with books and a garden one need never suffer with *ennui*. Then, through my two weekly newspapers, one foreign, the other domestic, I managed to keep up a rather calm and philosophic interest in the current politics of Washington, London, Paris, Berlin, Madrid, Hardscrabble, and all the other great centres of intrigue and roguery.

When our hill-folks wish to indicate a cool and comprehensive judgment, they say, "Hit looks jess that way to a man up a tree," the point of which homely figure is keenly apparent to one who, from a secluded and healthy altitude of a thousand feet or more above the ocean tides, is enabled through his weekly telescopic journal to contemplate the folly and confusion of the great world beneath, calmly wondering how it has happened that all the knaves, blockheads, and bunglers together should have been selected to run the machinery, when there is so much intelligence and honesty going to waste among the unemployed spectators; so many statesmen out of place who carry on the tip of their tongues the simple word which, like a cabalistic charm, would silence all this stupid wrangling, but they can't get a hearing; good Samaritans who are ready with their flask of olive-oil to mollify the vinegar, pepper, and mustard of this pungent salad, but the people don't seem to like oil in their messes; so much untried integrity, which, like Hazael of old, exclaims, "Is thy servant a dog that he should do this thing?" but is never intrusted with the opportunity.

Indeed, the current of my own unambitious life was sometimes so disturbed by the blundering and patent ignorance of our rulers that, while all ideas of place or political preferment had been definitely ruled out of my plans, I felt constrained by a sense of duty to embody my views on the questions involved, and send them to a newspaper for publication.

Now your country editor, generally very limited in all kinds of resources, is the most cheerful recipient of gratuitous contributions, any thing from a big turnip to a two-column article being gratefully acknowledged. My communications were always introduced with a flourish of compliments; surprise that such abilities should so persistently keep out of the public service; intimations that my fellow-citizens would not long permit this seclusion; just the sort of man needed in our Legislature at this crisis, etc. Occasionally in the hunting or fishing season I had a city friend to spend a week with me, and, as may be supposed, profited by the opportunity to ventilate my thoughts and readings.

A hospitable host's opinions are swallowed with his wine, and my guest politely wondered I didn't assert these valuable and statesman-like views in Congress. Then, during the long, dull winter months, when intellectual humors have accumulated uncomfortably, I have often been constrained to seize upon the first countryman that happened to call with marketing. I invite him to a seat by the fire, and he replies with the grangers' formula of "Hard times and high taxes."

To hasten the thawing process I offer him a glass of sherry, and at once proceed to explain the causes and remedy for the prevailing griefs. As the unaccustomed beverage warms up his Bœotian faculties, he turns

upon me open-mouthed, and swallows my speech pretty much as a conjurer swallows a sword (which gastronomic feat don't nourish either of them much), and at the first pause knocks the remaining breath out of my body with an enthusiastic thump, exclaiming, "Why, squire, we ort to send you to the Legislater, so we ort."

These suggestions, continually repeated by neighbors and acquaintances who came to solicit my advice and assistance in matters of business—small pecuniary advances, my indorsement on a note, or the loan of my wheelbarrow—made no impression on my unalterable resolution; but there seemed to be no reason why I should distrust or resent expressions of esteem and confidence volunteered from so many different sources. I am sure Julius Cæsar didn't kick the man who thrice offered him a kingly crown, which perhaps he should have done. Nevertheless I must confess that after each and every mention of the subject I found my interest in the garden declining, and my readings involuntarily directed more and more to newspapers and political books. I began to entertain the idea of subscribing for one or two of the leading party journals, and was surprised and mortified to find myself mentally reopening a discussion which I flattered myself had been definitely closed ten years before: "In this land of popular government can any citizen, and especially one of marked ability, be justified in turning his back on public affairs and hiding his light under a cabbage?" After all, do not we men of culture, we—ah! (well, I may whisper it confidentially)—we gentlemen, err, through false pride, self-indulgent indolence, despicable timidity, feeble fastidiousness, in thus shirking the duties and responsibilities of good citizenship, and deserting the people who have need of us? Or if occasionally tempted into the arena, do we not, like Coriolanus, put on haughty and impracticable airs, and because we happen to be misunderstood and rejected, stand pouting in corners for the rest of our lives, like the burly Roman, sour enough to attempt something worse if we were not too lazy?"

How can the country get along at all if the "wisdom that cometh to the learned man by opportunity of leisure" persistently refuses to participate in its councils?

Pursuing these reflections, my mind insensibly wandered into a maze of changing and exaggerated vagaries, which at length began to assume shape and meaning. I

CINCINNATUS.

found myself moving with an immense civic and military procession toward a mighty dome towering above the classic colonnades and stately groves beneath like an architectural aspiration—an edifice familiar to those who deal in railroad subsidies and two-dollar greenbacks. My modest personality was swelled with the proud consciousness of being the cynosure of all eyes, my soul elevated with the retrospect of a long career of public labors, successes, and honors. As I took position between the pillars of the eastern portico and looked down upon the vast multitude that blackened the area in front, I felt the supreme moment had arrived. The banners waved, cannons roared, and trumpets brayed—so did the crowd.

"Fellow-citizens!" said I.

"Excuse me, Sir," said the servant-girl, thrusting her head in at the door. "There's three men in the hall wishes to see you."

Confused at having been caught napping, and irritated at the impertinent folly of my irresponsible visions, I hastened to meet the strangers at the door.

"Hello, here's the man we're looking for!" exclaimed a gruff voice, and a hand was laid with rude familiarity upon my shoulder, from which I recoiled with visible disgust; for I recognized Bully M'Cue, who kept a billiard table and gambling-room at the other end of the village—a notorious character, whom heretofore I had always civilly avoided.

The hallucinations of my dream were still hanging about my brain, like the mists on a mountain after a storm, so I spoke with freezing dignity: "Excuse me, gentlemen, but to what do I owe the honor of this visit?"

Having expended all he knew of manners and diplomacy in that bearish salutation,

BULLY M'CUE.

Bully seemed abashed, squirted a stream of tobacco juice on the carpet, and yielded precedence to his colleagues, with both of whom I had been previously acquainted—Mr. Weakly, the village editor, and Squire Stubble, one of our rural magnates, who had once represented the county in the Legislature.

"Don't care to set down; we've come to talk business," said Stubble, in a voice whose harshness was modified by a jolly wink.

There was evidently something unusual on hand, so I graciously led the visitors into my study, closed the door, and invited further explanations.

"Hit's no use foolin' round," continued the squire. "There's a korkus now a-settin' down at Guzzleby's saloon, and we're 'p'inted a committee to know if you'll run."

"Run for what?" I inquired, with some bewilderment of manner.

"Why, the Legislater, of course. Don't think we'd run a gentleman like you for constable, do you?" And the facetious farmer chuckled at the humorous conceit.

Silencing his colleague with a gesture, the editor took the floor himself.

"Gentlemen, we all know that men like our friend here don't seek public office under any circumstances, and don't consider either the emolument or distinction in consenting to accept it; but there are times in the history of a free people when its patriotism and ability are bound to come to the front. There is corruption and mismanagement in high and low places, taxes are increasing from year to year, reform is called for, and the party is going down. The great question now is, will Colonel Candid consent to run on the people's ticket for the next Legislature? Hardscrabble awaits your answer in breathless suspense."

"Really, gentlemen, your proposition is so sudden and unexpected that I am not prepared to give a definite response just now. I must consider."

"That 'll do," quoth Stubble, bluntly. "From a candidate, 'consider' signifies 'consent.' You're our man."

"A hundred to ten on the people's candidate!" blurted Bully M'Cue, recovering his voice and slapping his thigh simultaneously.

Somewhat irritated at the squire's acute bluntness, I reiterated my demand for time to consider.

"We'll 'lect you whether you will or not," persisted Stubble. "You've been a-laying fallow too long, anyhow."

"The game's dead sure," said M'Cue. "Sich a hand as he holds will play itself."

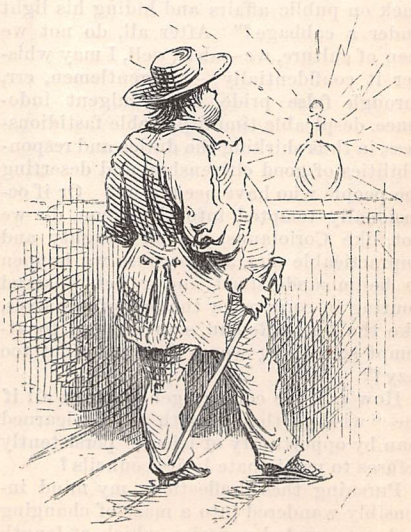
The editor meanwhile had been scribbling something on a bit of paper, and, craving silence, proceeded to read what he had written:

"'At the solicitation of numerous friends of all parties, Colonel Candid has consented to be a candidate for the House of Delegates. The people's party and all others in favor of reform and opposed to corruption will rally to the support of their able and distinguished leader.'"

Squire Stubble winked in complaisant approval. "Jist the way I was 'nounced when I went to the Legislater."

"Gentlemen," said I, with an asperity of manner which, I fear, was feigned, "you are pressing this matter too hastily. Moreover, I am not a colonel."

"No matter," replied the editor, blandly. "We'll make it squire or major, judge or



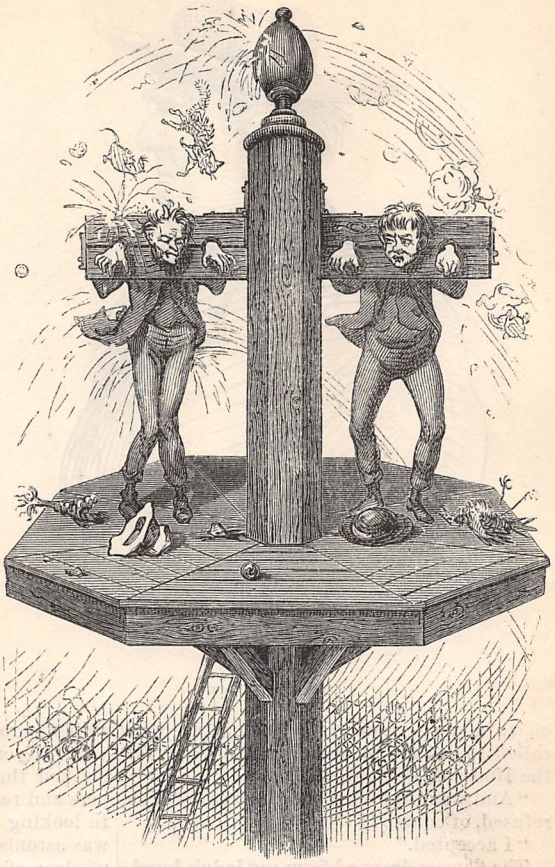
GUZZLEBY'S.

general, as you may select. The expense of printing will be about the same."

"But I never held an office in my life, civil or military."

Nevertheless in this country the candidate must have a title, a convenient handle to his name that the people can take hold of easily — something mouthy and sonorous to serve as a party watch-word. If our wise founders failed to make adequate provision in the Constitution for this necessity, popular instinct supplies the deficiency—often bestowed inappropriately and at hap-hazard; but the popular favorite must have a title.

Silenced on this side issue, it appeared rather awkward to resume the discussion of the main point, so my friends returned to the doggery to report the result of their mission, leaving me alone in a turmoil of perplexity. Was it through weakness or patriotism that I had permitted myself to be announced as a candidate? What a singular coincidence that these people should have called just at that moment! Yet history affords us many examples of great careers that have been opened and foreshadowed, as it were, by incidents as silly and unmeaning.



CANDIDATES FOR PUBLIC FAVORS.

Yes, I was a candidate. The announcement flared on the walls and ceiling like a prismatic circus bill. I could see it in every store, tavern, and saloon, on every big tree, plank fence, and barn door in the county. It would be copied in all the city papers under the head of "Important Political Items." I felt hot and red to the roots of my hair even while I stood there alone. But this was not the worst; for presently I heard a light rustling footstep in the hall, and a delicate hand laid upon my door-knob.

My wife is a true woman; the most absolute femininity prevails in all her instincts, habits, tastes, and acquirements. She loves her children, her home, her flowers, her music. She loves to queen it in her modest domain, tyrannizing over dirt and disorder, and surrounding herself with all the comforts, graces, and elegances that our limited means will justify. She loves her husband, who, like a faithful guardian, has hitherto held the gate closed against the most dreaded enemies of her state—vulgarity, publicity, and politics.

Wife entered the room radiant with smiles, carrying a bouquet culled to adorn my writing-table—her daily care during the season of flowers.

"Look," said she; "isn't it lovely? and so fragrant!"

Suddenly she stopped; a shadow fell upon her face; her apprehensive nostril curled in scornful impatience.

"Pah!" she exclaimed; "I smell something like tobacco and whisky. What made these horrid stains upon the carpet? Whose dirty boots have been wiped upon the lounge? Husband, what visitors have you had to-day?"

I have always maintained a good reputation for courage, but at that moment I wished there was a trap-door in the floor. It was solid, however; and, stiffening up, I calmly named over the committee, dwelling long on the last conjunction, and stammering a little ere I delivered myself of "Bully" M'Cue.

"And what business could that vulgar wretch have with you?" she inquired, in a manner betokening alarm and disgust.

"Nothing personal. He was only tacked

AN ARISTOCRAT.

on to a very respectable committee, who called to ask me to become a candidate for the House of Delegates."

"And was that all?" she laughed. "You refused, of course?"

"I accepted."

The flowers dropped from my lady's hand, and she turned red and pale alternately.

"Husband," she said, in an imploring tone, "haven't I heard you say you would rather stand in the pillory than be a candidate for popular favors?"

"Perhaps I have said so, but circumstances alter cases, and when duty calls, we must not shrink from any thing. Good men have braved even the pillory for conscience' sake. You remember that grand, delightful old De Foe, how the bigots pilloried him for his wit, and how his admirers and friends made it an ovation of flowers?"

"Yes," replied she, bitterly; "but our modern democracy don't pelt their rulers with rose-buds, as you will find."

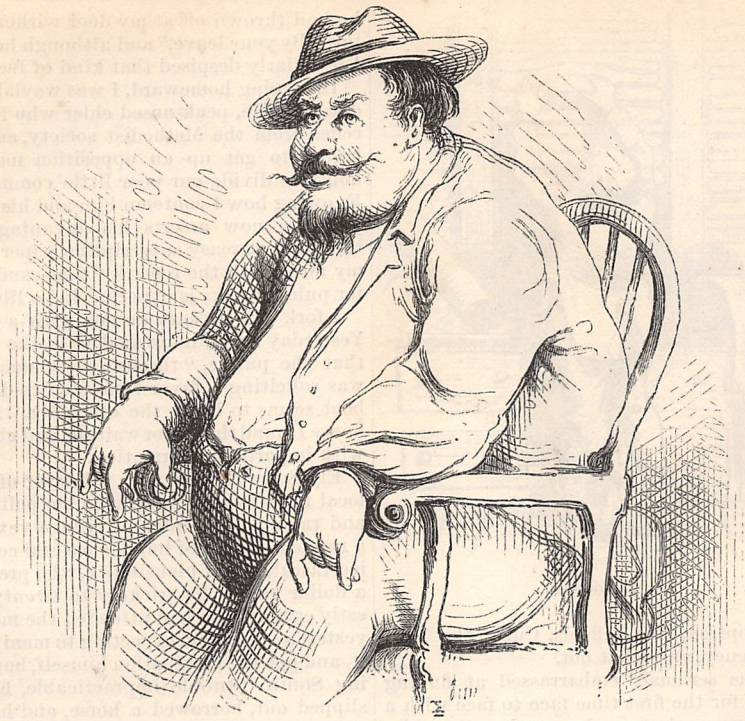
Then madam seized a hearth broom, and with a certain vindictive energy swept up the dirt and tobacco, with the crushed flowers, into the fire-place, and then departed.

After a while she returned, with red eyes, but a firm and cheerful countenance, and asked if I was irrevocably committed to those people. I told her I feared I was. Then she kissed me, said I must do what I thought was my duty, and she would say nothing more to discourage or embarrass me.

Wife left me so impressed with her sublime resignation that I took up my pen to write to the editor a conclusive refusal, but reflecting that his paper didn't appear for three days, there seemed to be no occasion for hasty action, and I postponed it, and began searching for some political reading to prepare me for coming events. All the books of the kind in my active library had been pretty well conned, but on rummaging in an obscure closet I excavated De Tocqueville's *Democracy*, some odd volumes of the *Federalist*, mouse-eaten files of the *National Intelligencer*, with a considerable mess of diplomatic correspondence, Patent-office reports, and census returns. There were also some pamphlet speeches of Adams, Clay, and Calhoun, with some packages of *De Bow's Review*, all of which had come to me by inheritance, as also the opinion that American statesmanship was rapidly and visibly declining from year to year. To retrieve it, what better method than to leave off reading newspapers and return to the study of the fathers? In looking over these volumes and papers I was astonished to perceive how much of the wisdom of past generations is turned into folly by the events of the present, and, at the same time, how little the folly of to-day profits by the wisdom of yesterday. "Verily a living dog is better than a dead lion"—a saying which rose to my lips as Squire Stubble entered to inform me that the "korkus" had concluded its guzzling, and my nomination had been already placarded.

In repealing the laws of entail and primogeniture the sage of Monticello believed we had effectually "eradicated every fibre of ancient and future aristocracy." But we can not eradicate human nature by legislative enactments. After the lapse of a century we see the same disease which once appeared swelling in well-defined boils and carbuncles now diffused like a prurient rash, covering the body social from crown to heel.

Squire Stubble is an aristocrat of the ancient carbuncle type, and his career justly entitles him to all the regards accorded to the proudest of our Anglo-Norman ancestry. In his youth bold, illiterate, and unscrupulous as a feudal baron, he entered this county a penniless adventurer, and squatted on a territorial domain, which, by dint of club



GROCERY.

and the common law (up here), he has successfully defended against all comers. By a chivalric *coup de main* he won a fair and willing bride from an ugly rival and unwilling parents, and with sturdy perseverance has wrung independence from the more crabbed and unwilling soil of his squatter sovereignty. After the establishment of property and family came dignity and honor. Stubble was made a magistrate, and the champion of fist and thumb-nail became the bulwark of the law. Hence his grammarless good sense lifted him to a seat in the State Legislature. At Richmond our hero found a world he didn't understand, and that understood him as little. His first care was to establish himself in quarters at once luxurious and economical. Fried liver for breakfast, and your boots blacked every morning whether you would or not, all for three dollars a week. Barring an occasional treat at the Governor's, he didn't circulate much socially, and in the Capitol never opened his mouth except to admit pea-nuts or vote. A representative from the adjoining county, with less brains and more tongue, did all the talking for him, and in return for the service commanded his steadfast and unquestioning support.

Having seen the elephant, Stubble was satisfied, and could never be induced to try it again. "He had feasted on fried liver, had his boots blacked, drunk whisky with the Guv'ner, and sot in the Legislater." The *ne plus ultra* of rural ambition attained, what more had the world to offer him? Surely nothing better than leisure and opportunity to enjoy the consideration due to his extensive experiences and important public services. Thereafter he became a recognized power in county politics, and the influential patron of candidates for office, turning his back on the rough heads, and favoring such as knew Latin and had pretensions to gentility. Stubble graciously offered to ride the county with me, and I was only too glad to have the benefit of his advice and countenance.

When I walked down street next day the perception of my new relations with the public surprised me like the shock of a gelid bath. Instead of the cold and somewhat shy deference habitually accorded to independent position and reserved manners, I was every where accosted with an easy and aggressive familiarity. My right hand was crushed with the cordiality of fellows whose names were unknown to me, and my ribs ached with the friendly pokes of people whose former acquaintance had never transcended a distant nod. Tom introduced me to his neighbor Dick, and Dick presented his friend Harry, and Harry called up my fellow-citizens Ragtag and Bobtail, and every body wanted to know my opinions on all imaginable subjects—grangers, railroads,

DRY-GOODS.

local option, free schools, Cuby, the next Presidency, and what not.

I was seriously embarrassed at finding myself for the first time face to face with a constituency, but was humanely relieved by Bully M'Cue, who stepped up and whispered in my ear, confidentially, "You can answer all them questions most satisfactory in one word—treat!"

"A friend in need is a friend indeed," and by authority my committee man led the constituency into the next grocery. Then I was followed by a bevy of little girls collecting for the Mite Society, who pertly demanded a dollar from the candidate. Reflecting that little girls have fathers who have votes, I called up a sweet blushing maiden who was modestly hanging back, and gave her the dollar, with a pat on the head and a compliment added. This was observed, and at the next corner I was boned by a maiden aunt of one of the little girls for a contribution to the heathen. Certainly. I profoundly pity the heathen, especially those whose lot is cast in our borders.

I escaped into a friendly store; but there the proprietor spread his stock of silks on the counter, insisting I should select a dress for madam to wear at the capital next winter. Only sixty-five dollars the pattern. I declined: hadn't the money. "Very proud to have your name on our books," said he, bundling up the dress and sending it off by a boy without my daring to object.

I was next obliged to buy a raw-boned, spavined, wind-broken horse to electioneer on, because a warm friend and voter insisted on it. A burly fellow claimed two dollars of me for a load of worm-eaten pine wood he had thrown off at my door without saying "By your leave," and although he knew I peculiarly despised that kind of fuel.

Hastening homeward, I was waylaid by a disagreeable, peak-nosed elder who had seceded from the Methodist society, and was trying to get up an opposition meeting-house to divide our poor little community. Knowing how I contemn him and his enterprise, he now asserts his advantage, and thrusts his greasy subscription paper under my nose, with the remark "that candidates for public favors is expected to be liberal."

I fork over twenty dollars with a groan. Yesterday I was impressed with the belief that the public, "through its committee," was soliciting a favor from me; to-day the boot seems to be on the other leg. At my house I found the editor waiting, and charged with important information.

Ely Squirms, Esq., was a lawyer of large local notoriety, an indefatigable politician, and talented fomenter of village vexation, a rare compound of impudence and cowardice, rascality and plausibility, who preferred a dollar gained by trickery to twenty honestly earned. He had attended the meeting yesterday morning, expecting to manipulate it, and get the nomination himself, but finding Squire Stubble impracticable, he had slipped out, borrowed a horse, and had already canvassed half the county, circulating all manner of injurious reports against the nominee, and proclaiming himself the people's independent candidate, opposed to corrupt court-house cliques and aristocrats. This was strong ground, and the situation alarming. Weakly wanted a scathing editorial for his next issue; the slippery schemer must be skinned, salted, peppered, and served up broiled to suit the public taste. There was certainly no lack of spicy ingredients for the dish, but I peremptorily declined assisting or countenancing the proposal, and even succeeded in engaging him to promise that he would publish nothing reflecting on the personal or private character of any individual during the canvass. As this was the only newspaper in the county, our simple-minded mountaineers thus missed the edification and enjoyment of a literature commonly current in those more enlightened and favored communities possessing two or more printing-offices. However, as it is essential the press should have its finger in every body's pie, we agreed to concoct a circular address, setting forth my views and opinions on all the main questions, whereof a thousand copies should be promptly printed and circulated as a counter-poison to the aforesaid slanders. This would cost something, but, as the editor cheerfully remarked, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good."

Squire Stubble was not tardy in the fulfillment of his promises, and next day ap-

peared in a slop-shop suit of shining broadcloth and a new hat, altogether a most original and striking picture of incongruities. Following suit as nearly as my wardrobe permitted, we mounted our nags, and took the field for my first electioneering campaign. He complimented my equipment. "Some folks," he continued, "thinks to please the people by goin' among 'em in their old clothes. That dodge may answer in some places, but not here. Our people thinks hit's disrespectful; they like to see a candidate dressed in his best. A feller runnin' for Congress come a-noratin' round this county with a hole in his breeches, and lost his 'lection by it."

RAMSHEAD.

Flattered by the approbation of my mentor on this point, I called his attention to my printed address. He handed the paper back, declaring he couldn't read without his specs. As I had observed he never carried glasses, I drew my own conclusions, and proceeded to read the paper to him.

"That's all wrong," quoth he, bluntly. "These printed dockyments do more harm than good. You're bound to stand up to your idees at all times and places, which is wery inconwenient in 'lectioneerin'. Hit's like goin' a-huntin' with nothin' but bird shot. Suppose you meet a deer or a bar, how are you goin' to change your load? More'n that, half the woters can't read, which Ely Squirms kin do for 'em, twistin' it any ways to suit his own interest. You'll see."

This curt explanation opened a vista into the new world I was entering which appalled me for the moment, and made me wish I was at home. "He accuses us of bein' gentlemen," continued Stubble (evidently tickled with the aspersion); "wherein he has the advantage of us, not bein' able to say 'You're another.' Well, Ely Squirms thinks he's smart, but I reckon, colonel, we'll skin him this time."

Anon we met a homespun cavalier, whose weather-beaten face was fringed with white crisped locks.

"Good-day, Ramshead. This is Squire Candid, our candidate for the Legislater. I reckon he'll suit you, as he's jist the man that suits me."

We shook hands, and Ramshead, winking at my companion, said I looked like a pretty smart feller. Might do on a pinch. But— Then he stopped short, shook his belluine head, and seemed as if about to follow the word with the act.

"On what subjects do we differ?" I inquired, modestly.

"Why, you're too favorin' to railroads to suit our section. Some few holds up for 'em, but—" And another ominous menace with his head.

"What is your objection to railroads? Don't they open up and improve the country?"

"They've ruined my farm entirely. Cut off my meadow from my barn, stampeded my cattle, and last year killed a sow worth at least fifteen dollars. But— Sold your wheat, squire?" nodding to Stubble.

"No," replied he; "I've had bad luck. Wagonin' fourteen miles over these roads is slow work. Wheat fell before I could get mine delivered, and now it won't pay for the haulin'."

Ramshead chuckled with satisfaction. "Hit's only half a mile from my barn to the dépôt, so I got mine in with the rise, and done first-rate. But—"

"On that account your land is worth ten dollars an acre more than ourn up our ways."

"Ten!" reiterated Ramshead — "you might say twenty and not be far wrong. But—"

"Then why do you oppose railroads?" I interrupted.

"Because they're cussed monopolies. They killed my sow, and won't pay any damages, and their high freights have ruined us all. But—"

"Good-day, Ramshead," said Stubble. "You'll butt our brains out if we stop here any longer. That feller," he continued, as we rode on—"that feller got damages for that road goin' through his meadow about double what his whole farm cost him; and his cussed sow throwed the train off the track, killed five or six people, and cost the company twenty thousand dollars: that's what he wants damages for."

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS.

We next stopped at a school-house, and the mistress, who wore a red head and green goggles, invited the candidate to dismount and address her pupils paraded on the green.

Stubble intimated that that was the thing to do; so I dismounted, and descanting in the approved style on the benefits of education, exhorted the boys and girls to industry and perseverance. They seemed pleased with the incident as an interruption to the monotony of their tasks, and one of the larger boys, who evidently appreciated social position more than he did learning, said, loud enough for me to hear: "Ef niggers was to be 'lowed in schools, he was a-gwine to quit."

Several miles further on we stopped at a cross-roads tavern for noonday refreshments for ourselves and horses.

The tidiness and culinary accomplishments of the widow Bunn had made her house famous, and the dinner we got fully justified its renown. The widow's cap and manners at the table showed she appreciated the honor of entertaining the candidate, and her conversation indicated a degree of culture in that art. She kept a temperance house, because, as a lone woman, it was prudent to do so, but she was not illiberal on the liquor question, nor were her opinions on railroads narrow-gauged. In religion she was of the Methodist persuasion — a popular form of expression indicating the clearest sense of religious liberty—and on the current questions of party politics she was absolutely noncommittal. It is nevertheless essential to our nature to have decided opinions on some subject, and toward the close of the meal our hostess rather pointedly asked my opinions on snuff.

I replied that I occasionally took a pinch for a cold in the head, and had heard it recommended for rose slugs and cabbage worms, but my experience in that direction had not been favorable.

She smiled at the simplicity of my remark, and proceeded to explain herself. Some did nothing but hurrah for Republicans or Democrats; some quarreled and fit about religion; others went crazy and howled round against liquor, which she acknowledged was liable to abuse, and sometimes made the men fractious and impudent. But the great social evil in that region was snuff-dipping, and if she had a husband, he shouldn't vote for any candidate that wasn't pledged agin snuff.

I conscientiously agreed with the widow,

SOCIAL DIGNITY V. SCHOLARSHIP.

and promised, if elected, to introduce a bill into the next Legislature making snuff-dipping a penal offense.

After dinner I found ten or a dozen voters waiting outside to be introduced. The senior of the company, Captain Spavin, stepped forward, and, in a somewhat formal manner, as if he had conned the question beforehand, desired to know my views on the next Presidency. Pleased with the opportunity of discussing so elevated a theme, I responded in terms as dignified and oracular as the subject demanded.

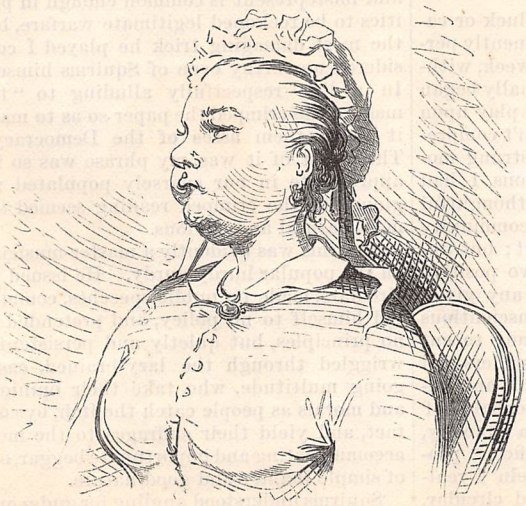
CAPTAIN SPAVIN.

The captain then, half aside, informed me that he had served with distinction as a militia-man in some of our wars—whether in the old Revolution, 1812, or in Mexico, I don't clearly remember, and am not sure that he knew himself; but his inquiry respecting the coming Presidential contest was prompted by the desire to be instructed how the result might affect his chances for a pension. He was gittin old, now past hard work, and thought something ought to be done for him. I agreed with him cordially, and advised him to stick close to the winning side.

At this point Job Barker rather impertinently interrupted us by asking whether or not I favored the bounty on fox scalps—the laws offering bounties for the destruction of noxious animals having been repealed last winter, doubtless in response to the general complaints of high taxes and official extravagance: a remedy smelling more of politicians' economy than true political economy.

"Hit stinks of meanness," quoth Job, bitterly, "and sets mighty hard on us poor Ridgers all through here." Then Job threw himself into an oratorical attitude, and the company stood back in grinning expectancy.

"Why, you see, colonel, hit not only robs us of the few dollars we used to earn by the hardest killin' of a fox or a stray wolf at odd times, but hit even threatens to deprive our people of the consolations of religion. For, you see, we bein' uncommon poor and ignorant folks, none of your High-Churchmen, like your Peskypalins and your Prisbyteryens, don't take no account of us whatsomever, and the misfortin of havin' no water on the Ridge, 'ceptin' a spring or two and a little trout run, prewents the Baptists from locatin' among us, and we had no chance only for the Methodis' circuit riders, who was always on hand when there was a funeral or a weddin' or a big meetin' needed to stir up the people. But see how things is goin' to work now. This bounty took off, and the varmints is goin' to increase on us until we won't be able to raise a pig or a chicken on the Ridge. Now even your Methodis' circuit rider is bound to desert a country whar there's no pigs nor poultry; and we shall be left to perish, body and soul."



THE WIDOW BUNN.

The speaker closed, and looked round with an expression of profound despair, which was received with shouts of laughter.

I took leave, promising to look after the fox-scalp bill, and save the Ridgers from the menaced destitution.

JOB BARKER.

That night my companion got stupidly drunk, and we were turned together into a chamber with one bed. Sleep is reputed to be sweet generally, and sometimes essential, but if this is the only highway to civic honors, I'd rather

"Wade through slaughter to a throne."

I was never wanting either in pluck or capacity for adaptation, and consequently persisted in this sort of thing for a week, without striking a higher note, and finally began to suspect I had undertaken to play upon an instrument whose stops I didn't comprehend. Starting out with high-strung motives and enthusiastic convictions, I had flattered myself that at least the thoughtful and conscientious portion of the community would have rallied to my support; but unfortunately it is rare to find two positive thinkers who can agree upon any given point, and your thoroughly conscientious folks are always those most ready to cut throats for opinion's sake. The spiders and wasps of society form an unreliable and impracticable constituency, and, incapable of combination, must be always in a minority, which, after all, may be a beneficent provision of Providence. And herein I realized the impolicy of my printed circular, which, filled with sincere and sharp-edged convictions, instead of winning me respect and support, had provoked the open or secret opposition of the whole venomous and conceited tribe, besides furnishing my opponent opportunity to foment misunderstanding and prejudice against me among the ignorant and unlettered. To garble and misrepresent is common enough in politics to be reckoned legitimate warfare, but the most damaging trick he played I considered unworthy even of Squirms himself. In a line respectfully alluding to "the masses," he crimped the paper so as to make it read "them asses of the Democracy." The worst of it was, my phrase was so inappropriate in our sparsely populated region that the crimped reading seemed the most natural and obvious.

Squirms was evidently a master-musician on the popular hurdy-gurdy. He issued no circulars, made no public speeches, committed himself to no policy, and pretended to no principles, but quietly and persistently wriggled through the lazy-brained, easy-going multitude, who take their opinions and morals as people catch the itch, by contact, and yield their suffrages to the most accommodating and importunate beggar, out of simple inanity and good nature.

Squirms understood angling for gudgeons, and did a sharp retail business in human

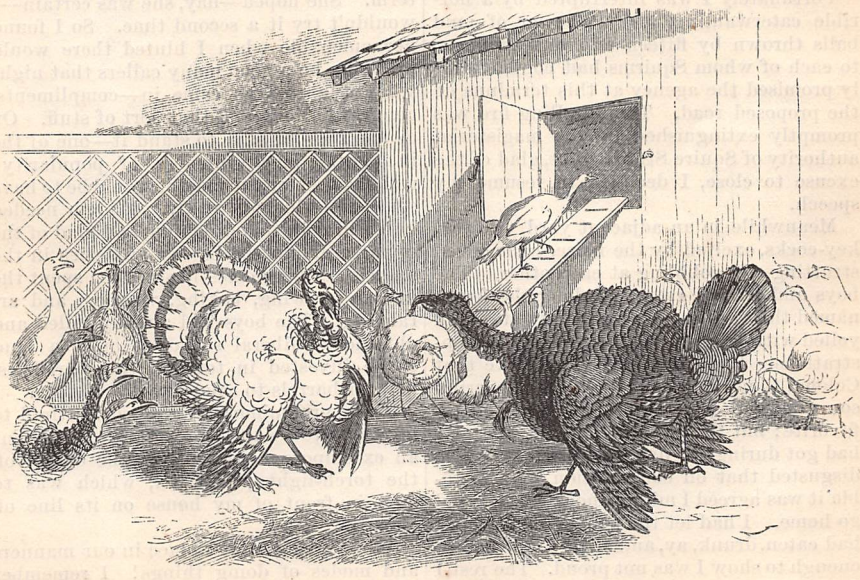
nature. He made his game sure by praising people for what they didn't possess, and promising every one exactly the thing he wanted. The needy and greedy he baited with glimpses of private entries to the public treasury. The ambitious booby was dazzled with a possible captaincy in the militia or a vacant squireship. To the spooney bachelor he discoursed suggestively of buxom maids and wealthy widows. The sullen hater was cheered with the hope of a triumph over his enemy. The chronic schemer was taken into his confidence, and believed himself in league with the candidate to cheat the devil and the rest of the county.

Irritated with this bush-whacking warfare, we made a rapid descent on Funksville, caught our opponent *in flagrante delicto*, and in face of a crowd of his admirers challenged him to judicial combat on the stump. Public opinion did not permit a refusal, so we mounted the tavern porch forthwith, and went at it. Because a 'coon always runs when he can, is no proof he can't fight when cornered. This I ascertained to my cost.

Squirms opened on the "high-larnt," college-bred, aristocratic dignity of his honorable antagonist with damaging effect. Then by contrast he pictured his own ignorance, humility, and meanness so graphically that a mouse might have pitied him. Then, as if suddenly changing his penny whistle for a brass horn, he sounded the praises of the people, their virtue, intelligence, honesty, wit, and valor, until the mountains rang again.

Remembering the ancient adage, *Haud merita laus opprobrium est*, I expected his hearers to become disgusted, and commence throwing mud to stop him. On the contrary, they were charmed, and applauded vociferously. Following the noise, in low tones, husky with emotion, he told his love for the people, its depth and disinterestedness, the sacrifices he had made and was still willing to make for their welfare; then, swelling, snorting, and shouting, he proclaimed his eternal enmity to high taxes, corruptions, and oppressions of court-house cliques and rings. (The audience began to look savage.) Again suddenly changing tone and manner, he got off some ribald stories, expressive of nothing but coarseness, but which were received with extravagant bursts of laughter. In conclusion he commented humorously on my opposition to the great Funksville and Hardscrabble Railroad, and with an irritating allusion to my circular, yielded the floor.

When I rose I was excited and angry (just where he wanted me), and every whack of my oratorical hoe cut up some cherished popular weed or struck fire from some flinty prejudice. I proceeded to prove by the irresistible logic of arithmetic that the proposed road was absurd and impracticable, that its construction would crush the county with taxes, and its revenues wouldn't furnish fuel for a locomotive. I wondered how it happened that in sections where there were no railroads the people were ready to impoverish the State to have them made, and where they had them already in prosperous operation the people were complaining, cursing, suing, and bedeviling them in every possible way. I didn't say it, but I came nigh to proving that they were behaving like a set of fools.



THE RIVALS.

COMMITTEE ON TAR BARRELS.

Fortunately I was interrupted by a horrible caterwauling, and a shower of mud balls thrown by fifteen or twenty fellows, to each of whom Squirms had confidentially promised the agency at this terminus of the proposed road. This kindling fire was promptly extinguished by the magisterial authority of Squire Stubble, but, glad of the excuse to close, I declined to resume my speech.

Meanwhile, in an adjacent yard, two turkey-cocks, excited by the noise, commenced strutting and gobbling at each other. The boys and loafers gathered along the fence, named them after the rival candidates, and yelled with laughter at their absurd demonstrations. I was flattered to perceive that Colonel Candid, a superb white with crimson gills and jetty beard, was the general favorite; but this was the only advantage I had got during the day. Seriously, I was so disgusted that on consultation with Stubble it was agreed I might knock off here and go home. I had let the people see my face, had eaten, drunk, ay, and slept with them—enough to show I was not proud. The rest I could safely intrust to my able lieutenants and partisans—the squire, the editor, and the gambler.

Election day at length arrived. The campaign had been arduous and costly to me in more ways than I cared to acknowledge, but in the crisis of suspense we do not indulge in retrospection. My backers were confident and boastful, ready to take bets on named precincts, and offering large odds on the general result.

No true wife can long withhold her sympathy in a contest where her husband is personally engaged and deeply interested. Mrs. Candid wished I had not been induced to offer; with a respectable opponent, she would not have regretted my defeat; but she could not endure the triumph of such a scurvy, abusive fellow as Squirms. Rather than have our county disgraced, I might serve in the Legislature one term. She hoped—nay, she was certain—I wouldn't try it a second time. So I found her amenable when I hinted there would probably be a good many callers that night when the returns came in—compliments, congratulations, and that sort of stuff. Of course I would have to stand it—one of the incidental inconveniences of popularity; and the best way to meet it would be to have some refreshments ready. Madam needed but a hint in this direction, and glad of the opportunity to soothe her anxieties in the exercise of her domestic skill, she spent the day in brewing, baking, wasting, and arranging. The boys had already called and obtained a liberal subscription to a fund to be invested in torches, transparencies, and tar barrels to celebrate the victory.

These preliminaries arranged, I retired to my study to await the event, and write out an extemporaneous reply to the cheers of the torch-light procession, which was to stop in front of my house on its line of march.

What changes take place in our manners and modes of doing things! I remember the good old times of *viva voce* voting, when

every election day recalled the traditions of Donnybrook Fair—a saturnalia of whisky, noise, and rough-and-tumble fighting. Then the opposing candidates sat side by side in open court, facing the wide-mouthed voter, and jealously overlooking the recording clerks, with the alternating chorus of "Thank you, Mr. Hubbs," and "Thank you, Mr. Stubbs," until they were so hoarse and exhausted they could hardly articulate. Then the state of the poll was known at any moment, and in a close contest the excitement waxed with the waning day. Then the aged, lame, blind, invalids, and idiots were ferreted out and hurried in from all quarters, while with entreaties, bribes, menaces, and blows the timid and vacillating were urged to the civic combat. Then a party knew its following; and when an aspirant got a knock, he had no occasion to inquire, "Who flung that last brick?" There was little chance for fraud, but the tyranny of Party was crushing, and the browbeating bully ruled the hour.

VICTORY.

Our election day now is calm and peaceful as a Sunday morning. No superfluous loafers around the polls, no crowds on the street, no visible excitement any where. The inscrutable citizen walks quietly and unquestioned to the open window, gives his name, drops his ballot into the box, and goes about his business. No one cares to flatter, bribe, or bully the mysterious messenger of fate. His missive is like the unseen bullet which we can neither divert nor dodge. No man knows whose spear has upheld him or whence the arrow that brought him down. Party can no longer throttle personal independence, and its ruffian retainer is out of office. But as the domineering bully retires from the stage, Fraud recognizes his opportunity, and comes sneaking in to manipulate the ballot-box, exhibit his arithmetical puzzles, and concentrate his loathsome influences on the selected representatives of popular virtue and intelligence. Who can tell us "which is the elephant and which the monkey?" The only answer is, "Good people, you pay your money and can take your choice."

But this was not the speech I sat down to write, and to my astonishment I perceived it had grown quite dark. The polls must have been closed for an hour or more, and my fate was already sealed. With the reflection I grew restless, and walked into the dining-room, where I found wife giving the finishing touches to her supper table, with the candles already lighted. I felt singularly annoyed with the glare, and asked if any one had called lately. She replied only by calling my attention to her arrangements, asking if I thought that would do—if there was enough. How many did I expect to supper? I, on my part, was too much preoccupied to respond with the usual commendation, but at the sound of a hurried footstep I rushed to the front-door. It was my friend the editor, whom I cordially urged to enter and take some refreshment.

"Thank you, not now; I merely called to give you the result at the court-house. Rather disappointing—only thirty-six majority, when we expected over a hundred. Don't understand it; some rascality somewhere. Good-evening. I'll call later, when we hear from the other precincts."

Weakly's manner was more discouraging than the figures. I was stunned, and re-

NEIGHBOR BOGUEY.

mained out in the dark until I recovered my equilibrium. Returning to the dining-room, I was more than ever irritated with the glare of light.

"Wife," said I, tucking her right hand under my arm, "you shall not exhaust yourself with this nonsense, and under no circumstances will these lights be needed before ten o'clock." So I blew them all out, locked the room door, and withdrew with my partner into the shadows of the parlor.

"Husband," she asked, in a low, tremulous tone, "have you heard bad news?"

"Discouraging," said I; "but we can have nothing conclusive until ten o'clock." Then we relapsed into silence, and heard the clatter of hoofs and the clamor of voices as each rough-riding messenger arrived with news from the distant precincts.

At length we were startled by a red light flashing through our windows, and a savage burst of yells, shrieks, and whoops, as if

> "All the fiends from heaven that fell
> Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

Wife started up with a nervous cry, exclaiming, "Oh, husband, there's a fire down town!"

"Sit down," I replied, grimly. "It is nothing but those beastly Democrats celebrating their victory with a bonfire."

What lofty philosophy and profound pathos are commingled in that exhortation of the chivalric victim of self-imposed tasks and vigils, addressed to his simple, snoring squire, "Ay, sleep, Sancho, sleep; for such as thou wert born to sleep!"

How happy that patriotic volunteer who, even at the expense of a sharp wound, is honorably relieved from the miseries of campaigning and responsibilities of battle, and returns to rest under his own vine and pear-tree!

A night of deep, refreshing sleep cured both the disappointment and physical exhaustion resulting from my first and last political venture. Rising early, as is my custom, I paced proudly around my garden, inhaling the morning's freshness,

BOB-IN FOR EELS.

and thanking God for the thrifty growth of my Osage orange hedge, which, while excluding the vulgar impertinence of the outside world, served also to confine my thoughts and interests to the little plot of national territory which I was still entitled to govern and improve according to my autocratic will. Welcome defeat, which, as it liberates me from a humiliating public servitude, still secures the haughty independence of free citizenship, which, like a hedge of thorns, closes out the distant and deceitful horizon of ambition, while it protects and cherishes the fruits and flowers of my own garden. Early as it was, I heard the strokes of a hoe in the adjoining lot, and, peeping through the hedge, saw my neighbor at work.

"Good-morning, Boguey. What crop are you cultivating so diligently this morning?"

"Patience," replied he, without looking up or returning my salute. Boguey had been a warm partisan of mine in the recent contest, and I believe had staked some money on the result.

Presently dropping his hoe, he approached the hedge, and said, in a semi-confidential tone: "To tell the truth, I'm digging for fishing worms. I'm told there's excellent sport over on the river, and I'm going to try it. Won't you go along?"

I declined, remarking at the same time I never had known he was a disciple of Izaak Walton.

He answered, with an expression of profound disgust, "Can't say I ever had any luck in fishing, or in any thing else, but I want some excuse to get out of town until these blasted scoundrels get through with their snickering and bragging."

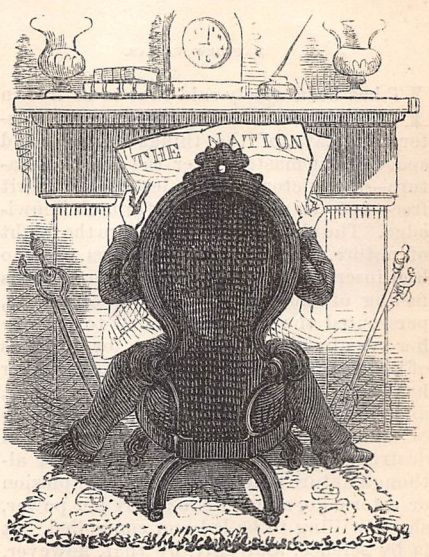
When the ancient Orientals were dead beat, they pouted in sackcloth and ashes. In similar circumstances our modern rural politicians take their equivalent of humiliation in sitting all day on a stone or slimy log, sun-blistered and gnat-bitten, bobbing for eels. I determined to stay at home and try to place my establishment *in statu quo ante bellum*. I commenced by burning the tent caterpillars and wiring out the borers that had made a lodgment in my neglected apple-trees. As the breakfast bell rang, I gathered a bouquet of dew-spangled flowers and presented it to madam at table—the first attention of the kind she had received since my candidacy—and in consequence my coffee was double-sugared. Then I retired to my library to put down in black and white some arithmetical calculations which had latterly been making me vaguely uncomfortable. It is an axiom among statisticians that "figures can not lie." I was sorry to believe it, for they indicate the necessity of three years' rigid economy in living and total abstinence from cities and summer retreats as the result of my recent experiment in patriotism.

Wife reported that the uneaten election supper would keep us in cold meats and knickknacks for about three weeks, and I enjoyed a whole day's holiday in the garden, while she was having the house scrubbed and fumigated. Thus with soap and economy our personal disasters will soon be repaired, and as time rolls on, I am pleased to observe that the commonwealth has not suffered appreciably from the result of the election.

Taxes are considerably increased, which, however, seems to be a matter of course after any great reform movement. The Hard-scrabble and Funksville Railroad carried one passenger to the Legislature, and has never been heard of since. I am sure Squirms can have no influence in the Assembly. He either abjectly follows some hard-headed leader, or is totally absorbed in some combination where his personal character has no play. Shortly after the election he called on me confidentially, sought my advice and counsel on the leading questions of State policy, and offered unreservedly to put any thing through the Legislature I desired; suggested the United States Senatorship, and borrowed twenty-five dollars to carry him to the capital; declared on parting I was a clever fellow and the only gentleman in the county. But I note he has not yet returned the money, which he promised to do when he touched his pay.

Mrs. Candid is happy now, for she has my positive promise; and I observe she can hardly repress her gayety whenever I open on my favorite topics of political philosophy; but as I have no longer the fear of public opinion before my eyes, the world is welcome to my speculations.

Nicias, the son of Niceratus, remarked



POLITICAL PHILOSOPHY.

that the Athenian populace were always jealous of character and ability, fearing to intrust a strong man with power lest he should grow too strong for them; preferring to suffer from the dishonesty and incapacity of a weak ruler, whom they might set up and pluck down at will; and indeed we need not return to ancient history for notable examples to justify this jealousy of ambitious ability, or to find apologies for the popular instinct, which, preferring freedom to prosperity, dreads tyranny more than it admires genius. With these views we may commend our modern "nominating conventions" and universal suffrage as patent safeguards against this dangerous element in public affairs. And when by subtlety or oversight it sometimes occurs that a strong man slips into place, we are reassured by the zeal and promptness with which that special guardian of our liberties, the Press, unites to quench the dangerous light and bury the aspiring patriot under a monument of mud.

VASSAR COLLEGE.

By ANNA C. BRACKETT.

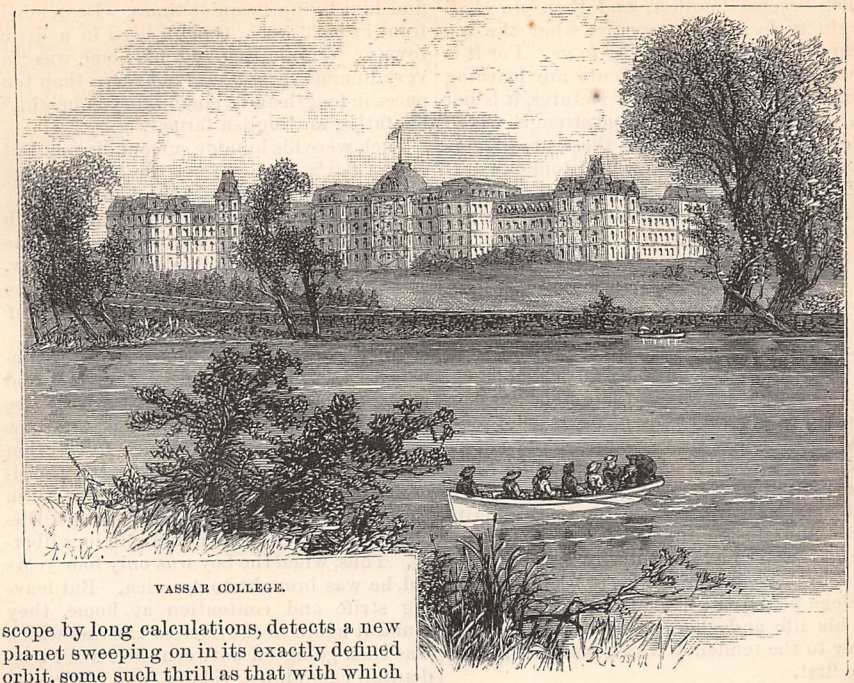
MATTHEW VASSAR.

IT has been wisely said that to be free in this world of reality means to be master, not slave, of the things of time and space. But mastery over the forces of nature—the victory which leaves the spirit free—is to be attained only through knowledge. The old Hindoo bent before the might of nature, only because her ways were to him inscrutable. The Persian, through his feeling of the violated majesty of nature, persecuted the men who dared to profane her laws by plowing the earth for purposes of agriculture. But one veil after another has been torn away from the hidden forces, and exactly in proportion to the knowledge of man has been his ability to turn even destructive forces to his own use. For although nature sometimes, as in an explosion or a tornado, seems to re-assert her power, she is willing to be led and controlled. It is by science, and only by that, however, that man has risen from the position of her crouching, cringing slave to that of her master.

The same is true in the spiritual as in the material world, for he who tames and leads captive minds and hearts, he who digs new channels in which the established streams of thought are henceforth to run, is he who knows. The man who knows is the man who can, and he is, no less actually than etymologically, the king, and no longer the slave.

The ever-increasing and peremptory demand of women for a general, a gradual, and a wide education finds its justification and its irresistible force in this truth, and for just this reason; because it is the utterance of this everlasting truth has it acquired such headway and force. It has already wrenched the bolts from the doors of many a college and university, and it gains in effective strength with each victory. That Vassar College should be an object of intense interest is due mainly to the fact that it was one of the first answers to this urgent demand.

The mind of the founder, in its straightforward earnestness and simplicity, felt the strong sweep of the current of thought before many of his contemporaries, and joyfully, though modestly, acknowledged its claims by dedicating to its service most of the material results of his whole life. That his honest instinct was truer than the skeptical wisdom of the world was proved on the day of its opening, September, 1865, when its halls and corridors were crowded with applicants, and it started out on its work with three hundred and fifty accepted students from all parts of the United States and Canada. It was evident that the heart of the noble old man had guided him truly, and there was no longer any force in the statement that it was useless to offer a course of higher education to women because they did not want it. Something of the same feeling as that with which the astronomer, after carefully setting his tele-



VASSAR COLLEGE.

scope by long calculations, detects a new planet sweeping on in its exactly defined orbit, some such thrill as that with which the chemist beholds his carefully prepared experiment leap into a confirmation of a long-doubtful theory, must have filled Matthew Vassar's heart and moistened his eyes on that day. He had, in the face of opposition, doubt, and even derision, staked his all on the instinct of everlasting truth in his generous heart, and he had won. All over the country earnest girls and women answered to the test, and the doubt of preceding months and years, which were also years of national prostration and calamity, became a joyful certainty.

Moreover—and this was a better thing, and it was a wonderful thing—when in the first months there was question as to what should be the standard of the college, as to how severe and broad should be the culture and training to be given, it was the women within its walls who modestly but firmly demanded the highest and severest possible. They were in advance of the trustees, they were "in advance of the men of years and experience with whom the decision rested." To the women, therefore, belongs the credit of the fact that a full and strict collegiate course was adopted for Vassar. And so the work began.

The college has now completed its first decade—a decade of constant and increasing prosperity. To attempt to give any idea of its intellectual success by giving an account of any number of recitations listened to would be a shallow and unworthy mode of proceeding. To say that this or that instructor is exact or thorough would be to reduce this article to the level of a report of a school examination. Individual men and women pass away, one instructor succeeds another; there are left now in the faculty not more than four persons who were members at the opening. The point to be considered is Vassar itself, not any one or two of its professors or teachers into whose recitations I may have happened to go. If I spoke particularly of them, such criticism would be like giving an account of the character of Cologne Cathedral by describing the curves of a pillar or the color and size of the stones that constitute the floor, or it would be like trying to convey an idea of the painting of the "Last Judgment" by describing a half dozen detached figures taken at random out of the many groups.

Nominalist or realist though he may be, every one at all conversant with the internal life of any school knows that every such institution has an actual character of its own, which is in and through all its daily workings, though professors and teachers may come and go, and it is with that that we are concerned.

Again, to spend five minutes in the gray old cathedral or before the colossal painting can give us no true idea. The building and the picture must be known at sunrise and sunset, in shade and sun, within and without, in general and in detail, and then, and only then, can we say what it as a whole really is: so with Vassar. By day and night, term time and holiday, pupil and teacher

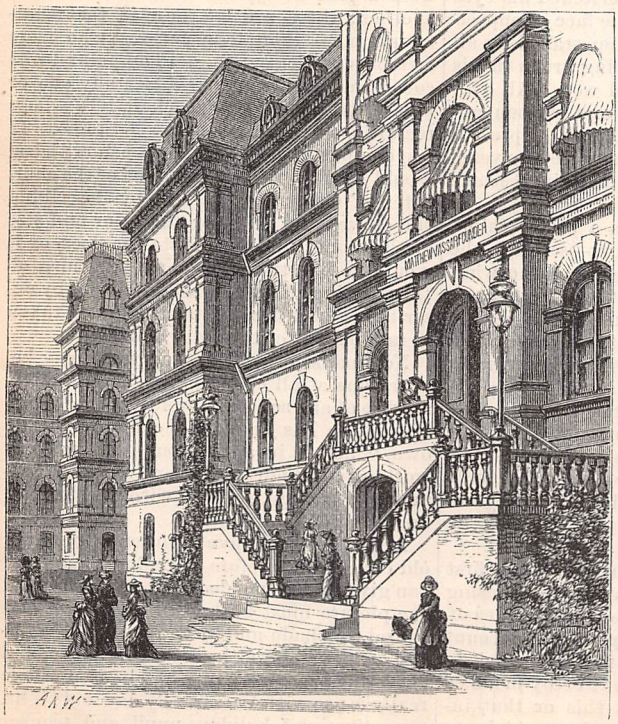
must become familiar, and then we shall begin to be able to express what the ten years of Vassar have to say to us. For it is not alone what the students are learning from their books and their lectures, it is not only the physical health and strength which they are gaining, though these are important factors; it is the general tone prevailing, the general spirit and character in process of growth, with which we are concerned; and even this we care to know, not alone for the sake of Vassar itself, but for the sake of the great demand to which Vassar is only one answer, and to the justice of which it is only one witness. In this spirit, and this alone, I endeavor to give to those who have never been there some idea of this college.

Nothing is more true than the fact that the character and aims of those who give the first impulse to any educational enterprise leave their mark for years, long after the individuals have passed away. There is a spiritual as well as a physical inheritance, and the guiding thought of the first prime worker has a wonderful vitality. To look back, then, to the man whose name this college bears will not be a useless task, for in his life and character we shall have a clew to the tendency which was given it at the first.

We do not find in Matthew Vassar one familiar in his early days with luxury, surrounded with inherited wealth, nor do we find him living in quiet times. Descended from French stock, though born in a little town in Norfolk, England, his home was "a very humble farm-house not more than ten paces in length and a single story in height," his father an English farmer.

Such were his humble surroundings. But only a day's journey from the little village was the city of Norwich, and in that city towered one of the old cathedrals which must be unconscious educators of all the children who grow up under their shadow, and that this did not fail of its effect on the boy's mind the memory of the old man of threescore and ten abundantly proved.

His parents did not belong to the Established Church, whose coffers were full, and whose interests were affiliated with those of the monarchy. In the year of Matthew Vassar's birth, 1792, the French Revolution was shaking all the thrones of the Continent, and the threats of the royal party in England drove into exile many stanch Dissenters in search of civil and religious liberty. Thus, when the boy was only four years old, he was brought to America. But leaving strife and contention at home, they found it again in the excited canvass which was then going on between the rival Presidential candidates, Adams and Jefferson. After the election, however, they decided to make America their permanent home, and after much consideration and many disappointments, Matthew's father at last bought him a small farm in Poughkeepsie, where the home-brewed ale of old Vassar soon became a more remunerative investment than the farm. By the time Matthew was fifteen years old he could not be induced to take any part in the brewing business, and equally averse was he to his father's next plan of making him a tanner's apprentice. But looking at his refusal as a boy's freak, the father went on with the preparations till the articles of indenture were drawn and the day set on which Matthew was to go to the tanner. The morning came, but the boy did not, for before that time he had enlisted his mother in his scheme of opposition. He was only following out his father's example when, with his extra wardrobe, consisting of

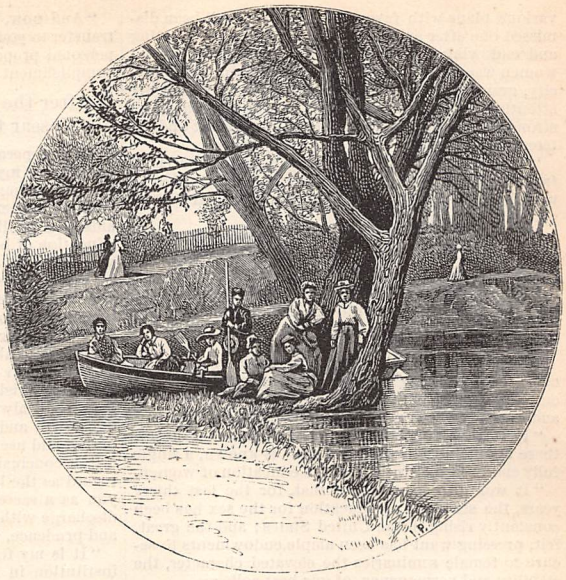


MAIN ENTRANCE TO VASSAR COLLEGE.

a shirt and a pair of stockings, tied up in a handkerchief, he stoutly trudged his eight miles to the New Hamburg ferry, and there kissed his tearful mother good-by.

He went across the river alone, with seventy-five cents in his pocket; but the river was to him what the ocean had been to his father, for it interposed a barrier between him and coercion. It was not long before he found employment in a country store, and in four years his seventy-five cents had grown to one hundred and fifty dollars. With this he went back to his father to become his chief clerk.

Then came another time of trial. His father's brewery was burned, and his eldest brother met a sudden and terrible death. All efforts to re-establish the business failed, and the father finally retired to a small farm, where he spent quietly the remainder of his troubled life.



THE LAKE-SIDE.

Thus, at twenty years of age, Matthew, forced again to begin his life, wisely chose the work which he understood, though on a small scale, and at last took up the business of brewing. Three barrels at a time were all that his resources enabled him to undertake, but he devoted himself diligently to his business.

Modest in his ideas, he ventured, however, to support a wife, the entire outfit of the young couple costing about one hundred and fifty dollars, and he rented part of a house at forty dollars a year.

In order to succeed, Matthew Vassar now needed capital as much as the Duke of York, in the reign of Henry VI., needed men. And as the men came when York, the ambitious duke, had proved his capacity, so, after two years of unaided struggle, the capital came to Vassar, when he was twenty-two years old; and after that time the record of his business is one only of success and increase.

The character, then, of the founder of Vassar College came of a good old stock. It was formed in danger, hardship, and poverty, and grew by self-dependence, honesty, earnestness, perseverance, economy, and a determination to do his best in a humble sphere. Such are the simple requisites for success.

I need speak no farther of Matthew Vassar's life, except as it is connected with the college. His economy was not parsimony, selfishness, or avarice. He had no children, and for a long time had revolved in his mind how he could most beneficially dispose of his great wealth. To be remembered among men is no unworthy ambition. This the man did desire, but he was also anxious that his efforts should be turned into the channel where they would do the most good.

It seems to have been a woman's thought that first inspired his final purpose, and that the thought of a hard-working teacher, his niece. The idea, once planted, finally grew and ripened. Its fruit is Vassar College.

One can not help regretting that the practical woman who first originated it could not have lived to see her hope fulfilled, and to bear her share of the honor. The name of Lydia Booth ought to be remembered by the women of America.

In 1861, when Mr. Vassar was nearly seventy years old, he had formed his resolution. The college was formally incorporated by act of the Legislature of New York, January 18, 1861, and as soon as possible thereafter Mr. Vassar called together those whom he had selected as a board of trustees.

I quote here, because no mere statement can do justice to their simplicity and nobleness, the exact words of the old man, before formally transferring to the trustees more than four hundred thousand dollars of his property.

"GENTLEMEN,—As my long-cherished purpose to apply a large portion of my estate to some benevolent object is now about to be accomplished, it seems proper that I should submit to you a statement of my motives, views, and wishes.

"It having pleased God that I should have no descendants to inherit my property, it has long been my desire, after suitably providing for those of my kindred who have claims on me, to make such a disposition of my means as should best honor God and benefit my fellow-men. At different periods I have regarded

various plans with favor, but these have all been dismissed one after another, until the subject of erecting and endowing a college for the education of young women was presented for my consideration. The novelty, grandeur, and benignity of the idea arrested my attention. The more carefully I examined it, the more strongly it commended itself to my judgment and interested my feelings.

"It occurred to me that woman, having received from her Creator the same intellectual constitution as man, has the same right as man to intellectual culture and development.

"I consider that the mothers of a country mould the character of its citizens, determine its institutions, and shape its destiny.

"Next to the influence of the mother is that of the female teacher who is employed to train young children at a period when impressions are most vivid and lasting.

"It also seemed to me that if woman were properly educated, some new avenues to useful and honorable employment, in entire harmony with the gentleness and modesty of her sex, might be opened to her.

"It further appeared there is not in our country, there is not in the world, so far as is known, a single fully endowed institution for the education of women.

"It was also in evidence that, for the last thirty years, the standard of education for the sex has been constantly rising in the United States; and the great, felt, pressing want has been ample endowments to secure to female seminaries the elevated character, the stability and permanency, of our best colleges.

"And now, gentlemen, influenced by these and similar considerations, after devoting my best powers to the study of the subject for a number of years past, after duly weighing the objections against it and the arguments that preponderate in its favor, and the project having received the warmest commendations of many prominent literary men and practical educators, as well as the universal approval of the public press, I have come to the conclusion that the establishment and endowment of a college for the education of young women is a work which will satisfy my highest aspirations, and will be, under God, a rich blessing to this city and State, to our country and the world.

"It is my hope to be the instrument, in the hands of Providence, of founding and perpetuating an institution which shall accomplish for young women what our colleges are accomplishing for young men.

* * * * * * *

"All sectarian influences should be carefully excluded; but the training of our students should never be intrusted to the skeptical, the irreligious, or the immoral.

"In forming the first Board of Trustees, I have selected representatives from the principal Christian denominations among us; and in filling the vacancies which may occur in this body, as also in appointing the professors, teachers, and other officers of the college, I trust a like catholic spirit will always govern the trustees.

"It is not my purpose to make Vassar Female College a charity school, whose advantages shall be free to all without charge; for benefits so cheaply obtained are cheaply held. But it is believed the funds of the institution will enable it to offer to all the highest educational facilities at a moderate expense, as compared with the cost of instruction in existing seminaries. I earnestly hope the funds will also prove sufficient to warrant the gratuitous admission of a considerable number of indigent students annually—at least by regarding the amount remitted, in most cases, as a loan, to be subsequently repaid from the avails of teaching or otherwise. Preference should be given to beneficiaries of decided promise, such as are likely to distinguish themselves in some particular department or pursuit, and especially to those who propose to engage in the teaching of the young as a profession.

"I desire that the college may be provided with commodious buildings, containing ample apartments for public instruction, and at the same time affording to the inmates the safety, privacy, and purity of the family.

"And now, gentlemen of the Board of Trustees, I transfer to your possession and ownership the real and personal property which I have set apart for the accomplishment of my designs."

After the transfer had been accomplished, Mr. Vassar thus expressed himself:

"I beg permission to add a brief and general expression of my views in regard to the most judicious use and management of the funds. After the college edifice has been erected and furnished with all needful aids and appliances for imparting the most perfect education of body, mind, and heart, it is my judgment and wish that the amount remaining in hand should be safely invested, to remain as a principal, only the annual income of which should be expended in the preservation of the buildings and grounds, the support of the faculty, the replenishing and enlarging of the library, cabinet, art gallery, etc., and in adding to the capital on hand, so that the college, instead of being impoverished, and tending to decay from year to year, shall always contain within itself the elements of growth and expansion, of increasing power, prosperity, and usefulness.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, this enterprise, which I regard as the last great work of my life, I commit to you as a sacred trust, which I feel assured you will discharge with fidelity and uprightness, with wisdom and prudence, with ability and energy.

"It is my fervent desire that I may live to see the institution in successful operation, and if God shall give me life and strength, I shall gladly employ my best faculties in co-operating with you to secure the full and perfect consummation of the work before us."

The most noticeable points in the statement are its straightforwardness and unanswerable arguments as to the right of woman to culture and development, the strong prominence given to the influence of the female teacher, the decided refusal to make the college sectarian in its influences, and the wisdom, as well as the kindness, which is embodied in the statement about charity and indigent students.

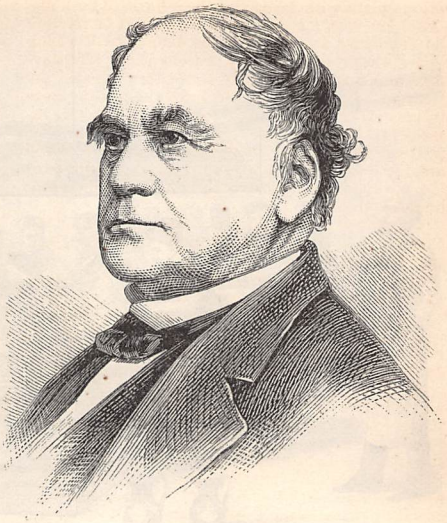
Here we have the spirit in which this work was begun, here the spirit which permeated the atmosphere of the new school. In the sentiments thus expressed there is vitality enough to be felt through every branch of the institution for years to come.

Ground was broken for the college building June 4, 1861, and the walls went up steadily all through the troubled times of the civil war, till, in four years, the trustees, finding the building complete, decided to open it the following September. The description of the building is as follows: "The main edifice is almost five hundred feet in length, with a breadth through the centre of about two hundred feet, and at the transverse wings of one hundred and sixty-four feet. The centre building and the wings are five stories in height, and the connecting portions are four in height. The height of the centre building from the foundation to the top of the dome is ninety-two feet. All of the partition walls are of brick, and are carried up from the ground to the roof. There is a corridor in each story twelve feet in width and five hundred and eighty-five feet in length, affording room for exercise in inclement weather. These corridors may

be instantly divided into five separate parts by iron doors connected with eight fire-proof walls. The latter are in pairs, standing ten feet apart, and cut the building into five divisions. These pairs of walls are connected only at the corridors, where the floor is brick and stone, over which the iron doors may slide and be closed, so that, should a conflagration occur in one portion of the building, the other parts would be perfectly secure from harm. These divisions of iron and masonry extend from the foundation to the roof."

Vassar is located about two miles east of the city of Poughkeepsie, New York, and it embraces in its immense building all the rooms necessary for the board and tuition of some four hundred students and their teachers. It will not be seen without some reflection what these words imply. The college authorities thus become not only the instructors, but the heads of the family of four hundred, and the immense complication of duties which this arrangement presents it is not easy to appreciate. We have at once before us a large hotel, with all the departments necessarily involved in that, and we must not put out of view the evident fact that, as this hotel is not in a city, it will be forced to provide its own supplies of water and gas, and to carry on its own laundry. We have next to include all that we expect to find in every college, with its full number of departments, adding to the number of professors requisite a resident physician, with hospital accommodations for the sick. We must not forget a treasurer's department, which includes, from the suburban situation of the college, post-office, express office, and telegraph—and we see at once that the positions of president and lady principal are situations demanding the very highest qualifications.

I do not mean that the direct supervision of all these departments comes upon the president and lady principal, but I do mean that, living in the midst of the community as they do, with so many different departments, the greatest executive skill is demanded in order that there be no waste of time from the clashing of one against the other, and in order that the intellectual work, which is the object of all this machinery, may go smoothly on. The college work proper is, of course, to Vassar what the brain is to the other organs of the human body. For that alone they all exist, and they must be all controlled for its convenience. But as in endeavoring to understand the human body we can not neglect the organs of repair, of nutrition, nor even the mechanical structure, so, minor though they be, we can not pass without notice the corresponding departments of Vassar College.



MATTHEW VASSAR, JUN.

We have, then, first, the outside department of the farm and garden; next, a department not generally reckoned as one, however—that of guide and messenger. This needs some explanation.

In the room of this officer is the clock in accordance with which, and by means of wires connected with a powerful battery in the chemical laboratory, all the regular hours are struck all over the house with the precision and regularity of the bells of a man-of-war at sea. These bells call the time for rising, meals, the beginning and close of each recitation, and so forth, through the day. In this office, also, are stationed the messenger girls, who, as their name indicates, are employed to convey messages from teacher to teacher or from teacher to pupil. Mechanical though this so-called department may be, it will be at once perceived that it is very important.

The janitor's department has the care of all ordinary repairs and of the porterage, which, it is readily seen, is one requiring considerable skill at the beginning and end of terms.

Next comes the treasurer's department, which transacts all financial business, and whose office includes the post-office, express office, and telegraph, also a bookstore on a small scale for the supply of text-books and all needful school apparatus. To the judicious management of Matthew Vassar, Jun., the treasurer, and nephew of the founder, the college is largely indebted for its flourishing financial condition.

Fourth in order is the engineer's department, the duties of which are to furnish plenty of heat, light, and water to the small village. But in order to guard against all possible casualties from fire, this depart-

THE KITCHEN, ON SLAP-JACK MORNING.

ment, isolated like the sun from the earth, is placed at quite a distance from the college building. If, guided by the tall chimney, we make our way thither, we find an immense coal-yard, five large boilers, a complete apparatus for manufacturing gas, and steam-pumps for forcing water. A staff of six men, constantly employed, supply daily to the college building 11,500 feet of gas and 80,000 gallons of water, which numbers are of value only as aiding one to gain a vivid idea of the size of the college.

Through nearly fifty miles of pipe the steam traverses the distance to the main building and warms the whole, partly by means of coils in the rooms, partly by means of coils inclosed in brick chambers in the cellar communicating with hot-air flues. To show what the capacity of the steam apparatus is, it is only necessary to read the description of the size of the building, and to add that even in the coldest of winters there was but little complaint of insufficient heat.

Fifth, we name the matron's department, more properly that of the housekeeper, as her duties correspond exactly with those of the housekeeper in any well-regulated hotel. In her charge are all the rooms of the students and the college rooms, and she has under her orders a large corps of servants.

The sixth department, that of steward, includes the purchasing of all supplies, and the management in full of the dining-hall, kitchen, bakery, and laundry. Simply adding, for the same reason as before, the fact that fifty pounds of butter and three hundred quarts of milk are daily in demand, one can easily see that the office of steward at Vassar is no sinecure. The combining of the laundry with the steward's office seems to be a measure of economy, as part of the servants thus can do double duty; but this arrangement does not prevent the necessity of a competent head for the laundry, which is now in a separate building.

Before we can come to the brain-work we must add still one more department, which might be called the pathological, for although the resident physician is professor in the college as well, yet her direct responsibility for the health of the students and her care of them in sickness do not properly belong to the intellectual side.

The office of this department is not only the consulting-room of the physician, but it includes the hospital proper and several rooms in the upper story, out of the way and of the sound of the otherwise omnipresent electrical bells, in which students who are not really sick, but who are tired, may be quite secluded during whatever time is desirable. It is an undoubted fact that the nervous strain produced simply by living in so large a family, and the constant and necessary demand for exact punctuality that is made on every student by the inexorable bells, are more wearing than any one not living in it can imagine. We all know that there is something in the very atmosphere of a large city which forbids quiet. With the best resolutions in the world as to refraining from overwork, we are, as it were, sucked in by the maelstrom, and our will seems powerless to extricate us. The very sight of Broadway, when one is weary of work, is almost unendurable, and though we are conscious of this sympathetic strain on the nerves only when our own are over-

taxed, yet it must always exist. Constantly repeated, it is very nerve-exhausting. More than half of the sickness for which Vassar has been held responsible is owing, not to the evil effects of intellectual effort on the young organisms, which need the brain-work, but to the exciting effect of this sympathetic strain on girls who are too young to be sent there at all. Parents do not realize this fact, though they are warned. Perhaps it is impossible for them to do so. They insist upon sending girls too young out from the quiet of their own small families into this intensely stimulating atmosphere, and when the inevitable evil comes, they wash their hands and blame Vassar. The future will remedy this injustice.

With regard to these quiet rooms, it was evidently none but the motherly care of a woman that provided these resting-places, where the girls, with a peaceful yet varied landscape spread out before them, a centre-table for their books and papers, amuse themselves in quiet till their nerves are rested.

If now, having passed in review the different departments whose duty it is to provide beforehand for the healthy action of the body in general, we come to the direct provision for the brains themselves, we find opening before us a wholly new set of departments in instruction. We review these only briefly, as they correspond, of course, in the main with those of any college, and, for convenience, place them in tabular form:

PHYSIOLOGY	Physiology	Woman professor, and instructor in gymnasium.
	Hygiene	
NATURAL HISTORY	Physical Geography	Professor and assistant.
	Botany	
	Zoology	
	Mineralogy	
	Geology	
ENGLISH	Elocution	Professor and four lady assistants.
	Rhetoric	
	Logic	
	Literature	
FOREIGN LANGUAGES	Modern Languages	One German, two French ladies.
	Ancient Languages	Professor and four lady assistants.
	History	
*PHYSICS	Natural Philosophy	Professor.
	Chemistry	
*MATHEMATICS	Algebra	Woman professor and two assistants.
	Geometry	
	Trigonometry	
	General Geometry	
	Calculus	
ASTRONOMY		Woman professor.
PHILOSOPHY	Intellectual	Professor (President).
	Moral	
ART	Design	Professor.
	Music	Professor and ten lady assistants.

Outside of all these, and serving as indispensable adjuncts, we must not forget the beautifully arranged library, full of valuable books of reference in all departments, and carefully catalogued by means of the card catalogues now in use in nearly all our libraries. Nor must we pass unnoticed the reading-room, with its files of newspapers from all quarters and its long list of magazines, where, picking them up at random, I found, among others, quietly together the *Baptist Quarterly* and the *Unitarian Review*, the *Sailor's Magazine* and *Old and New*, *Good Words* and the *Herald of Health;* among a crowd of the usual magazines, both native and foreign, the *Contemporary*, *British Quarterly*, *Nation*, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *American Journal of Science and Art*, etc., etc., etc.

If we walk across the college grounds, where, instead of men, we meet women, hastily shawled or cloaked, going to and fro, bent on recreation or recitation, we reach the rooms for the illustration of the departments of natural history and art. In the building formerly known as the gymnasium, and part of which is still devoted to the regular daily exercise of the students, we shall find, first, the new art gallery, only recently opened—a large and finely arranged hall, where the walls are lined with paintings, engravings, and photographs from the antique, the floor studded with full-size casts of the most celebrated statues, and where valuable books of engravings lie ready to the hand. We shall also find the drawing room, where unfinished paintings or drawings stand upon the easels, and the delightful disarrangement of the theoretical studio is the order of the day.

But if, passing through these, we enter the museum of natural history, we shall at once remark, not the abundance of illustrations from all the departments of animal, vegetable, and mineral life that we can see in many museums, but the evident arrangement of all the specimens with a view to instruction, and not for the purpose of show. To illustrate: In one case we find together types of all the four branches of animal life, and then again, in the same case, types of the classes of each, so that, as the zoological student begins her work with the names

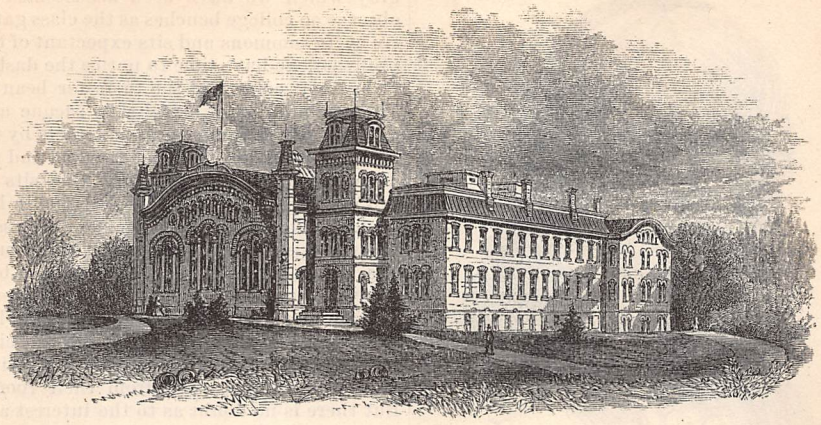
* Although these two constitute but one department in the printed statement of the college, yet, as they are practically two and distinct, I have so stated them for the sake of the spirit of the truth, and not the letter.

THE LIBRARY.

of the divisions and subdivisions, these will not be to her mere names, but she finds the illustrations of the otherwise dry text all laid out before her in order. It is as if one took at a comprehensive glance a survey of all the animal life on the face of the earth. The same educational arrangement is seen in the minerals; and I mention it not for its own sake, or for the sake of the individual mind which actually did the work, but because, reverting to the idea expressed in the beginning of this article, it is as good an illustration as I can give of the spirit of earnest, honest work and adaptation of means to ends—those ends being real education—which the impartial observer can not fail to recognize in every department at Vassar College, and which is an inheritance by right from the earnest, honest spirit of the founder.

But as we turn to leave the building by a long passageway, what noise is this we hear? At first one might fancy that he was in some large lunatic asylum; for a confused medley of sounds, high and low, and of metallic vibrations, recalls to our mind the terrible prophecies of our well-meaning friends. We begin to fear that the overwork at Vassar, too severe for the organization of woman, whose brain was originally intended only as a servant and not as a master of the other functions of the body, has produced here the expected result. If all American women are to become incipient lunatics as the result of their mental training, would it not have been better for Matthew Vassar to have given his half million to Harvard University, where no such evil could result, and to have dismissed forever his chimerical idea, benevolent, no doubt, but foolish after all?

These doors conduct, doubtless, to so many cells, where the unfortunate victims of "identical education" are confined, and they are placed here so that their shrieks and groans and discordant pounding shall not disturb the remainder of the doomed community. Alas for the rarity of wise generalization from insufficient facts! The thirty doors, when examined, prove only entrances to thirty rooms where thirty students are practicing at thirty different pianos in all styles of art. As we look in, the work still goes on, and healthy faces and erect forms do not even turn to note our coming. We return, simply meditating, as we emerge into a charming little lecture-room, on the uselessness of this hallway experience for moral illustrative purposes. Here, instead of discords blending into har-



THE MUSEUM.

mony, we had found the polar antithesis. Every student was earnestly pursuing her own work. Each in her limited sphere, unconscious of the rest, was making harmony, and yet the result to the comprehensive ear was a most unmitigated discord. After all, illustrations must not be too carefully analyzed or carelessly applied.

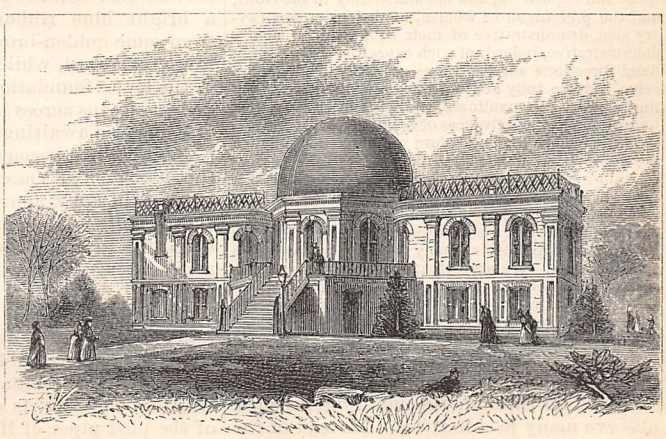
We find our charming lecture hall ready for the meeting of the literary societies, and also prepared for the mimic performance of any of Shakspeare's dramas. Even as we enter, a spirited rehearsal is in progress of one of the acts of *Henry VI.*

The observatory, where is located the department of astronomy, is also a short distance from the main building, and contains, besides the rooms requisite for observations and recitation, accommodations for the professor. When the telescope was mounted it was inferior only to three in the country, the diameter of the object-glass being twelve and three-eighth inches, and its focal length sixteen feet six inches.

The reader will of course have noticed, in looking over the list of departments and teachers, the large number of women instructors. This was in accordance with Mr. Vassar's idea at the start; and here, as elsewhere, it seemed to be only the women themselves that stood in the way of the professors' chairs being all filled by women.

One would suppose by the anxiety with which people seek after and assume the title of professor that it was to be highly valued; and yet what is a professor but a teacher, after all, as Louis Agassiz at the height of his fame taught us in the beginning of his will—"I, Louis Agassiz, teacher." So the simple words run, and they may well put to the blush many a half-fledged pedagogue of a country school who prefixes the title of professor to his unknown name on every possible occasion, and with no provocation.

As we enter class-room after class-room at Vassar it does not seem at all odd to see women presiding over the work in a style for which we can have no criticism except respect. And yet if these very women were called professor the world in general would be much surprised, not to say offended, though their acquirements and professional tact might far surpass those of many a professor suddenly elevated to his position, with scant intellectual acquisitions, and no experience whatever in the art of educa-



THE OBSERVATORY.

MISS MARIA MITCHELL, PROFESSOR OF ASTRONOMY.

tion. The title is of but little consequence, but it is of consequence that the world should judge fairly, and award to great capacity and long and varied experience their meed of fairly won honor and fairly merited recompense. As it is, it will be evident by a glance at the list of school departments and teachers before given how far Mr. Vassar's desire has been carried out, that there should be a "full co-operation of women in the labor of instruction and discipline in the college." I quote again his simple and noble words:

"It is my hope—it was my only hope and desire; indeed, it has been the main incentive to all I have already done, or may hereafter do, or hope to do—to inaugurate a new era in the history and life of woman. The attempt you are to aid me in making fails wholly of its point if it be not an advance, and a decided advance. I wish to give one sex all the advantages too long monopolized by the other. Ours is, and is to be, an institution for women, not men. In all its labors, positions, rewards, and hopes the idea is the development and exposition, and the marshaling to the front, and the preferment of women, of their powers on every side, demonstrative of their equality with men—demonstrative, indeed, of such capacities as in certain fixed directions surpass those of men. This, I conceive, may be fully accomplished within the rational limits of true womanliness, and without the slightest hazard to the attractiveness of her character. We are, indeed, already defeated before we commence, if such development be in the least dangerous to the dearest attributes of her sex. We are not the less defeated if it be hazardous for her to avail herself of her highest educated powers when that point is gained. We are defeated if we start upon the assumption that she has no powers save those she may derive or imitate from the other sex. We are defeated if we recognize the idea that she may not, with every propriety, contribute to the world the benefits of matured faculties which education evokes. We are especially defeated if we fail to express by our acts our practical belief in her pre-eminent powers as an instructor of her own sex."

As we go through the building we shall observe many peculiarities. Instead of the uninteresting tints of black, brown, and gray which we have been accustomed to observe on college benches as the class gathers at its summons and sits expectant of the professor, we have time to notice the dashes of brilliant color and the taste for beauty. The combination of a seal-skin sacque and a pretty white apron on one attracts by its novelty. The most perfect freedom and independence seem to prevail. One sits in full out-door costume while absorbed in her book; another, with her sacque carelessly thrown open, holds her hat in her hand; one, in house attire, has a crimson rose-bud slipped into the button-hole of a gray dress; and another a scarlet shawl flung round her shoulders. Some have come from exercise, some are going to it as soon as the recitation is over, some are from their rooms. But there is no doubt as to the interest and attention as the work begins and goes on; and when the professor leaves the stand, and scarlet shawl, crimson rose, and seal-skin sacque disappear as the class unceremoniously adjourns, we know that we have been in no play-room, but in an atmosphere of honest work.

As we stroll by the students' bulletin-board we select the following advertisement as of an unusual character for a college bulletin:

"LOST—A tiny oriole wing, brown and yellow, very precious to the owner. Please return to Room No. —."

But as directly beneath we read,

"LOST—Manuscript book containing calculations for solar eclipses. Finder will confer a favor by leaving it at Parlor No. —,"

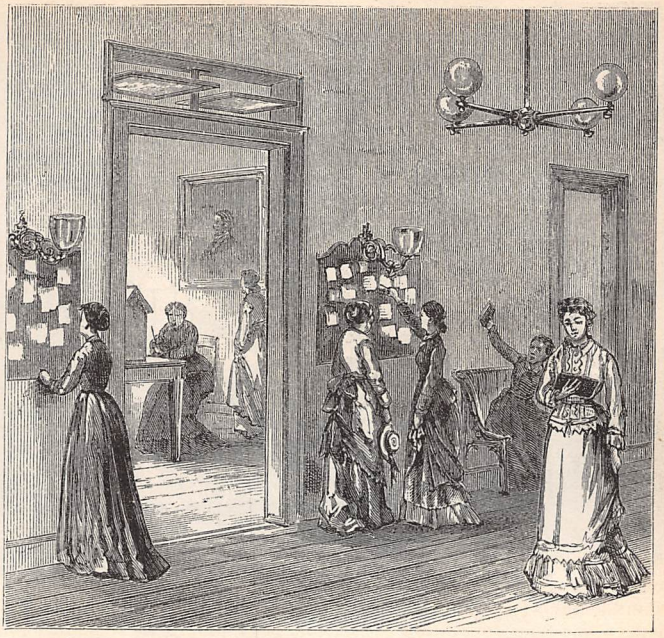
we do not feel that the dignity of the college is at all impaired if students do give part of their attention to tiny oriole wings.

The same combination arrests our attention as we come through a corner door into a hall where sleds, leaning against the wall at the orthodox angle for practical coasters, bring visions of quickened circulation and rosy cheeks. On the bush by the door hangs a bright blue ribbon, evidently dropped from some golden-brown curls, and waiting to be reclaimed, while so near on the edge of the stone foundation that the end of the ribbon sweeps across it, lies a heavy volume of logic, also awaiting its owner.

But one soon becomes accustomed to such combinations at Vassar, and imbibes meanwhile a healthy appreciation of the facts that intellectual work and taste for the beautiful are not incompatible, and that really cultured minds do not necessarily lose their native love of art.

Our day at Vassar begins by the simultaneous chiming of the bells for rising, but there is no perceptible stir till the second chime, which announces breakfast, and which is equal in its effect to the summons of the pied piper of Hamelin. At first dim and indistinct, then louder and increasing in

volume, from above, from below, from all sides, sounds the step of multitudinous feet; and then from all directions, down stairs and up stairs and along the wide corridors from both sides, come trooping the students, slowly and leisurely at first, pausing for a greeting or a joke, but very soon hurriedly and more and more rapidly, the latest stragglers perhaps adjusting a cuff or tying a neck-ribbon as they speed along to the wide open doors of the dining-hall. The throng passes slowly in, as when the doors are open of a concert-hall or a theatre. In less time than it takes to write it the many tables are full, each student standing behind her chair. The bell of the lady principal, at the head of the faculty table close by the door, strikes, and all are seated. Another bell, and through all the long room for one moment there is utter and perfect silence—the silent grace, a custom brought from his old Nantucket home by the father of the astronomical professor. It is but a moment, but for that moment the hall is like the enchanted palace of the Sleeping Princess, and then the spell is broken, and the hum of voices and the inevitable clatter of knives and forks begin.



THE BULLETIN-BOARD.

Here are, alas! some unfortunates who are late, and who now come in, each pausing as she enters, for a recognizing glance and nod from the lady principal as permission to take her seat. The students *must* remain at the table for a certain length of time, the end of which is announced by another bell, before which, however, it is quite possible that some notices may be given which concern the whole college; as, for instance, if the day is very bad, that students are excused from out-door exercise. The original source of such permission is the resident physician, who, seated at the faculty table, before commencing her own meal, is writing her orders for the girls who for any indisposition are excused from coming to table. The first bell strikes, and the most anxious of the students go out one by one as they choose, the rest following in their own time. We can not avoid remarking the erect carriage and the firm and even gait of the girls as they pass us. I think that fine walking is a very noticeable thing among the Vassar students, also a very self-possessed and quiet pursuing of their own affairs. These girls are learning the value of time and the meaning of the word business, and the knowledge will stand them in good stead when they come to take their share of the world's work.

From quarter past eight to twelve, from half past one to half past five, and from seven to eight in the evening are assigned to work—either study, recitation, or exercise; but as no student is allowed to pursue more than three full studies at once, it follows that much of this time is spent in study. We can wander at will during the morning study hours from one recitation or lecture to another, hearing every variety of topic discussed. I note the interesting discovery that out of the Sophomore Class of fifty, twenty-seven, or more than half, had elected to go on with their mathematics when the study became optional, though I do not propose, as I before stated, to give any detailed account of special recitations. I will only say, because it bears out my theory of inheritance, that I found every where the same atmosphere of honest work. More I can not say; and every teacher who has by long experience gained the professional quickness of perception corresponding to that which interprets to the skillful physician the flush of a cheek or the beat of a pulse will know how much that means.

So goes on the day at Vassar, broken by

STUDY HOUR.

the dinner at noon and the old-fashioned tea at sunset, followed by prayer and the singing of a hymn in the chapel.

If during the day we vary our round of class observing by dropping into one of the cozy little parlors, we find a cordial politeness and courtesy. The three or five proprietors have spent their ingenuity and taste in adorning it, and we find them quietly at work, as if in their homes. Every where it is evident that the students are self-governed. A European teacher would be amazed and horror-struck at the perfect freedom which is given to them. They take their daily walks when and where they please, and if one asks, "What is there to prevent these girls from going away if they choose?" the answer is, "Nothing."

But this is a nothing which means every thing, for it is the self-respect which is native-born at Vassar, and which is more of a safeguard to our American girls than the constant espionage and the strictly limited inclosures of traditional schools to their European sisters. It is the Venus of Milo that is at home in the art gallery of Vassar, and not the Medicean Venus.

The Senior Class have some privileges, dating mostly from last year. For instance, while all the rest are under the supervision of a corridor teacher, whose room is just at the end of the corridor, the Seniors have no corridor teacher, except so far as the lady principal calls them her own; and the room designed for that purpose has been placed in their hands as a Seniors' parlor. Into this privileged sanctuary no one but a Senior is expected to enter, unless introduced by one of the class, and to adorn and beautify it the whole class unite. Vines are trained over the white walls, pictures enliven them, and tasteful furniture and delicate curtains complete the arrangement.

I should have spoken before of the vines which are trained over the walls in other rooms. The English ivy seems to take kindly to an intellectual atmosphere, and flourishes, spreading its branches far and wide. Indeed, there is scarcely a room in which one can not trace a cultivated and refined taste.

At night the bells chime the hour for rest, the innumerable parlors grow dim as the gas is turned off, and sleep settles over the family, save the night-watchman, whose duties now begin.

The professors and the president have independently arranged houses, which are incorporated in the building, and they carry on in them an entirely separate housekeeping.

It is doubtless true that in any large collection of women and girls there is danger of sentimentality and narrowness, just as in any corresponding collection of men and boys there is danger of coarseness and brutality, but I think the impartial observer will find that this danger has been overcome at Vassar. Hard pure study is the counterpoise in a girls' college, as it is where it exists in a boys' college, and the sickly flicker of sentimentality and the blaze of animal forces grow dim in the clear dry light of truth. But it must be the dry clear light of truth, and no pretense, which will do this; and in the fact that there seems to be almost

no sickly sentimentality among the Vassar girls, either in recitations or in their private rooms, I find a corroboration of my professional impression that Vassar is not the home of shams in work, and that what it shows is an honest showing. The very carelessness with which she opens wide her doors to inspection is presumptive evidence of this.

When a visitor finds herself left to come and go at her own will from class to class, and is continually reminded of the lines,

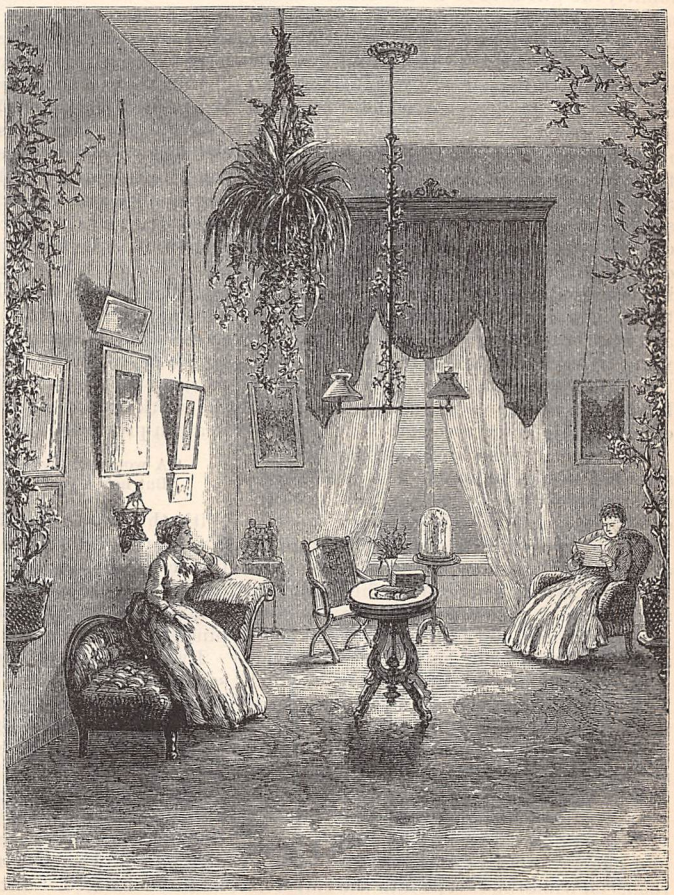
> "None shall ask thee what thou doest,
> Or care a rush for what thou knowest,
> Or listen when thou repliest,"

she begins to feel a respect for the work, before the necessities and importance of which she is of no consequence. Not that visitors may be satisfied is the inspiring spirit, but that the work may be done. The blacksmith casts, perhaps, a sidelong glance upon us as we draw near his forge, but he hammers and turns the iron afterward in sublime unconsciousness of our presence; the engineer may offer us a seat in the locomotive before he blows the whistle, but afterward he stands with hand on the lever and eye straight ahead; and when we see those signs we rejoice, because we may be reasonably sure of good horseshoes or a safe journey.

It would be absurd to say that there might not be improvements at Vassar. The original plan of making one large family of four hundred students may be unwise. With the increase of numbers comes an increase of the nervous tension before spoken of, and this is probably bad. It would perhaps be better if the large body of students could have been divided into twenty different buildings. Practically, however, this plan has also its difficulties. Where are the twenty women to be found who could and would act as mothers to these comparatively small families? This is no light question, for the position is one which demands a very unusual combination of qualities of mind and heart.

It is often stated as against sending girls away to Vassar that the atmosphere must be a very unnatural one, and it is implied that it is therefore not good for the girl. But all education is unnatural, from its beginning, when the tiny fingers are taught to hold the pen by an unnatural effort, to the end. Man in a state of nature is the raw material of the Art of Education, not its product. Educated man is not natural man.

It may be well asked whether one of the means which its science authorizes us to use be not this very removing of the subject for a limited time completely from family relations. In no other way can a girl learn what the family signifies; in no other way can she gain a true, though perhaps severe, knowledge of herself; in no other way can she realize the full meaning of individual responsibility. Taken entirely out of her



THE SENIORS' PARLOR.

JOHN H. RAYMOND, PRESIDENT, AND PROFESSOR OF MENTAL AND MORAL PHILOSOPHY.

family, the girl sees it at a distance under a new light. She returns to it again with a fresh sense of its value and of her duties; but she comes back to it also with a new recognition of herself as a member of society at large. In this view, which I am more and more convinced is the true one, the "unnatural atmosphere" of a large school, away from home and among strangers, is, as far as the mental education goes, one of the essential means for fashioning noble women out of impulsive girls. And if any thing can be devised which shall lessen the physical nervous tension in the first years, or, better, if parents and guardians would not allow girls to go to college till seventeen years of age, I am strongly inclined to believe that even the large number of four hundred in one house might be not only unobjectionable but very beneficial.

The plan on which the building is constructed admits of much just criticism in several particulars. The ventilation is insufficient, consisting of the usual holes in the wall, opening into flues full of stationary air, and in some rooms on the upper floor the evil is perceptibly felt. Modern science could completely obviate the difficulty, providing flues through which a constant current of heated air should be driven. And with the amount of steam heat which is always at hand the work would seem to present no practical difficulty. Ventilation may be expensive, but physicians are more so; nay, even headaches are more so.

It was a consideration for show rather than health which planned the long and wide corridors against the outside walls, and gave two out of three of the sleeping-rooms no windows except into the corridors. Clear sunlight and air direct from the sunlighted external world are especially indispensable to a sleeping-room.

Connected with the subject of ventilation and sunlight comes the ever-pressing question of drainage; and with regard to this much might be suggested at Vassar. We Americans seem to prefer to be taught by typhoid fever and diphtheria rather than by the milder persuasions of science, that where so many are congregated this is a matter which will not take care of itself in the same way in which it was supposed to take care of itself on a New England farm. Though much improvement has been forced at Vassar, much more might be effected.

Again, it is a fact worthy of being publicly recorded that when the house was opened and housekeeping began with three hundred students and a large force of servants, there was not one single closet in the whole house. The need of closets had not once occurred to the minds which directed and planned. It is stated that when the defect was spoken of to Matthew Vassar, he replied, as if puzzled, that the girls could easily have two nails on the walls of their rooms, one for their school dress and one for their best dress, adding, "What do they need more?" The want has been remedied by coffin-like wooden boxes, which stand upright in the corners of the rooms. The story only points a moral, which is, that in the office of every architect engaged in house planning there should be at least one woman. She might be called the suggester simply, this being a humble and modest title, not implying to outside parties that her advice is to be taken; and thus dignity might be preserved, while the convenience of the women who are to live in the houses and do the work would be secured. There is a Spanish proverb which runs thus:

> "A woman's advice is no great thing,
> But he's a fool that doesn't take it."

With this motto inscribed on the wall of every architect's office, and with the last line carefully concealed by graceful drapery, which the office suggester could easily arrange, much weariness and much unhappiness might be saved.

Every student at Vassar ought to have a separate room. Even if this were impossible, she ought to have a separate bed. This also was a matter not thought of importance by the men who planned, because they were planning for women. But it is a matter of no small importance, and the rights of individual privacy should have been acknowledged before this time, and enforced even against the wishes of the girls themselves, if these existed. Into each parlor open three rooms, no one of which is large enough

for two people to sleep in during the night. Each student should have one of these absolutely to herself, and three proprietors are quite enough for one parlor. If it be objected that funds will not admit, I answer that funds should be created.

There are many men who, while theoretical believers in the right of women to a full education, yet practically deny this by the consideration with which they treat them as students. The girls who demand a college education ask—and they ask it unanimously—"a fair field and no favor." But it is almost never that one finds, at least east of the meridian of eighty-seven degrees west, a man who in his teaching unconditionally grants this. He gives a fair field, perhaps, but he gives favor, and that is just what the girls do not want. The case is different when one sees a class of girls confronted in a direct contest with an equally able and prepared woman. She grants no favor. The attack and defense are on level ground, and the challenger is only proud and glad when the respondent proves her power. To be conquered by a brave knight is no dishonor, and the truest teacher is she who helps her pupil to be her own successful antagonist, if not to prove herself her superior.

This trouble, felt in classes of girl students taught by men, is avoided by co-education, for there the boys grant no quarter, even if the professor otherwise might, and the matter takes care of itself. But if it should be found that it is impossible for a man to grant absolutely no favor in an intellectual contest to his girl students, then it must come to pass, sooner or later, that girls' colleges must be taught by women alone. I am not sure that otherwise this would be best; but I am sure, under the supposition that the yielding tendency of the masculine mind is unconquerable, that the pressure of the students themselves will finally force the appointment of women for professors in all our girls' colleges. The problem is a general one, not applying particularly to Vassar, but dimly felt by all girl students, and recognized by practical women. It is only one of the problems which this nation has to solve for itself under the new conditions presented by this country and this age of the world.

There is one danger into which the movement for the education of women is likely to fall—nay, is falling. It is the same error which has been inevitable, perhaps, in the past, but is not inevitable in the future, and which has kept so low the standard of American colleges. It is this: they have been founded, one after the other, on insufficient endowments, and every man who desired to help the cause of education has founded a new one, instead of turning his half million or so into the treasury of one already started. If every brook were to run on in its own channel into the sea for the sake of retaining its own name, we should have nowhere a river deep enough to float an Upper Mississippi steamboat. And this is just what has been the trouble with the men's colleges, their medical, theological, and law schools. The tide sets in the same way now as to women's colleges. Is it too late to plead, for the sake of justice and womanhood, that it be checked? Let us profit by past experience. Let us not have a dozen women's colleges in one State, every one struggling, every one forced to such shifts as those above spoken of, for pecuniary reasons, every one utterly unable to command the best teaching talent in all or any one of its professors' chairs. Let us have at least one noble, fully endowed college, one fully endowed university, with the best of every thing.

Let the men and women who are now asking themselves what they shall do with their wealth in the coming day pause, while Vassar exists, before they endow another girls' school. Were it not better to fill her coffers, to secure proper accommodation for her students, the women of America, than to start another college on the same basis? Give Vassar another building, give her five, call each by the name of the giver, if necessary, but found for the present no more schools of the same kind, to fail in some of their best efforts through insufficient provision.

I must enter here a personal statement, lest I should be suspected of having some personal interest in Vassar. I myself should send a girl to Cornell or to Michigan University, and not to Vassar, simply because I believe in co-education. But if all those who believe in educating girls apart would give their money to Vassar, it would be freed from many impediments which now fetter it, and give its faculty the chance of showing the world what they desire to do, and under those circumstances could do. The entire preparatory department could be dispensed with, the standard for admission raised, and many a girl in many a country village, who sees her days of youth going by while insufficient means prevent her from applying for admission, could be presented with a scholarship. Thence would come forth a long line of noble, brave, and well-appointed women, who would lift with a powerful lever the whole level of our primary education, and with it all the rest.

Vassar should have scholarships in abundance, for the whole business of the school education of this nation is rapidly and inevitably passing into the hands of its women; and the man or woman who founds scholarships there for able girls thereby becomes the benefactor of the whole nation, not only for the present, but for all coming time.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XI.

THE STUDIO.

"OH, my Garth," exclaimed Madge, "I'm so tired!"

"Rest, then," he answered, lowering his paint-brush, and leaning back in his chair.

"I didn't mean in that way," rejoined she, availing herself, nevertheless, of the permission to stretch her arms and alter her position. "I'm tired of seeing you sit there so long moving a little brush up and down. Tell me—do you love painting better than me?"

Garth looked at her, with his chin upon his breast, but made no reply.

The studio occupied the northeastern corner of the attic, an area about six paces square being divided off from the rest by rough partitions. The naked beams and boards of the angled roof, sloping steeply to the floor on the north and east, gave a rude vitality to the aspect of the room. The brown bareness of the walls was partly veiled by festoons of sombre or vivid drapery, and partly by studies of human heads or bits of landscape, tacked up here and there. An ottoman across one corner of the room was covered with the hide of an Indian tiger; in the recess behind, a cast of the Venus of Milo was bound as to the temples with a blue silk scarf, whose fringed ends rested on her left shoulder. In the opposite corner stood a suit of early seventeenth-century armor, reflecting in its polished surfaces, with an added depth of tone and grotesquely distorted, the manifold forms and colors of the surrounding objects. Scores of canvases were stacked against the walls, some with their brown backs turned to the spectator, others revealing more or less of their painted faces. An antique bronze candelabrum depended from a hook in the great beam traversing the angle of the roof. A small iron stove was set up on the hearth, and above the fire-board were grouped some of the old pikes and battle-axes which Captain Neil Urmson brought with him from England in 1647, together with a couple of Revolutionary muskets and a pair of cutlasses, trophies of the later captain's warlike achievements. The studio was lighted through the roof, a section of which, to the north, had been removed, and its place supplied with coarse glass, across which shades were made to slide back and forth on wires. In the shadow beneath this window lurked a tall, mysterious mirror.

Of the pictures to be seen here, not the least striking, perhaps, was the studio itself, with the artist and his model posed in the strong light and shadow. She—clad for the occasion in an antique long-waisted gown, ruffles at her wrists, and a quaint ruff standing out round the open neck, a heavy chain falling from her shoulders to her waist, and an aigrette of feathers in her puffed and frizzed hair—was seated negligently in a high-backed oaken arm-chair, her crossed feet outstretched beyond the stiff hem of her embroidered petticoat, and her right cheek supported on her hand. Over against her, the artist at his easel, again in his red boating shirt, the sleeves turned up to the elbows of his dark muscular arms. Masses of deep brown hair stood up all over his square-built head; while the white light from above showed the depression in the centre of his rugged forehead, and cast swarthy shadows beneath the irregular level of his shaggy brows, and brought sharply out the strong curve of the under-lip and the cleft in the chin. When he was seated, the massiveness of the young man's chest and shoulders, and the noble set of his head upon his stalwart neck, gave promise of imposing stature; and it was an odd surprise, on his standing up, to find that you overtopped him by perhaps four or five inches.

Madge, after a pause, during which she twisted the links of her necklace between the fingers of her left hand, spoke again. Her tone was half plaintive, half wayward; but the girl was so thoroughly good-tempered, so prone to humorous mischief, and, above all, so beautiful, that it was always difficult to tell what she might be up to. The eye of analysis was dazzled by her charms, while the subtle fluctuations of her mood compelled it to be continually focusing itself anew.

"You loved me better when you loved me first," said she; "and you used to say then that you hated painting—well, at least you said it was wicked, and you hate every thing wicked, you know. Now that you've come to care for painting, you'll begin to hate me."

"How am I changed, Madge?"

"Oh, don't I remember how you used to blaze at me with your eyes sometimes, and make me quiver all over! You're always quiet and grave and old now; and I'm getting old too. But painting crawls so, that

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

a year seems no longer to you than a week does to me."

"What a silly girl, to be jealous of painting! Were you jealous of my mother? she was my first love. Sit here beside me," he continued, in a more tender voice. "My girl, other loves can only teach me how to love you better."

Madge, having seated herself on a camp-stool at her lover's side, had taken one of his hands in her lap, and was stroking it lightly with her finger-tips. "You have the handsomest, strongest hands that were ever seen!" murmured she. "You might do any thing with such hands."

"I'll make you a fortune with them."

"Will you?" said she, glancing at him sidelong. "Is that all you paint for—to make me a fortune?"

Garth hesitated, half smiling.

"Are you always thinking of me when you paint?" she went on, holding up her finger. "No; and I believe you often forget me even when you're doing my portrait!"

"You're too near me to be seen or thought of distinctly," returned he, reddening a little; "but you must be at the bottom of it all."

She nodded her head, and smiled to herself, without looking up. "I'd like a fortune," said she, lightly, "the biggest in the world; but I'd want some of the world with it."

Garth waited to hear more.

"I wouldn't paint pictures, or write books, or do any of that stay-at-home sort of work, if I were a man, because, however well I did them, it's they would be famous, and not I, my own self. Instead of sending things off to make money for me, I'd go and make money my own self, and have every body see me make it; and I'd make it with my own self, because I was so brave, or strong, or beautiful, or something. If I were a man, I'd be a famous soldier, and conquer the whole world; or a terrible robber; or, at least, a great minister or statesman, to make every body do and think what I pleased—one day one thing, and another day the opposite thing, if I chose it. Yes, I would, Mr. Garth, if I were a man!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the artist, clutching at his back hair with a grim smile. "Better be a prize-fighter, or an acrobat."

"I'm only a woman, you know," continued Madge, demurely, though with a singular glance into her lover's face. "But even women can do something besides stay at home and spend money—if they have it; and if not, grow old and be poor both. I can't sing and play on the violin, like Miss Golightley, but I could be an actress, and have all the men in the world in love with me. I'm not afraid of them; and I'm beautiful enough; and I know how to make myself seem even more beautiful than I am. What do you think of that, Mr. Garth?" she demanded, with a sudden soft laugh that prevented him from knowing exactly what to think. He gazed at her; but though she met his gaze, he could not penetrate the laughter sparkles dancing in her long dark eyes.

"What put that in your head?" he asked at length.

"It isn't in my head—it's I," returned she, laughing still. "Do you remember that night when you canoed the rapids? Well, if you hadn't done it, Sir, I'd have disappeared that same night, nobody knows where."

"I didn't tell you about it till next day," said Garth, shaking his head.

"Oh, I'm a witch—didn't you know? Nikomis taught me. I was flying over the tops of the trees, on my way to a witch's meeting at Wabeno, when I saw you shooting the lower fall; so I alighted on the pine knoll, and left the other witch, who was with me, to go on by himself. He was angry, but I told him that a man who was brave and skillful enough to run those rapids was better than a witch who could fly about on a broomstick. Since then, every once in a while, he's sent me invitations to attend witch meetings all over the world; and several times, Mr. Garth, I almost went, for you haven't done any brave, splendid things for ever so long, and—you were away from me in Europe more than five years. Tell me, did you think I'd rather stay here than travel about with you Would you have been astonished if you'd met me in London, or Vienna, or Paris, or some of those nice places, leaning on the witch's arm? Well, I think it was very good in me to resist his temptation, and wait for you to come back. But now you only sit and paint, as if people lived forever, and Urmhurst was the best place to live in. I wish I were a man!"

Garth turned in his chair and took both her hands in both his, with a gentleness which was at times peculiar to him, and more impressive than any ordinary vehemence. "My dear girl—my dear little girl!" he repeated, in a low inward voice, such as the listener seems rather to feel than to hear. In a few moments he rose abruptly, and began to pace up and down the studio slowly, his hands clasped behind his head. "I've done you wrong, Madge. But poverty is the trouble: we live from hand to mouth. Would you have married me any time in the last six years?"

"Listen, my Garth," returned she, springing up to walk beside him, folding her hands round his arm, and speaking close to his ear. "I would have married you the day you left college. You should have asked me, Sir. Then we would have been rich and famous before now."

"It takes as long for a married painter

to make a reputation as for an unmarried one, and meanwhile—"

"Oh, always this painting!" cried she, stamping her foot. "Garth, you are asleep; ever since you've had an easel and palette you have been asleep. Be all warm and awake and fierce and splendid! Make me afraid of you a little, please, dear! Yes, I am jealous of painting. I want you to love only me—me more than any thing in the world. Do you?"

"Yes," said Garth, pausing in his walk and looking at her.

She put her quick arms round his neck with a little exulting cry, and they kissed each other.

"If you had married me when you left college," resumed Madge, softly, looking down at the dainty pointing of her toes as they walked on, "it wouldn't have been by painting that we should have made our fortune. Ah, you don't know what I can do, even if I wasn't a witch! You don't know me, dear, though you love me better than any thing in the world. But if you'd married me, you naughty boy, you would have found me out long ago, and found yourself out too."

"Do you know what you are talking about?" exclaimed Garth, half laughing and half puzzled.

"Look there!" said Madge. She pointed to the dark corner where the mirror stood, now reflecting the faces and figures of her lover and herself. "Are not those two people handsome and well matched, eh? And they have brains, which is more important. The man looks his. You might think the woman only beautiful, but I shouldn't wonder if she had as much sense as the man—at least she can use what she has more easily. I believe those two people could do any thing they pleased, only they must always please to do the same thing. They could do or be any thing—a king and queen, if they chose. I wish the man were taller. However, his face makes him seem taller than other men's bodies make them look. He and his wife are just of a height—oh, she isn't his wife, is she?"

This latter turn was so demurely given that for an instant Garth missed the point of it, and for the next instant doubted whether Madge saw it herself. But there was a sparkle in the corner of her eye to rebuke his slow wits. There could certainly be no question as to her intelligence, and some of its manifestations made Garth, in spite of his five years in Europe, half believe himself her inferior in worldly wisdom. She was self-possessed to a degree extraordinary in a village maiden, unless her own theory of witchcraft were to be accepted.

He paused a while before speaking. It was hard to be self-contained under the influence of this young woman. She made darkness seem light, and the impossible easy; and witch or not, she was bewitching.

"What do you want?" he demanded at length. "If I'm not a painter, I'm nothing."

"You don't know what you are. You are a man. I love men, and the best man best; and I've never seen a better man than you. Most good men are fools, and most bad men are cunning; but you are not cunning, and you're not a fool. You are good, and yet you have all the strength that bad men have."

"Madge, if Sam Kineo had beaten me in that fight of ours, would you have loved him instead of me?"

She looked sidelong at him, and gave his arm a soft pressure, but the next moment said, waywardly, "Why not, Sir, if he'd beaten you fair? He told a falsehood about me, to be sure, but if he'd made it good against you— There's no telling; it might have turned out true."

"Our three lives would have turned out very different, then, even if you had only said then what you say now. Is strength all you care for?"

"What is better worth a man's having, I'd like to know? Women do not fall in love with weak failures. You can not use your strength in painting."

The artist stopped in front of his easel, and gazed frowningly at the picture. Madge, her cheek resting on his shoulder, embraced his relaxed arm and hand. Her eyes were toward the picture also, but she was watching her lover and feeling his pulse, being still perhaps a little afraid of him.

"My best does that," he said at length, nodding at the canvas; "and so the highest part of me doesn't satisfy you."

"No part of you satisfies me; I want the whole. Men must have bodies to their heads. Painters aren't manly enough for you to be one. You should do things, not sit down and imitate them."

"Great painters are great men. You don't know what you're saying, Madge. The whole means evil as well as good; my art has helped to keep my evil down."

"Why do you call it evil? Strength and power are not evil, my Garth. I believe a great deal is lost from the fear we have of being called bad—by weak people and fools. Let them call us what they like, so we get the better of them."

"Hush, hush, my darling! You never talked like this before. I shall begin to believe all you said about witches and robbers."

Madge relinquished his arm, and walking listlessly to the model's chair, sat down in it. "Well, paint me, Sir," said she; "you love my picture better than me. But it can never be to you what I would, and you can never be to it what you might have been to me."

"Heaven and earth!" burst forth Garth,

in a sudden blaze, "what would you have me do?"

The woman's eyes filled with tears, and she hid her face in her hands. "I only want you to love me," quavered she.

"Love you! Would it be loving you to give up painting? Oh, I've had my temptations! Without knowing it, you have sometimes been my tempter. Asleep? but I'm doing my best. Don't wake me in that way. But it's hard and dull for you— But, Madge—"

Although Madge had hidden her face, and filled her eyes with tears that were at least half honest, she had not closed her eyelids; for Garth, while thus passionately delivering himself, was worth looking at—with hot face and flashing eyes, and hands now clinched, now thrown open, as was his way in vehement moments. But with the utterance of her name his fierceness melted, and his voice was charged with the masculine tenderness which, however self-possessed, she could never hear without a quickened heart-beat. He came near and drew her hands from her face, dropping to his knee beside her chair.

"Madge, I'll confess: I thought you tired of me. We were too long apart, and misunderstood each other. I've not done all I might with painting—not tried to make money from it as if I'd been sure of you. I got bound up in my pictures, and stingy of them. But now I'll sell every thing. I'll paint to sell and to be famous. It's a grand profession—more than I can do justice to. I mustn't give it up. But no more dullness and slowness, my girl! Come, we'll finish this picture, and then wait no longer. Marry me, dear; be my wife. You shall see the world, and be happy your own way—every one at your feet! Come; I trust you: trust me."

She leaned back luxuriously, with half-closed eyes and parted lips. This was something like a wooing. Truly, when Garth was in this vein, almost might a statue have throbbed responsive; and Madge, despite her clear head and firm fibre, was exquisitely sensible to the luxury of love—possibly, indeed, her appreciation outdid any man's power of ministering to it single-handed. Be that as it may, she was soothed and pleasured now, and had the wisdom not to let her present failure to enforce her will regarding her lover's profession distress her. Suffice it that, after long apathy, she had kindled anew in him some of that passionate fire which she had almost feared was quite extinct. Yes, he could still be splendidly impetuous, still bring agreeable flutterings to her heart, and stimulate blood to her cheeks and tears to her eyes. He was lovable still, a hero not lightly to be given up, painter or no. And though in his strong moods he swayed her judgment and magnetized her will, she was nevertheless self-conscious of a subtler, more persistent power, likely in the end to get the odds in her favor.

"How can I help trusting you, when you're so kind to me?" murmured she, with a happy sigh. "I must wait till you're cross again before knowing what to do." Presently she looked and leaned toward him, and said, with curious earnestness: "Garth, tell me—you are really more than other men? (I've thought a great deal, but I've seen very little.) You never met any one, in Europe or any where, that you were afraid of?—but no, no," she added, quickly, putting her hand over his mouth; "don't answer me; never answer me when I ask such silly questions. I don't want to hear, and you don't know what I mean, either. Let us be happy, and think of nothing. There! now go and paint me; I won't be tired again."

The sitting was accordingly resumed, Garth working at first mechanically, but gradually increasing in fervor, till he began to emit the occasional long sighs which denoted profound absorption. "I wish your lodgers weren't coming to-day," he muttered at length; "I might finish this head."

"If I'd been Miss Golightley, I'd never have left Europe," affirmed the model. "I'd have gone on the stage with my violin, and made a bigger fortune than Mr. Tenterden lost."

"You're not cold-blooded and *blasée*, but beautiful and energetic," replied Garth, with rather less than his customary impartiality. "How do they get on at your house?"

"They don't know how to be poor at all," said Madge, laughing; "but they are very pleasant. I hope they'll find who stole their money. Mrs. Tenterden said a detective was after it—not a regular detective, but some one who had been acquainted with them before: a Mr. Selwyn, the same name as your friend."

"Humph!" muttered Garth to himself. "What if it should be Jack! It would be like him to turn detective for a while, and be a good one, too."

"Your uncle Golightley knows nothing about the detective," Madge remarked, after a short silence. "He doesn't believe in detectives, Mrs. Tenterden said, and told her it would be no use employing one. But this Selwyn offered himself in a friendly sort of way, and Mrs. Tenterden consented without telling your uncle; because, she says, he's been so kind and helpful that he would feel hurt if any thing were done against his advice."

"I should think Mrs. Tenterden was in the right," said Garth. "Turn more to the left, and look at the battle-axe over the fire-place."

"Your uncle is very rich now, isn't he?"

"I know nothing about it; he didn't appear to be two years ago."

"If he is, do you think he'll give you back any of the money your father has been sending him?"

"He might make the offer," said the artist, with a smile. "But, you know, there's a mystery about all that which nobody understands, except, perhaps, Uncle Golightley himself."

"He is rather mysterious," she responded, meditatively. "What a strange story he told us last night!"

"Father says he was a morbidly imaginative boy."

"Such vivid imagination seems like reality to me. What do you suppose was in that paper that he hid in the cellar?"

"You're turning to the right again," said the artist, shaking his head.

"Do you think it could have had any connection with the mystery about the money?" persisted the model, who seemed mischievously determined to prove her lover's patience to the utmost. "Let me tell you, Sir," she continued, as he pursued his work in silence, "that you have no head for affairs. You would let yourself be robbed as easily as poor Mr. Tenterden. And if ever something happens that you pretend you wish should happen, Mr. Garth, it must be on condition that every bit of the business be left to me. Do you hear?"

"God bless your clever little heart! you shall do your worst with me and with every thing belonging to me," exclaimed he, laying down his palette and brushes, and clasping his hands behind his head, with a smile. "Only you must promise to let me paint you at least once a year, without asking me a single question about the connection between bank accounts and ghost stories. There they come!"

In fact, there was a multitudinous tramp upon the attic stairs and the indistinct murmur of voices, then three authoritative raps on the door. "Come in," said Garth, throwing on his coat and passing his hands through his hair. In stepped, accordingly, first Mrs. Tenterden, in black, somewhat out of breath, but smiling, and greeting the artist with perfect good nature; then Miss Golightley, in gray, touched up with scarlet, coldly civil and undemonstrative; close behind her Uncle Golightley, striding magnificent in a purple velvet smoking-jacket, with his beard in the air; and finally, Mr. Urmson senior, in a long dark brown dressing-gown, bound round the waist with a cord, giving him the appearance of an ascetic and reverend monk.

"So different from the studios abroad, Nellie!" remarked Mrs. Tenterden, in an under-tone. "I should think it would be better on the *étage* below."

"Ah! ah! Garth," exclaimed Uncle Golightley, coming forward and expanding himself; "so this is your workshop—ah! and this is the model—good-morning, Mistress Margaret! Well, you're enough to make a house painter turn Raphael!" He laid his white hands tenderly on the young girl's shoulders, and was about to bestow upon her an avuncular salute; but she, with perhaps an excess of maidenly reserve, evaded it at the critical moment by stooping suddenly to pick up one of Garth's paint-brushes. "Well, well," laughed Uncle Golightley, recovering himself, "you're bent on breaking my heart, I see that. But let's have a look at this work of yours, Garth. Cuthbert tells me that you are painting the family history, as he is writing it. H'm! Yes. By George! H'm!" With these words, and holding his hands arched over his eyeglasses, the child of æsthetic culture settled himself in front of the canvas, the rest of the company (with the exception of Garth, who stood behind the easel, with his eyes on Miss Golightley) grouping themselves on either side of him.

The picture represented five figures, relieved against a depth of sombre background. The central personage was a man of grim aspect, whose dark frown strangely contrasted with the grin which twisted his lips from his clinched teeth. From a deep gash in his chin the dripping blood spattered on his steel gorget and trickled over his polished breastplate. The chief light in the picture was created by the smoky flash of a pistol, leveled by him against a cavalier in the foreground, whose form showed black against the glare. The latter had just received the bullet; a battle-axe was slipping from his grasp, and he was on the point of falling heavily on his face. A soldier in a buff jerkin had started forward and grasped him by the arm and shoulder.

Of the two remaining figures, one was a young woman, nobly formed, who clung to him of the pistol, while her eyes fastened on the cavalier in a stare of terror and anguish. Her left hand, lying across her bridegroom's breast, was red with the blood from his wound, which had likewise sullied the purity of her golden wedding-ring. This ring, judging from the presence of the minister, whose colossal outline loomed in the background, had but the moment before been fitted to its place. Into the midst of the bridal party murder had thrust its ghastly visage, illumining every face of the group with an infernal gleam, and writhing their features into some likeness to itself. Here was depicted the fatal consummation of a sinful history—a consummation which might well be the starting-point of a yet gloomier history of retribution and remorse.

"Oh, what a dreadful picture for any body to paint!" exclaimed kind-hearted Mrs. Tenterden, with a gesture of aversion.

"I hope it may not rekindle ancestral

heart-burnings," said Mr. Urmson, who was standing at her side. "It's a scene from our family history, you know, in 1646. He in the black cloak is Sir Reginald Golightley, and the black-browed gentleman who has just pistoled him is his ex-bosom-friend, Captain Neil Urmson."

"What a shocking thing! Why did he do it?"

"Ah, I know the story—I know the story!" murmured Uncle Golightley, in an absent manner, still spying at the picture beneath his arched hands. "But go on, Cuthbert. You're the historian; you can give it more effect than I could, I dare say. Really, Garth, this is very—good—indeed. By George, you surprise me! Figures in foreground still unfinished, but—h'm!"

Cuthbert went on to inform Mrs. Tenterden of the main points of the story, and explained to her how Sir Reginald had got beside himself with fury at being compelled to witness the marriage of Lady Eleanor to his rival.

"I should think he would!" cried Mrs. Tenterden, indignantly. "If I ever heard of such an outrageous flirt, to worry the poor man so! I declare, she was as bad as any of them—worse!"

"I hope," said Cuthbert, quietly, "that she knew nothing of the plot against your ancestor until she saw it consummated. It came very near having a different upshot from what Captain Urmson had intended; and, for my own part, I must confess that I have sometimes wished Sir Reginald had fairly succeeded in splitting his old friend's head open: it would have saved the Urmson descendants all the trouble in the world!"

Mrs. Tenterden had perhaps been on the verge of uttering a similar wish; but finding herself half disarmed by this forestallment, she was content to remark, with gentle gravity, "But there wouldn't have been any descendants in that case, Mr. Urmson—would there?"

"Oh, Mildred!" murmured Uncle Golightley, in a sort of dreamy rapture, "you are delicious—delicious!"

"You are right, Mrs. Tenterden—the captain had no brothers," said Cuthbert, with his usual presence of mind. "But that is all the story, so far as they were concerned."

"But not the whole story!" added Golightley, with a melancholy shake of the head. "Ah no; that is not ended even yet!"

"Dear me! what dreadful creatures they were in those days!" sighed Mrs. Tenterden, as she turned away. She walked to the sofa, and sat down there with evident satisfaction; and Madge taking a seat beside her, the two entered into a friendly conversation. The elder lady had taken a great fancy to the ingenuous village beauty, and had already been moved to make her a confidante in many matters whereon speech was perhaps more pleasant than politic. But Madge, in spite of her ingenuousness, had about her an air of security and good sense which inspired trust; and, as a matter of fact, she had kept more than one secret in her life with such inviolability as might have justified even more confidence than she received.

Elinor Golightley all this time had been standing without words and almost without motion from the first, gazing at the picture; and the artist had the pleasure of seeing the very essence of the tragedy which he had portrayed reflected in her face. It was a face remarkably susceptible of tragic expression, and withal possessed of a subtle mobility which rendered it especially available for artistic purposes. By-and-by Miss Golightley moved away, and without taking any notice either of the painter or the rest of the company, began to pace slowly, with her arms folded, up and down the little studio.

Garth came out from behind the easel, and apparently became absorbed in the picture himself. Something in it no longer pleased him. He glanced frowningly from the canvas to Miss Golightley, and from her to Madge, and then back again to the picture. His preoccupation was finally invaded by his uncle, who laid an affectionate arm across his shoulders, and asked him what he meant to do with those two figures in the foreground.

"That fellow in the buff coat—who is he to be? You must have him a portrait, you know, as well as the rest. It's well, my dear nephew, to observe the laws of harmony even when a departure from them would escape critical detection. That's a great secret of power. Now, here we have Parson Graeme—an excellent likeness too, though how you persuaded that jolly old phiz of his to put on the necessary expression of alarm and horror is beyond me! Then, there's yourself—very powerful, that; and, by George, not a bit flattered, either—ha! ha!—and there's your Miss Margaret," added Uncle Golightley, lowering his voice; "but she's the jewel of the picture—puts all the rest of you out of countenance. Garth, that face ought to make your fortune, if you painted nothing else all your life. H'm—what was I saying?"

"I mean to make the others portraits," said Garth. "The soldier shall be Jack Selwyn. Father, Jack is descended from the Selwyn who came with Captain Neil from England, and left him because of their quarrel about the right to disturb the old sachem's grave. Most likely he was really present at this scene."

"There was a young fellow of that name whom we met abroad. I couldn't quite

make him out—reckless, devil-may-care chap; seemed to have brains, too; but devilish independent and inquisitive. However—what are you going to make of the cavalier?"

"I don't know; but since his back is toward us, it doesn't much matter."

"Besides," said Cuthbert, "he evidently can not live long, whoever he is."

"Look here," said Uncle Golightley, drawing himself up and caressing his cheeks, "what do you say to putting in a likeness of me? By just turning the head a little more to the right, you'd show the profile; and for all you know, I have every bit as good a profile as Reginald had."

The artist looked hard at him for a few moments. "Cut off your whiskers," said he, "and you'd have a good cavalier's face." And after a pause he added, "You'll do very well."

"You are very modest," remarked Cuthbert, "to desire to stand in the shoes of a jilted lover, with a bullet through him into the bargain."

"Ah, you mustn't judge too much by appearances," returned Golightley, with a languid smile. "Now, if you observe that young woman's face closely, don't you see that she appears to care quite as much for poor Reginald as she does for that black-haired savage with a bloody chin? By God, Garth, that gold ring and the bullet are in the way, to be sure, but give her a fair show, and I believe she'd choose the other man, after all!"

"If these portraits are going to rake up all the dead-and-buried jealousies of the family, I advise Garth to take all his faces from his imagination," said Cuthbert, arching his eyebrow; and with this caution he walked away, and joining Miss Elinor, began to discuss with her the pictures and sketches which were dispersed about the studio.

"Uncle Golightley," said Garth, "I think that face of Eleanor's spoils the picture."

His uncle, who had again become absorbed in admiring contemplation of this very face, absolutely started. "My dear nephew, you evidently have painted better than you know."

"Madge was not the right model for it," continued Garth. "Her face is too beautiful, and has no tragedy in it. You were talking about the law of harmony: don't you see it can never harmonize with the tone of the picture?"

"Now, Garth," said his uncle, putting his arm through that of the young artist as they stood together, and beginning in a tone of good-natured amusement, "just listen to me for a moment. I'm an older man than you, and I know by heart all the good pictures that ever were painted. I tell you frankly, between you and me, that what you have done there is, in some respects, as good as any man ever did. It has power; it has truth; it has originality—that's a great point. It has something in it that nobody else could have put there, something inimitable and indescribable. You understand what I mean. And I tell you frankly that that face of Madge's—or Eleanor's, if you will—is worth all the rest of the work (good as it is) put together. Now don't touch it," he went on, emphasizing his appeal with his long forefinger; "my dear boy, don't touch it. As for harmony, beauty *is* harmony; it is, as Ralph Waldo Emerson says, its own excuse for being. I feel the greatest interest in your success, you know. You have genius, undoubted genius; but I see you have some of the infirmities of genius too—you don't recognize your own happiest touch. Yield to my judgment—yield to my experience. By-and-by, all in good time, you'll acknowledge that I'm right. Take my word for it."

"I could take your word for it," replied Garth, after pulling at his hair a while, "on any other point better than on this. I can be advised in technicalities, and still be an artist in my own right; but the soul of the picture must be my own. Michael Angelo might conceive it better, but I'm Garth Urmson."

Uncle Golightley patted his nephew on the shoulder. "Did you ever hear of a young fellow named Hafiz, who wanted to pull down this tiresome old sky? You remind me of him. But you must build up where you pull down. Now what are you going to substitute for this face?"

Garth made no reply to this question, though words seemed to lie behind his lips, and his uncle, who really seemed to have the matter at heart, was encouraged.

"You've bothered over this until you're a bit crazy, that's all. Go quietly on, and finish up the odds and ends, and cover Lady Eleanor up till all's done. I'll risk my reputation as a connoisseur on your finding her as satisfactory as I do in the end. I shall have something more to say to you then. By-the-way, as to art *versus* profit. Is there any thing of a market for good pictures in this great and free country?"

"I shall do my best with this thing, at all events. I want money."

"By George, I want you to have it! That picture, with its present Lady Eleanor, is worth its weight in gold, and I'm much mistaken if you don't make a small fortune by it. Have you thought of any particular price?"

"No," said Garth, rather shortly, for he thought his uncle unnecessarily curious.

"Because," continued the latter, producing a cambric handkerchief from his purple velvet pocket, and hastily wiping his eyeglasses with it, "if five thousand dollars

will buy it, it's going to be mine. Of course a richer man than I might offer more, and still get it at a bargain, and you mustn't oblige me merely because blood is thicker than water, and all that. In fact, I tell you frankly I think the picture, as it stands, is worth indefinitely more. But five thousand is as high as I can go just now; and, between you and me, four-fifths of that is for the very part you don't appreciate, you barbarian! Well, think it over, my dear boy, and take your time. As long as you give me the run of the studio, you know, I can afford to be patient—ha! ha!"

Garth, for some time after hearing this speech, was afflicted with a species of mental dizziness, which prevented him from taking conscious note of what was going on around him. He walked or sat, answered questions or volunteered remarks, apparently as usual; yet all was automatic, and slipped from his interior recognition like water off a duck's back. He was awake only in an Aladdin's vision of wealth and of what he would do with it. Five thousand dollars was ten times as much as he had expected for his picture; and wonderful were the changes which the consideration of this sum introduced into his plans and prospects. The world now lay submissive, inviting him to go whither he chose and do whatsoever he pleased in it. Without more ado, he could marry Madge and carry her abroad, not with a penurious and uneasy eye for economy, but generously and with flourish of trumpets. In reviewing his past life he marveled at the torpid indifference—for such it now appeared—which had suffered to pass away so many barren and irrevocable years. He began to arrive at an understanding of what Madge must have endured throughout this dreary season of delay, and could not enough admire her long-suffering affection and patient cheerfulness. She might have married when and where she pleased during the past seven years; yet had she not only remained true to her first love, but never until this very morning had dropped so much as a hint that he was doing less than his utmost duty by her. This argued her no less lovable than she was lovely and loving. Such women were rare indeed; and Garth accused himself of having valued her at less than her true worth, and heartily thanked his stars that she had been spared to him till what time his eyes had begun to recognize his fair fortune. But though self-convicted of having been, as Madge had expressed it, asleep, Garth was still a prey to doubts as to what was the soporific. He could not think it painting, which had been the means of raising him out of sleep to the present happy waking. Nor was it the lack of public recognition which had bedrowsed him, since he had never fairly sought it, still looking upon himself as in the artistic chrysalid, unripe to canvass the world's suffrages. How then? Was he the victim of hypochondria, or had he but passed through a disagreeable but necessary phase of development? "At all events," was the young painter's conclusion, "I'm in no danger of a second hibernation."

"I didn't know before," said Miss Golightley, with an irrestrainable gush of laughter, "that you Northern people ever did really hibernate!"

In becoming, for the first time, actively aware of her presence, Garth was likewise aroused to an obscure consciousness of having been for an indefinite while in conversation with her. Looking about him in some bewilderment, he found himself alone with the young lady in the studio, apparently engaged in piloting her through a large portfolio of drawings and studies which lay open on the sofa before them. Hereupon her laugh, which had the rare charm of untrammeled spontaneity, proved wonderfully contagious, and the artist responded with a heartiness of mirth that surprised himself.

"I had no idea you ever laughed," said Miss Golightley, becoming sober, while the pink flush rapidly died away from her clear face. "Why do you?"

"Because you helped me catch sight of my own absurdity; I suppose nothing else is ridiculous enough. Thank you. So you can laugh too?"

"Yes, but never at my absurdities; only at my solemnities sometimes."

"How long have we been at this portfolio, Miss Golightley?"

"Ever since your father handed me over to you, and took the rest of the people down to the orchard. If I had known you were hibernating—"

"Have I done any thing outlandish?"

"Nothing but seem indifferent to your own sketches; and when I asked you whether you were never afraid of the use of models lowering your ideal, you made that singular remark—or, after all, perhaps it was profound?"

"Talking of models," said Garth, with a more serious air, "I was thinking, a little while ago, what a good face for tragedy yours was. But I believe your laugh is still better. It's perfectly funny, and yet there's a kind of pathos in it. The dimples that come on your cheek-bones are good too, and unusual. I'm only being artistic."

"Oh, I've been talked to by artists before," returned the lady, with a little disdainful quiver of the mouth.

"You think," said Garth, after a pause, "that my picture there would be better without the portraits?"

Miss Golightley colored slightly, but had the courage of her opinions. "Only one of

the faces is really a portrait. The murderer has your features, but the expression comes from his own character: I think you must have imagined that, not copied it. But your imagination seems to have done nothing with the woman's face. It's very lovely, of course, Mr. Urmson, and very well painted; but it has no more to do with such a tragedy as that than your cousin herself has."

Garth sat frowning at the wall before him, and said nothing. Miss Golightley, supposing that she had seriously offended him, determined to define her position as clearly as she could, and then leave him to his ill humor.

"I was thinking, when I asked you about models, how some of the greatest painters seem to have made their models their ideals. They would fall in love with some beautiful woman, and paint her in their pictures; and get so blinded by their mere natural affections as to persuade themselves that she was above any ideal that their imaginations could conceive."

"Why might she not have been?"

"I don't think that is the point," returned Miss Golightley, coldly. "A great artist has a divine gift, and he dishonors it if he only copies or adapts nature instead of recreating it. He ought not to allow any human being to be the limit of his inspiration, even if she were more beautiful than any thing he could create."

"What imports, then, is not what he paints, but what he tries to?"

"It seems to me he should keep his art sacred from every thing else—not even run a risk with it. As soon as he finds himself hesitating whether to make his model an end instead of a means, he should never paint her again. Models must have no souls or characters of their own, but give themselves up to be made over in harmony with the spirit of the picture. Otherwise the artist will by-and-by begin to make the spirit of his picture in harmony with them; and then, though his picture may be lovely—lovelier than if he'd aimed higher—the divinity will be out of it. Are you smiling because what I say is commonplace, Mr. Urmson?"

"No; at the poor pegs of models. But I don't feel like smiling. Say more."

Miss Golightley, having, perhaps, been piqued into saying so much as she had done already by Garth's supposed antagonism, was embarrassed at his unlooked-for acquiescence.

"I only meant," said she, doubling and undoubling the corner of one of the drawings, and gradually becoming pink from forehead to chin, "that persons who have genius should be particularly careful; the dearest, most intimate companions of their life may become the worst enemies of their art if allowed to influence it in any merely personal way. Their love and their art might serve to counterpoise each other, I should think—each be the recreation from the other—but never interfere."

"A bad business, I'm afraid," Garth muttered, gloomily, to himself. "There's one thing about my picture, however," he added, looking Miss Golightley in the face with a self-compassionate smile; "though I hadn't the power to annihilate my cousin's individuality, and give her one to carry out the design of the picture, at all events I didn't bully the design into correspondence with her individuality. As you said, they have nothing to do with each other. Well, you are an honest woman, and I thank you. Do you consider my uncle a good critic?"

"I should suppose he had very correct ideas. Why?"

"Why," said Garth, digging his hands into his coat pockets, "he likes Lady Eleanor, and advises me not to alter her on any account. You see, I'd had my own misgivings about her, and you have confirmed them. But, after a while, I shall want to ask you one more question. Meanwhile," he went on, pulling an old piece of pasteboard out of the pile of drawings, "here is the first portrait I ever painted."

Miss Golightley looked at it at first with a smile, but soon with a softened and sympathetic interest. Despite grotesque errors of both drawing and coloring, the characterization was effective and powerful. It represented the head of a mild, serene woman, whose hair was beginning to blanch beneath her immaculate white cap, though her wide level eyebrows still retained their youthful darkness, and the whole face, albeit marked and worn by the advance of age, still seemed to retain, just below the surface, the sweet and tender spirit of pure young womanhood. Such a face, be its years however many, can never really grow old.

"Is this Mrs. Urmson?" asked the young lady, in a voice low almost to timidity.

"Yes—my mother. I did it up here by stealth, believing I was committing a sort of theft. The paints are some that Nikomis gave me, and I laid them on partly with my fingers and partly with an old pair of scissors. But I don't think I could do it so well again. My second portrait is on the other side. Both are done from memory, without models, but I think I caught the spirit of the faces all the better."

Miss Golightley could not help smiling at this remark, and it was a shy, girlish smile, not cold and cynical. She turned over the piece of pasteboard.

"Oh, this is your cousin. It's very funny. I should think it might have been very good."

"I showed it to her for the first time the

other day, but she doesn't appreciate it. When I was doing it, and making a profound secret of it, I remember how guilty I felt one day when she said she would like to have some one take her portrait. I didn't go near my paint-box after that for several years. But since then my cousin has lost her faith in painting, and I have found mine."

"Do you mean that you didn't care for painting when you did these things?"

"I liked it so well that I thought it must be wrong. My grandfather used to tell me that whatever boys liked to do was pretty sure to be bad for them. In one sense I think he came very near the truth—for men as well as boys. Too much doing what they like makes doing what they don't like harder. And they have to do what they don't like once in a while."

To this profound remark Miss Golightley made no rejoinder, and they turned over the contents of the portfolio for a while in silence. Garth was well aware that he was being unusually talkative, and that he was talking merely to gain time, though what he was gaining time for he had but an indistinct idea. From his recent vision of happiness and ease he had abruptly awaked to find himself neither easy nor happy. The alternative forced upon him was as disagreeable as it was simple—it was the old question between honor and profit. But profit in this case meant more than the ostensible five thousand dollars. The providing Lady Eleanor with a new head to correspond with the emotions which were supposed to be agonizing her heart would not only involve the forfeiture of his uncle's offer, but, as the immediate consequence, all present chance of getting married. And if he missed this chance, what right had he to suppose that fortune would ever procure him another? Madge would lose faith in him, and perhaps marry some one else. At all events, she would be doubly offended—first, that he should prefer for his picture any other face to the lovely organization of curves and colors which she called her own; and secondly, that for so impertinent a whim he should voluntarily and indefinitely postpone their already tardy happiness. An impertinent whim—that was what she would consider it; and really, for the matter of logic, what was it more? A disinterested woman like Miss Golightley, who had received a life-long artistic training, and possessed cool and fine discrimination, might perceive its profound inward significance; but Madge, ingenuous, affectionate, wayward, unsophisticated, would only feel the slight to her beauty and her love; and who could blame her if she resented it?

Garth turned the question over and over in his mind, but could get no satisfaction out of it. He wished that the bargain with his uncle had been irrevocably completed before this misgiving about Lady Eleanor's physiognomy had entered his own head. He wished that Miss Golightley, the sight of whose face as she looked at the picture had suggested to him his first doubts, had staid down stairs, or at least had gone down with the rest, and not remained to poison his dream of felicity with her dose of unanswerable remonstrances. But what an ignoble mood was this! In very truth he wished none of these things, and was conscious of a wholesome, hearty respect for the young lady who had been kind and resolute enough to tell him what he ought not to have waited to be told. All the same it was open to him to regret that Uncle Golightley had not set his heart on some other part of the canvas than that appropriated to Lady Eleanor's features, so that honor and profit might have fraternized at last, and rung his wedding bells for him side by side.

But might he not hope, after all, to effect an honorable compromise? What if his uncle, when he saw the alterations, were to come to his senses and discover that he liked the picture better than ever? Or what if Garth were himself to discover an unsuspected capacity for tragic expression in Madge's face, and by a few telling touches so bring the same to bear as to enhance the value both of the portrait and the design at once? It was true that upon Miss Golightley's theory the power to do this would argue him but an indifferent lover; nevertheless he was inclined to believe that, given the power, he could safely afford to let the theory take care of itself.

Supposing the worst to come to the worst, however, he reflected that, save for the disappointment, he would be really no worse off than he was before. It was always possible that he might still find another buyer for his picture; and although not five thousand dollars, nor any thing like it, was to be looked for, it was not too much to anticipate five hundred, or even a thousand, which would enable him at least to get married, if not at once to set forth on his wedding tour. Meanwhile he would be careful to keep Madge from all knowledge of Uncle Golightley's offer—his uncle himself would surely abstain from all premature allusion to it—and thus, if the affair turned out badly, she would at least be spared any further mortification than that of seeing some other set of features take precedence, on this occasion only, of her own. She need never know how near she had been to affluence, and so the silent surrender of the opportunity would not affect her. These consolatory reflections pretty nearly exhausted Garth's list. One loophole perhaps remained in the background, through which it might be found practicable to effect a not dishonorable escape; but

on this point he felt rather insecure, and had avoided putting the question to the issue until the very last moment.

"That is the end," said Miss Golightley, laying down the last drawing. "I am very much obliged to you."

"Not at all," returned Garth, abstractedly, closing the portfolio and tying up the string; "the obligation is on my side."

"I don't know what made me say all that," remarked Miss Golightley, with a faint smile glimmering around her mouth and eyes. "Somehow I felt better acquainted with you than I am."

"It was the laughing, I suppose, that surprised us out of our customary behavior. I wonder when we shall laugh again! Before you go, come and take another look at the picture."

They arose and came round in front of the easel, and both looked, resting a hand on the back of the low chair. Presently the artist said, "I'm inclined to think the whole thing a failure. Do you?"

"I don't know how to blame or praise it technically, Mr. Urmson; but I never saw a picture that made me feel so sad. It ought to make the world better—it makes evil such a fearful thing. And yet your—Lady Eleanor seems to be making fun of it."

"You think, then," said Garth, turning his eyes with a kind of vehemence on his companion's pale face, "that the picture has merit enough to make the alteration of that part of it worth while?"

"I'm sure of it."

"Well," rejoined he, drawing a deep breath, "that is saying a good deal. But I am glad you have said it."

They turned away and walked to the door. "We are going to stay to dinner," observed the lady, pleasantly, "so I suppose I shall see you again."

"Yes. Come up here often, Miss Golightley. I have other things to show you."

"By-the-way," said she, with her hand upon the door, "you said a little while ago that you were going to ask me a question."

"So I did," said Garth, smiling, "and you answered it."

He escorted her to the foot of the garret stairs, and then returned with measured steps to the studio. After sitting inactive for a few minutes before the easel, he lazily took up his palette and mixed some dark brown paint upon it, whistling softly to himself the while, and tapping his foot upon the floor. When the tint was ready, he dipped his brush in it, and prepared to apply it to a certain portion of the canvas.

"It may be against history, Lady Eleanor," he muttered, between a smile and a frown, "but off comes your head, nevertheless!"

A noise as of some one running up stairs caused him, however, to pause in the act of execution. It was Madge; she burst into the room, all breathless and sparkling.

"Oh, my Garth!—dinner is ready—but oh, Garth dear, isn't it splendid?"

He got up, letting brush and palette fall to the floor. She was flushed and joyous, and her dark eyes were glistening with happy tears. She stood before him with her hands clasped, full of light and life and eagerness, yet touched with a shade of maidenly timidity that rendered her quite irresistible.

Garth tried to say something, but no words came. All at once he took Madge in his arms.

"Uncle Golightley has told me," she murmured on his shoulder. "Oh, Garth, think of five thousand dollars! and all because my portrait was in it! If you had left out the picture, perhaps he would have given more. My dear, darling boy, how happy we shall be! But dinner is ready; shall we go down together?"

"Yes, take me down with you," answered Garth, in an oddly jocose tone. "Keep your eye on me, Madge; I'm not fit to be trusted alone with five thousand dollars in my pocket."

"I shall take care of it for you, Sir," rejoined she; and hand in hand the happy lovers left the studio. And Lady Eleanor was reprieved.

PASSAGES FROM THE LIFE OF DR. JOHN TODD.

ON the 9th day of October, A.D. 1800, a poor insane woman of Rutland, Vermont, the wife of a helpless cripple, gave birth to a puny babe, whom the good neighbors were moved to hope that God would mercifully recall from so inhospitable a world as this promised to prove to the newborn child.

On the 24th day of August, A.D. 1873, there died in Pittsfield, Massachusetts, a venerable clergyman, loved and honored throughout the country, and known in his books the world over. The unpromising infant who came unwelcome into the world at the beginning of the century had become the Dr. John Todd whose influence for good has been felt to the very ends of the earth, and whose published writings are read in more languages than one can well count on the fingers.

From beginning to end the story of his life is full of interest; and luckily his letters, of which he wrote an unusual number every year, are so rich in personal detail, and so frank and unreserved withal, that his biography* is, in fact, almost an autobiography, written from day to day as the

* *John Todd: the Story of his Life, told mainly by Himself.* New York: Harper and Brothers.

events chronicled occurred, and with no thought on its author's part that his account of his life's experiences was ever to be put into print.

The childhood of the young John was passed, after the fashion of rural childhood in New England at that early day, chiefly in hard work. His crippled father died about six years after the boy's birth, leaving a large family, which, by reason of extreme poverty and the helplessness of the maniac mother, was necessarily scattered. John found a home with an aunt in North Killingworth, Connecticut, where he remained several years, working hard "for his food and a part of his clothing," and trapping wild animals for the rest. When ten years of age he passed a brief time in New Haven, attending school, and earning his bread in the capacity of "chore boy" in the house of a kinsman. It was during this residence near Yale College that he first came into contact with people of a higher culture than was common among the rural folk of North Killingworth, and the accident appears to have determined the whole course of his life. His ambition was awakened, and from that time forward his purpose was fixed—to secure the benefits of a thorough training in the schools. The task he thus set himself seemed a hopeless one—so much so, indeed, that from first to last his friends labored diligently to dissuade him from the undertaking. He was without money, without prospects, and without friends able to help him; but young as he was, the iron will which served him so well in after-life was already his, and he appears never to have faltered in his purpose after it was once formed. He lived poorly, by such work as he could get to do, saved every moment of time, studied under any masters he could find, and finally, in the autumn of 1818, entered Yale College, having traveled thither on foot from Charlestown, Massachusetts, "with his entire wardrobe under one arm and his entire library under the other." At the time of his matriculation, he tells us, he had but three cents in the world, two of which he paid out for toll in crossing a bridge on the same day.

His lack of means was not his only lack, however. Upon examination he was found wholly unprepared to enter college, we learn from one of his letters, and was admitted only in consideration of the peculiar circumstances surrounding his case, the faculty's admiring appreciation of his resolution and courage having no little influence, we may well suppose, upon their action. But his want of preparatory training cost him dearly enough. To repair his deficiencies and gain a respectable standing in his class, he overtaxed his strength in study; and when to this extra labor was added the work of teaching, by which he must maintain himself, it seems not at all strange that his health broke down utterly. Twice he was obliged to quit his books and go upon long journeys, once through New England and once to South Carolina, in search of health. These prolonged absences seriously interfered with his regular advancement in college, but by dint of extraordinary exertion he managed at last to recover his standing, and was graduated with his class. His success was a grand triumph of courage and will over circumstances the most adverse, although it does not appear that he himself ever thought the achievement at all remarkable; and in a letter written many years afterward to a poor student we have a very positive expression of his opinion that any determined man may accomplish as much if he will. "I think if I were poor," he wrote, "and had to feed myself with one hand and hold my book with the other, I would go to Williams. However, a man who *wills* it can go any where and do what he determines to do. We must make ourselves, or come to nothing. We must swim off, and not wait for any one to come and put cork under us."

From Yale Todd went to Andover as a student of theology. With his graduation from the college, his severe struggle with fortune had come to an end. He was still poor, indeed, but having won influential friends in many quarters, he was no longer obliged to "feed himself with one hand and hold his book with the other." For the first time in his life he met his classmates upon equal ground; and now that his energies were no longer dissipated in severe labor for support, he quickly won a first place in the seminary for scholarship and ability.

While yet an under-graduate in college he had written for the press some essays, which his mature judgment in after-years so far approved that they were republished in the little volume of *Simple Sketches*, with which most readers are familiar. At Andover he resumed the practice of writing, and published some essays which attracted no little attention. During his vacations he was usually employed in some editorial work in Boston, and indeed it appears that his expenses at Andover were largely paid by the work of his pen. He early won distinction, too, a preacher and orator, and before his course of theological study was completed he was appointed, to his own great surprise, to address the municipality of Boston on "The Cause of Africa," under the auspices of the leading churches there. His success was so marked that a committee of gentlemen who heard the address straightway offered him a "settlement" at Holliston. This he declined, however, refusing several other calls, and accepting instead a fellowship at Andover.

In August, 1825, a mere accident practi-

cally determined the course which the young theologian's life was to take, at least during its earlier years. A friend invited him one Saturday to share a drive with him, and Mr. Todd was driven to Groton, Massachusetts. Upon arriving in the town, "I was immediately introduced," he writes, "to the minister, Dr. Chaplin, a venerable old man, more than eighty years of age. He was quite ill, and here I first began to suspect the snare into which my friend had drawn me. You must know they are all Unitarians, and hate Andover worse than poison. The good doctor is a kind of Arminian, a man of commanding talents, and, I doubt not, a go-to-heaven man; still he has made all his people Unitarians."

This, the reader will bear in mind, was the period of sharp and bitter theological controversy in New England, and Mr. Todd was an earnest believer in the theology of Jonathan Edwards. By invitation the young Andover man filled Dr. Chaplin's pulpit the next day, apparently pleasing his congregation as greatly as he astonished them. "They knew not that Andover was like this," he wrote, in the letter already quoted from, and the young man had every reason to think that the impression he had made was altogether favorable. But it appeared afterward that his preaching had given rise to some jealousies between the Unitarian and "orthodox" halves of the congregation, which, as Mr. Todd continued occasionally to preach for Dr. Chaplin, rapidly grew into an extremely bitter church quarrel.

In a letter dated a little more than a month after the time of his first visit to the town, Mr. Todd wrote:

"Something over forty-six years ago a young minister was settled in Groton by the name of Chaplin. He is now Dr. Chaplin. He married into a gay, worldly family....This family have since all become Unitarians. As Groton was a beautiful and fashionable place, and as he had married such a girl, the consequence was that he was drawn away into the vortex of fashionable society....The next consequence was that, however orthodox his head might be, his heart was cold, and he could not and did not preach faithfully and to the conscience;....and the consequence is that all or nearly all of his congregation have become fashionable Unitarians....You know, I preached once to this people before they knew what I was. All parties applauded. The Unitarians went too far in praising to retract immediately. The orthodox had no wish to retract. This gave the few pious people courage. They sent for me again. I went. The Unitarians were still mostly silent; they winced, but said but little. The pious were still more encouraged. The next step was for the pious people silently to raise a subscription and invite me to come there a few Sabbaths, not as a candidate, but as assistant minister to Dr. Chaplin, hoping that a good impression in favor of piety may be made on the town."

This invitation he accepted, and naturally his coming shook Groton to its foundations. The dispute in the church was a very pretty quarrel as it stood, but his return speedily raised it to the dignity of a church war. The space at command is not sufficient for the giving of more than an outline of the events which followed, but the merest summary of the doings will serve to show how bitter was the contest. On the 14th of November the church voted, seventeen to eight, to call Mr. Todd as assistant pastor; but when, according to custom, the question was submitted to the town, the proposition was voted down and a committee appointed to supply the pulpit. Then a petition signed by a majority of the legal voters, and praying the committee to employ Mr. Todd as a candidate, placed that body in a sad predicament. In a letter written at the time, he says of the petition, "If they grant it and I go there, they fear it is death to their party; if they refuse, as they probably will, it will bring odium upon them and make their party more and more unpopular." Another sentence from the same letter shows how determinedly the war was waged: "I hope to hear from Chaplin soon, but he hardly dares write to me, for fear his letters will be picked at the office." The gentleman here referred to was Mr. William L. Chaplin, a son of the old clergyman. The committee refused in the end to comply with the request preferred by the petitioners, and announced that a candidate was already engaged.

At this point of the controversy Dr. Chaplin actively interfered. Having been settled over the church "for life," he asserted for himself the right, according to Congregational usage, to say who should and who should not occupy his pulpit; and in exercise of this right he declared his purpose to employ an assistant at his own expense until a man acceptable to both parties should be found. The committee rejected this proposition, however, claiming that their pastor's age and inability to preach annulled his right in this respect. They employed the Rev. Mr. Robinson to supply the pulpit—a proceeding against which Dr. Chaplin protested in writing, declaring that if the stranger should enter the pulpit it would be contrary to the wishes of the church, the majority of the people, and the pastor himself.

The remonstrance was without effect, and the new minister preached, whereupon Dr. Chaplin called a meeting of the church, at which it was voted—1, that, in the opinion of the church, Dr. Chaplin had a right to supply the pulpit himself; 2, that the church desired him to do so; 3, that they wished him to employ Mr. Todd; and 4, that no member should thereafter be received into their communion from another church without first assenting to their articles of belief. A caucus of the orthodox present, numbering just one hundred, adopted precisely similar resolutions; and when a committee waited upon the old pastor with a report of the conclusions reached, he prom-

ised to comply with their wishes in the matter. To this end he sought first to have a preacher sent over from Andover for the following Sunday; but after consulting his professors, Mr. Todd wrote, strongly deprecating that course as certain to produce unseemly wrangling in the house of God, to the great scandal of the church, and advising a very temperate but logically strong appeal to the good sense and right feeling of the committee. But it was deemed too late to recede from the position already taken, and, to quote from a letter again,

"So they got Fisher, from Harvard, to go to supply. But when he arrived he found the Unitarian committee had appointed constables to keep him out of the pulpit. His heart failed him, and he dared not go into the meeting-house."

A council was called in Boston to consider the state of the church in Groton; and after four hours' deliberation it was decided that every effort should be made to strengthen the orthodox and weaken the Unitarian party during the time which must elapse before the holding of the annual town-meeting, and that to this end it was Mr. Todd's duty to go to Groton as Dr. Chaplin's assistant. An extract from a letter written while he was yet uncertain as to his duty in the premises reveals something of the man, and still more of the spirit in which controversial theology fought its battles in those days:

"Yesterday I preached before the seminary—one of our Groton sermons. It made the natives stare, especially as they knew it was such food as you had to digest. Dr. Porter said I went at you with a broad-axe, but he was evidently pleased with it. I told him it was my manner to let it off at you 'bush fashion.' He is now laying a plan to get me into a neighboring pulpit the next Sabbath, in hopes that I can strike hard enough to split them. You see what a tool they make of me. I think you and I will soon be able to hire out to great advantage to split societies."

About this time Mr. Todd preached the first sermon delivered in Hanover Street Church, Boston; and writing of the occasion, he gives us a hint of the prices paid half a century ago for service of this kind: "They gave me the usual price, ten dollars, for my day's work." The day's work thus liberally paid for consisted in preaching three sermons—one in the Old South Church and two in the new Hanover Street house. He still hesitated to go to Groton, greatly dreading a further experience in controversy of the kind he had awakened there, and yet his spiritual pastors and masters, to whose authority he was especially subject by reason of his Andover fellowship, insisted upon his performing the disagreeable duty. "As to Groton," he writes, "I really do not know what to do. I can not get *at* them to do them any good, and the professors and good people of this region would not allow me to be a candidate in any other place in the world while the question is pending."

At the town-meeting the Todd party was outvoted by a small majority; but this by no means ended the matter. Young Chaplin went to Andover to consult with the authorities there; and Mr. Todd writes: "The professors advise that the orthodox set up a separate meeting, and that Mr. Todd go and preach Unitarianism down—say, a campaign of six months, to begin with." During the same week a council was held in Boston on the Groton affair, Dr. Lyman Beecher presiding, at which it was resolved

"That in their opinion it is expedient for the orthodox in Groton to have separate worship; that, in order to hold a check upon the fund, the church hold its stated communion, as usual, in the old meeting-house; that Mr. Todd is the man to go to Groton."

Dr. Woods, of Andover, said, in the council, "Our Mr. Todd is a genuine hero. He stands and looks at the field of battle, dreads to enter it, but if we once get him there, he will fight most powerfully. There is no shrink to him."

Thus urged by the leading clergymen of his State, Mr. Todd accepted, though with great reluctance and at considerable sacrifice of personal feeling, the call which was presently given him, and on the 1st of April, 1826, arrived in Groton. His services were held in a hall hired for the purpose, the Unitarian wing of the church retaining possession of the regular meeting-house. His congregations were large and earnest, and his labor unceasing. The practical division effected in the church wrought no change, for a time at least, in the spirit of the controversy. Mr. Todd suffered from every species of petty annoyance. At one time during service the linchpins were removed from the carriages of his congregation. At another, ropes were stretched across the stairs during an evening service, and in leaving the hall he narrowly escaped a fall down the stairway. In the midst of all these annoyances he was tempted to leave so inhospitable a place by excellent offers to go elsewhere. A call from Portland, Maine, appears to have shaken his resolution most, although, with his strong journalistic instincts, we may well believe that only a firm conviction of duty strengthened him to decline the editorship of the New York *Observer*, which was at this time tendered him. "There was no shrink to him," however, and having undertaken to establish a Congregational church of the orthodox sort in Groton, he steadily resisted every attempt to win him away from the work his hand had found to do. The story of his trials and triumph in this undertaking forms a very interesting chapter of biography, which we must condense into very few words here. The new congregation determined to build a new meeting-house, and on the 4th of July, 1826, the corner-stone was laid. "The stone," he writes, "was hurled off out of its

place.....the night but one after it was laid." Then follows this characteristic comment: "Is it any wonder that they who cut away the great Corner-stone in open day should overturn the corner-stone to His temple in the darkness of midnight?"

The stone was replaced, of course, and a few months later the frame of the new building was raised. Commenting upon the successful completion of the task, he gives us a side glimpse of the manners and morals of the time, which is interesting. "Not a man got intoxicated," he says, "and not one used profane language during the whole."

By advice of a council, a new church was finally organized, and Mr. Todd became its pastor. Meantime a very marked religious revival had been felt in his congregation, so that, in spite of the vexatious quarrel still existing in the town and the old church, the earnest young minister felt himself rewarded for all his weary work.

The new meeting-house was dedicated on the 3d of January, 1827, and its pastor received ordination on the same day, Dr. Lyman Beecher preaching the sermon. The building had been erected at cost of severe self-sacrifice on the part of the people, and when done the young women cut the fringe from their shawls that they might provide a decent rug for the pulpit.

Being now a regularly settled pastor, with good prospects, the young man's thoughts, not lightly, but soberly, turned to love. Several years before, he had wooed and won Mary Brace, the daughter of Rev. Joab Brace, of Newington, Connecticut, but the time of their marriage had been left undetermined to await the convenience of both. When the new church was fairly established, there was no longer any occasion to postpone the matter, and accordingly Mr. Todd sought and obtained a brief vacation in the spring of 1827, and on the 11th of March he was married.

His work in Groton continued to prosper, and after three years' labor there, he could count eight churches in the vicinity as the direct and visible result. Of his life there we have here no room to speak in detail. He knew joy and sorrow; children were born to him, and his first-born died; he was sick often, and oppressed at times with care; but he bore all manfully, and while he felt the unrelenting enmity of some to the last, his friends steadily increased both in number and in the warmth of their devotion. When called to Salem in 1831, his church unanimously voted not to dismiss him, and before a council subsequently called to decide the question of his duty in the case, they pleaded so earnestly against his removal that the council refused to sanction the proposed change. In December, 1832, however, he was finally permitted to accept a call to Northampton, where again he must begin work at the foundation, becoming pastor of a new church not yet organized, without funds, without a house of worship, without a Sunday-school, without any thing, in fact, but the good-will of the church from which it had gone off as a colony. He preached to his new congregation for the first time January 20, 1833, in the town-hall. A new church building was begun at once, however, which, when finished, was one of the best in New England outside of Boston. It was dedicated Christmas-day of that year, the pews selling for nearly ten thousand dollars.

Mr. Todd's labors in Northampton were quite as great as in Groton. In addition to the large measure of work which fell naturally to him as pastor of a newly organized church with a house of worship to build and pay for, he was compelled during a considerable period to take upon himself the pastoral charge of the older society as well as his own; he was called upon to assist actively in every undertaking which needed an energetic advocate; and, as was nearly always the case with him, his ministry resulted in a marked revival, which added greatly to his burden of labor. Finding himself ill from overwork during the second summer of his stay in Northampton, he made a journey for his health through Pittsfield, and was well-nigh enchanted with the extreme beauty of its surroundings, although he little dreamed that the beautiful Berkshire town was to be his home during the greater part of his remaining life.

His letters at this period are peculiarly rich in the sharp wit, the abounding humor, and the agreeable playfulness which to a great extent characterized his correspondence and conversation throughout his life. He worked harder, encountered greater difficulties, and suffered more in every way during the time spent in Groton and Northampton than at any subsequent period, with the exception of that passed in Philadelphia; but youth was in his favor then, and he seems to have had a readier laugh than later with which to meet annoyances. Writing to Mrs. Todd's mother, soon after his marriage, he thus playfully hints the happiness the new life was giving him:

"I can not stop to tell you how father's letter at last came to hand;....how the little books did *not* come to hand, and then, after a long time, they *did* come to hand; how Mr. Wright was delighted and cheered and swelled on the occasion (and while my finger is on the little fellow, I must just wink to you that I believe he is courting our landlord's daughter)....I really don't know but our happiness—Mary's and mine—will excite our very pig to fall in love, for so every thing else does that comes near us; even the philosophical Mr. H—— came near falling into a swamp."

His pig and his hens occupy large space in his letters about this time. Describing a house he had bought in Groton, he says:

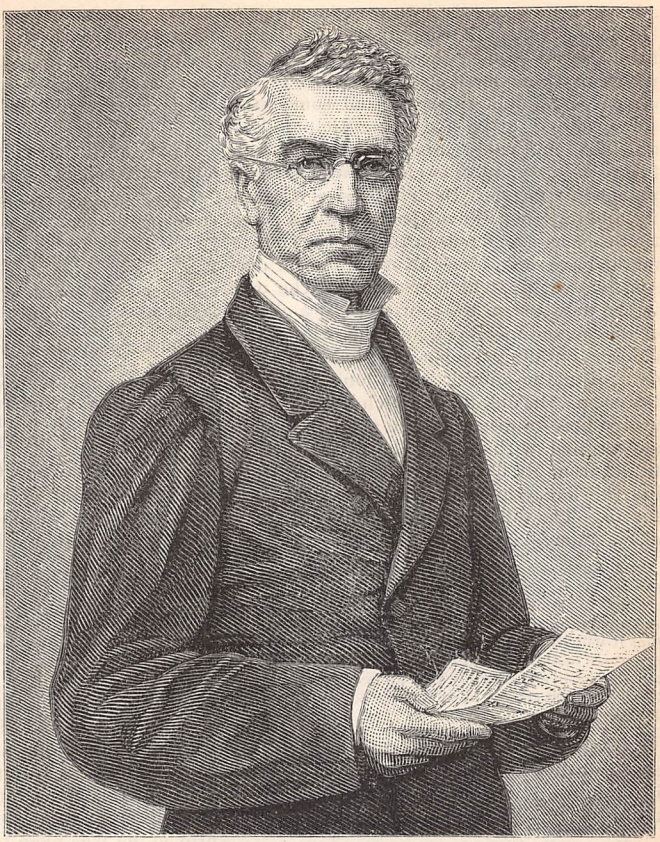
"We have a good parlor to shut up—a thing indispensable to human happiness."

Writing of a sample of Mrs. Todd's thrifty ingenuity, he says:

"Mrs. Todd, instead of putting me up to get a tidy goat's-hair wrapper, with wadding, etc., has turned my old college plaid cloak, taken out one lining, cut up my old fur cap for a collar, and then persuaded me it is warmer for having lost one lining, and, as to looks, is really superior to any thing that can be purchased....I get it on, rub my cheeks against the fur, imagine that it is new, and prove its warmth by shivering in every limb."

Having attended the ordination of a young minister, with whose haziness of view on theological points he was not pleased, his comment was that "some men are sewed and others only *basted* together."

One of his Groton enemies named a pig after him. "He calls 'Todd, Todd,' and the pig knows his name. It is altogether the likeliest member of his family."



JOHN TODD.

Mr. Todd's success in organizing new churches and conducting them through all manner of trials and difficulties to a condition of permanent prosperity had gained for him so wide a reputation for that sort of executive ability which is most needed in such cases, that in June, 1836, he was earnestly besought to go to Philadelphia and become pastor of an infant Congregational society, the first of the kind ever organized in that city. The history of this church is interesting chiefly on account of the strong light it sheds upon the state of feeling existing at that time among Christians of different denominations.

Dr. Todd's theology was precisely that of the Presbyterian Church, from which, indeed, the sort of Congregationalism known in New England as "orthodox" differed only in the matter of church government, and yet in that day it was a foregone conclusion that between the newly established Congregational church and its Presbyterian sisters around it there would be both active and passive hostility. While yet holding the call under consideration, Mr. Todd wrote:

"All things look as if I should *not* go to Philadelphia. As I get away from the excitement and anxieties of the place, the more the difficulties seem to rise up, and the fear the ship can not weather the storms which are before her seems to increase. If I should go, the thing must go, or I must die in the attempt. But the hazard seems very great. The more I look at it, the more it seems doubtful whether they are sufficiently strong to weather the opposition which is coming, and to stand under the burdens which *must* come upon them as a matter of course. If they had not the united strength of Presbyterianism to contend with, and only the ordinary obstacles in the way, I should shrink less."

Several years later, in the midst of his trouble in Philadelphia, he wrote:

"Our Presbyterian brethren have never felt as if they dared, either Old School or New, to invite me even into a ministerial prayer-meeting."

But the jealousy seems not to have been confined to the Presbyterians. In another letter, written soon after Mr. Todd had taken charge of the new church, he says:

"Mr. ——! Do you remember how I asked him to give me the 'right hand,' how he groaned in spirit over Philadelphia and Presbyterianism, how his soul yearned in behalf of true Congregationalism? Well, he has come to the —— Presbyterian Church, and when installed did not even ask me into the pulpit."

From small beginnings the church in Phil-

adelphia grew rapidly into prominence. A handsome house of worship was built, and for a time it seemed that the energy of the pastor had conquered success in spite of the obstacles he had foreseen, and some still worse ones that he had not anticipated at all. In 1837 came sore financial distress to the country, and his church was sharply pinched for means. Its debt pressed it heavily, and its other difficulties were great; but there seems every reason to suppose that it might have outridden the storm but for dissensions within, which resulted in the end in the purchase of the mortgage by a clique of disaffected members, and the sale of the church building under foreclosure. The quarrel in the church was a long and very bitter one, the details of which it is not necessary here to discuss. We shall be better entertained with a few characteristic extracts from Mr. Todd's letters, written during the five years of his Philadelphia pastorate. The following gives a hint of some of his annoyances:

"If people see that they can nettle the minister, it at once gives them power and importance, which they are sure to exercise. The world will have weak women and stubborn men in it, at present, and I am afraid that it will still have fools in it....I have enough every week to throw me into the scarlet fever if I did not stand still and let Folly kick up her heels till she is tired, and then goes to be sick of a cold caught by the exercise."

Mr. Todd was becoming very well known as an author at that time, so that the critical opinion expressed in the following, with regard to Sir Walter Scott, is interesting:

"You will be absolutely amazed that a man with so little learning, and what he had resting on so poor a foundation, could have produced such a sensation among his species. He seems like a huge, splendid castle resting upon a cob-house for its foundation."

Mr. Todd's cheerfulness appears to have been wholly unconquerable. In the midst of the sorest distress, overworked, suffering for money, and having a houseful of sick to care for, he wrote:

"We have had some sickness, and I have had the dyspepsia—the only fashionable, genteel thing I ever had."

His wit, if we may call it so, was not always playful, however, and we find traces of it in his most serious and earnest utterances; as, for example, this: "The intellect and the heart must be cultivated together; a divorce between them, like that between man and wife, is ruin to both."

From a single sentence in one of his letters written about this time it appears that his biographer might fairly claim for him the honor of having been one of the first to suggest Young Men's Christian Associations. "I am trying," he writes, "to get up a society of young men in the city for the protection of young men who come here from abroad. It is to save thousands from ruin."

Another passage from the same letter shows how wide his popularity as an author was even then:

"I have just had a bookseller from London to see me to make arrangements to publish *Todd's Works*, as fast as they are written, in London. He seemed very much in earnest."

This is the way in which he satirized some things at a college Commencement:

"This afternoon I heard an oration before the literary societies, and also a poem. The oration, as I *presume*, was deep, but it was the driest of all fodder. The poem was a long string of rhymes and good pious feeling. This evening we had the Junior exhibition, very manly and sound, with a vein of the obscure, foggy, misty Coleridgeism in all. This gives a kind of deep philosophical fog, through which common thoughts appear quite magnificent. Did you ever see that boy who owned the parrot, and that other boy who owned the owl? 'Can your bird talk?' says the owl boy. 'Oh yes,' says the parrot boy, 'he can talk every thing. Can *your* bird talk?' 'No, he can't talk yet, but he can *wink* terribly.'"

From this college Commencement dates Mr. Todd's habit of making summer journeys into the Adirondack wilderness. In the letter last quoted he writes:

"To-morrow I am going across the lake, with two or three of the professors, into that wilderness of mountains, in measuring heights and depths, climbing mountains, and exploring lakes and rivers, and peeping into the very cupboard of nature."

During the winter of 1841–42 the troubles in the church culminated in the sale of the building and Mr. Todd's resignation. Here ended his long and very trying labors in building up churches under adverse circumstances. Henceforth he was to do work of a different kind, for which, as the event proved, he was even better fitted by nature than for this. He accepted a call to the First Congregational Church of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, and was immediately settled over a well-established parish of active, thrifty, and keenly intelligent people, whose pastor he remained during the entire thirty years that were left to him of life. He was frequently urged to go elsewhere, but would listen to no call, preferring to remain with the people who had first given him rest, and among whom he had for the first time in his life been able to establish himself with a sense of security, as in a home. Whether it was that, after all, he was better fitted for quiet, conservative, well-seconded work than for the turmoils of theological warfare, the conduct of difficult enterprises to successful issues, and the management of wrong-headed men and women, or whether it was merely because his youth had passed away and taken some of its energy with it, we shall not undertake to say; but it is certain that after he was fairly settled at Pittsfield nothing less than a strong conviction of duty could have induced him to undertake another task like the three he had already performed.

The church building in Pittsfield was a plain wooden structure, not too comforta-

ble, and not at all pretty. Apt as he was to make the best of matters and to discover their good points, the only things the new pastor could find to commend were the bell and the clocks. The building was afterward burned, and replaced with a handsome stone structure. The people composing his church and congregation pleased him in very many ways from the first.

"It is a great, rich, proud, enlightened, powerful people," he wrote. "They are cool but kind, sincere, great at hearing, and very critical. I have never had an audience who heard so critically. There is ten times more intellect that is cultivated than we have ever had before.....A wider, better, harder, or more interesting field no man need desire."

He had much to do, however, from the first. The Sunday-school was not in a proper condition, and a good many other matters needed immediate attention. A revival speedily followed his coming, too, so that his work was made very heavy almost from the hour of his arrival. In November, 1842, the parsonage was burned, together with nearly all Mr. Todd's household furniture, his library of a thousand volumes, most of his manuscripts, and his entire stock of sermons. The loss was a sore one, the more so as he was too poor to replace the books, while the burned manuscripts had been well-nigh his only marketable wares. He did not lose his cheerfulness, however—an agreeable fact, which he explained by saying that good spirits were pretty nearly all he had left in the world.

His people were as resolute as he, and straightway set about the work of repairing the loss. Within less than a year after the fire a new parsonage, built upon the old foundations, under Mr. Todd's own supervision, was ready for use. In a letter written March 4, 1844, from the new home, which was to be his during the remainder of his life, he gives us a hint of his manner of life and work in Pittsfield:

"We have got into our new home, and find it *very* comfortable. Here we have been all winter....I think (when I can get any thoughts), write till my wrist aches, visit the sick till I feel diseased, attend funerals till I feel mournful, and the rest of the time write sermons and books and make bee-hives. I am now delivering a course of lectures to the young men; and though you might think the subject exhausted, I actually find several things to say, and shall probably spin out my thoughts so as to make a book as large as any one will want to buy, and larger than any one will wish to read. I don't have much to do. Let me see: a parish of over two thousand souls, three sermons on the Sabbath, three services between Sabbaths, chairman of the school committee, and sixteen schools to take care of, a church of over six hundred members, over fifty funerals a year, letters, calls, visits, journeys, etc., to say nothing about authorship. I forgot a new and brilliant map to make for every monthly concert, and ten thousand other things....I wish I had about seven acres of land, and then I verily believe I might contrive to fill up my time."

Concerning the bee-hives mentioned in this letter it is necessary to explain that bees were one of Dr. Todd's numerous hobbies. His hobbies, by-the-way, were not at all subject to the control of reason, or restrained by circumstance. He indulged his whims solely for the sake of the recreation they were capable of affording, and without inquiring whether or not the circumstances surrounding him made their indulgence practicable or otherwise, as the story of the bees sufficiently proves. He first began keeping them in Philadelphia. Something suggested to him that keeping bees might be very pleasant amusement, and he determined to become a bee raiser at once. It seems never to have occurred to him that bee keeping is not quite practicable in a great city. It was his whim to have bees, and if circumstances were in the way, it was so much the worse for circumstances. He placed the hives in his garret, making a long glass-covered passageway to the window, and for a time his plan appeared to work well enough. He soon discovered, however, that he could scarcely help losing the young swarms, as he was not quite willing to go out into the thronged streets for the purpose of securing them after they had settled themselves upon a way-side tree, to the great astonishment of a quickly gathering crowd. After a while, also, he learned that bees, like men, may become thriftless by being too freely provided with food; and his, finding an abundant supply always at command among the molasses casks on the docks, actually ceased to hoard up honey, and so became worthless. In Pittsfield he resumed his experiment, though the climate was extremely unfavorable to bee keeping, and persisted until, seeing a statement in some newspaper that bees may be kept all winter without feeding by burying the hives in the autumn and exhuming them in the spring, he made the experiment, and killed his entire stock, forty swarms of bees. While he kept them, he got some honey, a great many stings, which were to him not only very painful, but actually dangerous, and a vast deal of recreation. He tried all manner of patent hives, buying the right to manufacture, and making them for himself, the pleasure of doing which appears to have been the chief return the bee keeping made him.

It was the same with all his other fancies. They were indulged for amusement far more than for any thing else. He was a connoisseur in fishing tackle, for one thing, and was at great pains to secure every new contrivance designed to facilitate the taking of fish; and yet even during his summer wanderings in the Adirondacks he fished very little, and never for pleasure. He took no fish which were not actually needed for food. He had a good many guns, too, of various patterns, though he never

CAMP ON JACKSON'S POND.

cared to hunt much, and steadfastly refused to kill game for mere sport.

His most constant hobby was his workshop, and it, like all the rest, was of use to him chiefly as a source of recreation. He made use of its appliances in the mending of locks and other small household affairs, but for the most part contented himself with ivory turning and carving—an art in which he became quite expert, as many little keepsakes of his manufacture, still cherished by the friends to whom he gave them, attest. The workshop, like all his other possessions, was the result of growth. His first small purchase of tools was designed simply to enable him to do for himself many trifling household jobs not worth calling a mechanic for, and to these was added one implement after another, until the workshop was sufficiently well stocked to afford its owner pleasant recreation, and after that, of course, the shop was the greater of the two, and many things were purchased for its sake rather than for Dr. Todd's. Friends encouraged the whim, if it may be so called, adding from time to time to the treasures of the little workshop, until it held three or four lathes, a buzz saw, several scroll and jig saws, a work-bench, an anvil, a small steam-engine, and a complete stock of tools of various sorts, with nails, brads, screws, oils, varnishes, and a hundred other things, of every one of which Dr. Todd knew the use. His treasures were some fine blocks of ivory and rare woods, given him by friends, and out of these he was constantly making little toys and keepsakes for those around him. His shop adjoined his study, and it was his habit when weary of reading or writing to throw down his books, and work for a brief time at his bench or lathe. When rested, he would return to his more important duties, and thus the shop was, in fact, scarcely less useful than his library, whether the work done in it produced any valuable results of a material sort or not.

But the workshop was only an adjunct to the study, which was his glory. The room was fitted and furnished to his taste, and, we may say, to his whim as well. The destruction of his books in the fire already mentioned left him in middle life with no library at all, and, poor as he always was, the work of accumulating another was of necessity slowly and imperfectly done, so that, although there were two or three thousand volumes on his shelves at the time of his death, the collection very inadequately represented either the taste or the culture of its owner. We may well suppose that many of those that were there were bought for some immediate use, while very many of greater permanent value were left unbought for want of means. The study was noteworthy, however, for things other than books. A collection of walking-sticks, each with some legend or association attached, interested every visitor. There was also a very ingeniously contrived fountain, with a bell-glass cover. In one of his letters he describes it as—

"An eight-sided, pillar-shaped thing, with a marble-colored basin, and a pure marble top, the top being several inches larger than the pillar, which is also eight-sided. The whole height is two feet and nine inches. Then on the top of all this is a glass cover about two and a half feet high, and large enough round to more than cover the basin. In the centre of the basin is a little brass jet, containing nearly forty little holes in a circle. . . . Then, outside of the glass, and on the marble top, are three little statuettes, white as the driven snow. . . . I have only to touch a little brass cock, and up

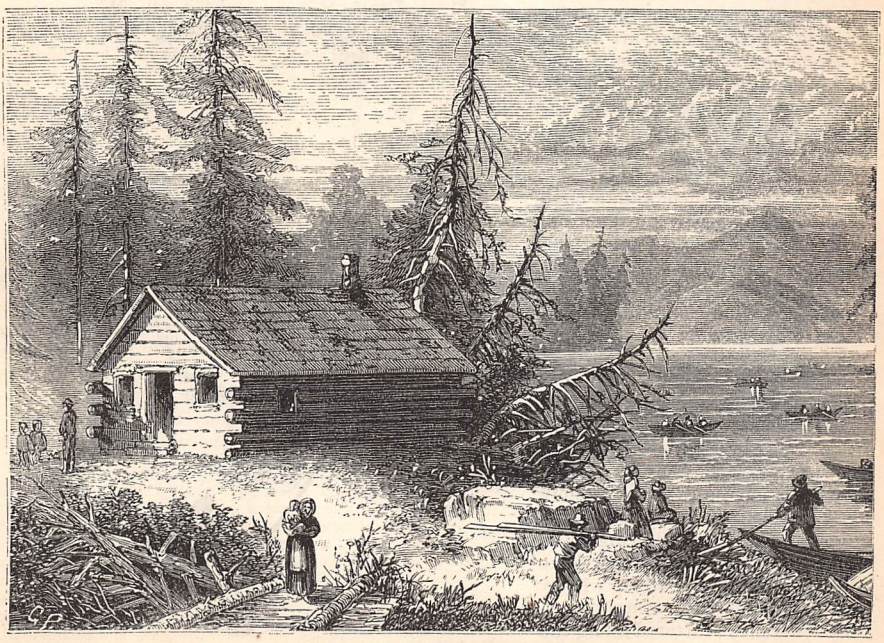
leaps the water through these little holes, nearly forty little streams, and each springing two feet into the air, and then turned into a myriad of silver drops bright as diamonds, leaping and laughing as they rise and fall, and dropping into the basin with the sweetest, ringing, singing sound ever heard. It seems as if the fairy daughters of music had got under my glass cover, and were each playing on her own harp. I can think of nothing but pearls dropping into a well, or golden balls falling into cups of silver."

But there were other interesting things in the study, some of which one would scarcely look for in the library-room of a distinguished doctor of divinity. "As you stand in my study," he wrote, "and look into the adjoining library, you notice that over the door are several things that have an untheological look. There is a long, small, iron-pointed javelin, which came from Africa. Near it is a long double-barreled gun, 'my secesh gun.' What is its history? I don't know. .....It was taken on the field of battle at Baton Rouge." A number of other guns and pistols were in the curious collection, among them an old flint-lock musket, made many years ago in Pittsfield by one of Dr. Todd's parishioners. It was used by a Confederate in the war, was picked up on the battle-field of Newbern, and sent to Dr. Todd as a relic. Other guns, some of them of improved pattern, shells from the South, snow-shoes from Canada, and a score of similar treasures, make up the collection.

We have already mentioned the first of Dr. Todd's visits to the Adirondack country. Upon the invitation of two of the professors in Burlington College he went into the wilderness, and found there so perfect a rest from the weariness of his labors in Philadelphia that for more than twenty years afterward he went regularly every summer into the wilds, staying usually five or six weeks. The tourist had not then invaded the wilderness, and life there was untouched of the outside world. When throngs of summer idlers came to turn the solitudes into a great picnic ground, Dr. Todd abandoned his old haunts, going thereafter to the woods of Maine and Canada for the rest and recreation he could no longer find among the lakes of Northern New York.

On Long Lake Dr. Todd found a settlement of about sixty people, who were without school, church, or religious services, and, moved at once to compassion, he determined to preach to them. It was Saturday when he came, but two young women in a little boat published the news throughout the settlement in time, and the next morning Dr. Todd preached the first sermon ever heard in the Long Lake country.

"We could not sing," he said, in writing about the matter, "for none had learned the songs of Zion in a strange land. In the afternoon we met four or five miles up the lake, to accommodate one who was feeble. They were all there again. One woodman now recalled a half-hunting tune or two, and so we had singing." A year later Dr. Todd visited the settlement again, and found it much improved in every way. At the close of the service on this second occasion he took the responsibility of organizing the



THE CHURCH IN THE WILDERNESS.

people into a church, without the sanction of a council, there being no churches any where within reach from which to call one. Baptizing eight children, he organized their elders, eleven persons, into "The First Congregational Church on Long Lake." On his return to Pittsfield he wrote in the religious journals some account of the little church in the wilderness, interested others, and secured finally valuable contributions of money, books, and clothing for their benefit; and while the missionary who was sent to take charge of the church became discouraged and left, and the church itself practically ceased to be, there is no doubt that Dr. Todd's influence upon the rude people wrought some measure of permanent good among them. A member of the Long Lake church visited Pittsfield some years later, and when asked about Dr. Todd's work in the wilderness, replied: "Oh yes, the doctor came up there and did us a great deal of good, sent us a missionary, and organized a church; but he didn't quite understand us. *Why, —— it, I was one of his deacons!*"

But we may not tell here a tithe of the entertaining things which went to make up the life of Dr. Todd. The space at our disposal has been insufficient even for a complete biographical outline, and having barely sketched the story of his life, picking out here and there a significant anecdote or a characteristic expression, we must end by saying that he continued in active pastoral work in Pittsfield until 1872, when the failure of his health led his church to accept the resignation he had offered a year before, voting unanimously, however, to continue his salary and the use of the parsonage rent free for the remainder of his life. That life peacefully went out a little more than a year afterward.

IS THE VALVE OF UTRICULARIA SENSITIVE?

By MRS. MARY TREAT.

FOR several months past I have been working on different species of utricularia, and during this interim Mr. Darwin's book on *Insectivorous Plants* has appeared. It is so comprehensive, and the experiments have been so carefully conducted, that it seems presumptuous for any to attempt to differ in the least from his conclusions; and in the main a careful experimenter can not differ from him. But there are a few of the points which he has treated in his chapter on utricularia in regard to which my observations and experiments have led me to conclusions somewhat different from his.

My notes and memoranda have been jotted down during the progress of my work, and I have such a mass of material collected that I find it difficult to make a selection. A magazine article must necessarily be brief; so but few experiments can be given in detail.

These plants — utricularia — grow in water or wet places. (It takes its name from "utricle," a little bag or bladder.) When growing in water they have long floating stems and usually finely dissected leaves, and along the stems, among the leaves, are often numerous little utricles. In some species we find long stems wholly destitute of leaves—simply clusters of utricles scattered along the stems.

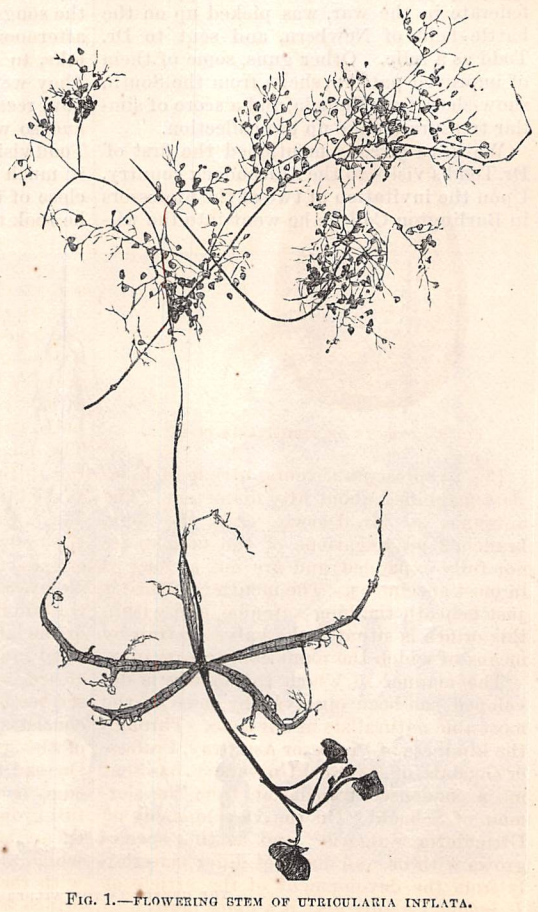


FIG. 1.—FLOWERING STEM OF UTRICULARIA INFLATA.

The species that I most closely observed were *Utricularia inflata*, *U. vulgaris*, *U. clandestina*, *U. intermedia*, *U. striata*, *U. gibla*, *U. purpurea*, *U. cornuta*, and *U. subulata*. Most of these species vary slightly, and a few considerably, in the construction of the utricle. I have selected two of the most widely dissimilar species that I have examined for illustration, *U. inflata* and *U. purpurea*. Fig. 1 represents a portion of *U. inflata*, natural size. This species, unlike the others, has a whorl of white, spongy, inflated petioles encircling the flowering stem, which are branched at the apex, and bear a few thread-like divisions on which are scattered a few utricles; these light spongy petioles give the plant a very elegant appearance, and their main office seems to be to float the plant at the time of flowering. The flowers are of a bright yellow color, and from five to ten on each slender stem. It grows in rather deep, still water. I have taken it from ponds of quite pure water with a depth of from eight to ten feet.

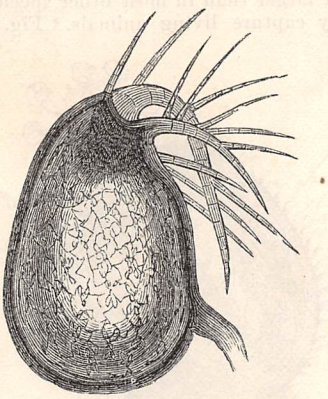


FIG. 2.—UTRICLE OF UTRICULARIA INFLATA.

Fig. 2 represents a young utricle of *U. inflata* magnified about fifty diameters. The antennæ, as Mr. Darwin calls the long, branched prolongations of the utricle, are not fully expanded, and are not as long as in most specimens. The mouth or orifice is just beneath the long antennæ, and within this orifice is situated the valve or trap by means of which the plant captures its prey.

The manner in which the utricle is developed has been observed by some of the most able naturalists of our time. Through the kindness of Professor Asa Gray, Professor Goodale, of Harvard University, has sent me a condensed translation from the German of Schacht "On the Development of Utricularia Vulgaris," and as this species grows with us, and does not differ materially from the development of the utricle of *U. inflata*, I gladly give it a place here:

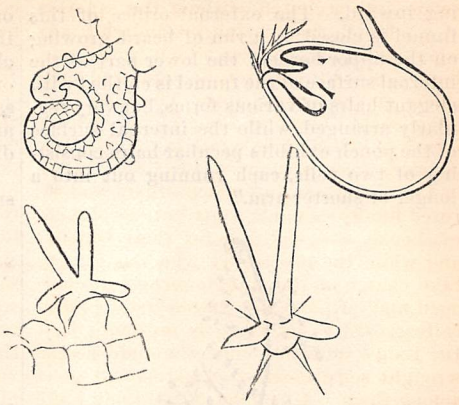


FIG. 3.—COPIED FROM SCHACHT, SHOWING EARLY STAGES OF THE UTRICLE, AND THE GLANDS FOUND ON THE INNER SURFACE OF THE UTRICULARIA VULGARIS.

"According to Schleiden, in the sinuses of the leaves there appears a minute cornet-shaped body, from which there is developed, little by little, the stalked utricle, whose external opening is closed by a beard at the mouth. According to Benjamin, some segments of the leaf remain backward in developing. They do not elongate; on the contrary, they broaden and extend at their base, forming a relatively narrow neck, on which appears a little sphere, which is fastened by a short stalk to the axis of the leaf. Often one can follow the different steps by observing on a single leaf their development from the base to the tip. The utricle, which at first is filled with cytoblast, becomes by rapid absorption changed to an air-vessel. By its further extension in all directions the utricle approximates more and more to its future form. It becomes flattened, and assumes the form of a stomach, the stalk is at the *pylorus*, the opening at the *cardia*. On the greater curvature both walls come together as if at a seam. The opening of the perfect utricle is, according to Benjamin, provided with a little flap turned inward, which he calls the *valve*. This valve appears in the earliest state of the utricle as merely a cluster of dark cross stripes.....The side walls of the young utricle grow rapidly; the air cavity which they contain becomes thereby greater. The edge of the lateral walls approach each other and bend inward; the original opening becomes closed, and exhibits the dark stripes described by Benjamin. The flap on the valve consists of the wall bent inward on that part of the utricle turned away from the stalk. On the side turned toward the stalk the edge is not so strongly developed.....The full-grown pouch presents itself as a roundish and somewhat laterally compressed body, which above is continuous by one angle with the stem, while the other exhibits an orifice which forms a little funnel project-

ing inward. The external orifice of this funnel is closed by a rim of beard growing on the upper border; the lower part of the internal surface of the funnel is clothed with elegant hairs of various forms, but very regularly arranged, while the internal surface of the pouch exhibits peculiar hairs consisting of two cells, each running out into a longer or shorter arm."

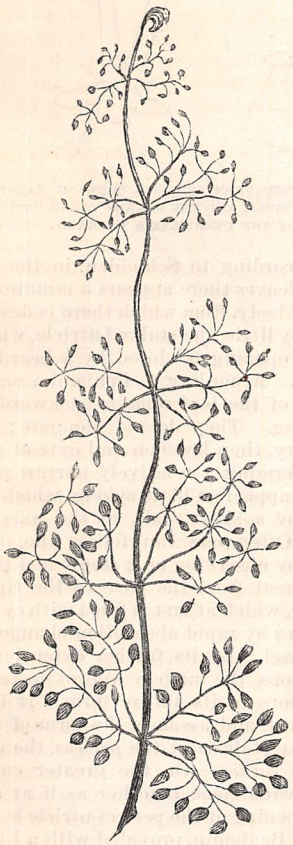


FIG. 4.—END OF GROWING BRANCH OF THE UTRICULARIA PURPUREA (NATURAL SIZE).

Fig. 4 represents the end of a growing branch of *U. purpurea*. Here we have a species that diverges widely from all of the others that I have examined, and as Mr. Darwin gives no account of any similar species, I shall dwell more upon its manner of growth and structure. The finest specimens of this plant that I have found were growing in deep, still water. The stems are long, sometimes two feet or more in length, and these stems or branches radiate in every direction, so that one plant often covers quite a large surface of water. At the points where the branches radiate, naked flowering stems shoot up, and stand above the water, and bear at the top three or four violet-purple flowers. The leaves—if they can be called leaves—are scattered along the submerged stems in whorls of five or six, the branch always maintaining the same number that it starts with. The leaves are decompound, and in a healthy plant each division is terminated by a utricle.

All over the stems and leaves and outer surface of the utricle are thickly scattered

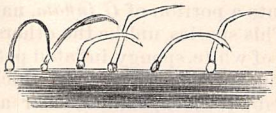


FIG. 5.—SECTION OF STEM WITH CURVED HAIRS.

curved hairs (Fig. 5), and these hairs seem to serve a twofold purpose: they arrest or capture both animal and vegetable decaying matter—apparently food for the plant, which they seem to absorb. With all of these mouths so thickly scattered over the outer surface of the plant, we wonder why the utricles are needed as reservoirs of food, but here they are, and in great numbers, and larger than in most other species, and they capture living animals. Fig. 6 rep-

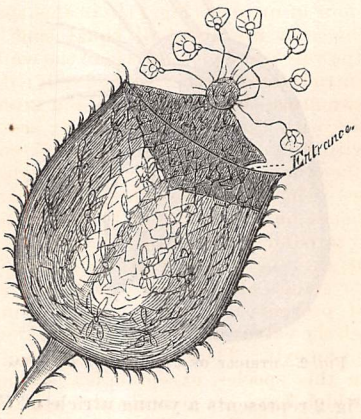


FIG. 6.—MAGNIFIED UTRICLE OF UTRICULARIA PURPUREA.

resents a much enlarged utricle of this species. Here we find no antennæ, nor the least semblance of any; and the valve, instead of sinking into the orifice or mouth, projects above it. According to naturalists, the valve of all species of utricularia is formed of two layers of small cells, and is simply a continuation of the larger cells which form the wall of the utricle. It is fast on all sides except on the margin marked "Entrance" in the figure; and here the two edges fit close together, and are always closed, except when something touches them in precisely the right way, when they suddenly open, and close again as quickly, and not often does it miss its prey. The valve is so

large in this species, and projecting out and above the mouth as it does, it is not a difficult matter to cut it free and spread it out so as to examine its structure. We do not find glands on its surface, as we do in the other species. It seems as if all the energies of the plant had gone to construct the elegant cluster that crowns the summit of the valve, situated on the point where the valve doubles; it consists of a globular body which supports from twelve to fifteen beautiful, transparent, glassy-looking glands, the use of which is not clear to me.

Over the inner surface of the utricle—like the other species—are scattered numerous glands, which Mr. Darwin has named quadrifid processes, from the fact that the glands radiate from a central cell in the form of

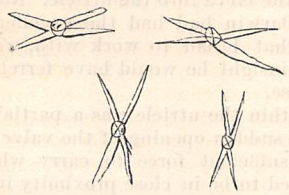


FIG. 7.—QUADRIFID PROCESSES.

arms, four in number (Fig. 7). In this species the arms are about of equal length. Near the valve, and close to where the walls of the utricle join together, we find cells with only two arms—bifid processes—and intermingled with these we occasionally see a cell with only one arm, no way different from the others except in the lesser number of arms. Mr. Darwin says these glands are absorbents, but he doubts if they ever secrete. Around the edge of the valve that extends into the utricle is a thick fringe of hairs or glands, all pointing inward, and so do not prevent any thing from entering through the valve; but we can see that they prevent an exit. These are all the glands I find in this species, except a few oblong ones, which have no pedicels, and are imbedded in the smaller cells near where the valve lies.

In order to make it clear how my observations were conducted, I will state that I had a tub of water in which were growing the various species of utricularia. When I wished to experiment with any particular species, I took such species from the tub and placed it in a small vessel of clear water. I also had other tubs of water, for the purpose of securing the eggs of the mosquito and chironomus. The eggs of the mosquito are deposited in large clusters, which float on the surface of the water. The eggs of chironomus are deposited in a jelly mass of matter, and fastened by a little thread to something, to prevent them from sinking too low in the water. These masses of eggs are very conspicuous to the educated eye, one species producing a mass as large as a good-sized pea; the jelly is quite transparent, so the eggs can be distinctly seen with the naked eye. After the eggs are hatched, the young chironomus larvæ remain in the jelly for a day or two, feeding on it until they are large and strong enough to venture out into the great world of water, where they can secure their own livelihood.

It can be seen how quickly and easily I could swarm a small vessel of water with the larvæ of the mosquito and chironomus by transferring to the vessel these masses of eggs. After this long but necessary digression, I will return to the valve of the utricularia.

Mr. Darwin says (*Insectivorous Plants*, page 407): "To ascertain whether the valves were endowed with irritability, the surfaces of several were scratched with a needle or brushed with a fine camel's-hair brush so as to imitate the crawling movements of small crustaceans; but the valve did not open." And farther on he adds: "On three occasions minute particles of blue glass (so as to be easily distinguished) were placed on valves while under water. On trying gently to move them with a needle they disappeared so suddenly that, not seeing what had happened, I thought that I had flirted them off; but on examining the bladders they were found safely inclosed. The same thing occurred to my son, who placed little cubes of green boxwood (about $\frac{1}{60}$ of an inch) on some valves; and thrice in the act of placing them on, or while gently moving them to another spot, the valve suddenly opened and they were ingulfed." The same thing occurred to me several times when I was gently moving minute particles of various substances on the edge of the valve—it suddenly opened and took them in; which helped to confirm me in the belief that the valve was sensitive, and that the sensitiveness was of a special nature. But not upon these experiments did I wholly base my inference; it was based more upon observations made upon the growing plant and the living larvæ. By putting a spray of the plant and water under a low power of the microscope I could thus bring several utricles into the field, with numerous mosquito larvæ. If the tail of one of these larvæ happened to come in contact with the valve, the valve was almost sure to open and ingulf the larva, often leaving its head sticking out, as is seen in Fig. 8. I have a large number of these utricles with mosquito larvæ caught in this way. When the larva is thus caught it never struggles; the part of the body that is within the utricle seems paralyzed, and the larva dies much sooner than one that is wholly within the utricle; and this is the more singular from the fact that when the larva is not caught and held in the valve, but has passed through

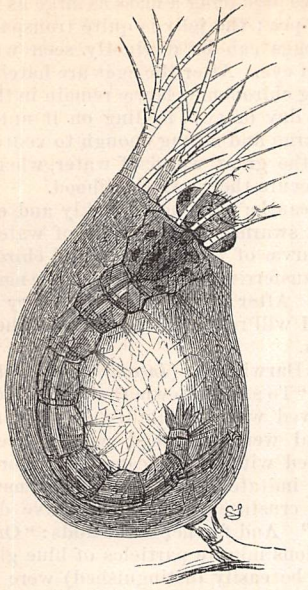


FIG. 8.—UTRICLE, WITH MOSQUITO LARVA INCLOSED.

into the utricle, it is quite active for some hours after being caught.

In a former article (published elsewhere) I spoke of the swallowing process of the utricle bringing to mind a snake swallowing a frog. I was led into this error from the fact that I had seen larvæ caught about midway in the valve and held there, and after some hours had elapsed I had found them entirely within the utricle. But, after careful and repeated experiments, I find that the larva has nothing to do toward effecting an entrance; if it is caught in the valve, the part that is within the utricle seems perfectly powerless to move, but the part that is outside of the utricle can move and wriggle. And it would seem that when a larva as strong as the mosquito was caught with its head and first joint of body sticking out of the utricle, it might escape, but, as far as I have observed, it never does.

The chironomus larva (Fig. 9), with its more slender body, was not often caught and held in the valve, but occasionally one was caught so. Usually they were carried bodily into the utricle with a sudden, quick movement, and they were as often taken in tail first as head first. I have found as many as thirteen chironomus larvæ in a single utricle, and all caught within forty-eight hours of each other. There could be no mistake here, for the larvæ and plant were introduced forty-eight hours before.

Upon two occasions I have found a dead chironomus larva held fast in the valve, and while I was looking, the valve suddenly opened and ingulfed the larva with sufficient force to send it to the opposite side of the utricle.

Mr. Darwin says the valve does not appear to be in the least irritable, and continues (*Insectivorous Plants*, page 408): "We may therefore conclude that the animals enter merely by forcing their way through the slit-like orifice, their heads serving as a wedge." But we have seen in the instances of the mosquito and chironomus larvæ that this is not the case; the head does not serve as a wedge. But what is the force that impels them into the utricle? It seems too bad to try to overthrow a plausible theory and offer nothing better in its stead. But what can I do? The play is enacted before me, and I have tried in vain to get behind the scenes to learn what the power is that impels the larva into the utricle. No doubt if Mr. Darwin had had the excellent material that I had to work with, with his keener insight he would have ferreted out the cause.

If within the utricle was a partial vacuum, the sudden opening of the valve would create sufficient force to carry whatever happened to be in close proximity into the utricle; and this illustrates the movement we see executed. But how could a vacuum be formed?

We can see, if the valve is sensitive, that a mosquito larva would be much more likely to be caught tail first, for it is not often still—almost always wriggling—and when

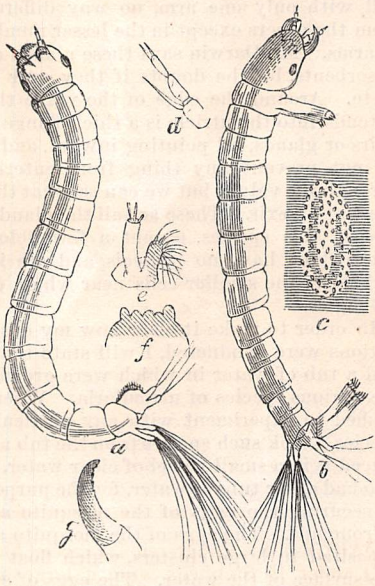


FIG. 9.—CHIRONOMUS LARVA.

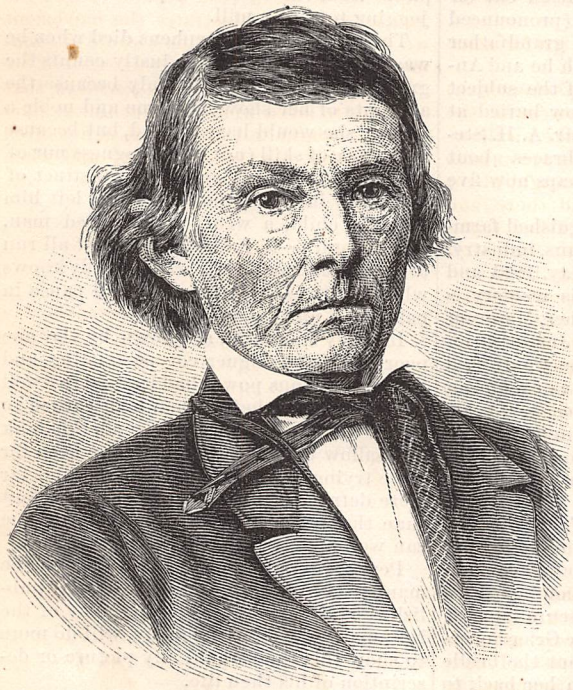
a, Dorsal view, with pediform appendages retracted and jaws closed. *b*, Lateral view, with same parts extended. *c*, Egg mass. *d*, Maxillary palpus. *e*, Labial palpus. *f*, Labium. *g*, Mandible hair line (natural size).

the forked tail brushes against the valve it causes it to open, and the force above alluded to carries the larva into the utricle. And this is the fact with all of the species of utricularia that I have experimented with, except in the case of *U. purpurea*. In this species the valve does not seem to be so sensitive as in the others. A slight brush of the tail of a mosquito larva does not cause the valve to open; it takes a more vigorous blow with the head; hence, in this species, the mosquito larva is almost always caught head first.

I have a number of alcoholic specimens of the mosquito larvæ, with only the head caught in the valve; the larva had grown too large to admit the first joint of the body through the orifice. Many of these specimens I put in alcohol while the larvæ were still living; others I observed until they were dead. With the head only caught in the valve, and the rest of the body sticking out, it was left free to thrash about, and it seemed the more the victim struggled, the closer the valve fitted about the head. A half-grown mosquito larva thus caught could sway the utricle from side to side, and make considerable demonstration that could be seen with the unassisted eye, but I never saw one escape.

Even here Mr. Darwin's argument would hardly hold good, that the head serves as a wedge, for the valve opens just as quickly as in the other species when the blow is hard enough, and the mosquito larva never goes poking about using its head as a wedge. But the chironomus larva not only swims and wriggles, but it uses its brush-like feet, and crawls along the leaves and stems of the plants, and often feeds on the hairs or bristles about the entrance of the utricle, which I find in all of the species except in *U. purpurea*. So this larva looks more like using its head as a wedge, but, as we have seen, it is not at all necessary for it to use its head in this manner.

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.



ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.

EARLY in his Congressional career Alexander H. Stephens wore a large and warm cloak, as a needed protection of his slight person against the cold fogs of Washington city. He kept and wore it for many years, his friends suspecting that an intense devotion to the classics, and the something of *toga* effect which this garment had in common with the supposed sweeping robes of Cicero and other models of ancient eloquence, lent charms to it for him; those who were jealous of him or disliked him saying that he did it in order to cast the shadow which his own lath-like body was not always equal to, and so avoid that suspicion of a soul sold to the devil which is said to be proven by the refusal of the sunlight to outline the person on mother earth; he, undoubtedly aware that it did give to his long outline a fullness and grace which nature had denied, and over which tailors shook their heads. Perhaps that time of the *toga* was his real prime, for the awkward verdancy of country youth, shown in his first (uncopied) pictures, had passed away, intellect and the conscious power of the rising and the successful had come to his face, and artists who looked well to the "main chance" were willing to go to the expense of a steel-plate engraving of one who was in reality the leader of the Whigs in the Lower House.

Mr. Stephens's paternal ancestors were English. His grandfather was a gentleman by birth, who adhered to the fortunes of the Chevalier Edward (called the Pretender),

and was therefore opposed to the House of Hanover, of which his Majesty George III. was the representative at the time of our war of the Revolution. This ancestor of his came to America during some of the many Indian troubles and the contests with the French that preceded the separation of the colonies from Great Britain, and served under General Braddock while marching on Fort Duquesne. He shared in the memorable defeat and retreat. In another expedition he served under Colonel (afterward General and President) Washington.

During the war for independence this first of American Stephenses took an active part on the side of the revolted colonies with more enthusiasm than that with which his grandson espoused the rebellion of 1861, and arose to the rank of captain on the patriot side. His home was then in Pennsylvania. In the year 1795 he settled lands in Georgia, first in what is now Elbert County, then in Wilkes County, on Kettle Creek, where he dwelt until 1805. Then he removed to and improved lands in another part of the then vast county of Wilkes, and that part was by later legislation cut off into the county of Taliaferro (pronounced Toliver). The name of this grandfather was Alexander Stephens. Both he and Andrew B. Stephens, the father of the subject of this sketch, died and are now buried at this old homestead place. Mr. A. H. Stephens still owns it, and it embraces about one thousand acres, worth perhaps now five thousand dollars in all.

The father was an undistinguished farmer of good sense, moderate means, industry, and honesty. He died 7th May, 1826, and the devotion of his son to his memory is his best monument. The mother, Margaret Grier, was a distant relative of Justice Grier of the United States Supreme Court, and sister of a humbler man, who, as calculator of the *Grier Southern Almanac*, for years famed for its wonderfully accurate predictions of weather for the year to come, had a far higher local reputation than ever did the judge.

Of one of Mr. A. H. Stephens's cousins, son of the old almanac maker, the following story is told, showing that quickness and readiness of speech was not confined to a single member of this then obscure family:

One day the corn meal of the Grier household ran short, and the son put the bridle on the old mare, a blanket on her back to keep the horse-hairs out of the meal, and, with no saddle, started for mill. A stranger overtook him on the way, and a little conversation made them acquainted. The following dialogue then took place:

STRANGER. "Then you are a son of Mr. Grier, the great almanac calculator?"

YOUNG GRIER (*modestly*). "Yes, Sir."

STRANGER. "And do you ever attempt to make calculations of the weather as your father does?"

YOUNG GRIER. "Sometimes I do, Sir."

STRANGER. "Really! And may I ask how do your calculations and your father's agree?"

YOUNG GRIER. "We are never more than two days different, I think."

STRANGER. "That *is* astonishing. And can you account for such remarkable agreement?"

YOUNG GRIER. "Perhaps so. You see, father always knows the day *before* it will rain."

STRANGER. "Precisely—I see."

YOUNG GRIER. "And I always know the day after it has rained."

The stranger cast an inquiring look at the calm face of the youth on the meal bag, and then remembered the importance of hastening on his way.

That was a day when young men of means were only ashamed of cowardice and dishonor; and doubtless the Vice-President and Congressman to be has, like Henry Clay, "the mill-boy of the Slashes," "spoken his piece" from the back of a plow horse slow jogging toward a mill.

The mother of Mr. Stephens died when he was an infant, and this he justly counts the great loss of his life, not only because the accounts of her show how true and noble a mother she would have proved, but because some lack of skill (not of willingness nor of kindness) and total lack of the instinct of maternity in those who reared him left him a sickly child, a weak, undeveloped man, save in brain—if, indeed, he did not all run to brain—and an invalid who scarcely knows what health is, save as a lull and pause in pain, even until now.

In early manhood, as shown by the one poor and faded daguerreotype existing, and before conscious power had learned to dwell in his eyes, and before men had learned to forget the appearance in the man, this lank and sallow unloveliness must have been far more trying to the sensitive youth and far more detrimental to the struggling student than those who first saw him in his prime can well understand.

Perhaps one anecdote, selected from the many in the very interesting biography published by J. R. Jones, Esq., president of the National Publishing Company, will do more to show this than would any picture or description of his then life.

At the time of his beginning the practice of law in Crawfordsville—his present home—there was a shoe factory in that pleasant village, and one day as Mr. Stephens was walking past it very fast, as was his wont, three negroes were at the door drinking water or coffee. One of them, suspending his cup at his lips, said, loud enough to be heard by the young man, "Who is that little fel-

low that walks by here so fast of mornings?" A second replied, "Why, man, that's a lawyer." The third thought he saw the point of a capital joke, and exclaimed, "A lawyer!—a *lawyer*, you say? Ha! ha! ha! that's *too* good!"

To one like the writer of this, who knows the capacity of negro lungs as shown in a laugh at a "corn shucking," the effect of this on the nerves of the youth can be surmised in other lights than in Mr. Stephens's after matchless telling of it. He admits that it then alarmed him as a hint of how the public might receive him. But he was not vindictive, and in after-practice defended more negroes, without fee in many cases, and saved the lives of more, than any attorney in Georgia. It was not six months before he saved this same laughing and incredulous negro from a severe punishment for a petty crime.

HOME OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS, CRAWFORDSVILLE, GEORGIA.

A kind uncle, Aaron W. Grier, who bore the militia title of general, which then often belonged to actual Indian fighting, took the orphan home, and faithfully performed the duties of a guardian. The interest of Stephens's little patrimony, at eight per cent., paid for the cheap country tuition and clothing. He was as good a plowboy as so small a one could be, and did regular farm-work in summer. His professed piety and real morality drew the attention of a Mr. Charles C. Mills, his Sabbath-school teacher, and he undertook to loan the young Master Stephens the money for a better education. This put him at the higher school of Rev. Alexander Hamilton Webster, a Presbyterian, whose church he joined, and of that church he still professes to be a member. This will seem a little queer to those Northern readers who remember the somewhat murderous intent of his challenges to Governor Herschel V. Johnson and Senator Benjamin H. Hill, themselves church members, who declined to shoot with him. Mr. Webster, whose second name, Hamilton, young Alexander Stephens afterward took from love and gratitude, intended his young *protégé* for the ministry, and a board, said to have consisted in part of ladies, but organized as the Georgia Education Society, agreed to furnish the means for college. He accepted, with a proviso of liberty to return the money and act entirely upon a maturer judgment. Mr. Webster soon died, but other friends kept him at school; and in August, 1828, he entered Franklin College, or the Georgia University, classical and general department, as a Freshman.

His nephew, John A. Stephens, Esq., once showed to the present writer a letter describing an incident of this journey to Athens to college, which I will attempt, no doubt imperfectly, to give from memory. He was poor, and walked the forty or fifty miles, carrying his spare clothes upon a stick over his shoulder. A family owned a fine country-house and plantation in Greene County, just on his way, and he paused at their door on one afternoon of his hot and dusty journey to ask a cup of cold water. This was freely given, and the tired youth was asked to spend the night, and was not treated as a mere tramp, but as a young guest. The plantation wagon gave him a lift on his way the next day, after good food, enjoyed rest, and, best of all to his hunger of heart and sensitiveness of poverty, a hospitality as genial as if he had come in the highest Georgia gentlemanly state of that period—upon a fine horse.

Years after, when he was a great lawyer and a member of the Congress of the United States, a widow—Mrs. Parkes, I think—sought him as her attorney to save her imperiled estate for herself and for her three

young girls. He took the case, and he won it, as was then his habit in all of his legal battles for the right, and the widow offered the large fee which she had promised if he could win her the wherewith to pay. Not till then did he introduce himself to her as the poor lad who had asked only a "cup of cold water" on that burning August day, and which he now repaid. His gratitude he did not attempt to cancel by the gold pushed aside, but kept the old memory as precious as before.

During his second year at college the dawn of young ambition lured him more strongly than did any pulpit honors of that day, and his guardian gave up to him his patrimony ($444), upon which he lived for two years more, and graduated with the highest honors of that *alma mater* of such as Toombs, Lumpkin, Cobb, and Hill. He borrowed from A. G. Stephens, his elder brother, the means to pay his debts, and went to teaching school.

On the 26th of May, 1834, he began the study of law, and made the entry of date in a pocket book or case which he still has in use. So unknown and obscure was he that the dealer asked a by-stander if he should trust him for the amount if a credit was asked for. It was not asked for, as he made no debts that he could possibly avoid. A desk in the sheriff's office (which cost him only a little writing for that county officer), *Starkie on Evidence, Maddox's Chancery, Comyn's Digest, Chitty's Pleadings*, and a few such elementary books, bad health, and no influential friends—these were his means of success; and in 1843 he vacated his place in the sheriff's office for a seat in the American Congress.

When Mr. Stephens was admitted to the bar he was only twenty-two years old. He had an offer of partnership, at $1500 a year guaranteed; but the passion for home and boyhood scenes anchored him in the small but delightfully healthy town of Crawfordsville. He lived on six dollars a month, made his own fires, blacked his own boots, and made $400 in the first year.

He tells of himself, with great glee and enjoyment, a story of the beginning of his profession, on the circuit to the county sittings of the Superior Court. The next place of session was Washington, Wilkes County, the place of his better school-boy days. There was no public conveyance between the two villages. The young "squire" had no horse, and would not try to borrow one in Crawfordsville. He walked ten miles to his uncle's—half of the distance to Washington village, and a little out of the way—carrying his saddle-bags, containing a change of clothes, upon his shoulders. It was the July weather of the South, which means to be hot and succeeds; and he walked at night, resting on way-side stumps, and fully aware that his prospects were as dim as the starshine upon him. The uncle loaned the horse indispensable to even the humblest entry as a lawyer; and now the saddle-wallets, containing thin white cotton pantaloons, which were both cheap and looked like the linen of Southern summer wear, and clean shirt, were carried in the proper way. That his first appearance at the town inn as a member of the bar on his circuit might be as imposing as possible, he dismounted in a pine thicket a short distance from the first houses and put on his clean white garments. How much impressed the court and people were by this he does not say, but he does say that when he left the town he took off the still fresh garments and put on the others for his dusty ride and weary tramp home. Lord Lytton in his *Rienzi, the Last of the Tribunes*, records of that successful orator a similar regard for appearances—with more means.

These things, now the inspiration of wit in that polished circle at Liberty Hall—so called by its owner because all respectable guests are made free to its bachelor comforts—and of which many have heard the recital in his own happy way in the much-frequented reception-room in Washington city of late, were *then* no jest, but sad facts, that might prove cruel should health fail or public opinion frown, and that would have been fatal had not warm hearts, like Robert Toombs, at times given him time for rest of mind and body.

Crawfordsville in 1866, just out of the utter business prostration of war, could not probably have been a better advertisement of "Wanted, carpenters and white paint," than if no repairs had been made from its civic birth in 1826. Its repulsive and gullied square; its broken-windowed court-house—memorial of the Northern troops quartered inside, who broke them; its school-house gaping at space from glassless holes, and resting on far less than its original stone legs; its general look of out-of-pocketiveness, were no doubt all existing. But now that iron artery of Georgia trade, the Georgia Railroad, has fed it and been fed from it, and he who this summer shall pause half-way in his ride down the ridge from Atlanta to Augusta, and rest under its green spreading oaks and China-trees, and eat of the best water-melons in the world, grown in sandy nests of the red clay, and who shall quench his thirst with that ice-cold water, or put his legs under hospitable tables laden with such fried chicken, ham and eggs, fresh figs and grapes, as city waiters don't handle, will vote Crawfordsville a nice town, and its neat white homes just the places in which to pass a sultry day. In that wonderful Middle Georgia it is never so hot as in New York, and never so cold; and even when the clay *does* stick in winter, never so nasty!

Just out of the town lies Stephens's home. There is so great and luxuriant a grove of oaks that the white house and red chimneys—these last, of course, put outdoors in true Southern style—can scarcely be made out; and as the Northern tourist whirls past, not so swiftly as the term "on the cars" leads one to suppose, the pointed finger and the eager "There is the home of our Vice-President, Sir," are apt to indicate to him just no place at all. Most apt of all are tourists to stare at the old *Monk House*, at the other end of the town, and put down the biggest house as *the* house. But to him who stops between trains there is a road of red clay, and a white board fence, and a gate opening on to a green, with ornamental trees not at all in the landscape-garden or villa manner planted, and a porch hidden under green leaves, and a white house of two stories, enlarged since 1866 by a kitchen on its left front as you go to it; and the yard ornaments are apt to bark, if they are dogs, or sweetly and courteously to show you the way, if they happen to be the pretty mulatto girls who were once his slaves and still his loving servants.

Once in, you are sure to be asked to stay all night, if you find Mr. Stephens at home, and are not *too manifestly* a reporter; and if he is in Washington, some one will kindly show you all you will care to see. This is not much. The house is the one in which he once boarded when the six dollars were a great sum to him; and as it was the pride and glory of his young manhood to at last own and complete it, and slowly to own adjacent properties, and to gather his kindred about him, so it has always been his glory to keep its little rooms, that are boarded and papered, and its steep stairs, that he has not often climbed since a great gate fell upon him in 1869 and crushed him into life-long lameness, and its breezy passages, where the water bucket waits for often-thirsty lips; its twin back porches, in which questions of Southern empire have had debate of life and death; its library, from which thieving borrowers constantly skim the cream; its little back bedroom, where he wrote the *War between the States*, and where he suffers like a martyr and endures like an Indian.

He was twice chosen Vice-President of the Southern Confederacy, but had little to do with the war, save to make a few speeches for the cotton loan in 1861, to propose unheeded plans for success so long as he had hope, to try to negotiate a peace in the interview with Mr. Lincoln at Hampton Roads in the winter of 1864–65, to mitigate the sufferings of the Southern soldiers in hospitals, and of the soldiers of the Union in Andersonville and elsewhere all the time, and to avoid harming the measures of Mr. Davis where he did not fully agree with them.

He had his usual luck to be taken for a country youth, for once on his way to Richmond a petty official at Danville station, detailed from the troops to see that all travelers were duly vouched for, took his little certificate from his County Court clerk that he was Vice-President for a very poor trick, refused to pass him on his way, and would doubtless have tried to conscript him for the line if he had looked to be worth his rations as a private or a wagon driver. He always had this consequence of slender form to bear. Once on a car he saved a drunken soldier from being put off at the road-side as disorderly. The fellow was grateful, and wanted to know the name of his benefactor. But when told, with all the dignity which should have impressed him into sobriety, he was evidently so far from any association of the Stephens name and presence with any heard of greatness that the informant could only turn to the Confederate Secretary of State then riding at his side, and say, with a sigh, "Such is fame!"

Once, when invited to the city of Charleston to a great commercial convention, where he was expected to, and did, "do the lion" in the speech of the convention, he put up at a hotel kept by a lady of the city, and threw himself on a lounge to rest from the fatigue of the journey. The kind woman was keeping things nice for his expected arrival, and wished to bring the supposed country youth to order in the mildest way; so she said, "My son, let the *gentlemen* have this seat." His companions were two merchants.

If Mr. Stephens should be at home, and his mind not be absorbed by public affairs, the visitor will find in him the best and most prolific anecdotist of the day.

One story—alas, that he can not sit in the types to tell it!—is the Peter Bennet speech. A Dr. Royston, doubtless a most excellent man, had sued Mr. Bennet, a farmer, for his bill. "Little Aleck," as Alexander is minified by his friends, told his client, Peter B., that the case of service and its value were proved against him in legal form, and there was no real defense. But the old farmer insisted that his lawyer should "speak to the case." Mr. Stephens told him that he ought to speak himself if he thought a speech could be made, and was surprised by the retort, "I *will*, if Bobby Toombs won't be too hard on me." Mr. Toombs promised, and Peter Bennet began:

"Gentlemen of the jury, I ain't no lawyer and no doctor, and you ain't, nuther. And if we farmers don't stick together, these here lawyers and doctors will get the advantage of us. I ain't no objections to lawyers and doctors in their place, and some is clever men, but they ain't *farmers*, gentlemen of the jury. Now this Dr. Royston was a new doctor, and I sent for him to come to doctor my wife's sore leg. And

FAMILY SERVANTS OF ALEXANDER H. STEPHENS.

he did, and put some salve truck on it and some rags, but never done it a bit of good, gentlemen of the jury. I don't believe he's no doctor, no way. There's doctors as I know *is* doctors, sure enough, but this ain't no doctor at all."

This was evidently telling, and Dr. Royston put in with, "Look at my diploma, and see if I am not a doctor."

"His diploma!" said the new-fledged orator, with great contempt. "That ain't nothin', for no piece of paper ever made a doctor yet."

"Ask my patients," shouted the now furious physician.

This was the conventional straw that seemed to break the back of the orator's patience. "*Ask your patients!*" he said, in slow and mournful deliberation. "*Ask your patients!* WHY, THEY'RE ALL DEAD." Then, in rapid declamation, he named case after case, well known, but mostly among the negro servants of his neighbors, where his opponent had treated them and their owners buried them, and continued: "*Ask your patients!* Why, I would have to seek them in the lonesome church-yard, and rap on the silent tomb to get answers from the dead. You know they can't say nothin' to this case, for you've killed them all!" The applause closed the speech, and the defendant had his case.

The family servants of Mr. Stephens all remained with him after the war, and protected his property while he was a prisoner in Fort Warren, at Boston. A group consisting of Harry, his chief man; Eliza, the wife, with an infant named Quin (now half grown) in her lap; Ellen, a fine girl (now married); Fanny, a beautiful brown child; Dora, a lighter-colored child of more decided features; Tim, the house boy (now dead) —were once photographed all together in 1866; and another grown man, the gardener, who held the Stars and Stripes over the group as they sat in the sunny yard of the second officer of the great rebellion, could not get into the focus, from some yet "unreconstructed" matter with the focus or the sun. Mr. G. Gable came from Augusta to do it. There were many other negroes who remained on the plantation, and others had been, and at least one had been sold. He was named Pierce, and his chronic stealing was not even curable by the happy but costly habit of Mr. Stephens of leaving every thing unlocked, for he put the guests, too, under contribution. He was hard to get rid of or to keep, and on one attempt proved that eloquence, like measles, is catching. After exhausting common pleas, he said,

"Oh, Mars Aleck, just hear me one word before you send me away."

"Say it," said the listener, with the last-plundered guest still in his memory.

"Mars Aleck, suppose you had a dog, and you *loved* the dog, and the dog did something mighty bad once or twice, or a heap of times even; and if you *loved* the dog, would you kill him?"

The famed reply of the Syrophenician woman to the Saviour was not more touching than this, and Pierce went his way to sin *some more*, and a great many times, before it was obliterated and he had to go—even then to a chosen and forewarned kind man.

In 1836 Stephens's maiden speech in the

Georgia Legislature passed the bill for the State railroad that opens the mountain gate between the Middle States and the Southern sea-board. He made his great speech on the Mexican war, in Congress, on June 16, 1846. He opposed great frauds while clearing Mr. Corwin, January 13, 1853. He had the pluck to compare Georgia with Ohio, January 15, 1855, and the skill to win. He won the admission of Oregon, February 12, 1859. He told the South, in Augusta, September 1, 1860, that the cry for more slave territory was useless without the slaves with which to people the wilds; but he did not, like Judge Goulding, think that the laws of nations might be repealed or defied to do it. He opposed secession while claiming the *right*, November 14, 1860. He asserted his belief that slavery was right, March 21, 1861. He opposed the policy of Mr. Davis in the conduct of the war, March 16, 1864. He made a reconstruction speech before the Georgia Legislature, February 22, 1866. He has written and had published two large volumes of *The War between the States*, arguing upon the law of the Constitution, defending the South, and criticising the conduct of the war on both sides. He is a link binding these times to those of Clay, Webster, Calhoun. He has seen the proof that "those who begin revolutions seldom end them," in the absence from power of all the great agitators of both sections, and the present eminence of then obscure men. He remembers when such fossils as the Compromise of 1850, the Missouri Compromise, Mason and Dixon's line, Kansas and Nebraska bills, squatter sovereignty, the Fugitive Slave Law, the Dred Scott case, were live issues.

Those who seek the most esteemed man in the South, whether they seek him from curiosity to see a lawyer who began at twenty-two weighing eighty-four pounds, a statesman whose average weight is ninety-two pounds, or from a respect for the man who in 1836 dared oppose the most popular man in his county for the State Legislature, and one who could bring against him the then serious offense of having defeated the first vigilance committee attempted to be organized there, and of having before its proposed members pleaded for and sustained "the supremacy of the law" over the passions that are bred from the pocket; or if it is to see the man who stood for the Union before the proposed secession Legislature assembled on that night of November 14, 1860, when men who feared his calm power tried, under the leadership of the fiery Toombs, to roar him down; or if it is to see the wonder of history, of a nation in this end of the ages that is great enough to keep her conquered foes outside of granite walls and prison bars and fleet-guarded felon islands, and to admit the second of them to the second and strongest council-chamber of her government, while the chief walks where he will and says what he wishes—all such seekers are more likely to find Alexander H. Stephens in an invalid chamber of a Washington hotel than at home. This because his heart has two loves, wifeless and childless: the one to rest his ashes with those of his fathers by the heap of stones that is the ruin of the chimney of his boyhood's first fireside; the other to die in harness, always seeking the good of all men, not of a part, and loving the republic and liberty as men have loved their families.

NORTHERN SNOW.

By WILL WALLACE HARNEY.

An exile to the pine and palm,
I see the fur-winged summer brood,
Through azure depths of endless calm,
Above a nursling solitude;

And ample breadths of bloom unfurled,
As sweet as that voluptuous South
Where Antony gave the Roman world
For Egypt's Cleopatra mouth.

All things of sight and sound appear
To breathe of nothing but content,
As if unheeded, through the year,
The vagrant seasons came and went.

Yet often, when I hear the rain,
In fleece of vapor, whisper low,
Like ghosts about the window-pane,
My heart would leap to see the snow;

To see beyond the frozen meres,
In chalk and crayon's black and white,
The river hills, through atmospheres,
Wind-blown, in dazzle points of light;

The smothered roofs that lie below
The little wreaths of thin blue smoke,
Where dodder holds handfuls of snow
Above them on its mother oak.

In smooth, white levels lies the croft;
A mound of snow the box-wood shines;
Still sweep the trowels, white and soft,
In sloping curves and sweeping lines.

Soft flurries! as a shadow blurs
The page in passing, light and fleet;
Like soft, warm faces wrapped in furs;
Like faces passing on the street.

I see them in the falling rain,
Through all the years that lie between,
Like ghosts about the window-pane,
Among the musk and evergreen:

The boyhood's friends, the fair young wife,
Who watched with me so long ago,
As if across another life,
Among the softly falling snow;

While, grieving through the pine and palm,
The winds do chide uncounted hours,
Whose unspent summers fill the calm
With soft, sweet utterances of flowers.

POOR MARY ANN.

"'DEED an' it isn't me 'll be here waitin' for ye much longer, Dan Doyle," said Mary Ann Blake, aloud, as she saw the sun begin to sink behind the low hills. It was a warm, soft twilight in May, and Mary Ann had stolen away, after the cows were milked, to the "far meadow," where, under an old willow-tree by the little river that bounded her father's farm, she had promised to meet the lover she dare not ask to the farm-house. Mary Ann was a beautiful creature. No wonder that Dan Doyle and every other young man for miles about fell in love with her. Tall, shapely, alert, her untrammeled figure had the grace of a statue and the coloring of—a picture, I was about to say; but no canvas ever wore those wonderful tints of pure flesh and blood. Her low white forehead; the milk and roses of her exquisite cheek; the moist red lips, that, full and sweet in repose, yet parted widely over the teeth, white and even as rows of fresh corn; the great dark eyes, that were agate gray in some lights and hyacinth brown in others, but always dancing and overflowing with mirth, mischief, or passion; the long masses of blue-black hair that were knotted tightly at the back of a delicate head poised on its full white throat, or, unfastened by chance or sport, fell fairly to her ankles—all these charms made up a "vision of delight" that maddened many a soft Irish heart and hot Irish head; and when the vision spoke with the softest of merry voices and the piquant coquetry of her sex and race, grander and wiser men than the "factions" about Ballymoreen might have lost their senses and worshiped old Pat Blake's daughter. Moreover, Pat was a well-to-do farmer. He kept cows and a horse, his wife made butter for the Dublin market, and he had money in the Dublin bank. And his daughter was the apple of his eye. He thought her fit to marry the Lord-Lieutenant's son, and he meant she should marry the biggest man in County Kildare anyway, that man being, in his eyes, Harry O'More, son of Sir Ulick O'More, a rough, drinking, dashing, floridly handsome young fellow, who swore like a pirate, betted, raced horses, and did every thing a man should not do. But all this went for nothing in Pat Blake's eyes. Harry had made sweet speeches to Mary Ann, danced with her many a time, sent her posies and fairings, none of which she looked at twice; for, partly out of instinctive repulsion, partly because her father wished her to like him, Mary Ann having a little more than the ordinary perverseness of feminine nature, and partly because she had a dawning fancy for somebody else, she hated Harry O'More soundly, and, after the fashion of women, fell deep in love herself with the last man in the world her father would countenance; for Dan Doyle had neither a penny in the world nor an old family under-ground. His father had a hut on Sir Ulick's estate, a potato patch, and seven small children belonging to a second wife, for Dan's mother died in his babyhood. Nor would it seem to an unprejudiced observer that he was at all calculated to captivate pretty Mary Ann. Yet there she stands under the willow waiting for him, lovely as an ideal, in her dark cotton gown and red jacket, with a deep blue shawl thrown over her head, certainly not for warmth. Can Mary Ann know how that deep gentian tint brings out all the pure tints of her exquisite skin, and contrasts with the dull red of her jacket? Great is the perception of a woman, if she is beautiful, as to the becoming. If it only extended to the plain, how much less plain would they be! But it never does. Mary Ann had no time to breathe out wrath against her delaying lover, for he appeared just as she closed her lips after that first soliloquy, and, too breathless himself to speak, could only use his lips in other ways to apologize.

"Oh, it's a great felly ye are, to be keepin' me here this half hour!" pouted Mary Ann.

"'Deed, thin, dhrop ov me heart, it's not two minnits be the clock over beyant in the steward's house that I'm late. Sure Misther Barry kep' me about the pitaties."

"An' I'll have all the b'ys follerin' afther to seek for me, an' mebbe the father himself, if I do be stayin' here over tin minnits; so if ye want to spake, Dan, spake quick. Whativer made ye sind for me to-night, ov all nights?"

"Bekase, Mary Ann dear, to-night it is I've the last shillin' raked an' scraped together that 'll make up twenty pound, an' that sum, blessin's on it! 'll take two to Ameriky; an' now whin will we be off to Dublin, dear? Father Locke there'll be ready an' willin' to do for us, an' the ship sails a Tchuesday week, to-day bein' Monday."

The quick blood surged all over Mary Ann's fair face.

"Sure it's a modest young man y'are! Do ye think Mary Ann Blake's a natural, to be goin' over says wid ye, ye omadhaun? an' at wan week's notice, moreover, if I'd go at forty. I wondher ye didn't ask me to be marryin' ye to-night be the ould Methody parson at Bantyre!"

Dan's face grew white with passion, his light blue eyes fairly blazed, for he had a temper of his own. Perhaps another man would have coaxed and entreated, and Mary Ann would have played with him pussy fashion, now a pat and now a claw, and sat by smiling to see him squirm, but after all despising him. Dan grasped her white arm with a masterful grip.

"'Deed, thin, I'm past playin' wid ye, Mary

Ann. I'll niver set foot on the sod ov ould Ireland again widout ye go over say wid me a Tchuesday night. I'm not Dick Boyle, nor Lan Kearney, nor a half a dozen more, to be turned over in thim hands ov yours like a heap ov cards. Take me or lave me it is, for I'm goin' Tchuesday week."

Mary Ann looked up at him, half terrified. Here was no ductile wooer, but a strong, hot-headed man; and the girl's coquetry failed her in time of need. She felt how deep was the passion so roughly expressed; nay, there was a traitorous response within her—she ought to have resented his assumption. Poor Mary Ann! she rather rejoiced in it; for while the world endures there will be a race of women who accept their position in creation not only submissively, but with content, who like to be ordered by the man they love, who enjoy their chains, who even assent in heart and life to the old-fashioned dictate, "And he shall rule over thee." Their strong-minded sisters despise them, but they are quite agreeable wives, and, I have observed, rather more apt to be married than the other kind. And Mary Ann, being at heart as much a woman, for all her naughty tricks and manners, as a rose is a rose, for all its thorns, after a few minutes of tears and protestations, promised Dan to meet him at the time and place appointed; and then hurried home just in time to escape hue and cry, and answer impertinent queries, with a bunch of cowslips from the meadow to make a cowslip ball for little Davy.

Perhaps the girl's heart would have failed in that short week if the very next day Harry O'More had not come over to the farm, half drunk, and pressed his suit in vehement fashion: he knew very well that Sir Ulick would set his face straight against such a marriage, but he could have his way before his father knew it, if Mary Ann would marry him at once; and when Sir Ulick came back from abroad and found such a pretty daughter-in-law fairly established at Castle O'More, he would no doubt make up his mind to forgive Harry. So he stormed and pleaded and raved and swore, till Mary Ann hated him worse than ever; and old Pat Blake, shaking his fist in her face, swore he would "bring her to rayson," and bade her make up her mind to marry Mr. O'More by Thursday week, or be turned out of his house forever, thereby doing Dan Doyle an unconscious service, for Mary Ann set her red lips together, looked her father in the face with her great eyes in a black blaze, and went up to her room to get her clothes out and mend them up in order to run away with Dan. It makes such a difference whether it is a father or a lover who orders us!

So when Tuesday week came, and Mary Ann was sent into Dublin in the jaunting-car with Cousin Patsey Blake, to buy the wedding bonnet, she not only bought it, but was married in it to Dan Doyle, and waved her wedding kerchief to the horrified Patsey from the car window as the train for Cork flashed out of the station; and before Mary Ann's loss could be reported at home by her cousin, she and Dan were well off the coast, as seasick as possible, and quite indifferent to the rage and profanity of the men they left behind them.

Poor Mary Ann! many a time on that long, stormy voyage she thought of her mother, and longed for a fresh cup of milk from her dairy, hardly knowing, in her forlorn state of mind and body, whether she most needed the refreshment for one or the other. But at last "Ameriky" rose on the horizon, and there was soon firm ground under foot, and the usual emigrant experience began.

It was not long, however, before Dan found work in the country, and an old house to shelter their heads, a mere cabin, in which Mary Ann bloomed like a scarlet and white lily set in a broken mug; but she kept it clean, and it was her own home, which atoned for much, and by the next May more home-like still, for there was a baby, a round rosy girl; and now Mary Ann was utterly happy.

It is doubtful if Dan thought little Moyna an unqualified blessing; the good fellow was neither jealous nor exacting by nature; but the best of us do not like to be quite displaced by what theologians call "the expulsive power of a new affection," and Dan was neglected indeed since baby came.

"Sure it isn't an angel, Mary Ann. Ye don't be sayin' prayers to it, do ye?"

"'Deed an' she's a little angel itself, Dan Doyle, blessin's on her!"

"Well, Mary Ann, maybe she is, thin; but if she war, I'm thinkin' she'd say, 'Mary Ann Doyle, haven't ye got a husband at all?'"

"Dan, ye big idgit, what would a dacent angel be askin' sich nonsinse for?"

"Oh, bekase I'm thinkin' ye forget me intirely meself, Mary Ann; an' sure an angel would be more penethratin' than me."

With which Parthian arrow Dan left the house for his work, and Mary Ann, after a moment's thought, proceeded to dress the baby.

She certainly loved Dan more than he or she knew; but she was one of those women to whom maternity brings the crowning delight of life. Children had always been her passion; the tie that was hardest to sever when she left home was her affection for her little brother Davy; and now she had a child of her own, a baby that was hers "to have and to hold" literally. Words are weak to describe her affection for and devotion to the little creature. It slept on her arm all night, and she lay awake to listen to its

breathing, sweeter to her than any lover's song or sacred anthem. She never left it out of sight all day, and stopped continually in her work to watch its kindling intelligence, to press her lips to its rounded limbs, its tender face, its shining head. She cared for it with all the tenderness and assiduity that a little princess could have required. She asked no greater rapture than to hold it in her arms and stare at its sweet baby smile and eyes, till her insatiable heart overflowed with eager and passionate love. If it fell down in its first attempts at walking, her heart fell too; she gasped for breath; she was paralyzed with terror. If it was ill, death seemed at once to glare in her face and be about to snatch her treasure. She could neither eat nor sleep till Moyna was well again.

"Sure what 'll this wan do at all for a mother? I'm thinkin' I'll have to take the weeny thing wid me intirely," was Dan's dry remark when another small girl made her entrance into this world; and Mary Ann glared at him like a tigress.

"Faix, thin, is it a mother the dawshy little darlint 'll be afther? Do ye think I haven't heart-room enough for a dozen if I had thim to-day itself, Dan Doyle?"

"It isn't house-room ye'd have, anny way," laughed Dan.

But Mary Ann proved true to her word as far as the new baby went. That it was fair, delicate, pining, only endeared it to her more. She loved it more deeply, more tenderly far than she had loved Moyna, simply because it appealed to every pitiful sympathy of her nature.

Poor Mary Ann! she had the true mother heart that broods the weaklings longer and closer than the flowers of the flock; that gives, like God himself, to need rather than demand; that loves best that which costs most pain and care. Moyna, bright, strong, willful, captivating, led her father in chains; and her mother loved her none the less that she loved little Mary with a deeper and diviner love, instinct with less of selfish passion, more of sacrifice and self-denial.

There are some very good people who would have warned Mary Ann not to love her children "too much"—as if all the love one has to give were too much to bear the daily and hourly anxiety, labor, pains, and wearinesses that children bring; as if love were not the condition of their healthy life and growth; as if, indeed, one could help it.

If Mary Ann ever thought she loved her children too much, it was not while they were with her; not while their clinging arms, their caressing hands, their sweet voices, filled her heart with earth's intensest rapture; not while they made all the world bright and beautiful to her; not while she was the happiest of women when their dark and bright heads lay together in the crib at her side all through the night, and she heard their soft breathing, or woke in the morning to the ripple of baby laughter, or even the moan of baby pain.

No; she was never "Poor Mary Ann" so long as she had her babies, and food and fire for them, and Dan. If it could have lasted! But when Moyna was five and little Mary four years old there came a wet summer. Dan was at work on a railway embankment across a marsh, and day after day dug and wheeled in the rain, steaming wet, or, if a west wind blew, shivering with a chill; he took rheumatic fever, and was laid on his bed for six weeks. Poor Mary Ann began to feel the stress of hunger for the first time, not for herself, but for her babies, and, with exhaustion and anxiety, the deeper pang that the future might be near at hand when Dan would leave her; for he was very ill.

Like many another woman, and man too, she never knew how she loved him till the thought of his loss came home to her, and now she almost neglected her children in her eagerness to serve and save her husband. She worked day and night at the wash-tub, in her intervals of nursing, to get food and fuel; the neighbors were all good to her, but they were few and far between, and poor themselves; the doctor pitied her and petted the children, and the doctor's wife sent them many a pail of milk, but still they fretted for care and food; and Mary Ann thought twenty times a day of the pans of creamy milk in her mother's dairy, the big loaves of bread, the fresh eggs, the curds, the generous fireside, the great turf rick, and the full potato bins of her old home, and how the children would grow and flourish there. In the midst of all came a letter from home. Her father was dead. Her mother wrote:

"Oh, Mary Ann alanna! sure yer poor dear father's dead an' gone all at wanst of a suddin, it's appleplexy he had Docthor Donovan sez an' it's meself don't know how he'd have that annyway, for sorra an apple there is on the farrm save an' except weeny little green ones an' he'd be the fool o' the wurrld to ate thim which he didn't at all, only just bein' afther atin' a good big dinner ov poork an' cabbidge an' cheese an' a jug o' poteen, an' Mick Rafferty a-dhrinkin' that way that the father kep' up wid him to get his share o' the dhrop an' it's the will o' God which sure we'll all have to come to an' the undhertaker med a good job too, Heaven rest his sowl poor man as niver thought he'd have thim black feathers over his head this day twel'month as iver was, which now I write deer Mary Ann to say he wouldn't hear to me spakin' to yez afore an' now come home you an' Dan an' if there's babies which the saints sind ye! fetch 'em all for there's but Jack an' little Davy an' me an' the bit an' sup ready for yez an' Dan a grate help on the farrm intirely so no more at prisint from yer lovin' mother

"MOYNA BLAKE."

And here was Dan could not lift hand or foot! But it was an outlook of hope to Mary Ann, and she lived on the promise of that letter even more than on her daily bread. She wrote a long and loving answer back, painting her babies, as they

seemed to her, a pair of cherubs in a hovel, and promising as soon as Dan was well and they could raise the money that they would all come home. But Dan did not get well fast, though the next mail brought over the money for their passage, which "the mother" had saved up this long while for them.

The doctor shook his head daily over Dan. The fever had left him, but not all pain; he was stiff, aching, feeble. But this was not all: a swelling appeared on his throat that defied the doctor's skill and puzzled his knowledge. He wished Dan would go to a hospital in New York; and at last, after much persuasion, Mary Ann resolved to go there with him, to establish herself somewhere near by and take in washing till his cure could be effected, and they could all go "home" together.

But the New York doctors shook their heads too. The swelling was a tumor, and in a difficult place; perhaps it could be removed, perhaps not; at any rate, it must develop further. It might be six months, it might be a year, before they could operate, and at any rate the result would be doubtful.

"Mary Ann dear," said Dan, in a weak, patient voice, when the doctors had told him their opinion, "sure I've an idaya in me head. It's long I'm sure to be lyin' here, an' it's hard for to get work in a big city like this, where ye haven't a frind to spake to; an' I'm thinkin' it's betther for ye to go home wid the childher, an' lave me till I'll be me own man agin an' come to yez."

Mary Ann threw herself on his bed in a passion of tears. "Oh, Dan! Dan! is it lavin' ye here in the hospittle all alone wid thim docthors, an' you me own ould man? Sure whin I do that same I won't be Mary Ann Doyle at all at all!"

"But ye'll have the childher, dear," was his quiet answer.

His wife felt as if he had struck her and she deserved the blow. "Yis, oh yis, I'll have the childher; but will I have me husband? Tell me that, Dan Doyle," she sobbed.

Dan smiled. He liked to know at last that his own children had not quite superseded him in his beautiful wife's heart. He was a man, if he was an Irish laborer; and "human natur'," as Mr. Weller remarks, "is a rum thing."

However, he persisted in his project, and at last poor Mary Ann reluctantly consented to take her children over, and, leaving them in her mother's care, come back to Dan till he should be well. She could not and would not leave him in the hands of a hospital corps in a strange country. She must be where she could see to him herself. It cost her a great struggle to leave him at all, but evidently it must be done, for the children were already pining in the poor close tenement-house where they had found lodgings, and the sooner she went, the sooner she would return; so she only waited to see Dan established in the hospital ward to set off for Ireland; and once there, delayed but two short weeks, to see her precious babies safely established in her mother's care, chasing the geese in the meadow, playing with the big house-dog, eating their fill of bread-and-milk, and recovering every hour their fresh looks—even little Mary growing rosy in the soft Irish air and the constant out-of-doors life.

Granny, of course, worshiped the two pretty creatures, and spoiled them; Uncle Jack became their joyful slave; and Davy, now a big boy of thirteen, allowed that they were "well enough for girls, to be sure," which was high praise for Davy. But how could poor Mary Ann leave her darlings? Daily her great eyes grew darker and sadder, her cheeriness was fitful, her heart was heavy as lead, whenever she dared to think. But the inevitable day came.

"Oh, mother, it's lavin' the heart out o' me breast to lave thim two. Mother—the saints be good to ye!—watch the hairs o' their blissid heads till I be back agin. Oh, it's the light o' me eyes an' me heart's blood I'm lavin' behind, an' I can't bear it! Oh, mother, mother, I can't!" And she seized the children in her arms, and pressed them to her breast with an agony of pain and love tragic to see—alas! how more than tragic to feel!—then, covering them with hot kisses and a broken torrent of blessings and prayers, flung herself into the car, and snatching the whip from Jack's hand, lashed the poor old horse into a frenzied flight along the Dublin road, as if she dared not trust his sober pace to draw her away with slow tortures, but must make the fatal leap speedily and have it over with.

Over with! Her agony had but just begun. All through the long and stormy voyage she pined and thirsted and panted for her children. Night mocked her with dreams. Soft arms clasped her neck, rosy lips kissed her, a shining head lay on her arm, a dark one on her bosom. She dreamed that her loss was a dream, and woke to find it true, with streaming tears and dizzy brain—woke, all alone, to hear the dull dash of threatening waves against the ship's side, the shrieking wind in the cordage, the creaking of rudder and yards, the hoarse cry of the watch, and the knowledge forced upon her that every hour bore her further away from the delight of her life.

With but little education and few mental resources, poor Mary Ann would have gone crazy, probably, from the mere reiteration of hopeless anguish, had it not been for thoughts of her husband and constant prayers. It is easy to call a religion which

offers us no solace or support idolatry and formalism; but how vast are their numbers to whom no other religious expression appeals! The stress of life drove Mary Ann to her prayers, and though she counted them on beads and addressed them to saints and martyrs, yet they lifted her ignorant and wretched soul out of and above itself into that "ampler ether and diviner air" where the dead rest and the wicked cease from troubling. She rested herself in piteous weakness against strength that had suffered and overcome. Who shall say that the pitiful Father who once parted with His only Son did not minister to her weakness with divinest sympathy, even through her mistakes, and help the poor soul that in her own sorrow never forgot to pray with all forgiveness for the dead father who had been so hard to her?

After all, who does not pray for the dead? Not, perhaps, the buried, for it is not they alone who are dead to love, to pity, to forgiveness, to natural affection, to all the voices of tender appeal from the past, to all the possibilities of the future—no, truly, we send up agonies of prayer for hopeless subjects, and then sneer at prayer for those who still live in love and loving, in sacred remembrance, in hopeful faith. So Mary Ann told her beads hourly, dreamed, waked, wept, and dreamed again, all through the long, weary voyage, growing thinner and paler all the time. The full red lips settled now into a sad proud curve, while her eyes deepened into a dark and fathomless sorrow that made the heart ache to behold.

But at last land drew near, and, after vexing delays, Mary Ann and her box were set ashore, and she made her way to her old lodgings, in order, with keen feminine instinct, to freshen her dress and make herself tidy before she went to Dan. But she did not go to him. The old woman who kept the house met her at the door with wringing hands and vociferous lamentations.

"Oh, is it yerself I see, alanna? Oh, murther, murther! ov all the black days, an' me to till it! Oh, ye poor crature, is it to the hospittle ye've been?"

The parched lips shaped a hoarse, half-uttered "No."

"Small blame to ye, thin; an' it's no use if ye wor, for it's two week sin' I seen it in the paper wid me own eyes, an' you on say at the toime, an' his name, Christi'n name an' all, out as bould as maybe in it; an' he buried widout the rights, I belave, at all at all, an' not a bit ov a stone, ayther, I'm tould, owin' to havin' no frinds appear whin they advertoised him in the paper. An' sure if it wasn't two weeks ould whin I seen it I'd ha' gone meself to the praste. But there now, what can a lone woman do? Oh, honey!"

For Mary Ann, growing whiter and whiter through this flow of talk, lay back in her chair, with livid lips and glassy eyes, stunned in soul and body, totally unable to take in the dreadful fact that yet dinned itself in her ears with slow, dull iteration. Dan was dead. The old woman tried all her simple arts to awaken her to a sense of the situation.

"Oh, woman alive, can't ye shed a tear for him? an' maybe him roastin' in purgatory this blissid minnit, glory be to God! Haven't ye the wan prayer to spake for him, an' he yer ould man an' the childher's father?"

A hoarse shriek burst from poor Mary Ann's lips as Mrs. Kiernan named the children. The world reeled all about her. She was alone in chaos. Fatigue, anguish, despair, overtook her. She fell senseless to the floor; and the ship-fever, which had lurked in her system a week or more, and been kept at bay by the eager, determined soul that kept her weak body up to its task, now asserted itself. Six weeks she lay in Mrs. Kiernan's house, and then rose from her bed a wreck, her beauty all gone; her great eyes dull and dark, with a look of moody despair in them almost fierce in its rapid avoidance of other looks; her bloom replaced by deep lines, drawn and sallow; her lips pale and set, languidly opening over the prominent teeth, and drooping at the corners with a listless expression that told of helpless endurance, of crushing agony. For poor Mary Ann knew now that Dan had been dearer to her than her children, after all; and she had not even the children! But it is one blessedness of poverty that it enforces labor even in the wildest grief. Mary Ann had not only no money, but she was deeply in debt to kind Mrs. Kiernan, and the only thing for her to do was to go out to service at once. She tried this in the city at place after place, but the listless apathy that enveloped her, the dull way in which she did or half did her work, the occasional fits of irritation that sometimes stung her back to life and its needs when she was harshly reminded of her duties, made her an unpleasant inmate. In three months she came back to Mrs. Kiernan.

"It's goin' into the counthry I am, Judy. I want a sight o' the grass, an' a smell o' the black earth. I'm wearyin' meself to nothin' wid the rows ov houses iver an' always."

"Oh, Mary Ann, is it the grass, thin, ye're afther, as if ye wor a cow? Divil a bit help ye'll get out o' that, I tell ye; the throuble 'll go to grass too. Have done frettin', ye poor thing, an' mebbe the fresh air might do ye good; but it's the heavy heart makes heavy air, all the wurrld over, sure. An' you goin' where ye haven't a frind in the wurrld to say a good word to yez? Betther stay wid me intirely."

Poor Mary Ann turned fiercely at her.

"Fret, is it? An' if the veins ov yer heart was dhry as the rock itself, an' yer head a burnin' behint yer eyes, an' the childher ye had iver an' always in yer arms parted from ye be the wide say, growin' out o' yer sight day afther day, an' the man dead for iver an' iver that kep' the wind o' the wurrld off ye, an' thought ye wor the sun a-shinin' in the house, I suppose it isn't ye that would fret, Judy Kiernan! Ye'd be laughin' like, an' full o' joy, would ye?"

"Oh, whisht, whisht, Mary Ann! don't be talkin' the black way ye are. Sure it's the Lord's will, glory be to God! an' ye can't help it, alanna."

"I'm not denyin' it's the will o' God: signs on it. I don't like it no more for that! If it wor the will o' man, I'd fight it till I'd have me Dan back an' me babies—oh, me babies!"

Mary Ann turned away with a low, tearless cry terrible to hear, and old Judy wiped her eyes with her apron.

But Mary Ann went into the country, leaving Judy under strict promise to forward any letters that might come for her. Here, indeed, the sorrow went too; but her employers had more patience with her; service was scarce, and her knowledge of dairy-work stood her in good stead. Letters came now and then from home, describing the children as well and happy. There was enough nobility in Mary Ann's nature to forbid her feeling one regret lest they should forget her. "Sure it's best for thim," she thought, with the pure unselfishness of a real mother's love. But the thoughts that vexed her sad soul were that her babies were so far away from her she could not watch over their childish illnesses, she could not soothe their sharp child-sorrows, she could not see their daily growth: they would never, no, never, be her babies again. Had they died, the anguish would have been more brief, if keener at first, for then she would have known them safe forever. But to endure this separation; to know them still on earth, and beyond her eager eyes, her hungry lips, her longing arms; to dream of them night after night, and wake in a passion of tears and desperate longing; to feel her heart beat with sudden madness, and then sink in her breast like lead, whenever she saw two children of their age and size playing in some green yard or dancing around a happy mother; to hear sweet shrill voices and baby speech that were not voices or speech of her own darlings—all this wore on poor Mary Ann like a constant slow fever. Food sickened her, the blood burned in her veins, her head throbbed, her feet dragged like lead; yet she did her work, as some ill-jointed machine might have, slowly and imperfectly, and told her beads half through the lingering nights. Slowly she gathered money to repay Mrs. Kiernan; and, when that was done, began to hoard again, that she might make a home for her children and bring them over; for her mother was old, Jack was soon to be married, there would be fresh interests, other claimants, at the farm; and this hope was all that kept poor Mary Ann alive.

By-and-by she drifted into a family where there was one little girl about the age of her own Moyna when she parted with her. To a nature less simple, savage, one-ideaed, this child would have been a comfort, for she was bright and pleasing. But it was very soon observable that, whatever else Mary Ann did, she grudged the smallest service to Louise. If she brought her a glass of water, she averted her face and set it down as ungraciously as was possible; she snapped at the child whenever she entered the kitchen; she never by any chance offered her a kindness or an attention; and if she heard her singing or laughing, she flew to some noisy work or made an errand out of doors to avoid the sounds. At first the child's mother did not notice Mary Ann's abrupt manner to Louise; she had heard her sad story partially, and felt deeply for the poor bereaved woman, so she laid her short-comings to the great grief which possessed her, and had long patience with her moods and mistakes. But, as time went on, she could not fail to observe her impatience and crossness toward her own pet, and took a time to remonstrate.

"Mary Ann, I don't like to have you so unkind to Louise. I thought by this time you would get fond of her; but you don't seem to like her at all, and it grieves the little thing. I thought your having children of your own would make you good to her."

Mary Ann turned upon her mistress much as she did upon Judy Kiernan, her voice broken with hoarse passion, her great eyes dark with gloomy fire.

"Sure is that rayson? Is it a stone I am, to see the dawshy crature waited on an' cuddled an' kissed all day in the mother's arms, an' me knowin' mine is beyant say, wid no mother to spake a kind word or hush their cryin' the day long, an' me to love her too! Do ye think the veins o' me heart 'll run backward? Not till the life 'll be gone out o' me. Is it yours I dhrame about the night long, an' do be sobbin' wid joy to see thim whin I waken, an' thin curse the black night that stares in me face widout a sign o' the sweet faces? Is it yours that goes maybe hungry an' thirsty for the mother? Don't I see her full an' happy, the house runnin' over wid her things an' alive wid her nonsinse, an' the voice of her iver an' always in me ears instead o' me own darlints that's maybe lyin' dead at the time all unknownst to me in Ballymoreen churchyard? An' do ye think I've a dhrop o' love for her in me heart? No, not so much as a

midge's wing. An' it's the other end o' love I'm gettin', moreover. I have the love sore an' deep for thim that wants it. But it's loike smoke in me eyes to see her day afther day, whin me heart's blood is drainin' dhry for thim I can't see. No, ma'am, it's best for me to lave ye. I can't, I can't bear it. Maybe I'd do her a mischief some odd time whin the darkness is on me, an' it do be comin' oftener an' darker." And she put her hand up to her head with a vague look of confusion and pain that would have told a practiced eye that a darkness was indeed coming which would speedily be the shadow of death if it were not dispersed.

But her own country's beautiful proverb, "It's always darkest before dawn," did not fail poor Mary Ann. She left her place the next week, and took service with an old farmer and his wife, whose only child had died long ago unmarried; and in this silent, straitened household, working all day and sleeping at night from pure fatigue, Mary Ann had passed three months, when one calm October evening she took her pails as usual and left the house to milk the cows. The barn stood across the road from the house, and she stood a minute by the fence to look at the rising moon that just began, as the sun sank behind the low western hills, to show her fair golden disk over those in the east. She almost always stopped just there to send one long yearning look toward "ould Ireland"—a look that carried prayer and longing swifter than light to her treasure. To-night the moonlight streamed full on her wan face, and showed its hollows and its lines, but lent a dewy light to the melancholy duskiness of her eyes, and concealed the sallow tint of brow and cheek.

Could it be Mary Ann? thought a man walking swiftly up the road, with a long wistful look at the dark sad woman before him. "Sure I'll thry her.—Mary Ann! Mary Ann Doyle!"

She turned like a paralyzed creature; a dull terror filled her. Was she dreaming? or was she, too, suddenly dead, and with the dead themselves? Again it called, "Mary Ann, acushla, don't ye hear?"

Something between a groan and a cry burst from Mary Ann's lips; she turned to run from this spectre, but it was fleeter of foot than she, and in another moment living arms were about her, and hearty kisses that no ghost could give recalled her to real life and love. She was too happy to doubt after the first certainty. She had not that complex nature that weighs, recoils, questions. With the simpleness of a child she took evil or good as it came, without an attempt to elude, endure, or enjoy. She was in her place, and if storm or sunshine besieged it, all she could do was to accept them, hardly or easily, but still without question—which was the reason why she had passed this two years mourning for Dan, when, if she had herself gone to the hospital, she would have found that her husband, instead of being dead, was still there. Doyle is not a rare name among the Irish, and there had been a Daniel Doyle die in the same ward, whose name Mrs. Kiernan had seen in the paper, and thence jumped to conclusions, for Dan's real name was Dennis. He had lain six months in the New York Hospital, puzzling the doctors, and not at all improving, when a wonderful French physician came to Boston, and Dan's case being quite unique, the hospital physicians subscribed to send him to a Boston hospital (for the benefit of science), where Dr. Léotard could see him, and, if necessary, operate on him.

In Boston he spent another six months, for the operation which at last relieved him was lingering, of necessity, and he suffered every second day torture of some kind or other, experimental or curative, for a month, and was left in a desperately exhausted condition. Then typhoid fever set in, and it was almost by miracle he got well at all. Once able to work, without a dollar in his pocket, clothed by the charity of hospital visitors, he went to such work as he could do to sustain life, and then, as strength came, to get money enough to go to New York and find Mary Ann; for he had quite forgotten, if ever he knew, the name and place of the woman where she boarded. But when he got to New York his inquiries at the hospital gave him a clew; he hunted up Mrs. Kiernan, got Mary Ann's address, and here he was, alive and well, and so overjoyed to see his wife that he forgot all he had suffered, and could scarcely tell her all his own story for pity of her woful tale and gladness to find how he had been mourned, after all.

An hour after, as Mary Ann sat in the kitchen, leaning back in an old rocker, weak, pale, and yet breathless from surprise, old Mrs. Jackson came in, with the tears in her eyes, having just seen Dan, who introduced himself.

"Poor Mary Ann!" said she, holding up her hands and her spectacles, and using the phrase that all who knew her had fitted to Mary Ann instinctively as soon as they saw her.

But the woman lifted herself to answer, a divine joy flooding her weary face with roseate light: "Sure don't ye call me poor Mary Ann no more! I'm the richest in Ameriky this blissid day!"

Is it best to go farther? to paint the meeting of Mary Ann with her children when she crossed the "say" again three years after to bring them back, her mother having died and left them three hundred pounds, which was a fortune to them?

Is it not better to arrest her tale right here? The children were by this time grown out of her memory physically; they

were two great girls; she had been robbed of their sweet childish growth, of their budding, which is the fairest time of flowers. A dead child never ages, but those we leave for years are sad and strange when next we see them; they are lost to us by the saddest of losses; they are ours no more. The arrested current may flow again in its old channel, but the bordering grasses, the mirrored flowers, the floating lilies, are gone; the bed of the brook is dry, arid, stony, and the water itself is turbid and troubled.

"There are three things that return not," and one of them is "lost opportunity." Not any power of time or man can refold the ardent rose's expanded leaves into their verdant calyx again; it is splendid and noble now; it braves the eye with color, and breathes an odor of rapture from its sunsmitten breast; but it is not a bud.

"For we know that something sweet
Followed Youth with flying feet,
And will never come again."

Poor Mary Ann!

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Sixteenth Paper.]

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—I.

IN a retrospect of what has been done in American literature during the past hundred years, it is of the first importance to draw a sharp line of distinction between the mental powers displayed in literature and those which have been exhibited in industrial creation, in statesmanship, and in the abstract and applied sciences. The literature of America is but an insufficient measure of the realized capacities of the American mind. When Sir William Hamilton declared that Aristotle had an imagination as great as that of Homer, he struck at the primary fact that the creative energies of the human mind may be exercised in widely different lines of direction. Imagination is, in the popular mind, obstinately connected with poetry and romance. This prejudice is further deepened by associating imagination with amiable emotions, regardless of the fact that two of the greatest characters created by the human imagination are two of the vilest types of intelligent nature—Iago and Mephistopheles. When the attempt is made to extend the application of the creative energy of imagination to business and politics, the sentimental outcry against such a profanation of the term becomes almost deafening. Every poetaster is willing to admit that Newton is one of the few grand scientific discoverers that the world has produced; but he still thinks that, in virtue of versifying some commonplaces of emotion and thought, he is himself superior to Newton in imagination. The truth is that, in spite of Newton's incapacity to appreciate works of literature and art, he possessed a creative imagination of the first class—an imagination which, in boundless fertility, is second only to Shakspeare's. In fact, it is the direction given to the creative faculty, and not to the materials on which it works, that discriminates between Fulton and Bryant, Whitney and Longfellow, Bigelow and Whittier, Goodyear and Lowell. Descending from the inventors, it would be easy to show that in the conduct of the every-day transactions of life, more quickness of imagination, subtilty and breadth of understanding, and energy of will have been displayed by our men of business than by our authors. By the necessities of our position, the aggregate mind of the country has been exercised in creating the nation as we now find it. There is, indeed, something ludicrous, to a large observer of all the phenomena of our national life, in confounding the brain and heart of the United States with the manifestation that either has found in mere literary expression. The nation outvalues all its authors, even in respect to those powers which authors are supposed specially to represent. Nobody can write intelligently of the progress of American literature during the past hundred years without looking at American literature as generally subsidiary to the grand movement of the American mind.

It is curious, however, that the only apparent contradiction to this general principle dates from the beginning of our national life. At the time the American Revolution broke out, the two men who best represented the double aspect of the thought of the colonies were Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin. Both come within the domain of the historian of literature, for both were great forces in our literature, whose influence is yet unspent. Of Jonathan Edwards, the greatest of American theologians and metaphysicians, and a religious genius of the first order, it is impossible to speak without respect, and even reverence. No theologian born in our country has exercised more influence on minds and souls kindred to his own. Those who opposed him recognized his pre-eminent powers of intellect. Every body felt, in assailing such a consummate reasoner, the restraining modesty which a master-spirit always evokes in the minds of his adversaries. His treatise on the Will has been generally accepted as one of the marvels of intellectual acuteness, exercised on one of the most difficult problems which have ever tested the

resources of the human intellect. There have been many answers to it, but no answer which is generally considered unanswerable. Such works, indeed, as this of Edwards on the Will are not so much answered or refuted as gradually outgrown. But the treatise has certainly exercised and strengthened all the minds that have resolutely grappled with it, and has aided the development of the logical powers of American orthodox divines in a remarkable degree. Whether a controversialist agrees with its author, or dissents from him, Edwards always quickens the mental activity of every body who strives to follow the course of his argumentation, or to detect the lurking fallacy which is supposed to be discoverable somewhere in the premises or processes of his logic. Perhaps this fallacy is to be found in the various senses in which Edwards uses the vital word "determination." To most readers, who believe the will to be abstractly free, but that the actions of men commonly proceed from the characters they have gradually formed, the most satisfactory explanation of the mystery is that of Jouffroy, who declares that "Liberty is the ideal of the Me." Others may obtain consolation from Gilfillan's somewhat flippant remark, that every thing a man does is not necessary before he does it, but is necessary after he has done it. Essentially the doctrine of Edwards agrees with that of philosophical necessity, and with that so vehemently urged by many scientists, that the actions of men are as much controlled by law as the movements of the planets. The great difference between Edwards's theory and the others is, that he connects his metaphysics with a theological system, and his treatise remains as a kind of practical argument for the everlasting damnation of those who question the infallibility of its logic.

Edwards's large and subtle understanding was connected with an imagination of intense realizing power, and both were based on a soul of singular purity, open on many sides to communications from the Divine mind. He had an almost preternatural conception of the "exceeding sinfulness of sin." His imagination was filled with ghastly images of the retribution which awaits on iniquity, and his reasoned sermons on eternal torments were but the outbreak of a sensitive feeling, a holy passion for goodness, which made him intolerant of any excellence which did not approach his ideal of godliness. But then his spiritual experience, though it inflamed one side of his imagination with vivid pictures of the terrors of hell, on the other side gave the most enrapturing visions of the spiritual joys of heaven. It is unfortunate for his fame that his hell has obtained for him more popular recognition than his heaven. Like other poets, such as Dante and Milton, his pictures of the torments of the damned have cast into the shade that celestial light which shines so lovingly over his pictures of the bliss of the redeemed. True religion, he tells us, consists in a great measure in holy affections—in "a love of divine things for the beauty and sweetness of their moral excellency." "Sweetness" is a frequent word all through Edwards's works, when he desires to convey his perception of the satisfactions which await on piety in this world, and the ineffable joy of the experiences of pious souls in the next; and this word he thrills with a transcendent depth of suggestive meaning which it bears in no dictionary, nor in the vocabulary of any other writer of the English language. He was certainly one of the holiest souls that ever appeared on the planet. The admiration which has been generally awarded to his power of reasoning should be extended to his power of affirming, that is, when he affirms ideas coming from those moods of blessedness in which his soul seems to be in direct contact with divine things, and vividly beholds what in other discourses his mind reasons up to or about. To reach these divine heights, however, you must, according to Edwards, mount the stairs of dogma built by Augustine and Calvin.

Jonathan Edwards may be characterized as a man of the next world. Benjamin Franklin was emphatically a man of this world. Not that Franklin lacked religion and homely practical piety, but he had none of Edwards's intense depth of religious experience. God was to him a beneficent being, aiding good men in their hard struggles with the facts of life, and not pitiless to those who stumbled in the path of duty, or even to those who widely diverged from it. The heaven of Edwards was as far above his spiritual vision as the hell of Edwards was below his soundings of the profundities of human wickedness; but there never was a person who so swiftly distinguished an honest man from a rogue, or who was more quick to see that the rogue was at war with the spiritual constitution of things. He seems to have learned his morality in a practical way. All his early slips from the straight line of duty were but experiments, from which he drew lessons in moral wisdom. If he happened occasionally to lapse into vice, he made the experience of vice a new fortress to defend his virtue; and he came out of the temptations of youth and middle age with a character generally recognized as one of singular solidity, serenity, and benignity. His intellect, in the beautiful harmony of its faculties, his conscience, in the instinctive sureness of its perception of the relations of duties, and his heart, in its subordination of malevolent to beneficent emotions—all showed how diligent he

had been in the austere self-culture which eventually raised him to the first rank among the men of his time. Simplicity was the fine result of the complexities which entered into his mind and character. He was a man who never used words except to express positive thoughts or emotions, and was never tempted to misuse them for the purposes of declamation. He kept his style always on the level of his character. In announcing his scientific discoveries, as in his most private letters, he is ever simple. In breadth of mind he is probably the most eminent man that our country has produced; for while he was the greatest diplomatist, and one of the greatest statesmen and patriots of the United States, he was also a discoverer in science, a benignant philanthropist, and a master in that rare art of so associating words with things that they appeared identical. Edwards represents, humanly speaking, the somewhat doleful doctrine that the best thing a good man can do is to get out, as soon as he decently can, of this world into one which is immeasurably better, by devoting all his energies to the salvation of his own particular soul. Franklin, on the contrary, seems perfectly content with this world, as long as he thinks he can better *it*. Edwards would doubtless have considered Franklin a child of wrath, but Francis Bacon would have hailed him as one of that band of explorers who, by serving Nature, will in the end master her mysteries, and use their knowledge for the service of man. Indeed, the cheerful, hopeful spirit which runs through Franklin's writings, even when he was tried by obstacles which might have tasked the proverbial patience of Job, is not one of the least of his claims upon the consideration of those who rightfully glory in having such a genius for their countryman. The spirit which breathes through Franklin's life and works is that which has inspired every pioneer of our Western wastes, every poor farmer who has tried to make both ends meet by the exercise of rigid economy, every inventor who has attempted to serve men by making machines do half the drudgery of their work, every statesman who has striven to introduce large principles into our somewhat confused and contradictory legislation, every American diplomatist who has upheld the character of his country abroad by sagacity in managing men, as well as by integrity in the main purpose of his mission, and every honest man who has desired to diminish the evil there is in the world, and to increase every possible good that is conformable to good sense. Franklin is doubtless our Mr. Worldly Wiseman, but his worldly wisdom ever points to the Christian's prayer that God's will shall be done on earth as it is done in heaven.

One of the most ludicrous misinterpretations of this large, bounteous, and benignant intelligence is that which confines his influence to the little corner of his mind in which he lodged "Poor Richard." It is common even now to hear complaints from opulent English gentlemen that Franklin has done much to make the average American narrow in mind, hard of heart, greedy of small gains, mean in little economies. This is said of a nation the poorer portions of whose population are needlessly wasteful, and whose richer portions astonish Europe annually by the profusion with which they scatter dollars to the right and the left. The maxims of Poor Richard are generally good, and the more they are circulated, the more practical good they will do; for our countrymen are remarkable rather for violating than for obeying them. In all these criticisms on Franklin, however, it is strange that few have observed what a delicious specimen of humorous characterization he has introduced into literature in his charming delineation of Poor Richard. The effect is heightened by the groaning, droning way in which the good man delivers his bits of wisdom, as if he despairingly felt that the rustics around him would disregard his advice and monitions, and pass through the usual experiences of the passions, insensible to the gasping, croaking voice which warned them in advance.

Franklin is probably the best specimen that history affords of what is called a self-made man. He certainly "never worshiped his maker," according to Mr. Clapp's stinging epigram, but was throughout his life, though always self-respectful, never self-conceited. Perhaps the most notable result of his self-education was the ease with which he accosted all grades and classes of men on a level of equality. The printer's boy became, in his old age, one of the most popular men in the French court, not only among its statesmen, but among its frivolous nobles and their wives. He ever estimated men at their true worth or worthlessness; but as a diplomatist he was a marvel of sagacity. The same ease of manner which recommended him to a Pennsylvania farmer was preserved in a conference with a statesman or a king. He ever kept his end in view in all his complaisances, and that end was always patriotic. When he returned to his country he was among the most earnest to organize the liberty he had done so much to achieve; and he also showed his hostility to the system of negro slavery with which the United States was accursed. At the ripe age of eighty-four he died, leaving behind him a record of extraordinary faithfulness in the performance of all the duties of life. His sagacity, when his whole career is surveyed, amounts almost to saintliness; for his sagacity was uniformly devoted to the accom-

plishment of great public ends of policy or beneficence.

Edwards was born three years before Franklin, and died in 1758, nearly twenty years before the war broke out. Franklin died in 1790. Both being representative men, may properly be taken as points of departure in considering those writers and thinkers who were educated under the influences of the pre-Revolutionary period of our literary history. The writings of Washington, Adams, Hamilton, Jefferson, Madison, Jay, are a recognized portion of our literature, because the hoarded wisdom slowly gathered in by their practical knowledge of life crops out in their most familiar correspondence. A truism announced by such men brightens into a truth, because it has evidently been tested and proved by their experience in conducting affairs. There is an elemental grandeur in Washington's character and career which renders impertinent all mere criticism on his style; for what he was and what he did are felt to outvalue a hundredfold what he wrote, except we consider his writings as mere records of his sagacity, wisdom, patience, disinterestedness, intrepidity, and fortitude. John Adams had a large, strong, vehement mind, interested in all questions relating to government. He was a personage of indomitable individuality, large acquirements, quick insight, and resolute civic courage; but the storm and stress of public affairs gave to much of his thinking a character of intellectual irritation, rather than of sustained intellectual energy. His moral impatience was such that he seems to fret as he thinks. Jefferson, of all our early statesmen, was the most efficient master of the pen, and the most "advanced" political thinker. In one sense, as the author of the Declaration of Independence, he may be called the greatest, or, at least, the most generally known, of American authors. But in his private correspondence his literary talent is most displayed, for by his letters he built up a party which ruled the United States for nearly half a century, and which was, perhaps, only overturned because its opponents cited the best portions of Jefferson's writings against conclusions derived from the worst. In executive capacity he was relatively weak; but his mistakes in policy and his feebleness in administration, which would have ruined an ordinary statesman at the head of so turbulent a combination of irascible individuals as the Democratic party of the United States, were all condoned by those minor leaders of faction who, yielding to the magic persuasiveness of his pen, assured their followers that the great man could do no wrong. Read in connection with the events of his time, Jefferson's writings must be considered of permanent value and interest. As a political leader he was literally a man of letters; and his letters are masterpieces, if viewed as illustrations of the arts by which political leadership may be attained. In his private correspondence he was a model of urbanity and geniality. The whole impression derived from his works is that he was a better man than his enemies would admit him to be, and not so great a man as his partisans declared him to be. Few public men who have been assailed with equal fury have exhibited a more philosophical temper in noticing assailants. Though occasionally spiteful in his references to rivals, his leading fault, as a political leader, was not so much in being himself a libeler as in the protection he extended to libelers who lampooned men obnoxious to him. His own mind seems to have been singularly temperate; but he had a marvelous toleration for the intemperance of the rancorous defamers of Washington, Hamilton, and Adams. The Federalists hated him with such a mortal hatred, and showered on him such an amount of horrible invective, that he may have witnessed with a sarcastic smile the still coarser and fiercer calumnies which the band of assassins of character in his interest showered on the leading Federalists. Jefferson in this contest proved himself capable of malice as well as insincerity; but in a scrutiny of his works it will be found that individually he had more amenity of temper than his opponents, for it must be remembered that in his political career he was stigmatized not only as the most wicked and foolish of politicians, but as the sultan of a negro harem, and that every circumstance of his private life was malignantly misrepresented. Many eminent New England divines regarded him as an atheist as well as an anarchist, and thundered at him from their pulpits as though he was a new incarnation of the evil principle. Jefferson's comparative moderation, in view of the savage fierceness of the attacks on his personal, political, and moral character, must, on the whole, be commended; but still his moderation covered a large amount of private intrigue, and a readiness to use underhand means to compass what he may have deemed beneficent ends.

The names of Hamilton, Madison, and Jay are inseparably associated as the authors of the *Federalist*, the political classic of the United States. Of the essays it contains, Hamilton wrote fifty-one, Madison twenty-nine, and Jay five. It is generally considered that Hamilton's are the best. Indeed, Alexander Hamilton was, next to Franklin, the most consummate statesman among the band of eminent men who had been active in the Revolution, and who afterward labored to convert a loose confederation of States into a national government.

His mind was as plastic as it was vigorous and profound. It was the appropriate intellectual expression of a poised nature whose power was rarely obtrusive, because it was half concealed by the harmonious adjustment of its various faculties. It was a mind deep enough to grasp principles, and broad enough to regard relations, and fertile enough to devise measures. Indeed, the most practical of our early statesmen was also the most inventive. He was as ready with new expedients to meet unexpected emergencies as he was wise in subordinating all expedients to clearly defined principles. In intellect he was probably the most creative of our early statesmen, as in sentiment Jefferson was the most widely influential. And Hamilton was so bent on practical ends that he was indifferent to the reputation which might have resulted from a parade of originality in the means he devised for their accomplishment. There never was a statesman less egotistic, less desirous of labeling a policy as "my" policy; and one of the sources of his influence was the subtle way in which he insinuated into other minds ideas which they appeared to originate. His moderation, his self-command, the exquisite courtesy of his manners, the persuasiveness of his ordinary speech, the fascination of his extraordinary speeches, and the mingled dignity and ease with which he met men of all degrees of intellect and character, resulted in making his political partisans look up to him as almost an object of political adoration. It is difficult to say what this accomplished man might have done as a leader of the Federal opposition to the Democratic administrations of Jefferson and Madison, had he not, in the maturity of his years and in the full vigor of his faculties, been murdered by Aaron Burr. Nothing can better illustrate the folly of the practice of dueling than the fact that, by a weak compliance with its maxims, the most eminent of American statesmen died by the hand of the most infamous of American demagogues. Certainly Hamilton had no need to accept a challenge in order to vindicate his claim to courage. That had been abundantly shown in the field, at the bar, in the cabinet, before the people. There was hardly any form of courage, military, civic, or moral, in which he had not proved that he was insensible to every kind of fear. The most touching expression of it was, perhaps, the confession he publicly made that he had been entrapped into a guilty intrigue with a wily woman. The confession was necessary to vindicate his integrity as a statesman, assailed by rancorous enemies. In reading it one is impressed with the innate dignity of character which such a mortifying disclosure of criminal weakness could not essentially degrade; and the allusion to his noble wife can hardly even now be read without tears. "This confession," he nobly says, "is not made without a blush. I can not be the apologist of any vice because the ardor of passion may have made it mine. I can never cease to condemn myself for the pang which it may inflict on a bosom eminently entitled to all my gratitude, fidelity, and love; but that bosom will approve that, even at so great an expense, I should effectually wipe away a more serious stain from a name which it cherishes with no less elevation than tenderness. The public, too, I trust, will excuse the confession. The necessity of it to my defense against a more heinous charge could alone have extorted from me so painful an indecorum."

John Jay, another of the wise statesmen of the Revolution, who survived to perform services of inestimable value to the new constitutional government, was a man whose character needs no apologists. Webster finely said that "the spotless ermine of the judicial robe, when it fell on the shoulders of John Jay, touched nothing not as spotless as itself." His integrity ran down into the very roots of his moral being, and honesty was in him a passion as well as a principle. A great publicist as well as an incorruptible patriot, with pronounced opinions which exposed him to all the shafts of faction, his most low-minded and venomous adversaries felt that both his private and public character were unassailable. The celebrated "treaty" with Great Britain which he negotiated as the minister of the United States occasioned an outburst of Democratic wrath such as few American diplomatists have ever been called upon to face; but in all the fury of the opposition to it, few opponents were foolish enough to assail his integrity in assailing his judgment and general views of public policy.

Judge Story once said that to James Madison and Alexander Hamilton we were mainly indebted for the Constitution of the United States. It is curious that to Madison we are also mainly indebted for those Virginia "Resolutions of '98," which have been used to justify nullification and secession. With all his mental ability, Madison had not much original force of nature. He leaned now to Hamilton, now to Jefferson, and at last fell permanently under the influence of the genius of the latter. He was lacking in that grand moral and intellectual impulse, underlying mere knowledge and logic, which distinguishes the man who reasons from the mere reasoner. His character was not on a level with his talents and acquirements; his much-vaunted moderation came from the absence rather than from the control of passion; and his understanding, though broad, was somewhat mechanical in its operations, and had no foundation in a corresponding breadth of nature. The "Resolutions of

'98," which Southern Democrats came gradually to consider as of equal authority with the Constitution, were originally devised for a transient party purpose. The passage of the Alien and Sedition Laws, during the administration of John Adams, provoked Jefferson into writing a new "Declaration of Independence"—in this case directed not against Great Britain, but against the United States. He drew up a series of resolutions, which he sent to one of his subagents, George Nicholas, of Kentucky, to be adopted by the Legislature of that State. They were, with some omissions, passed. These resolutions substantially declared that the Federal Constitution was a compact between sovereign States, and that in case of a supposed violation of the compact, each party to it, as in other cases of parties having no common judge, had "an equal right to judge for itself, as well of infractions as of the mode and measure of redress." In a somewhat modified form, but still implicitly containing the poison of nullification, similar resolutions, drafted by Madison, were passed by the Legislature of Virginia. The object evidently was to frighten the general government by a threat of State resistance to its authority, without any settled purpose of nullification or rebellion. When Jefferson and Madison became successively Presidents of the United States, they seemed to have forgotten their "resolutions," except to express their horror when, seventeen years afterward, a few mild Federal gentlemen, meeting at Hartford, appeared to show some vague intention of availing themselves of the precious constitutional doctrines which Jefferson and Madison had so boldly announced. The "Resolutions of '98" must be considered an important portion of our national literature, for they were exultingly adduced as the logical justification of the gigantic rebellion of 1861. It is rare, even in the history of political factions, that a string of cunningly written resolves, designed to meet a mere party emergency, should thus cost a nation thousands of millions of treasure and hundreds of thousands of lives.

When an armed ship has her upper deck cut down, and is thus reduced to an inferior class, it is said that she is "razeed." Fisher Ames may be called, on this principle, a razeed Burke. Of all the Federal writers and speakers of his time, he bears away the palm of eloquence. He has something of Burke's affluence of imagination, something of Burke's power of condensing political wisdom into epigrammatic apothegms, and more than Burke's hatred of "French principles;" but he lacks the immense moral force of Burke's individuality, the large scope of his reason, the overwhelming intensity of his passion. Still, his merits as a writer, when compared with those of most of his contemporaries, are so striking that his countrymen seem unjust in allowing such an author to drop out of the memory of the nation. He was the despairing champion of a dying cause; he decorated the grave of Federalism with some of the choicest flowers of rhetoric; but the flowers are now withered, and the tomb itself hardly receives its due meed of honor.

The most eminent writers of the period which extends from 1776 to the first decade of the nineteenth century were either statesmen or theologians. Between these the poets, essayists, and romancers occupy a comparatively subordinate place; for we estimate the value of a literature, not so much by the character of the subjects with which it deals, as by the power of mind it evinces in dealing with them. As it regards our scholars and men of letters of that time, it must be remembered that the colonies were colonies of intellectual as well as of political Britain, and that their ideals of intellectual excellence were formed on English models. Our poets could only give a local color to a diction which was essentially that of Milton, or Dryden, or Pope, or Goldsmith, or Gray. They imitated these poets in a vain attempt to attain their elevation, simplicity, or compactness of style; but in doing this they merely did what contemporary versifiers in London or Edinburgh were intent on doing. Their verse has not survived, but it is not more completely forgotten than the verse of Mason, and Hayley, and Henry James Pye. They could write heroic verse as well as most of the English imitators of Pope, and Pindaric odes as well as most of the English imitators of Gray. Indeed, the verses with which our forefathers afflicted the world are generally not so bad as the verses of the poet laureates of England, from the period when Dryden was deprived of the laurel, to the period when Southey reluctantly accepted it. Timothy Dwight, an eminent patriot and theologian, was early smitten with the ambition to be a poet. He wrote "America," "The Conquest of Canaan" (an epic), "Greenfield Hill," and "The Triumph of Infidelity." These poems are not properly subjects of criticism, because they are hopelessly forgotten, and no critical resurrectionist can give them that slight appearance of vitality which would justify an examination of their merits and demerits. Yet they are reasonably good of their kind, and "Greenfield Hill," especially, contains some descriptions which are almost worthy to be called charming. Dwight, as a Latin scholar, occasionally felt called upon to show his learning in his rhymes. Thus in one of his poems he characterizes one of the most delightful of Roman lyrists as "desipient" Horace. After a diligent exploration of the dictionary, the reader finds that desipient comes from a Latin word signifying "to

be wise," and that its English meaning is "trifling, foolish, playful." It might be supposed that in the whole range of English poetry there was no descriptive epithet so ludicrously pedantic; but, fortunately for our patriotism, we can convict Dryden of a still greater sin against good taste. In Dryden's first ode (1687) for St. Cecilia's Day we find the following lines:

> "Orpheus could lead the savage race,
> And trees uprooted left their place,
> *Sequacious* of the lyre."

It can not be doubted that Timothy Dwight's "desipient" is as poetically justifiable as John Dryden's "sequacious."

Perhaps the most versatile of our early writers of verse was Philip Freneau (1752–1832), a man of French extraction, possessing the talents of a ready writer, and endowed with that brightness and elasticity of mind which makes even shallowness of thought and emotion pleasing. He composed patriotic songs and ballads, satirized Tories, enjoyed the friendship of Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, and Monroe, and was in his day quite a literary power. Most of his writings, whether in verse or prose, were "occasional," and they died with the occasions which called them forth.

Perhaps a higher rank should be assigned to John Trumbull (1750–1831), who at the breaking out of the Revolution wrote the first canto of "McFingal," and published the third in 1782. This poem, written in Hudibrastic verse, is so full of original wit and humor that we hardly think of it as an imitation of Butler's immortal doggerel until we are reminded that many of the pithy couplets of "McFingal" are still quoted as felicitous hits of the ingenious mind of the author of "Hudibras." The immense popularity of the poem is unprecedented in American literary history. The first canto rapidly ran through thirty editions. Longfellow's "Evangeline" attained about the same circulation when the population of the country was thirty millions. "McFingal" was published when our population was only three millions. The poem, indeed, is to be considered as one of the forces of the Revolution, because, as a satire on the Tories, it penetrated into every farm-house, and sent the rustic volunteers laughing into the ranks of Washington and Greene. The vigor of mind and feeling displayed throughout the poem gives an impetus to its incidents which "Hudibras," with all its wonderful flashes of wit, comparatively lacks.

Francis Hopkinson (1737–91) was another of the writers who served the popular cause by seizing every occasion to make the British pretensions to rule ridiculous as well as hateful. His "Battle of the Kegs" probably laughed a thousand men into the republican ranks. His son, Francis Hopkinson, wrote the most popular of American lyrics, "Hail, Columbia." It is curious that this ode has no poetic merit whatever. There is not a line, not an epithet, in the whole composition which distinguishes it from the baldest prose.

Robert Treat Paine, Jun., was originally named by his father Thomas; but being a zealous Federalist, he induced the Legislature of Massachusetts to change his cognomen into Robert Treat, because, detesting the theological iconoclast who was both a Democrat and an infidel, he desired, he said, to have a *Christian* name. His song of "Adams and Liberty" is far above Hopkinson's "Hail, Columbia" in emphasis of phrase, richness of illustration, and resounding harmony of versification. Even now it kindles enthusiasm, like the lyrics of Campbell, though it is, of course, more mechanical in structure and more rhetorical in tone than the "Battle of the Baltic" and the "Mariners of England." At the time, however, it roused a similar enthusiasm.

But all the poets of the United States were threatened with extinction or subordination when Joel Barlow (1755–1812) appeared. He was, according to all accounts, an estimable man, cursed with the idea not only that he was a poet, but the greatest of American poets; and in 1808 he published, in a superb quarto volume, "The Columbiad." It was also published in Paris and London. The London *Monthly Magazine* tried to prove not only that it was an epic poem, but that it was surpassed only by the Iliad, the Æneid, and "Paradise Lost." Joel Barlow is fairly entitled to the praise of raising mediocrity to dimensions almost colossal. Columbia is, thank Heaven, still alive; "The Columbiad" is, thank Heaven, hopelessly dead. There are some elderly gentlemen still living who declare that they have read "The Columbiad," and have derived much satisfaction from the perusal of the same; but their evidence can not stand the test of cross-examination. They can not tell what the poem is, what it teaches, and what it means. No critic within the last fifty years has read more than a hundred lines of it, and even this effort of attention has been a deadly fight with those merciful tendencies in the human organization which softly wrap the overworked mind in the blessedness of sleep. It is the impossibility of reading "The Columbiad" which prevents any critical estimate of its numberless demerits.

It is to be noted that, admitting all the poetic talent that our versifiers from 1776 to 1810 can claim, they are exceeded in all the requisites of poetry by contemporary prose writers. Fisher Ames, in a political article contributed to a newspaper, often displayed a richness of imagery, a harmony of diction, and an intensity of sentiment and passion which would have more than supplied our rhymers with materials for a canto.

John Jay was not, like Fisher Ames, a man who thought in images, yet in one instance his fervid honesty enabled him to outleap every versifier of his time in the exercise of impassioned imagination. In a letter addressed to the States of the Confederation he showed the horrible injustice wrought by the depreciated currency of the country. "Humanity," he said, "as well as justice, makes this demand upon you; the complaints of ruined widows and the cries of fatherless children, whose whole support has been placed in your hands and melted away, have doubtless reached you; *take care that they ascend no higher.*" And, if we consider poetry in its inmost essence, what can exceed in sentiment and imagination the statement in prose of the perfections of the maiden whom Jonathan Edwards, the austere theologian, was so fortunate as to win for his wife? To be sure, the description runs back to the year 1723, when Edwards was only twenty years old. "They say," he writes, "there is a young lady in New Haven who is beloved of that Great Being who made and rules the world, and that there are certain seasons in which this Great Being, in some way or other invisible, comes to her and fills her mind with exceeding sweet delight, and that she hardly cares for any thing except to meditate on Him, that she expects, after a while, to be received up where He is, to be raised up out of the world and caught up into heaven, being assured that He loves her too well to let her remain at a distance from Him always. There she is to dwell with Him, and to be ravished with His love and delight forever. Therefore, if you present all the world before her, with the richest of its treasures, she disregards it and cares not for it, and is unmindful of any pain or affliction. She has a strange sweetness in her mind, and singular purity in her affections; is most just and conscientious in all her conduct; and you could not persuade her to do any thing wrong or sinful if you would give her all the world, lest she should offend this Great Being. She is of a wonderful sweetness, calmness, and universal benevolence of mind, especially after this Great God has manifested Himself to her mind. She will sometimes go about from place to place singing sweetly, and seems to be always full of joy and pleasure, *and no one knows for what.* She loves to be alone, walking in the fields and groves, and seems to have some one invisible always conversing with her." The "sage and serious" Spenser, in all his lovely characterizations of feminine excellence, never succeeded in depicting a soul more exquisitely beautiful than this of Sarah Pierrepont as viewed through the consecrating imagination of Jonathan Edwards.

The leading writers of fiction during the period immediately succeeding the Revolution were Susanna Rowson, Hugh Henry Brackenridge, and Charles Brockden Brown. Mrs. Rowson's novel of *Charlotte Temple* attained the unprecedented circulation of 25,000 copies, not so much for its literary merits as on account of its foundation in a mysterious domestic scandal which affected the reputation of a number of prominent American families. Brackenridge was a Democrat of a peculiar kind, generally supporting his party, but reserving to himself the right of criticising and satirizing it. At the time the antislavery section of the Democratic party in the State of New York was called by the nickname of "Barnburners," Mr. J. G. Saxe, the poet, was asked to define his position. "I am," he replied, "a Democrat with a proclivity to arson." Brackenridge at an earlier period showed a similar restlessness in his dissent from the policy of a party whose principles he generally advocated. His principal work is *Modern Chivalry; or, the Adventures of Captain Farrago and Teague O'Regan, his Servant.* The author had a vague idea of Americanizing Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. The adventures are somewhat coarsely and clumsily portrayed, but it gave Brackenridge an opportunity to satirize the practical workings of Democracy, and he did it with pitiless severity. Teague is represented as a creature only a little raised above the condition of a beast, ignorant, credulous, greedy, and brutal, lacking both common-sense and moral sense, but still ambitious to attain political office, and willing to put himself forward as a candidate for posts the duties of which he could not by any possibility perform. The exaggeration is heightened at times into the most farcical caricature, but the book can be read even now with profit by the champions of civil service reform. There are also in the course of the narrative some deadly shafts launched, in a humorous way, against the institution of slavery. Charles Brockden Brown (1771–1810) was our first novelist by profession. At the time he wrote *Arthur Mervyn*, *Edgar Huntley*, *Clara Howard*, and *Wieland* the remuneration of the novelist was so small that he could only make what is called "a living" by sacrificing every grace and felicity of style to the inexorable need of writing rapidly, and therefore inaccurately. Brown, in his depth of insight into the morbid phenomena of the human mind, really anticipated Hawthorne; but hurried as he was by that most malignant of literary devils, the printer's, he produced no such masterpieces of literary art as *The Scarlet Letter*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *The Marble Faun*. Brown is one of the most melancholy instances of a genius arrested in its orderly development by the pressure of circumstances. In mere power his forgotten novels rank very high among the products of

the American imagination. And it should be added that though he is unread, he is by no means unreadable. *Wieland; or, the Transformation*, has much of the thrilling interest which fastens our attention as we read Godwin's *Caleb Williams*, or Hawthorne's *Scarlet Letter*. With all his faults, Brown does not deserve to be the victim of the bitterest irony of criticism, that, namely, of not being considered worth the trouble of a critical examination. His writings are contemptuously classed among dead books, interesting to the antiquary alone. Still, they have that vitality which comes from the presence of genius, and a little stirring of the ashes under which they are buried would reveal sparks of genuine fire.

The progress of theology during the thirty years which followed the Revolution is illustrated by the works of many men of mark in their profession, and by two men of original though somewhat crotchety religious genius, Samuel Hopkins and Nathaniel Emmons. It is the rightful boast of Calvinism, that whatever judgment may be passed on the validity of its dogmas, nobody can question its power to give strength to character, to educate men into strict habits of deductive reasoning, and to comfort regenerated and elected souls with the blissful feeling that they are in direct communication with the Divine mind. But even before the Revolution broke out there was a widely diffused though somewhat lazy mental insurrection against its doctrines by men who were formally connected with its churches; and Jonathan Edwards, the greatest successor of Calvin, was dismissed from his pastoral charge in Northampton because he had attempted to refuse Christian fellowship to those members of the church who, though they assented to Calvinistic opinions, had given "no evidence of saving grace" in their hearts. The devil, Edwards said, was very orthodox in faith, and his speculative knowledge in divinity exceeded that of "a hundred saints of ordinary education." It was but natural that the unconverted members of orthodox churches, who were distinguished more by their social position, wealth, and good moral character than by their capacity to stand Edwards's test of vital piety, should end in doubting the truth of the doctrines by the relentless application of which they were proscribed as non-Christian. The Revolution brought into the country not merely French soldiers, but the skeptical philosophy of the great French writers of the eighteenth century. The French officers were practically missionaries of unbelief. The light but stinging mockery of Voltaire had educated the intelligent French mind into a shallow contempt for all the mysteries of the Christian religion; and in fighting for our liberties, these gay, bright Frenchmen fought also against our accredited theological faith. There is something ludicrous in this contact of the French with the Yankee mind. Men like Franklin, Jefferson, John Adams, and others, had already adopted opinions which were opposed to Calvinism, but they had no strong impulse to announce their religious convictions. The general drift of the popular mind set in such an opposite direction, that they hesitated to peril their political aims in a vain attempt to enforce their somewhat languid theological views. Unitarianism, or Liberal Christianity, so called, had not yet arisen; and the protest against Calvinism first took the form of an open denial of the Christian faith. Thus Ethan Allen published, in 1784, a work which he called *Reason the Only Oracle of Man*. He summoned the fort of Ticonderoga to surrender in "the name of the Great Jehovah, and of the Continental Congress;" he afterward demanded that the impregnable fortress of Christianity should surrender in the name of Ethan Allen. Christianity declined to obey the summons of this stalwart Vermont soldier—doubtless much to his surprise.

But the man who was the most influential assailant of the orthodox faith was Thomas Paine. He was the arch-infidel, the infidel *par éminence*, whom our early and later theologians have united in holding up as a monster of iniquity and unbelief. The truth is that Paine was a dogmatic, well-meaning iconoclast, who attacked religion without having any religious experience or any imaginative perception of the vital spiritual phenomena on which religious faith is based. Nobody can read his *Age of Reason*, after having had some preparatory knowledge derived from the study of the history of religions, without wondering at its shallowness. Paine is, in a spiritual application of the phrase, color-blind. He does not seem to know what religion is. The reputation he enjoyed was due not more to his masterly command of all the avenues to the average popular mind than to the importance to which he was lifted by his horrified theological adversaries. His merit as a writer against religion consisted in his hard, almost animal, common-sense, to whose tests he subjected the current theological dogmas. He was a kind of vulgarized Voltaire. His eminent services to the country during the Revolutionary war were generally known—indeed, were acknowledged by the leading statesmen of the United States. His memorable pamphlet entitled *Common-Sense* reached a circulation of a hundred thousand copies. It was followed up by a series of tracts, under the general name of "The Crisis," which were almost as efficient as their predecessor in rousing, sustaining, and justifying the patriotism of the nation. He was the author

of the now familiar maxim that "these are the times that try men's souls." His after-career in England and France resulted in his pamphlet on *The Rights of Man*, directed against Burke's assault on the principles and methods of the French Revolutionists of 1789. It was unmistakably the ablest answer that any of the democrats of France, England, and the United States had made to Burke's eloquent and philosophic impeachment of the motives and conduct of the actors in that great convulsion. One passage still survives, because it almost rivals Burke himself in the power of making a thought tell on the general mind by aptness of imagery. "Nature," says Paine, "has been kinder to Mr. Burke than he is to her. He is not affected by the realities of distress touching his heart, but by the showy resemblance of it striking his imagination. *He pities the plumage, but forgets the dying bird.*" A writer thus known to the American people not only as the champion of their individual rights, but of the rights of all mankind, could not fail to exert much influence when he brought his peculiar power of simple, forcible, and sarcastic statement to an assault on the religion of the country whose nationality he had done so much to establish. He never touched the inmost sanctuaries of Calvinism, though he seriously damaged some of its outworks; and the fault of the eminent divines who opposed him was in throwing all their strength in defending what was proved in the end to be indefensible.

Indeed, it is pitiable to witness the obstructions which strong minds and religious hearts raised against an inevitable tendency of human thought. While infidelity was slowly undermining the system of theology on which they based the sentiment and the substance of religious belief, these theologians exerted their powers of reasoning in controversies, waged against each other, relating to the question whether deductive arguments from adroitly detached Scriptural texts could fix the time when original sin made infants liable to eternal damnation. Some argued that the spiritual disease was communicated in the moment of conception; others, a little more humane, contended that the child must be born before it could righteously be damned; others insisted that a certain time after birth, left somewhat undetermined, but generally assigned to the period when the child attains to moral consciousness, should elapse before it was brought under the penalties of the universal curse. The current theology of his time could not sustain the attacks of such a hard, vulgar reasoner as Paine, except by withdrawing into its vital and unassailable position, namely, its power of converting depraved souls into loving disciples of the Lord. The thinking of the dominant theologians of that period has been quietly repudiated by their successors, and it has failed to establish any place in literature because it was exerted on themes which the human mind and human heart have gradually ignored. Still, the practical effects of the teaching of the great body of orthodox clergymen have been immense. It would be unjust to measure their influence by the success or failure of theories devised by the speculative ingenuity of their representative divines. It is impossible to estimate too highly the services of the clergymen of the country in the formation of the national character. Their sermons have not passed into literature. A band of "ministers," contented with small salaries, on which they almost starved, and with no reputation beyond their little parishes, labored year after year in the obscure work of purifying, elevating, and regenerating the individuals committed to their pastoral charge; and when they died, in all the grandeur with which piety invests poverty, they were swiftly succeeded by men who valiantly trod the same narrow path, leading to no success recognized on earth as brilliant or self-satisfying.

The period of our literary history between 1810 and 1840 witnessed the rise and growth of a literature which was influenced by the new "revival of letters" in England during the early part of the present century, represented by Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey, Scott, Campbell, Byron, Shelley, Keats, and Moore. Most of these eminent men were not only writers but powers; they communicated spiritual life to the soul, as well as beautiful images and novel ideas to the mind; and touching, as they did, the profoundest sources of imagination, reason, and emotion, they quickened latent individual genius into original activity by the magnetism they exerted on sympathetic souls, and thus stimulated emulation rather than imitation. The wave of Wordsworthianism swept gently over New England, and here and there found a mind which was mentally and morally refreshed by drinking deeply of this new water of life. But Pope was still for a long time the pontiff of poetry, recognized by the cultivated men of Boston no less than by the cultivated men of London and Edinburgh. Probably there occurred no greater and more sudden change from the old school to the new than in the case of a precocious lad who bore the name of William Cullen Bryant. At the age of fourteen, in the year 1808, he produced a versified satire on Jefferson's administration called "The Embargo." It was just as good and just as bad as most American imitations of Pope; but the boy indicated a facility in using the accredited verse of the time which excited the wonder and admiration of his elders. Vigor, compactness, ring-

ing emphasis in the constantly recurring rhymes, all seemed to show that a new Pope had been born in Massachusetts. The genius of the lad, however, was destined to take a different road to fame than that which was marked out by his admirers. He read the lyrical ballads of Wordsworth; and his friend, R. H. Dana, informs us that Bryant confessed to him that on reading that volume "a thousand springs seemed to gush up at once into his heart, and the face of nature of a sudden changed into a strange freshness and life." Accordingly his next poem of any importance was "Thanatopsis." We are told that it was written when he was only eighteen. It was published in the *North American Review* for 1816, when he was twenty-two. The difference of four years makes little difference in the remarkable fact that the poem indicates no sign of youth whatever. The perfection of its rhythm, the majesty and dignity of the tone of matured reflection which breathes through it, the solemnity of its underlying sentiment, and the austere unity of the pervading thought, would deceive almost any critic into affirming it to be the product of an imaginative thinker to whom "years had brought the philosophic mind." Still it must be remembered that the poets in whom meditation and imagination have been most harmoniously blended have produced some of their best works when they were comparatively young. This is specially the case as regards Wordsworth. His poem on revisiting Tintern Abbey, written when he was twenty-eight, introduced an absolutely new element into English poetry, and was specially characterized by that quality of calm, deep, solid reflection which is commonly considered to be the peculiarity of genius when it has attained the maturity which age and experience alone can give. The wonderful "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from the Recollections of Early Childhood," written about four years later, indicates the highest point which the poetic insight and the philosophic wisdom of Wordsworth ever reached; and it ought, on ordinary principles of criticism, to have been written thirty years later than the date which marks its birth. Nothing which Wordsworth afterward wrote, though precious in itself, displayed any thing equal to these poems in maturity of thought and imagination. It is doubtful if Bryant's "Thanatopsis" has been excelled by the many deep and beautiful poems which he has written since. In his case, as in that of Wordsworth, we are puzzled by the old head suddenly erected on young shoulders. They leap over the age of passion by a single bound, and become poetic philosophers at an age when other poets are in the sensuous stage of imaginative development. In estimating the claim of Bryant to be ranked as the foremost of American poets, it may be said that he opened a rich and deep, if somewhat narrow, vein, which he has worked with marvelous skill, and that he has obtained more pure gold from his mine than many others who have sunk shafts here and there into more promising deposits of the precious metal. He is, perhaps, unequaled among our American poets in his grasp of the elemental life of nature. His descriptions of natural scenery always imply that nature, in every aspect it turns to the poetic eye, is thoroughly *alive*. Nobody can read his poems called "The Evening Wind," "Green River," "The Death of the Flowers," the invocation "To a Water-Fowl," "An Evening Reverie," "To the Fringed Gentian," not to mention others, without feeling that this poet has explored the inmost secrets of nature, and has shown how natural objects can be wedded to the human mind in "love and holy passion." In the abstract imagination which celebrates the fundamental idea and ideal of our American life, what can excel his noble verses on "The Antiquity of Freedom?" "The Land of Dreams" is perhaps the most exquisite of Bryant's poems, as in it thought, sentiment, and imagination are more completely dissolved in melody than in any other of his poems. In a criticism of the range of Bryant's mind it must be remembered that his poetry is only one expression of it. His life has been generally passed in political struggles which have called forth all his powers of statement and reasoning, based on a patient study of the phenomena presented by our social and political life. As the editor of the New York *Evening Post*, he has shown himself an able publicist, an intelligent economist, and a resolute party champion. And at a period of life when most men are justified in resting from their labors, he undertook the gigantic task of translating into blank verse such as few but he can give, the whole of the Iliad and the Odyssey.

Another eminent writer of the period, and one who also happily survives, at the advanced age of eighty-eight, an object of the deserved respect and admiration of his countrymen, was Richard Henry Dana. His articles in the *North American Review*, from 1817 to 1819, were remarkable compositions for the time. The long paper on the English poets, published in 1819, surveys the whole domain of English poetry from Chaucer to Wordsworth. It exhibits a comprehensiveness of taste, a depth and delicacy of critical perception, and a grasp of the spiritual elements which enter into the highest efforts of creative minds, unexampled in any previous American contribution to the philosophy of criticism. His discernment of the relative rank and worth of British poets is specially noticeable. He interpreted before he

judged; and in interpreting he showed, in old George Chapman's phrase, that he possessed the "fit key," that is, the "deep and treasurous heart,"

> "With poesy to open poesy."

Even among the cultivated readers of the *North American*, there were few who could appreciate Dana's profound analysis of the genius of Wordsworth and Coleridge. In 1821 he began *The Idle Man*, of which six numbers were published. In this appeared his celebrated paper on Edmund Kean, the best piece of theatrical criticism in American literature; two novels, *Tom Thornton* and *Paul Felton*, dealing with the darker passions of our nature in a style so abrupt, a feeling so intense, and a moral purpose so inexorable that they rather terrified than pleased the "idle men" who read novels; and several of those beautiful meditations on nature and human life, in which the author exhibits himself as

> "A being breathing thoughtful breath,
> A traveler betwixt life and death."

The Idle Man did not succeed. In 1827 he published a thin volume entitled *The Buccaneer, and Other Poems*. These are sufficient to give him a high rank among American poets, though they have obtained but little hold on popular sympathy. "The Buccaneer" is remarkable for its representation, equally clear, of external objects and internal moods of thought and passion. In one sense it is the most "objective" of poems; in another, the most "subjective." The truth would seem to be that Dana's overpowering conception of the terrible reality of sin—a conception almost as strong as that which was fixed in the imagination of Jonathan Edwards—interferes with the artistic disposition of his imagined scenes and characters, and touches even some of his most enchanting pictures with a certain baleful light. An uneasy spiritual discontent, a moral despondency, is evident in his verse as well as in his prose, and his large powers of reason and imagination seem never to have been harmoniously blended in his artistic creations. Still, he remains one of the prominences of our literature, whether considered as poet, novelist, critic, or general thinker.

Washington Allston, the greatest of American painters, was also a graceful poet. "His mind," says Mr. Dana, "seems to have in it the glad but gentle brightness of a star, as you look up to it, sending pure influences into your heart, and making it kind and cheerful." As a poet, however, he is now but little known. As a prose writer, his lectures on Art, and especially his romance of *Monaldi*, show that he could paint with the pen as well as with the brush. It is difficult to understand why *Monaldi* has not obtained a permanent place in our literature. There is in it one description of a picture representing the visible struggle of a soul in the toils of sin which, in intensity of conception and passion, exceeds any picture he ever painted. The full richness of Allston's mind was probably only revealed to those who for years enjoyed the inestimable privilege of hearing him converse. It is to be regretted that no copious notes were taken of his conversations. Mrs. Jameson, in her visit to the United States, was so surprised to witness such opulence of thought conveyed in such seemingly careless talk, that she took a few notes of his deep and beautiful sayings. It would have been well if Dana and others who from day to day and year to year saw the clear stream of conversation flow ever on from the same inexhaustible mind, had made the world partakers of the wealth with which they were enriched. Allston, indeed, was one of those men whose works are hardly the measure of their powers—who can talk better than they can write, and conceive more vividly than they can execute.

The "revival" of American literature in New York differed much in character from its revival in New England. In New York it was purely human in tone; in New England it was a little superhuman in tone. In New England they feared the devil; in New York they dared the devil; and the greatest and most original literary daredevil in New York was a young gentleman of good family, whose "schooling" ended with his sixteenth year, who had rambled much about the island of Manhattan, who had in his saunterings gleaned and brooded over many Dutch legends of an elder time, who had read much but had studied little, who possessed fine observation, quick intelligence, a genial disposition, and an indolently original genius in detecting the ludicrous side of things, and whose name was Washington Irving. After some preliminary essays in humorous literature, his genius arrived at the age of *in*discretion, and he produced, at the age of twenty-six, the most deliciously audacious work of humor in our literature, namely, *The History of New York, by Diedrich Knickerbocker*. It is said of some reformers that they have not only opinions, but the courage of their opinions. It may be said of Irving that he not only caricatured, but had the courage of his caricatures. The persons whom he covered with ridicule were the ancestors of the leading families of New York, and these families prided themselves on their descent. After the publication of such a book he could hardly enter the "best society" of New York, to which he naturally belonged, without running the risk of being insulted, especially by the elderly women of fashion; but

he conquered their prejudices by the same grace and geniality of manner, by the same unmistakable tokens that he was an inborn gentleman, through which he afterward won his way into the first society of England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain. Still, the promise of Knickerbocker was not fulfilled. That book, if considered as an imitation at all, was an imitation of Rabelais, or Swift, or of any author in any language who had shown an independence of all convention, who did not hesitate to commit indecorums, and who laughed at all the regalities of the world. The author lived long enough to be called a timid imitator of Addison and Goldsmith. In fact, he imitated nobody. His genius, at first riotous and unrestrained, became tamed and regulated by a larger intercourse with the world, by the saddening experience of life, and by the gradual development of some deep sentiments which held in check the audacities of his wit and humor. But even in the portions of *The Sketch-Book* relating to England it will be seen that his favorite authors belonged rather to the age of Elizabeth than to the age of Anne. In *Bracebridge Hall* there is one chapter called "The Rookery," which in exquisitely poetic humor is hardly equaled by the best productions of the authors he is said to have made his models. That he possessed essential humor and pathos, is proved by the warm admiration he excited in such masters of humor and pathos as Scott and Dickens; and style is but a secondary consideration when it expresses vital qualities of genius. If he subordinated energy to elegance, he did it, not because he had the ignoble ambition to be ranked as "a fine writer," but because he was free from the ambition, equally ignoble, of simulating a passion which he did not feel. The period which elapsed between the publication of Knickerbocker's history and *The Sketch-Book* was ten years. During this time his mind acquired the habit of tranquilly contemplating the objects which filled his imagination, and what it lost in spontaneous vigor it gained in sureness of insight and completeness of representation. *Rip Van Winkle* and *The Legend of Sleepy Hollow* have not the humorous inspiration of some passages in Knickerbocker, but perhaps they give more permanent delight, for the scenes and characters are so harmonized that they have the effect of a picture, in which all the parts combine to produce one charming whole. Besides, Irving is one of those exceptional authors who are regarded by their readers as personal friends, and the felicity of nature by which he obtained this distinction was expressed in that amenity, that amiability of tone, which some of his austere critics have called elegant feebleness. As a biographer and historian, his *Life of Columbus* and his *Life of Washington* have indissolubly connected his name with the discoverer of the American continent and the champion of the liberties of his country. In *The Chronicle of the Conquest of Granada* and *The Alhambra* he occupies a unique position among those writers of fiction who have based fiction on a laborious investigation into the facts of history. His reputation is not local, but is recognized by all cultivated people who speak the English language. If Great Britain established an English intellectual colony in the United States, such men as Irving and Cooper may be said to have retorted by establishing an American intellectual colony in England.

James Fenimore Cooper was substantially a New Yorker, though accidentally born (in 1789) in New Jersey. He entered Yale College in 1802, and, three years after, left it without graduating, having obtained a midshipman's warrant in the United States navy. He remained in the naval service for six years. In 1811 he married, and in 1821 began a somewhat memorable literary career by the publication of a novel of English life, called *Precaution*, which failed to attract much attention. In the same year, however, he published another novel, relating to the Revolutionary period of our history, called *The Spy*, and rose at once to the position of a power of the first class in our literature. The novels which immediately followed did, on the whole, increase his reputation; and after the publication of *The Red Rover*, in 1827, his works were not only eagerly welcomed by his countrymen, but were translated into almost all the languages of Europe. Indeed, it seemed at one time that Cooper's fame was co-extensive with American commerce. The novels were intensely American in spirit, and intensely American in scenery and characters; but they were also found to contain in them something which appealed to human nature every where. Much of their popularity was doubtless due to Cooper's vivid presentation of the wildest aspects of nature in a comparatively new country, and his creation of characters corresponding to their physical environment; but the essential influence he exerted is to be referred to the pleasure all men experience in the kindling exhibition of man as an active being. No Hamlets, or Werthers, or Renés, or Childe Harolds were allowed to tenant his woods or appear on his quarter-decks. Will, and the trained sagacity and experience directing will, were the invigorating elements of character which he selected for romantic treatment. Whether the scene be laid in the primitive forest or on the ocean, his men are always struggling with each other or with the forces of nature. This primal quality of robust manhood all men understand, and it shines triumphantly through the interposing fogs of French, German, Italian, and

Russian translations. A physician of the mind could hardly prescribe a more efficient tonic for weak and sentimental natures than a daily diet made up of the most bracing passages in the novels of Cooper.

Another characteristic of Cooper, which makes him universally acceptable, is his closeness to nature. He agrees with Wordsworth in this, that in all his descriptions of natural objects he indicates that he and nature are familiar acquaintances, and, as Dana says, have "talked together." He takes nothing at second-hand. If brought before a justice of the peace, he could solemnly swear to the exact truth of his representations without running any risk of being prosecuted for perjury. Cooper as well as Wordsworth took nature, as it were, at first-hand, the perceiving mind coming into direct contact with the thing perceived; but Wordsworth primarily contemplated nature as the divinely appointed food for the nourishment of the spirit that meditates, while Cooper felt its power as a stimulus to the spirit that acts. No two minds could, in many respects, be more different, yet both agree in the instinctive sagacity which detects the heroic under the guise of the homely. The greatest creation of Cooper is the hunter and trapper, Leatherstocking, who appears in five of his best novels, namely, *The Pioneers*, *The Last of the Mohicans*, *The Prairie*, *The Pathfinder*, and *The Deerslayer*, and who is unmistakably the life of each. The simplicity, sagacity, and intrepidity of this man of the woods, his quaint sylvan piety and humane feeling, the perfect harmony established between his will and reason, his effectiveness equal to all occasions, and his determination to dwell on those vanishing points of civilization which faintly mark the domain of the settler from that of the savage, altogether combine to make up a character which is admired equally in log-cabins and palaces. Wordsworth, in one of the most exquisite of his minor poems — "Three Years She grew in Sun and Shower"—has traced the process of nature in making "a lady of her own." Certainly Leatherstocking might be quoted as a successful attempt of the same austere goddess to make, out of ruder materials, a man of "her own."

Cooper lived to write thirty-four novels, the merits of which are so unequal that at times we are puzzled to conceive of them as the products of one mind. His failures are not to be referred to that decline of power which accompanies increasing age, for *The Deerslayer*, one of his best novels, was written six years after his worst novel, *The Monikins*. He often failed, early as well as late in his career, not because his faculties were impaired, but because they were misdirected. One of the secrets of his fascination was also one of the causes of his frequent dullness. He equaled De Foe in the art of giving reality to romance by the dextrous accumulation and management of details. In his two great sea novels, *The Pilot* and *The Red Rover*, the important events are preceded by a large number of minor incidents, each of which promises to be an event. The rocks which the vessel by cunning seamanship escapes are described as minutely as the rocks on which she is finally wrecked. It is difficult for the reader to conceive that he is not reading an account of an actual occurrence. He unconsciously transports himself to the deck of the ship, participates in all the hopes and fears of the crew, thanks God when the keel just grazes a ledge without being seriously injured, and finally goes down into the "hell of waters" in company with his imagined associates. In such scenes the imagination of the reader is so excited that he has no notion whether the writer's style is good or bad. He is made by some magic of words to see, feel, realize, the situation; the verbal method by which the miracle is wrought he entirely ignores or overlooks. But then the preliminaries to these grand scenes which exhibit intelligent man in a life-and-death contest with the unintelligent forces of nature—how tiresome they often are! The early chapters of *The Red Rover*, for example, are dull beyond expression. The author's fondness for detail trespasses on all the reserved fund of human patience. It is only because "expectation sits i' the air" that we tolerate his tediousness. If we desire to witness the conduct of the man-of-war in the tempest and the battle, we must first submit to follow all the cumbersome details by which she is slowly detached from the dock and laboriously piloted into the open sea. There is more "padding" in Cooper's novels than in those of any author who can make any pretensions to rival him. His representative sailors, Long Tom Coffin, Tom Tiller, Nightingale, Bolthrope, Trysail, Bob Yarn, not to mention others, are admirable as characters, but they are allowed to inflict too much of their practical wisdom on the reader. In fact, it is a great misfortune, as it regards the permanent fame of Cooper, that he wrote one-third, at least, of his novels at all, and that he did not condense the other two-thirds into a third of their present length.

Cooper, on his return from Europe in 1833 or 1834, published a series of novels satirizing what he considered the faults and vices of his countrymen. The novels have little literary merit, but they afforded an excellent opportunity to exhibit the independence, intrepidity, and integrity of the author's character. It is a pity he ever wrote them; still, they proved that he became a bad novelist in order to perform what he deemed to be the duties of a good citizen. Indeed, as a brave, high-spirited,

noble-minded man, somewhat too proud and dogmatic, but thoroughly honest, he was ever on a level with the best characters in his best works.

The names of Joseph Rodman Drake and Fitz-Greene Halleck are connected, not merely by personal friendship, but by partnership in poetry. Both were born in the same year (1795), but Drake died in 1820, while Halleck survived to 1867. Halleck, in strength of constitution as well as in power of mind, was much superior to his fragile companion; but Drake had a real enthusiasm for poetry, which Halleck, though a poet, did not possess. Drake's "Culprit Fay" is an original American poem, formed out of materials collected from the scenery and traditions of the classical American river, the Hudson, but it was too hastily written to do justice to the fancy by which it was conceived. His "Ode on the American Flag" derives its chief strength from the resounding quatrain by which it is closed, and these four lines were contributed by Halleck. Indeed, Drake is, on the whole, less remembered by his own poems than by the beautiful tribute which Halleck made to his memory. They were coadjutors in the composition of the "Croaker Papers," originally contributed to the New York *Evening Post;* but the superiority of Halleck to his friend is manifest at the first glance. One of the puzzles which arrest the attention of a historian of American literature is to account for the strange indifference of Halleck to exercise often the faculty which on occasions he showed he possessed in superabundance. All the subjects he attempted —the "Croaker Papers," "Fanny," "Burns," "Red Jacket," "Alnwick Castle," "Connecticut," the magnificent heroic ode, "Marco Bozzaris"—show a complete artistic mastery of the resources of poetic expression, whether his theme be gay or grave, or compounded of the two. His extravagant admiration of Campbell was founded on Campbell's admirable power of compression. Halleck thought that Byron was a mere rhetorician in comparison with his favorite poet. Yet it is evident to a critical reader that a good deal of Campbell's compactness is due to a studied artifice of rhythm and rhyme, while Halleck seemingly writes in verse as if he were not trammeled by its laws; and his rhymes naturally recur without suggesting to the reader that his condensation of thought and feeling is at all affected by the necessity of rhyming. Prose has rarely been written with more careless ease and more melodious compactness than Halleck has shown in writing verse. The wonder is that with this conscious command of bending verse into the brief expression of all the moods of his mind, he should have written so little. The only explanation is to be found in his skepticism as to the vital reality of those profound states of consciousness which inspire poets of less imaginative faculty than he possessed to incessant activity. He was among poets what Thackeray is among novelists. Being the well-paid clerk and man of business of a millionaire, his grand talent was not stung into exertion by necessity. Though he lived to the age of seventy-two, he allowed year after year to pass without any exercise of his genius. "What's the use?"—that was the deadening maxim which struck his poetic faculties with paralysis. Yet what he has written, though very small in amount, belongs to the most precious treasures of our poetical literature. What he might have written, had he so chosen, would have raised him to a rank among our first men of letters, which he does not at present hold.

James K. Paulding (1778–1860) completes this peculiar group of New York authors. He was connected with Irving in the production of the "Salmagundi" essays, and was at one time prominent as a satirist, humorist, and novelist. Most of his writings are now forgotten, though they evinced a somewhat strong though coarse vein of humor, which was not without its effect at the period when its local and political allusions and personalities were understood. A scene in one of his novels indicates the kind of comicality in which he excelled. The house of an old reprobate situated on the bank of a river is carried away by a freshet. In the agony of his fear he strives to recall some prayer which he learned when a child; but as he rushes distractedly up and down the stairs of his floating mansion, he can only remember the first line of the baby's hymn, "Now I lay me down to sleep," which he incessantly repeats as he runs.

While these New York essayists, humorists, and novelists were laughing at the New Englander as a Puritan and satirizing him as a Yankee, there was a peculiar revival of spiritual sentiment in New England, which made its mark in general as well as in theological literature. In the very home of Puritanism there was going on a reaction against the fundamental doctrines of Calvinism and the inexorable faith of the Pilgrim Fathers. This reaction began before the Revolutionary war, and continued after it. Jonathan Mayhew, the pastor of the West Church, of Boston, was not only a flaming defender of the political rights of the colonies, but his sermons also teemed with theological heresies. He rebelled against King Calvin as well as against King George. Probably Paine's *Age of Reason* had afterward some effect in inducing prominent Boston clergymen, reputed orthodox, to silently drop from their preaching the leading dogmas of the accredited creed. With such accomplished ministers as Freeman, Buckminster, Thacher, and their followers, ser-

monizing became more and more a form of moralizing, and the "scheme of salvation" was ignored or overlooked in the emphasis laid on the performance of practical duties. What would now be called rationalism, either expressed or implied, seemed to threaten the old orthodox faith with destruction by the subtle process of sapping and undermining without directly assailing it. The sturdy Calvinists were at first puzzled what to do, as the new heresiarchs did not so much offend by what they preached as by what they omitted to preach; but they at last forced those who were Unitarians in opinion to become Unitarians in profession, and thus what was intended as a peaceful evolution of religious faith was compelled to assume the character of a revolutionary protest against the generally received dogmas of the Christian churches. The two men prominent in this insurrection against ancestral orthodoxy were William Ellery Channing and Andrews Norton. Channing was a pious humanitarian; Norton was an accomplished Biblical scholar. Channing assailed Calvinism because, in his opinion, it falsified all right notions of God; Norton, because it falsified the true interpretation of the Word of God. Channing's soul was filled with the idea of the dignity of human nature, which, he thought, Calvinism degraded; Norton's mind resented what he considered the illogical combination of Scripture texts to sustain an intolerable theological theory. Channing delighted to portray the felicities of a heavenly frame of mind; Norton delighted to exhibit the felicities of accurate exegesis. Both were masters of style; but Channing used his rhetoric to prove that the doctrines of Calvinism were abhorrent to the God-given moral nature of man; Norton employed his somewhat dry and bleak but singularly lucid powers of statement, exposition, and logic to show that his opponents were deficient in scholarship and sophistical in argumentation. Channing's literary reputation, which overleaped all the boundaries of his sect, was primarily due to his essay on Milton; but Norton could not endure the theological system on which "Paradise Lost" was based, and therefore laughed at the poem. Norton had little of that imaginative sympathy with the mass of mankind for which Channing was pre-eminently distinguished. Any body who has mingled much with Unitarian divines must have heard their esoteric pleasantry as to what these two redoubtable champions of the Unitarian faith would say when they were transferred from earth to heaven. Channing, as he looks upon the bright rows of the celestial society, rapturously declares, "This gives me a new idea of the dignity of human nature;" Norton, with a certain patrician exclusiveness born of scholarly tastes, folds his hands, and quietly says to St. Peter or St. Paul, "Rather a miscellaneous assemblage." But on earth they worked together, each after his gifts, to draw out all the resources of sentiment, scholarship, and reasoning possessed by such able opponents as they found in Stuart, Woods, and Park. There can be no doubt that Calvinism, in its modified Hopkinsian form, gained increased power by the wholesome shaking which Unitarianism gave it; for this shaking kindled the zeal, sharpened the intellects, stimulated the mental activity of every professor of the evangelical faith. Neither Channing nor Norton, in assailing the statements in which the Calvinistic creed was mechanically expressed, exhibited an interior view of the creed as it vitally existed in the souls of Calvinists. Channing, however, was still the legitimate spiritual successor of Jonathan Edwards in affirming, with new emphasis, the fundamental doctrine of Christianity, that God is in direct communication with the souls of His creatures. The difference is that Edwards holds the doors of communication so nearly closed that only the elect can pass in; Channing throws them wide open, and invites every body to be illumined in thought and vitalized in will by the ever-fresh outpourings of celestial light and warmth. But Channing wrote on human nature as though the world was tenanted by actual or possible Channings, who possessed his exceptional delicacy of spiritual perception, and his exceptional exemption from the temptations of practical life. He was, as far as a constant contemplation of the Divine perfections was concerned, a meditative saint, and had he belonged to the Roman Catholic Church, he probably would, on the ground of his spiritual gifts, have been eventually canonized. Still, the seductive subjectivity of his holy outlook on nature and human life tended to make the individual consciousness of what was just and good the measure of Divine justice and goodness; and in some mediocre minds, which his religious genius magnetized, this tendency brought forth distressing specimens of spiritual sentimentality and pious pertness. The most curious result, however, of Channing's teachings was the swift way in which his disciples overleaped the limitations set by their master. In the course of a single generation some of the most vigorous minds among the Unitarians, practicing the freedom of thought which he inculcated as a duty, indulged in theological audacities of which he never dreamed. He was the intellectual father of Theodore Parker, and the intellectual grandfather of Octavius B. Frothingham. Parker and Frothingham, both humanitarians, but students also of the advanced school of critical theologians, soon made Channing's heresies tame when compared with the heresies they promulgated.

The Free Religionists are the legitimate progeny of Channing.

But, in the interim, the theologian and preacher who came nearest to Channing in the geniality and largeness of his nature, and the persuasiveness with which he enforced what may be called the conservative tenets of Unitarianism, was Orville Dewey, a man whose mind was fertile, whose religious experience was deep, and who brought from the Calvinism in which he had been trained an interior knowledge of the system which he early rejected. He had a profound sense not only of the dignity of human nature, but of the dignity of human life. In idealizing human life he must still be considered as giving some fresh and new interpretations of it, and his discourses form, like Channing's, an addition to American literature, as well as a contribution to the theology of Unitarianism. He defended men from the assaults of Calvinists, as Channing had defended Man. Carlyle speaks somewhere of "this dog-hole of a world;" Dewey considered it, with all its errors and horrors, as a good world on the whole, and as worthy of the Divine beneficence.

The work which may be said to have bridged over the space which separated Channing from Theodore Parker was *Academical Lectures on the Jewish Scriptures and Antiquities*, by Dr. John G. Palfrey, Professor of Biblical Literature in the University of Cambridge, published in 1838, but which had doubtless influenced the students who had listened to them many years before their publication. This book is noticeable for the scholarly method by which most of the miracles recorded in the Old Testament are explained on natural principles, and the calm, almost prim and polite, exclusion of miracle from the Hebrew Scriptures. Accepting miracle when he considered it necessary, Dr. Palfrey broke the spell and charm, at least among Unitarian students of theology, which separated the Hebrew Bible from other great works which expressed the religious mind of the human race; and his *Academical Lectures* remain as a palpable landmark in the progress of American rationalism.

But probably the greatest literary result of the Unitarian revolt was the appearance in our literature of such a phenomenon as Ralph Waldo Emerson. He came from a race of clergymen; doubtless much of his elevation of character and austere sense of the grandeur of the moral sentiment is his by inheritance; but after entering the ministry he soon found that even Unitarianism was a limitation of his intellectual independence to which he could not submit; and, in the homely New England phrase, "he set up on his account," responsible *for* nobody, and not responsible *to* any body. His radicalism penetrated to the very root of dissent, for it was founded on the idea that in all organizations, social, political, and religious, there must be an element which checks the free exercise of individual thought; and the free exercise of his individual thinking he determined should be controlled by nothing instituted and authoritative on the planet. Descartes himself did not begin his philosophizing with a more complete self-emancipation from all the opinions generally accepted by mankind. But Descartes was a reasoner; Emerson is a seer and a poet; and he was the last man to attempt to overthrow accredited systems in order to substitute for them a dogmatic system of his own. In his view of the duty of "man thinking," this course would have been to violate his fundamental principle, which was that nobody "could lay copyright on the world;" that no theory could include nature; that the greatest thinker and discoverer could only add a few items of information to what the human mind had previously won from "the vast and formless infinite;" and that the true work of a scholar was not to inclose the field of matter and mind by a system which encircled it, but to extend our knowledge in straight lines, leading from the vanishing points of positive knowledge into the illimitable unknown spaces beyond. Emerson's peculiar sphere was psychology. By a certain felicity of his nature he was a non-combatant; indifferent to logic, he suppressed all the processes of his thinking, and announced its results in affirmations; and none of the asperities which commonly afflict the apostles of dissent ever ruffled the serene spirit of this universal dissenter. He could never be seduced into controversy. He was assailed both as an atheist and as a pantheist; as a writer so obscure that nobody could understand what he meant, and also as a mere verbal trickster, whose only talent consisted in vivifying commonplaces, or in converting, by inversion, stale truisms into brilliant paradoxes; and all these varying charges had only the effect of lighting up his face with that queer, quizzical, inscrutable smile, that amused surprise at the misconceptions of the people who attacked him, which is noticeable in all portraits and photographs of his somewhat enigmatical countenance. His method was very simple and very hard. It consisted in growing up to a level with the spiritual objects he perceived, and his elevation of thought was thus the sign and accompaniment of a corresponding elevation of character. In his case, as in the case of Channing, there was an unconscious return to Jonathan Edwards, and to all the great divines whose "souls had sight" of eternal verities. What the orthodox saints called the Holy Ghost, he, without endowing it with personality, called the Over Soul. He believed with

them that in God we live and move and have our being; that only by communicating with this Being can we have any vital individuality; and that the record of a communication with Him or It was the most valuable of all contributions to literature, whether theological or human. The noblest passages in his writings are those in which he celebrates this august and gracious communion of the Spirit of God with the soul of man; and they are the most serious, solemn, and uplifting passages which can perhaps be found in our literature. Here was a man who had earned the right to utter these noble truths by patient meditation and clear insight. Carlyle exclaimed, in a preface to an English edition of one of Emerson's later volumes: "Here comes our brave Emerson, with *news* from the empyrean!" That phrase exactly hits Emerson as a transcendental thinker. His insights were, in some sense, revelations; he could "gossip on the eternal politics;" and just at the time when science, relieved from the pressure of theology, announced materialistic hypotheses with more than the confidence with which the bigots of theological creeds had heretofore announced their dogmas, this serene American thinker had won his way into all the centres of European intelligence, and delivered his quiet protest against every hypothesis which put in peril the spiritual interests of humanity. It is curious to witness the process by which this heresiarch has ended in giving his evidence, or rather his experience, that God is not the Unknowable of Herbert Spencer, but that, however infinitely distant He may be from the human understanding, He is still intimately near to the human soul. And Emerson knows by experience what the word soul really means!

"Were she a body, how could she remain
Within the body, which is less than she?
Or how could she the world's great shape contain,
And in our narrow breasts contained be?

"All bodies are confined within some place,
But she all place within herself confines;
All bodies have their measure and their space,
But who can draw the soul's dimensive lines?"

In an unpublished speech at a celebration of Shakspeare's birthday, he spoke of Shakspeare as proving to us that "the soul of man is deeper, wider, higher than the spaces of astronomy;" and in another connection he says that "a man of thought must feel that thought is the parent of the universe," that "the world is *saturated* with deity and with law."

It is this depth of spiritual experience and subtilty of spiritual insight which distinguish Emerson from all other American authors, and make him an elementary power as well as an elementary thinker. The singular attractiveness, however, of his writings comes from his intense perception of Beauty, both in its abstract quality as the "awful loveliness" which such poets as Shelley celebrated, and in the more concrete expression by which it fascinates ordinary minds. His imaginative faculty, both in the conception and creation of beauty, is uncorrupted by any morbid sentiment. His vision reaches to the very sources of beauty—the beauty that cheers. The great majority even of eminent poets are "saddest when they sing." They contrast life with the beautiful possibilities of life which their imaginations suggest, and though their discontent with the actual may inspire by the energy of its utterance, it tends also to depress by emphasizing the impossibility of realizing the ideals it depicts. But the perception of beauty in nature or in human nature, whether it be the beauty of a flower or of a soul, makes Emerson joyous and glad; he exults in celebrating it, and he communicates to his readers his own ecstatic mood. He has been a diligent student of many literatures and many religions; but all his quotations from them show that he rejects every thing in his manifold readings which does not tend to cheer, invigorate, and elevate, which is not nutritious food for the healthy human soul. If he is morbid in any thing, it is in his comical hatred of all forms of physical, mental, and moral disease. He agrees with Dr. Johnson in declaring that "every man is a rascal as soon as he is sick." "I once asked," he says, "a clergyman in a retired town who were his companions—what men of ability he saw. He replied that he spent his time with the sick and the dying. I said he seemed to me to need quite other company, and all the more that he had this; for if people were sick and dying to any purpose, we should leave all and go to them, but, as far as I had observed, they were as frivolous as the rest, and sometimes much more frivolous." Indeed, Emerson, glorying in his own grand physical and moral health, and fundamentally brave, is impatient of all the weaknesses of humanity, especially those of men of genius. He never could be made to recognize the genius of Shelley, except in a few poems, because he was disgusted with the wail that persistently runs through Shelley's wonderfully imaginative poetry. In his taste, as in his own practice as a writer, he is a stout believer in the desirableness and efficacy of mental tonics, and a severe critic of the literature of discontent and desperation. He looks curiously on while a poet rages against destiny and his own miseries, and puts the ironical query, "Why so hot, my little man?" His ideal of manhood was originally derived from the consciousness of his own somewhat haughty individuality, and it has been fed by his study of the poetic and historic records of persons who have dared to

do heroic acts and dared to utter heroic thoughts. Beauty is never absent from his celebration of these, but it is a beauty that never enfeebles, but always braces and cheers.

Take the six or eight volumes in which Emerson's genius and character are embodied—that is, in which he has converted truth into life, and life into more truth—and you are dazzled on every page by his superabundance of compactly expressed reflection and his marvelous command of all the resources of imaginative illustration. Every paragraph is literally "rammed with life." A fortnight's meditation is sometimes condensed in a sentence of a couple of lines. Almost every word bears the mark of deliberate thought in its selection. The most evanescent and elusive spiritual phenomena, which occasionally flit before the steady gaze of the inner eye of the mind, are fixed in expressions which have the solidity of marble. The collection of these separate insights into nature and human life he ironically calls an essay; and much criticism has been wasted in showing that the aphoristic and axiomatic sentences are often connected by mere juxtaposition on the page, and not by logical relation with each other, and that at the end we have no perception of a series of thoughts leading up to a clear idea of the general theme. This criticism is just; but in reading Emerson we have not to do with such economists of thought as Addison, Johnson, and Goldsmith—with the writers of the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, and the *Citizen of the World*. Emerson's so-called essay sparkles with sentences which might be made the texts for numerous ordinary essays; and his general title, it may be added, is apt to be misleading. He is fragmentary in composition because he is a fanatic for compactness; and every paragraph, sometimes every sentence, is a record of an insight. Hence comes the impression that his sentences are huddled together rather than artistically disposed. Still, with all this lack of logical order, he has the immense advantage of suggesting something new to the diligent reader after he has read him for the fiftieth time.

It is also to be said of Emerson that he is one of the wittiest and most practical as well as one of the profoundest of American writers, that his wit, exercised on the ordinary affairs of life, is the very embodiment of brilliant good sense, that he sometimes rivals Franklin in humorous insight, and that both his wit and humor obey that law of beauty which governs every other exercise of his peculiar mind. He has many defects and eccentricities exasperating to the critic who demands symmetry in the mental constitution of the author whose peculiar merits he is eager to acknowledge. He occasionally indulges, too, in some strange freaks of intellectual and moral caprice which his own mature judgment should condemn—the same pen by which they were recorded being used to blot them out of existence. They are audacities, but how unlike his grand audacities! In short, they are somewhat small audacities, unworthy of him and of the subjects with which he deals—escapades of epigram on topics which should have exacted the austerest exercise of his exceptional faculty of spiritual insight. Nothing, however, which can be said against him touches his essential quality of manliness, or lowers him from that rank of thinkers in whom the seer and the poet combine to give the deepest results of meditation in the most exquisite forms of vital beauty. And then how superb and animating is his lofty intellectual courage! "The soul," he says, "is in her native realm, and it is wider than space, older than time, wide as hope, rich as love. Pusillanimity and fear she refuses with a beautiful scorn. They are not for her who putteth on her coronation robes, and goes through universal love to universal power."

Emerson, though in some respects connected with the Unitarian movement as having been a minister of the denomination, soon cut himself free from it, and was as independent of that form of Christian faith as he was of other forms. He drew from all quarters, and whatever fed his religious sense of mystery, of might, of beauty, and of Deity was ever welcome to his soul. As he was outside of all religious organizations, and never condescended to enter into any argument with his opponents, he was soon allowed silently to drop out of theological controversy. But a fiercer and more combative spirit now appeared to trouble the Unitarian clergymen—a man who considered himself a Unitarian minister, who had for Calvinism a stronger repulsion than Channing or Norton ever felt, and who attempted to drag on his denomination to conclusions at which most of its members stood aghast.

This man was Theodore Parker, a born controversialist, who had the challenging chip always on his shoulder, which he invited both his Unitarian and his orthodox brethren to knock off. There never was a man who more gloried in a fight. If any theologians desired to get into a controversy with him as to the validity of their opposing beliefs, he was eager to give them as much of it as they desired. The persecution he most keenly felt was the persecution of inattention and silence. He was the Luther of radical Unitarianism. When the Unitarian societies refused fellowship with his society, he organized a church of his own, and made it one of the most powerful in New England. There was nothing but disease which could check and nothing but

death which could close his controversial activity. He became the champion of radical as against conservative Unitarianism, and the persistent adversary even of the most moderate Calvinism. Besides his work in these fields of intellectual effort, he threw himself literally head-foremost — and his head was large and well stored—into every unpopular reform which he could aid by his will, his reason, his learning, and his moral power. He was among the leaders in the attempt to apply the rigid maxims of Christianity to practical life; and many orthodox clergymen, who combined with him in his assaults on intemperance, slavery, and other hideous evils of our civilization, almost condoned his theological heresies in their admiration of his fearlessness in practical reforms. He was an enormous reader and diligent student, as well as a resolute man of affairs. He also had great depth and fervency of piety. His favorite hymn was "Nearer, my God, to Thee." While assailing what the great body of New England people believed to be the foundations of religion, he startled vigorous orthodox reasoners by his confident teaching that every individual soul had a consciousness of its immortality independent of revelation, and superior to the results of all the modern physical researches which seemed to place it in doubt. Indeed, his own incessant activity was an argument for the soul's immortality. In spite of all the outside calls on his energies, he found time to attend strictly to his ministerial duties, to make himself one of the most accomplished theological and general scholars in New England, and to write and translate books which required deep study and patient thought. The physical frame, stout as it was, at last broke down—his mind still busy in meditating new works which were never to be written. Probably no other clergyman of his time, not even Mr. Beecher, drew his society so closely to himself, and became the object of so much warm personal attachment and passionate devotion. Grim as he appeared when, arrayed in his theological armor, he went forth to battle, he was, in private intercourse, the gentlest, most genial, and most affectionate of men. And it is to be added that few orthodox clergymen had a more intense religious faith in the saving power of their doctrines than Theodore Parker had in the regenerating efficacy of his rationalistic convictions. When Luther was dying, Dr. Jonas said to him, "Reverend father, do you die in implicit reliance on the faith you have taught?" And from those lips, just closing in death, came the steady answering "Yes." Theodore Parker's answer to such a question, put to him on his death-bed, would have been the same.

BOSTON. EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

MY GEORGIE.

I HAVE been asked to tell the story; but, if I tell it at all, it must be in my own way. I'm an old woman now, and if I ramble and maunder at times, why, perhaps you would do the same if you were sixty years old. It wasn't necessary to see through a millstone to see that one of the girls loved him with her whole heart, while the other— But there! I have got into the middle of the story, and haven't told you the beginning yet.

There wasn't any great harm in Ida—I believe that thoroughly—but the child was too much of a kitten to know her own mind. Pretty? Oh yes, very pretty, even to my old eyes; just the sort of beauty that old age likes, with plenty of light and color about it—great soft dark eyes, and heaps of dark tangled hair, and the bloom of the damask rose on her soft oval cheeks. She was a good little thing in the main, but fanciful and flighty and capricious as a will-o'-the-wisp, and with a whole store-house of romance treasured up in her foolish little brain. It was really as good as a play to see that dainty, luxurious little creature sitting there in her silks and laces, talking about self-sacrifice and the pleasure of working and economizing for the man one loved. Work and economy, forsooth! and she knew about as much of either as a mollusk does of algebra. Not that I know what a mollusk is—Heaven forbid!—but it seems to be the fashion now to talk the most of what you understand the least. Yes, Ida was a nice little thing, bright and good-natured, and generous in an impulsive, open-handed way; but, bless you! she had about as much power of loving in her as a kitten. She could like people and be fond of them, and all that sort of thing, as long as every thing was smooth and pleasant; but at the first touch of adversity—puff! her little rush-light of love was out with a whiff, instead of burning up clearer and stronger and fiercer for the blast, as it ought to do if it were the right sort.

What is the use of being hard upon the child, though, for what she could no more help than she could the mole upon her cheek, which troubled her so? Love is a gift and a talent, like any other. Some people have it and some haven't, and whether it is a gift to be prayed for or not is a question my poor old brain can not pretend to settle. I believe in it yet, old as I am, and I believe in insanity, but it's precious little I've seen of either the one or the other. They say we are all crazy, more or less, only in most people it never comes out very strong, and perhaps it's much the same with love. I suppose most of us have more or less of the commodity lying loose about us, ready to be squandered on any body that comes along.

People in general are satisfied to dribble it out, here a little and there a little, until it is all gone, and nobody the better for it—or the worse. Once in a while, though, you come across somebody who has hoarded up the whole stock, and kept it intact until the one comes along who claims it all. Is that the better way? I'm sure I can't tell. It all depends upon who comes in for it at the end.

Georgie was one of that kind, I think: a little mite of a creature, with none of Ida's brightness or bloom about her, but taking, in her way, too, with the look of quiet resolution about the square chin and firm little mouth, and the wistful, yearning spirit that seemed always peeping out of the blue-gray eyes. Soft brown hair, and a fair, quiet little face that could wake up and sparkle with life when any thing stirred or amused her—that was Georgie. And both of the girls thought they loved him, though what there was about him that was so wonderfully attractive I never could see. A good-looking young fellow enough, tall and manly, with a brown mustache, and a clear frank look in his brown eyes. You see hundreds as good as he every day, and what there was about him— Well, well, girls are mysteries, and very different from what they were when I was young. Then we didn't consider it proper to talk, or even think, about such things. We took the good the gods gave us in that line, and were thankful; or if we didn't choose to take it, we went without, and never vexed our heads about any "*might have beens.*" That's what I did, and I'm none the worse for it now. Perhaps, though, if Georgie's father— But that is all over and done with long ago. Sometimes I think, though, that that may be the reason I love the girl so well—better, yes, certainly better, than Ida, though she is my own niece.

But here I am maundering on about my own views and my own thoughts and my own feelings, and haven't told you who they all are yet. Ida, you see, is my niece—Ida Merton, my brother's only child. Georgie is Georgie Gresham, a distant connection of Ida's, who lives in the house, but supports herself by giving music lessons. Such a patient, plucky, indomitable little mite as she is, trudging out in all weathers, and coming back pale and tired, but with never a complaint from her firm little lips, and always with a bright smile and a cheerful word for "Aunt Jeanie," as she too calls me. I believe the child really does love me; and so does Ida, only hers is a different sort of love. You feel that if you were away, Ida would love a stick, or a stone, or any thing that might happen to be in your place; but Georgie would never forget you—never. The young man is Mark Drayton, and he is only a clerk in my brother's store, but, for all that, he is of good birth and breeding. The wheel of fortune has strange ups and downs, and he was glad enough of the place when Mr. Merton sought him out and offered it to him, in memory of early benefits which he had received from young Drayton's father. Neither of them had ever had any reason to repent the step, for Mark had proved to be steady and honorable, with rare flashes of what was almost like a genius for business, if there can be such a thing. He had risen steadily, until it was quite understood that next year he was to be a partner in the large wholesale and retail dry-goods house of Merton and Co. All things considered, he would not have been such a bad match for Ida, only that I knew the child did not really care about him, and there was Georgie breaking her proud, patient little heart for his sake, and nobody saw it but one old woman, who had been through it all herself, and knew what it meant. It was hard enough for her sometimes, but she was not the kind to fret or bemoan herself.

Of course the young man was caught by Ida's witcheries, for the little puss was as fond of admiration as a cat is of sparrows, and spared no pains to fascinate him. I wonder that the two girls continued as good friends as they did; but I think Georgie saw that Ida was not really to blame, and was only acting out her nature, in perfect ignorance of the deadly hurt which she was inflicting upon her friend. For though Georgie had told her of her long, long friendship with Mark Drayton when he was only a poor struggling clerk, she had never told of the looks and words and ways with which he had won away her heart before either of them knew it. Not that the young man was dishonorable either. She had been his only friend in those days, you see. That was while her widowed mother was still living and Georgie was living with her. It was not until after her mother died that the girl came to live in Mr. Merton's house. Sympathy and friendship are very sweet, and Georgie had been patient and tender and true, and the young man had learned to think of her as a sister, and perhaps almost to love her as something more, but it all seemed so hopeless that he never spoke. And then he met Ida, and was dazzled and bewitched by her, and so Georgie was eclipsed for a while—only for a while, I felt sure, if he and Ida could but be kept from committing themselves until both had had time to wake up from their foolish dream.

That evening, though, I began to fear that the rash young things would take matters into their own hands. Mark always did run about the house like a tame cat; there were few evenings that did not find him in our drawing-room. No doubt it was very good for the young man, and kept him out of a great deal of mischief, but I could not help thinking sometimes that he was not the only one to be considered. That

evening Ida exerted all her witchery. Such a bright, sparkling little puss as she was when she chose! It was not what she said; that was well enough in its way, but neither remarkably wise nor witty, but so enforced and pointed by droopings of the long lashes, and poutings of the red lips, and flashings of the dark eyes, and flutterings of the little white hands, that even an old woman like me couldn't help forgetting for a while what nonsense the whole thing was, and being carried away and captivated and fascinated in spite of herself. And all the while my little Georgie sat there, with her pale face and her gentle quiet ways and her quaint little words, just the same as ever, for any thing they could see. And if I fancied now and then that there was a quick catching of her breath or a passing contraction of her pretty forehead, why, perhaps it was only my fancy. I tried to think so, at all events.

Presently they began to talk of the opera, and Ida declared, with her pretty hands clasped, that she adored Nilsson. Didn't Mr. Drayton think she was just divine? And oh! what would she give to see her in *Faust?* Somehow she never had seen her in that, and she was sure she must be a perfect Marguerite. Did Mr. Drayton know that that was the opera for to-morrow night, and perhaps that might be the last time it would be given?

And Ida stopped, with her hands still clasped and her eyes fixed on the young man. I declare I could have boxed her pretty pink ears. Georgie could not have done it; but then things that would have seemed forward and unmaidenly in other girls, in Ida seemed so simple and artless and unconscious that you could not be disgusted with her.

Of course there was nothing for Mr. Drayton to do but to say that he would be delighted to escort her. I caught one swift glance from Georgie's eyes, and then I remembered that he was to have taken her on that very evening to hear a celebrated pianist who was setting the whole city wild; but Georgie did not speak. She was only a friend and a sister, and must learn to be quietly put aside when others claimed his services. Perhaps the young man's conscience smote him a little, for he was unusually gentle and attentive in his ways to Georgie that evening, and I heard him say,

"You know, Georgie, that he will be here for some time, and any night will do for him, but Nilsson may not appear as Marguerite again."

"Oh yes, it is all right. I quite understand," said Georgie; and if his ear was not quick enough to detect the little quiver in her voice, nor his eye sharp enough to see the flutter of her lip, though my old eyes and ears could perceive both, whose fault was that?

Love is blind, they say; but a calm, friendly indifference is blinder than any mole.

I scarcely saw Georgie the next day, but Ida was in and out, bright and blithe as usual. When the evening came, both the girls were in the drawing-room. Ida was radiant. Her dress was of black silk, but all tricked off with soft fine laces, with flecks of scarlet here and there. Scarlet fuchsias nodded in her hair and drooped at her dainty throat. Georgie looked like a pale shadow beside her, in her soft gray gown, unrelieved by a single dash of color, but, to my eyes, so sweet and fair in her brave, quiet composure.

Well, the evening crept slowly on, and Ida grew impatient, flashing hither and thither in her quick, restless way, while Georgie, half hidden in the shadow of the curtains, knitted on steadily at some piece of soft fleecy work, apparently unmoved. The carriage had been waiting at the door for an hour, and still no sign of Mark.

Just as Ida was for the fortieth time appealing to us to know if it were not the strangest thing we ever heard of, and where in the world could he be, the door opened, and Mr. Merton entered. A tall, fine-looking man was this brother of mine, with silver hair and clear blue eyes, and the port and bearing of a gentleman of the old school, with the polished courtesy of that by-gone class too, and the dignified calm which scarce any thing could ruffle. So it startled us to see a shadow on his face, which deepened after the quick glance which he cast around the room.

"What is the matter, brother Paul?" I asked; and both girls looked up.

"I am vexed and puzzled," was his reply —a most unusual one for him. "I came in hoping against hope to find Mark Drayton here. You have seen nothing of him?"

Mark Drayton! Ida listened in earnest now, and even Georgie dropped her work.

"It is a most perplexing thing," he went on. "I would stake my life on the young fellow's truth and honor; yet what can have become of him?"

Become of him! A perfect hurricane of questions arose; only Georgie was silent as death in her obscure corner. As soon as Ida could be induced to listen and let the rest hear, brother Paul told his story.

How that in the morning a lady had entered the store, a lady regal in silks and laces, more regal in port and bearing, so brother Paul said, tall and fair, with great flashing hazel eyes, and hair of palest gold. How that this lady, after inspecting and lavishly ordering the richest and costliest goods, velvets, silks of every shade, laces — old point, Honiton, guipure, Mechlin—"enough to dress you from head to foot, Ida"—had

suddenly discovered that she had forgotten her purse and check-book. In sore perplexity, she had sent her card to Mr. Merton—Mrs. Launce D'Arleton was the name it bore—with a request for an interview. Explaining that she was obliged to leave town that afternoon, she begged him to send a trusty clerk in the carriage with her to receive and bring back the money.

"So," said brother Paul, in conclusion, "I asked Mark to go as a personal favor. It is hardly his business, but I thought I could trust him."

"Well, papa?" said Ida, as he paused.

"Well, that is all," said brother Paul.

"All, papa? But where is Mark?"

"Ah! that is the question. Since he entered the carriage with Mrs. D'Arleton, nothing has been seen of him. The sum was a large one, and whether he has yielded to the sudden temptation—but that is impossible. Yet foul play, the only alternative, seems equally impossible. I have set the police on the track, but I am utterly baffled and bewildered."

I can not pretend to describe the scene that followed this announcement. I know that for a moment there was dead silence in the room. We were all, I think, too much shocked and stunned to speak. Ida still stood in the middle of the floor, with a face from which every vestige of color had fled. Then Georgie came forward, and, as if her movement had snapped the spell, the silence broke up suddenly—questions, surmises, doubts, suspicions, set aside as soon as formed, for none of us could really suspect of any evil-doing the young man whom we had known so long and so well. But all came back to the one horrible, unanswerable question, Where could he be?

I can only tell the story from my own point of view, and there is no use in my trying to enter into the details of the police search, of the rewards offered, of the clews which they thought they had found, but which invariably led to nothing. Had the earth opened and swallowed up Mark and that mysterious woman, they could not have disappeared more utterly. The detective system was a mystery past our comprehension, and we could do nothing but sit at home and wait, deluded with fresh hopes or sickened by fresh fears as day after day crept slowly on.

You understand that, apart from the horror of the mystery so suddenly thrust into our midst, my heart was wrung for Georgie, bearing her burden of anguish so patiently. Day by day her little face grew paler and thinner, and the wistful, yearning look deepened in her eyes, and her lips were more firmly set in their resolute line. But I knew that her dread was only of his death; I knew that no shadow of a doubt of his truth and honor had ever crossed her mind.

And how was it with Ida? The child, at first, was the most wretched of any of us, and yielded to her feelings without restraint. But when the first horrible shock was over—how shall I express it? I think the long misery of suspense *bored* her. She could never endure *ennui*, and sad and shocking as it may be, there is a certain dreadful *ennui* in all protracted grief. She grew tired of it, tired of waiting and hoping and fearing, tired of our sad faces, tired, most of all, of the long strain of grief on her light, careless nature. So at last it was really a relief to her to open her ears to the rumors and suspicions which circulated among those who did not know Mark as we did. It justified her in casting aside the show of sadness, which had already ceased to be any thing but a show, and when a doubt was once entertained, it was easy for it to become a settled angry conviction.

Well, time passed on, as it always does, whether its foot falls on roses or on breaking hearts. We were all collected in the drawing-room. How well I remember the scene! The room was lighted only by the wood fire, which sent its fine flickers wavering over floor and ceiling. Georgie sat on a low ottoman. How thin her face looked as the bright lights and deep shadows chased each other across it! She was dressed in black, put on, perhaps, poor child! as a silent emblem of the sorrow that had almost died into hopelessness. Ida was at the other side of the room, talking to young Somerby, who had dropped in, just as she used to talk to Mark, with the same pretty gestures, the same arch inflections, the same soft, ringing laughter. How could she? But it was the child's nature. I dared not forget that, or I should have hated her for her fickleness and heartlessness.

Suddenly the door into the hall opened. And who stood there, a black figure sharply defined against the glare of light? For an instant we all sat mute and motionless, uncertain, I think, whether it was a ghost or not. For we had become so sure, Georgie and I, that he was dead, you see, though neither of us had breathed the suspicion to the other, nor would we have acknowledged it had we been taxed with it. For an instant we sat so, and then with a low cry of "Mark! oh, Mark! is it you at last?" Georgie sprang forward, her face all lighted up with eager joy and triumph.

But he? He scarcely noticed her—my poor little Georgie! just took her hand mechanically as he peered into the shadows.

"Ida!" I exclaimed, sharply, for the child had never stirred, though she saw him well enough.

Then she came forward, slowly and reluctantly. I think she was frightened, for she hated tragedy with every fibre of her nature, and she had been living in the midst

of it for two weeks, and now its culmination in bodily shape stood before her. She did not know what to do. The kitten had nothing in her nature to enable her to rise to the level of such a crisis as this. She could neither cast away her suspicions nor avow them boldly to his face. She just stood before him, with eyes half downcast, half averted, but with fear and suspicion and distrust written so legibly on every feature that the young man must have been blind indeed not to read that silent language. Not a word of welcome, not a question as to where he had been, nothing but that confused, blushing silence which the most easily deluded lover could never have mistaken for the timidity of love and joy. I think Mark was bewildered at first, but as he stood and gazed at her, gradually the meaning of it all grew plain to him, and his expression changed. I saw the pride and calm contempt slowly rise and overflow his face, as it were, as a wave may spread slowly over a low flat when the tide comes in. There was no anger in his look, no resentment. He seemed only like one who wakens slowly from a pleasant dream and realizes that it was but a dream. And then—then he turned to my Georgie at last, and over his face there came a glow and a light such as I had never seen there before, as he said, simply,

"But Georgie believed in me."

And she went to him and wept her heart away in his encircling arm, and I drew Ida softly away and left them. Young Somerby had had sense enough to take himself off before. So Georgie had won not much of a prize, after all, to my thinking; but if she was satisfied, that was all that was necessary.

Of course I was dying to hear Mark's story, but I had not the heart to intrude upon them then. When he did tell it at last, it seemed more like a crazy dream than a sober, matter-of-fact episode of the nineteenth century. When he got into the carriage with Mrs. D'Arleton, she, it seems, began to talk in so brilliant and fascinating a manner that he did not notice the direction in which they were driving until they stopped before a large building, which he recognized as the lunatic asylum. Requesting him to wait a few minutes, as she had business inside, she left him. Shortly afterward he was greeted politely by the doctor in charge, who came to the carriage and, addressing him as Mr. D'Arleton, requested him to step out for a minute. Mark disclaimed the name, but for this Dr. Langley was prepared, as Mrs. D'Arleton had told him that her husband was the victim of a strange hallucination, believing himself a clerk in the house of Merton and Co., and giving his name as Mark Drayton. Recognizing the trap set for him, Mark, by his own account, lost his head for the moment, knocked down one or two of the men who advanced to seize him, and conducted himself generally so like a lunatic that there was no room for doubt of Mrs. D'Arleton's story in any mind. Of course he was overpowered at last and taken into the building, catching a glimpse as he passed of Mrs. D'Arleton in an attitude of bitter but most becoming grief. She had taken the precaution to pay his board a month in advance, thus securing his detention long enough to allow her to escape with her booty. As time went on and he became calmer, his entreaties to be confronted with Mr. Merton, which at first had been treated as mere ravings, began to make more impression. At last Dr. Langley, meeting Mr. Merton accidentally, mentioned the circumstance, and the result, of course, was Mark's release.

So there is my story, and if it is not artistically handled, why, I am an old woman, as I told you, and not used to such things. To me the chief interest centred in Georgie, and if I have made her the principal figure, and rather slurred over Mark's adventures, it is partly for that reason and partly because, beyond the bare outline, we could not get much out of him. He had suffered too much, I suppose, during his incarceration to let his mind dwell upon it willingly. Mrs. D'Arleton was never traced; but whenever we take up a paper and read of a successful swindling operation, we look at each other and wonder, "Was it she?"

Georgie and Mark are very happy, if we may judge by appearances, and I think we may. Ida has outgrown her suspicions, and Mark has forgiven her for them, but the old glamour is gone forever, which is very fortunate for all concerned. And if Ida and young Somerby *should* come to terms, why, I think it will be a very good thing, for there are no heights in the nature of either after which the other must strain in vain.

So my task is done, and now I can lay down my pen and take my rest by the hearth where we have sat, Georgie and I, so many times, and where we have both dreamed our dreams—I of a darkened past, she of a darkened future. We dream them no more: and if her future is bright, I see beyond and above a future for me which is bright with a brightness that earth can never give.

FAITH.

WHAT shalt thou sing, O Soul, gifted with song,
To whom therefore the Pain and Joy belong?
Sit with thine ear to that great world of sound
That rolls between the silences profound.
Thou hearest Science, crying loud and far,
"I find the deepest pearl; on farthest star
I lay my certain finger; all is mine;
I am the True, the Only, the Divine."
Reason, born blind, doth (sitting unaware
Upon the "mountain's secret top") declare,
"That which I see I know, and that alone;
There is no hidden sermon in the stone."
While Faith, deep-eyed as Love, with noiseless key
Opens the unsuspected heaven to thee.

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DANIEL DERONDA.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "MIDDLEMARCH," "SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE," ETC.

Let thy chief terror be of thine own soul:
There, 'mid the throng of hurrying desires
That trample o'er the dead to seize their spoil,
Lurks vengeance, footless, irresistible
As exhalations laden with slow death,
And o'er the fairest troop of captured joys
Breathes pallid pestilence.

BOOK I.—THE SPOILED CHILD.

CHAPTER I.

Men can do nothing without the make-believe of a beginning. Even Science, the strict measurer, is obliged to start with a make-believe unit, and must fix on a point in the stars' unceasing journey when his sidereal clock shall pretend that time is at Naught. His less accurate grandmother, Poetry, has always been understood to start in the middle; but on reflection it appears that her proceeding is not very different from his; since Science, too, reckons backward as well as forward, divides his unit into billions, and with his clock-finger at Naught, really sets off *in medias res*. No retrospect will take us to the true beginning; and whether our prologue be in heaven or on earth, it is but a fraction of that all-presupposing fact with which our story sets out.

WAS she beautiful or not beautiful? and what was the secret of form or expression which gave the dynamic quality to her glance? Was the good or the evil genius dominant in those beams? Probably the evil; else why was the effect that of unrest rather than of undisturbed charm? Why was the wish to look again felt as coercion, and not as a longing in which the whole being consents?

She who raised these questions in Daniel Deronda's mind was occupied in gambling: not in the open air under a southern sky, tossing coppers on a ruined wall, with rags about her limbs; but in one of those splendid resorts which the enlightenment of ages has prepared for the same species of pleasure at a heavy cost of gilt mouldings, dark-toned color, and chubby nudities, all correspondingly heavy—forming a suitable condenser for human breath belonging, in great part, to the highest fashion, and not easily procurable to be breathed in elsewhere in the like proportion, at least by persons of little fashion.

It was near four o'clock on a September day, so that the atmosphere was well brewed to visible haze. There was deep stillness, broken only by a light rattle, a light chink, a small sweeping sound, and an occasional monotone in French, such as might be expected to issue from an ingeniously constructed automaton. Round two long tables were gathered two serried crowds of human beings, all save one having their faces and attention bent on the tables. The one exception was a melancholy little boy, with his knees and calves simply in their natural clothing of epidermis, but for the rest of his person in a fancy dress. He alone had his face turned toward the doorway, and fixing on it the blank gaze of a bedizened child stationed as a masquerading advertisement on the platform of an itinerant show, stood close behind a lady deeply engaged at the roulette table.

About this table fifty or sixty persons were assembled, many in the outer rows, where there was occasionally a deposit of new-comers, being mere spectators, only that one of them, usually a woman, might now and then be observed putting down a five-franc piece with a simpering air, just to see what the passion of gambling really was. Those who were taking their pleasure at a higher strength, and were absorbed in play, showed very distant varieties of European type: Livonian and Spanish, Græco-Italian and miscellaneous German, English aristocratic and English plebeian. Here certainly was a striking admission of human equality. The white bejeweled fingers of an English Countess were very near touching a bony, yellow, crab-like hand stretching a bared wrist to clutch a heap of coin—a hand easy to sort with the square gaunt face, deep-set eyes, grizzled eyebrows, and ill-combed scanty hair, which seemed a slight metamorphosis of the vulture. And where else would her ladyship have graciously consented to sit by that dry-lipped feminine figure, prematurely old, withered after short bloom, like her artificial flowers, holding a shabby velvet reticule before her, and occasionally putting in her mouth the point with which she pricked her card? There, too, very near the fair Countess, was a respectable London tradesman, blonde and soft-handed, his sleek hair scrupulously parted behind and before, conscious of circulars addressed to the nobility and gentry, whose distinguished patronage enabled him to take his holidays fashionably, and to a certain extent in their distinguished company. Not his the gambler's passion that nullifies appetite, but a well-fed leisure, which in the intervals of winning money in business and spending it showily, sees no better resource than winning money in play and spending it yet more showily—reflecting always that Providence had never manifested any disapprobation of his amusement, and dispassionate enough to leave off if the sweetness of winning much and seeing others lose had turned to the sourness of losing much and seeing others win. For the vice of gambling lay in losing money at it. In his bearing there might be something of the tradesman,

but in his pleasures he was fit to rank with the owners of the oldest titles. Standing close to his chair was a handsome Italian, calm, statuesque, reaching across him to place the first pile of napoleons from a new bagful just brought him by an envoy with a scrolled mustache. The pile was in half a minute pushed over to an old bewigged woman with eyeglasses pinching her nose. There was a slight gleam, a faint mumbling smile about the lips of the old woman; but the statuesque Italian remained impassive, and—probably secure in an infallible system which placed his foot on the neck of chance—immediately prepared a new pile. So did a man with the air of an emaciated beau or worn-out libertine, who looked at life through one eyeglass, and held out his hand tremulously when he asked for change. It could surely be no severity of system, but rather some dream of white crows, or the induction that the eighth of the month was lucky, which inspired the fierce yet tottering impulsiveness of his play.

But while every single player differed markedly from every other, there was a certain uniform negativeness of expression which had the effect of a mask—as if they had all eaten of some root that for the time compelled the brains of each to the same narrow monotony of action.

Deronda's first thought when his eyes fell on this scene of dull, gas-poisoned absorption was that the gambling of Spanish shepherd-boys had seemed to him more enviable: so far Rousseau might be justified in maintaining that art and science had done a poor service to mankind. But suddenly he felt the moment become dramatic. His attention was arrested by a young lady who, standing at an angle not far from him, was the last to whom his eyes traveled. She was bending and speaking English to a middle-aged lady seated at play beside her; but the next instant she returned to her play, and showed the full height of a graceful figure, with a face which might possibly be looked at without admiration, but could hardly be passed with indifference.

The inward debate which she raised in Deronda gave to his eyes a growing expression of scrutiny, tending farther and farther away from the glow of mingled undefined sensibilities forming admiration. At one moment they followed the movements of the figure, of the arms and hands, as this problematic sylph bent forward to deposit her stake with an air of firm choice; and the next they returned to the face which, at present unaffected by beholders, was directed steadily toward the game. The sylph was a winner; and as her taper fingers, delicately gloved in pale gray, were adjusting the coins which had been pushed toward her in order to pass them back again to the winning point, she looked round her with a survey too markedly cold and neutral not to have in it a little of that nature which we call art concealing an inward exultation.

But in the course of that survey her eyes met Deronda's, and instead of averting them as she would have desired to do, she was unpleasantly conscious that they were arrested—how long? The darting sense that he was measuring her and looking down on her as an inferior, that he was of different quality from the human dross around her, that he felt himself in a region outside and above her, and was examining her as a specimen of a lower order, roused a tingling resentment which stretched the moment with conflict. It did not bring the blood to her cheeks, but sent it away from her lips. She controlled herself by the help of an inward defiance, and without other sign of emotion than this lip-paleness turned to her play. But Deronda's gaze seemed to have acted as an evil-eye. Her stake was gone. No matter; she had been winning ever since she took to roulette with a few napoleons at command, and had a considerable reserve. She had begun to believe in her luck, others had begun to believe in it: she had visions of being followed by a *cortége* who would worship her as a goddess of luck and watch her play as a directing augury. Such things had been known of male gamblers; why should not a woman have a like supremacy? Her friend and chaperon who had not wished her to play at first was beginning to approve, only administering the prudent advice to stop at the right moment and carry money back to England—advice to which Gwendolen had replied that she cared for the excitement of play, not the winnings. On that supposition the present moment ought to have made the flood tide in her eager experience of gambling. Yet when her next stake was swept away, she felt the orbits of her eyes getting hot, and the certainty she had (without looking) of that man still watching her was something like a pressure which begins to be torturing. The more reason to her why she should not flinch, but go on playing as if she were indifferent to loss or gain. Her friend touched her elbow and proposed that they should quit the table. For reply Gwendolen put ten louis on the same spot: she was in that mood of defiance in which the mind loses sight of any end beyond the satisfaction of enraged resistance, and with the puerile stupidity of a dominant impulse includes luck among its objects of defiance. Since she was not winning strikingly, the next best thing was to lose strikingly. She controlled her muscles, and showed no tremor of mouth or hands. Each time her stake was swept off she doubled it. Many were now watching her, but the sole observation she was conscious of was Deronda's, who, though she never looked toward him, she was sure had not moved away. Such a drama takes no long while to play out: development and catastrophe can often be measured by nothing clumsier than the moment-hand. "Faites votre jeu, mesdames et messieurs," said the automatic voice of destiny from between the mustache and imperial of the croupier; and Gwendolen's arm was stretched to deposit her last poor heap of napoleons. "Le jeu ne va plus," said destiny. And in five seconds Gwendolen turned from the table, but turned resolutely with her face toward Deronda and looked at him. There was a smile of irony in his eyes as their glances met; but it was at least better that he should have kept his attention fixed on her than that he should have disregarded her as one of an insect swarm who had no individual physiognomy. Besides, in spite of his superciliousness and irony, it was difficult to believe that he did not admire her spirit as well as her person: he was young, handsome, distinguished in appearance—not one of those ridiculous and dowdy Philistines who thought it incumbent on them to blight the gaming table with a sour look of protest as they passed by it. The general conviction that we are admirable does not easily give way before a single negative;

rather when any of Vanity's large family, male or female, find their performance received coldly, they are apt to believe that a little more of it will win over the unaccountable dissident. In Gwendolen's habits of mind it had been taken for granted that she knew what was admirable, and that she herself was admired. This basis of her thinking had received a disagreeable concussion, and reeled a little, but was not easily to be overthrown.

In the evening the same room was more stiflingly heated, was brilliant with gas and with the costumes of many ladies who floated their trains along it or were seated on the ottomans.

The Nereid in sea-green robes and silver ornaments, with a pale sea-green feather fastened in silver falling backward over her green hat and light brown hair, was Gwendolen Harleth. She was under the wing, or rather soared by the shoulder, of the lady who had sat by her side at the roulette table; and with them was a gentleman with a white mustache and clipped hair: solid-browed, stiff, and German. They were walking about or standing to chat with acquaintances; and Gwendolen was much observed by the seated groups.

"A striking girl—that Miss Harleth—unlike others."

"Yes; she has got herself up as a sort of serpent now, all green and silver, and winds her neck about a little more than usual."

"Oh, she must always be doing something extraordinary. She is that kind of girl, I fancy. Do you think her pretty, Mr. Vandernoodt?"

"Very. A man might risk hanging for her—I mean, a fool might."

"You like a *nez retroussé* then, and long narrow eyes?"

"When they go with such an *ensemble*."

"The *ensemble du serpent?*"

"If you will. Woman was tempted by a serpent: why not man?"

"She is certainly very graceful. But she wants a tinge of color in her cheeks: it is a sort of Lamia beauty she has."

"On the contrary, I think her complexion one of her chief charms. It is a warm paleness: it looks thoroughly healthy. And that delicate nose with its gradual little upward curve is distracting. And then her mouth—there never was a prettier mouth, the lips curl backward so finely, eh, Mackworth?"

"Think so? I can not endure that sort of mouth. It looks so self-complacent, as if it knew its own beauty—the curves are too immovable. I like a mouth that trembles more."

"For my part, I think her odious," said a dowager. "It is wonderful what unpleasant girls get into vogue. Who are these Langens? Does any body know them?"

"They are quite *comme il faut*. I have dined with them several times at the *Russie*. The Baroness is English. Miss Harleth calls her cousin. The girl herself is thoroughly well-bred, and as clever as possible."

"Dear me! And the Baron?"

"A very good furniture picture."

"Your Baroness is always at the roulette table," said Mackworth. "I fancy she has taught the girl to gamble."

"Oh, the old woman plays a very sober game; drops a ten-franc piece here and there. The girl is more headlong. But it is only a freak."

"I hear she has lost all her winnings to-day. Are they rich? Who knows?"

"Ah, who knows? Who knows that about any body?" said Mr. Vandernoodt, moving off to join the Langens.

The remark that Gwendolen wound her neck about more than usual this evening was true. But it was not that she might carry out the serpent idea more completely: it was that she watched for any chance of seeing Deronda, so that she might inquire about this stranger, under whose measuring gaze she was still wincing. At last her opportunity came.

"Mr. Vandernoodt, you know every body," said Gwendolen, not too eagerly, rather with a certain languor of utterance which she sometimes gave to her clear soprano. "Who is that near the door?"

"There are half a dozen near the door. Do you mean that old Adonis in the George the Fourth wig?"

"No, no; the dark-haired young man on the right, with the dreadful expression."

"Dreadful, do you call it? I think he is an uncommonly fine fellow."

"But who is he?"

"He is lately come to our hotel with Sir Hugo Mallinger."

"Sir Hugo Mallinger?"

"Yes. Do you know him?"

"No." (Gwendolen colored slightly.) "He has a place near us, but he never comes to it. What did you say was the name of that gentleman near the door?"

"Deronda—Mr. Deronda."

"What a delightful name! Is he an Englishman?"

"Yes. He is reported to be rather closely related to the Baronet. You are interested in him?"

"Yes. I think he is not like young men in general."

"And you don't admire young men in general?"

"Not in the least. I always know what they will say. I can't at all guess what this Mr. Deronda would say. What *does* he say?"

"Nothing, chiefly. I sat with his party for a good hour last night on the terrace, and he never spoke—and was not smoking either. He looked bored."

"Another reason why I should like to know him. I am always bored."

"I should think he would be charmed to have an introduction. Shall I bring it about? Will you allow it, Baroness?"

"Why not?—since he is related to Sir Hugo Mallinger. It is a new *rôle* of yours, Gwendolen, to be always bored," continued Madame Von Langen, when Mr. Vandernoodt had moved away. "Until now you have always seemed eager about something from morning till night."

"That is just because I am bored to death. If I am to leave off play, I must break my arm or my collar-bone. I must make something happen; unless you will go into Switzerland and take me up the Matterhorn."

"Perhaps this Mr. Deronda's acquaintance will do instead of the Matterhorn."

"Perhaps."

But Gwendolen did not make Deronda's acquaintance on this occasion. Mr. Vandernoodt did not succeed in bringing him up to her that evening, and when she re-entered her own room she found a letter recalling her home.

CHAPTER II.

"This man contrives a secret 'twixt us two,
That he may quell me with his meeting eyes
Like one who quells a lioness at bay."

THIS was the letter Gwendolen found on her table:

DEAREST CHILD,—I have been expecting to hear from you for a week. In your last you said the Langens thought of going to Baden. How could you be so thoughtless as to leave me in uncertainty about your address? I am in the greatest anxiety lest this should not reach you. In any case you were to come home at the end of September, and I must now entreat you to return as quickly as possible, for if you spent all your money it would be out of my power to send you any more, and you must not borrow of the Langens; for I could not repay them. This is the sad truth, my child—I wish I could prepare you for it better—but a dreadful calamity has befallen us all. You know nothing about business and will not understand it; but Grapnell and Co. have failed for a million, and we are totally ruined—your aunt Gascoigne as well as I, only that your uncle has his benefice, so that by putting down their carriage and getting interest for the boys, the family can go on. All the property our poor father saved for us goes to pay the liabilities. There is nothing I can call my own. It is better you should know this at once, though it rends my heart to have to tell it you. Of course we can not help thinking what a pity it was that you went away just when you did. But I shall never reproach you, my dear child; I would save you from all trouble if I could. On your way home you will have time to prepare yourself for the change you will find. We shall perhaps leave Offendene at once, for we hope that Mr. Haynes, who wanted it before, may be ready to take it off my hands. Of course we can not go to the Rectory—there is not a corner there to spare. We must get some hut or other to shelter us, and we must live on your uncle Gascoigne's charity until I see what else can be done. I shall not be able to pay the debts to the tradesmen besides the servants' wages. Summon up your fortitude, my dear child, we must resign ourselves to God's will. But it is hard to resign one's self to Mr. Lassman's wicked recklessness, which they say was the cause of the failure. Your poor sisters can only cry with me and give me no help. If you were once here, there might be a break in the cloud. I always feel it impossible that you can have been meant for poverty. If the Langens wish to remain abroad, perhaps you can put yourself under some one else's care for the journey. But come as soon as you can to your afflicted and loving mamma.

FANNY DAVILOW.

The first effect of this letter on Gwendolen was half stupefying. The implicit confidence that her destiny must be one of luxurious ease, where any trouble that occurred would be well clad and provided for, had been stronger in her own mind than in her mamma's, being fed there by her youthful blood and that sense of superior claims which made a large part of her consciousness. It was almost as difficult for her to believe suddenly that her position had become one of poverty and humiliating dependence as it would have been to get into the strong current of her blooming life the chill sense that her death would really come. She stood motionless for a few minutes, then tossed off her hat and automatically looked in the glass. The coils of her smooth light brown hair were still in order perfect enough for a ball-room; and as on other nights, Gwendolen might have looked lingeringly at herself for pleasure (surely an allowable indulgence); but now she took no conscious note of her reflected beauty, and simply stared right before her as if she had been jarred by a hateful sound and was waiting for any sign of its cause. By-and-by she threw herself in the corner of the red velvet sofa, took up the letter again and read it twice deliberately, letting it at last fall on the ground, while she rested her clasped hands on her lap and sat perfectly still, shedding no tears. Her impulse was to survey and resist the situation rather than to wail over it. There was no inward exclamation of "Poor mamma!" Her mamma had never seemed to get much enjoyment out of life, and if Gwendolen had been at this moment disposed to feel pity she would have bestowed it on herself—for was she not naturally and rightfully the chief object of her mamma's anxiety too? But it was anger, it was resistance, that possessed her; it was bitter vexation that she had lost her gains at roulette, whereas if her luck had continued through this one day she would have had a handsome sum to carry home, or she might have gone on playing and won enough to support them all. Even now was it not possible? She had only four napoleons left in her purse, but she possessed some ornaments which she could pawn: a practice so common in stylish society at German baths that there was no need to be ashamed of it; and even if she had not received her mamma's letter, she would probably have decided to raise money on an Etruscan necklace which she happened not to have been wearing since her arrival; nay, she might have done so with an agreeable sense that she was living with some intensity and escaping humdrum. With ten louis at her disposal and a return of her former luck, which seemed probable, what could she do better than go on playing for a few days? If her friends at home disapproved of the way in which she got the money, as they certainly would, still the money would be there. Gwendolen's imagination dwelt on this course, and created agreeable consequences, but not with unbroken confidence and rising certainty as it would have done if she had been touched with the gambler's mania. She had gone to the roulette table not because of passion, but in search of it: her mind was still sanely capable of picturing balanced probabilities, and while the chance of winning allured her, the chance of losing thrust itself on her with alternate strength, and made a vision from which her pride shrank sensitively. For she was resolved not to tell the Langens that any misfortune had befallen her family, or to make herself in any way indebted to their compassion; and if she were to pawn her jewelry to any observable extent, they would interfere by inquiries and remonstrances. The course that held the least risk of intolerable annoyance was to raise money on her necklace early in the morning, tell the Langens that her mamma desired her immediate return without giving a reason, and take the train for Brussels that evening. She had no maid with

her, and the Langens might make difficulties about her returning alone, but her will was peremptory.

Instead of going to bed she made as brilliant a light as she could and began to pack, working diligently, though all the while visited by the scenes that might take place on the coming day—now by the tiresome explanations and farewells, and the whirling journey toward a changed home, now by the alternative of staying just another day and standing again at the roulette table. But always in this latter scene there was the presence of that Deronda, watching her with exasperating irony, and—the two keen experiences were inevitably revived together—beholding her again forsaken by luck. This importunate image certainly helped to sway her resolve on the side of immediate departure, and to urge her packing to the point which would make a change of mind inconvenient. It had struck twelve when she came into her room, and by the time she was assuring herself that she had left out only what was necessary, the faint dawn was stealing through the white blinds and dulling her candles. What was the use of going to bed? Her cold bath was refreshment enough, and she saw that a slight trace of fatigue about the eyes only made her look the more interesting. Before six o'clock she was completely equipped in her gray traveling-dress even to her felt hat, for she meant to walk out as soon as she could count on seeing other ladies on their way to the springs. And happening to be seated sideways before the long strip of mirror between her two windows she turned to look at herself, leaning her elbow on the back of the chair in an attitude that might have been chosen for her portrait. It is possible to have a strong self-love without any self-satisfaction, rather with a self-discontent which is the more intense because one's own little core of egoistic sensibility is a supreme care; but Gwendolen knew nothing of such inward strife. She had a *naïve* delight in her fortunate self, which any but the harshest saintliness will have some indulgence for in a girl who had every day seen a pleasant reflection of that self in her friends' flattery as well as in the looking-glass. And even in this beginning of troubles, while for lack of any thing else to do she sat gazing at her image in the growing light, her face gathered a complacency gradual as the cheerfulness of the morning. Her beautiful lips curled into a more and more decided smile, till at last she took off her hat, leaned forward, and kissed the cold glass which had looked so warm. How could she believe in sorrow? If it attacked her, she felt the force to crush it, to defy it, or run away from it, as she had done already. Any thing seemed more possible than that she could go on bearing miseries, great or small.

Madame Von Langen never went out before breakfast, so that Gwendolen could safely end her early walk by taking her way homeward through the Obere Strasse in which was the needed shop, sure to be open after seven. At that hour any observers whom she minded would be either on their walks in the region of the springs, or would be still in their bedrooms; but certainly there was one grand hotel, the *Czarina*, from which eyes might follow her up to Mr. Wiener's door. This was a chance to be risked: might she not be going in to buy something which had struck her fancy? This implicit falsehood passed through her mind as she remembered that the *Czarina* was Deronda's hotel; but she was then already far up the Obere Strasse, and she walked on with her usual floating movement, every line in her figure and drapery falling in gentle curves attractive to all eyes except those which discerned in them too close a resemblance to the serpent, and objected to the revival of serpent worship. She looked neither to the right hand nor to the left, and transacted her business in the shop with a coolness which gave little Mr. Wiener nothing to remark except her proud grace of manner, and the superior size and quality of the three central turquoises in the necklace she offered him. They had belonged to a chain once her father's; but she had never known her father; and the necklace was in all respects the ornament she could most conveniently part with. Who supposes that it is an impossible contradiction to be superstitious and rationalizing at the same time? Roulette encourages a romantic superstition as to the chances of the game, and the most prosaic rationalism as to human sentiments which stand in the way of raising needful money. Gwendolen's dominant regret was that after all she had only nine louis to add to the four in her purse: these Jew pawnbrokers were so unscrupulous in taking advantage of Christians unfortunate at play! But she was the Langens' guest in their hired apartment, and had nothing to pay there: thirteen louis would do more than take her home: even if she determined on risking three, the remaining ten would more than suffice, since she meant to travel right on, day and night. As she turned homeward, nay, entered and seated herself in the *salon* to await her friends and breakfast, she still wavered as to her immediate departure, or rather she had concluded to tell the Langens simply that she had had a letter from her mamma desiring her return, and to leave it still undecided when she should start. It was already the usual breakfast-time, and hearing some one enter as she was leaning back rather tired and hungry with her eyes shut, she rose expecting to see one or other of the Langens—the words which might determine her lingering at least another day ready-formed to pass her lips. But it was the servant bringing in a small packet for Miss Harleth, which had that moment been left at the door. Gwendolen took it in her hand and immediately hurried into her own room. She looked paler and more agitated than when she had first read her mamma's letter. Something—she never knew quite what—revealed to her before she opened the packet that it contained the necklace she had just parted with. Underneath the paper it was wrapped in a cambric handkerchief, and within this was a scrap of torn-off note-paper, on which was written with a pencil in clear but rapid handwriting —"*A stranger who has found Miss Harleth's necklace returns it to her with the hope that she will not again risk the loss of it.*"

Gwendolen reddened with the vexation of wounded pride. A large corner of the handkerchief seemed to have been recklessly torn off to get rid of a mark; but she at once believed in the first image of "the stranger" that presented itself to her mind. It was Deronda; he must have seen her go into the shop; he must have gone in immediately after, and redeemed the necklace. He had taken an unpardonable liberty, and had dared to place her in a

thoroughly hateful position. What could she do?—Not, assuredly, act on her conviction that it was he who had sent her the necklace, and straightway send it back to him: that would be to face the possibility that she had been mistaken; nay, even if the "stranger" were he and no other, it would be something too gross for her to let him know that she had divined this, and to meet him again with that recognition in their minds. He knew very well that he was entangling her in helpless humiliation; it was another way of smiling at her ironically, and taking the air of a supercilious mentor. Gwendolen felt the bitter tears of mortification rising and rolling down her cheeks. No one had ever before dared to treat her with irony and contempt. One thing was clear: she must carry out her resolution to quit this place at once; it was impossible for her to re-appear in the public *salon*, still less stand at the gaming table with the risk of seeing Deronda. Now came an importunate knock at the door: breakfast was ready. Gwendolen, with a passionate movement, thrust necklace, cambric, scrap of paper, and all, into her *nécessaire*, pressed her handkerchief against her face, and after pausing a minute or two to summon back her proud self-control, went to join her friends. Such signs of tears and fatigue as were left seemed accordant enough with the account she at once gave of her having been called home, for some reason which she feared might be a trouble of her mamma's; and of her having sat up to do her packing, instead of waiting for help from her friend's maid. There was much protestation, as she had expected, against her traveling alone, but she persisted in refusing any arrangements for companionship. She would be put into the ladies' compartment and go right on. She could rest exceedingly well in the train, and was afraid of nothing.

In this way it happened that Gwendolen never re-appeared at the roulette table, but set off that Thursday evening for Brussels, and on Saturday morning arrived at Offendene, the home to which she and her family were soon to say a last good-by.

CHAPTER III.

"Let no flower of the spring pass by us; let us crown ourselves with rose-buds before they be withered."—*Book of Wisdom.*

Pity that Offendene was not the home of Miss Harleth's childhood, or endeared to her by family memories! A human life, I think, should be well rooted in some spot of a native land, where it may get the love of tender kinship for the face of earth, for the labors men go forth to, for the sounds and accents that haunt it, for whatever will give that early home a familiar, unmistakable difference amidst the future widening of knowledge: a spot where the definiteness of early memories may be inwrought with affection, and kindly acquaintance with all neighbors, even to the dogs and donkeys, may spread not by sentimental effort and reflection, but as a sweet habit of the blood. At five years old, mortals are not prepared to be citizens of the world, to be stimulated by abstract nouns, to soar above preference into impartiality; and that prejudice in favor of milk with which we blindly begin, is a type of the way body and soul must get nourished at least for a time. The best introduction to astronomy is to think of the nightly heavens as a little lot of stars belonging to one's own homestead.

But this blessed persistence in which affection can take root had been wanting in Gwendolen's life. Offendene had been chosen as her mamma's home simply for its nearness to Pennicote Rectory, and it was only the year before that Mrs. Davilow, Gwendolen, and her four half-sisters (the governess and the maid following in another vehicle) had been driven along the avenue for the first time on a late October afternoon when the rooks were cawing loudly above them, and the yellow elm leaves were whirling.

The season suited the aspect of the old oblong red brick house, rather too anxiously ornamented with stone at every line, not excepting the double row of narrow windows and the large square portico. The stone encouraged a greenish lichen, the brick a powdery gray, so that though the building was rigidly rectangular there was no harshness in the physiognomy which it turned to the three avenues cut east, west, and south in the hundred yards' breadth of old plantation encircling the immediate grounds. One would have liked the house to have been lifted on a knoll, so as to look beyond its own little domain to the long thatched roofs of the distant villages, the church towers, the scattered homesteads, the gradual rise of surging woods, and the green breadths of undulating park which made the beautiful face of the earth in that part of Wessex. But though standing thus behind a screen amidst flat pastures, it had on one side a glimpse of the wider world in the lofty curves of the chalk downs, grand steadfast forms played over by the changing days.

The house was but just large enough to be called a mansion, and was moderately rented, having no manor attached to it, and being rather difficult to let with its sombre furniture and faded upholstery. But inside and outside it was what no beholder could suppose to be inhabited by retired trades-people: a certainty which was worth many conveniences to tenants who not only had the taste that shrinks from new finery, but also were in that border-territory of rank where annexation is a burning topic; and to take up her abode in a house which had once sufficed for dowager Countesses gave a perceptible tinge to Mrs. Davilow's satisfaction in having an establishment of her own. This, rather mysteriously to Gwendolen, appeared suddenly possible on the death of her step-father, Captain Davilow, who had for the last nine years joined his family only in a brief and fitful manner, enough to reconcile them to his long absences; but she cared much more for the fact than for the explanation. All her prospects had become more agreeable in consequence. She had disliked their former way of life, roving from one foreign watering-place or Parisian apartment to another, always feeling new antipathies to new suits of hired furniture, and meeting new people under conditions which made her appear of little importance; and the variation of having passed two years at a showy school, where on all occasions of display she had been put foremost, had only deepened her sense that so exceptional a person as herself could hardly remain in ordinary circumstances or in a social position less than advantageous. Any fear of this latter evil was banished now that her

mamma was to have an establishment; for on the point of birth Gwendolen was quite easy. She had no notion how her maternal grandfather got the fortune inherited by his two daughters; but he had been a West Indian—which seemed to exclude further question; and she knew that her father's family was so high as to take no notice of her mamma, who nevertheless preserved with much pride the miniature of a Lady Molly in that connection. She would probably have known much more about her father but for a little incident which happened when she was twelve years old. Mrs. Davilow had brought out, as she did only at wide intervals, various memorials of her first husband, and while showing his miniature to Gwendolen recalled, with a fervor which seemed to count on a peculiar filial sympathy, the fact that dear papa had died when his little daughter was in long clothes. Gwendolen, immediately thinking of the unlovable step-father whom she had been acquainted with the greater part of her life while her frocks were short, said,

"Why did you marry again, mamma? It would have been nicer if you had not."

Mrs. Davilow colored deeply, a slight convulsive movement passed over her face, and straightway shutting up the memorials, she said, with a violence quite unusual in her,

"You have no feeling, child!"

Gwendolen, who was fond of her mamma, felt hurt and ashamed, and had never since dared to ask a question about her father.

This was not the only instance in which she had brought on herself the pain of some filial compunction. It was always arranged, when possible, that she should have a small bed in her mamma's room; for Mrs. Davilow's motherly tenderness clung chiefly to her eldest girl, who had been born in her happier time. One night under an attack of pain she found that the specific regularly placed by her bedside had been forgotten, and begged Gwendolen to get out of bed and reach it for her. That healthy young lady, snug and warm as a rosy infant in her little couch, objected to step out into the cold, and lying perfectly still, grumbled a refusal. Mrs. Davilow went without the medicine and never reproached her daughter; but the next day Gwendolen was keenly conscious of what must be in her mamma's mind, and tried to make amends by caresses which cost her no effort. Having always been the pet and pride of the household, waited on by mother, sisters, governess, and maids, as if she had been a princess in exile, she naturally found it difficult to think her own pleasure less important than others made it, and when it was positively thwarted felt an astonished resentment, apt, in her cruder days, to vent itself in one of those passionate acts which look like a contradiction of habitual tendencies. Though never even as a child thoughtlessly cruel, nay, delighting to rescue drowning insects and watch their recovery, there was a disagreeable silent remembrance of her having strangled her sister's canary-bird in a final fit of exasperation at its shrill singing which had again and again jarringly interrupted her own. She had taken pains to buy a white mouse for her sister in retribution, and though inwardly excusing herself on the ground of a peculiar sensitiveness which was a mark of her general superiority, the thought of that infelonious murder had always made her wince. Gwendolen's nature was not remorseless, but she liked to make her penances easy; and now that she was twenty and more, some of her native force had turned into a self-control by which she guarded herself from penitential humiliation. There was more show of fire and will in her than ever, but there was more calculation underneath it.

On this day of arrival at Offendene, which not even Mrs. Davilow had seen before—the place having been taken for her by her brother-in-law, Mr. Gascoigne—when all had got down from the carriage, and were standing under the porch in front of the open door, so that they could have both a general view of the place and a glimpse of the stone hall and staircase hung with sombre pictures, but enlivened by a bright wood fire, no one spoke: mamma, the four sisters, and the governess all looked at Gwendolen, as if their feelings depended entirely on her decision. Of the girls, from Alice in her sixteenth year to Isabel in her tenth, hardly any thing could be said on a first view, but that they were girlish, and that their black dresses were getting shabby. Miss Merry was elderly and altogether neutral in expression. Mrs. Davilow's worn beauty seemed the more pathetic for the look of entire appeal which she cast at Gwendolen, who was glancing round at the house, the landscape, and the entrance hall with an air of rapid judgment. Imagine a young race-horse in the paddock among untrimmed ponies and patient hacks.

"Well, dear, what do you think of the place?" said Mrs. Davilow at last, in a gentle, deprecatory tone.

"I think it is charming," said Gwendolen, quickly. "A romantic place—any thing delightful may happen in it; it would be a good background for any thing. No one need be ashamed of living here."

"There is certainly nothing common about it."

"Oh, it would do for fallen royalty or any sort of grand poverty. We ought properly to have been living in splendor, and have come down to this. It would have been as romantic as could be. But I thought my uncle and aunt Gascoigne would be here to meet us, and my cousin Anna," added Gwendolen, her tone changed to sharp surprise.

"We are early," said Mrs. Davilow, and, entering the hall, she said to the housekeeper who came forward, "You expect Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne?"

"Yes, madam: they were here yesterday to give particular orders about the fires and the dinner. But as to fires, I've had 'em in all the rooms for the last week, and every thing is well aired. I could wish some of the furniture paid better for all the cleaning it's had, but I *think* you'll see the brasses have been done justice to. I *think* when Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne come, they'll tell you nothing's been neglected. They'll be here at five, for certain."

This satisfied Gwendolen, who was not prepared to have their arrival treated with indifference; and after tripping a little way up the matted stone staircase to take a survey there, she tripped down again, and, followed by all the girls, looked into each of the rooms opening from the hall—the dining-room all dark oak and worn red satin damask, with a copy of snarling, worrying dogs from Snyders over the sideboard, and a Christ breaking bread over the mantel-piece;

the library with a general aspect and smell of old brown leather; and, lastly, the drawing-room, which was entered through a small antechamber crowded with venerable knickknacks.

"Mamma, mamma, pray come here!" said Gwendolen, Mrs. Davilow having followed slowly, in talk with the housekeeper. "Here is an organ. I will be Saint Cecilia; some one shall paint me as Saint Cecilia. Jocosa" (this was her name for Miss Merry), "let down my hair. See, mamma!"

She had thrown off her hat and gloves, and seated herself before the organ in an admirable pose, looking upward; while the submissive and sad Jocosa took out the one comb which fastened the coil of hair, and then shook out the mass till it fell in a smooth light brown stream far below its owner's slim waist.

Mrs. Davilow smiled and said, "A charming picture, my dear!" not indifferent to the display of her pet, even in the presence of a housekeeper. Gwendolen rose and laughed with delight. All this seemed quite to the purpose on entering a new house which was so excellent a background.

"What a queer, quaint, picturesque room!" she went on, looking about her. "I like these old embroidered chairs, and the garlands on the wainscot, and the pictures that may be any thing. That one with the ribs—nothing but ribs and darkness—I should think that is Spanish, mamma."

"Oh, *Gwendolen!*" said the small Isabel, in a tone of astonishment, while she held open a hinged panel of the wainscot at the other end of the room.

Every one, Gwendolen first, went to look. The opened panel had disclosed the picture of an upturned dead face, from which an obscure figure seemed to be fleeing with outstretched arms. "How horrible!" said Mrs. Davilow, with a look of mere disgust; but Gwendolen shuddered silently; and Isabel, a plain and altogether inconvenient child with an alarming memory, said,

"You will never stay in this room by yourself, Gwendolen."

"How dare you open things which were meant to be shut up, you perverse little creature?" said Gwendolen, in her angriest tone. Then, snatching the panel out of the hand of the culprit, she closed it hastily, saying, "There is a lock—where is the key? Let the key be found, or else let one be made, and let nobody open it again; or, rather, let the key be brought to me."

At this command to every body in general Gwendolen turned with a face which was flushed in reaction from her chill shudder, and said, "Let us go up to our own room, mamma."

The housekeeper, on searching, found the key in the drawer of a cabinet close by the panel, and presently handed it to Bugle, the lady's-maid, telling her significantly to give it to her Royal Highness.

"I don't know who you mean, Mrs. Startin," said Bugle, who had been busy up stairs during the scene in the drawing-room, and was rather offended at this irony in a new servant.

"I mean the young lady that's to command us all—and well worthy for looks and figure," replied Mrs. Startin, in propitiation. "She'll know what key it is."

"If you have laid out what we want, go and see to the others, Bugle," Gwendolen had said, when she and Mrs. Davilow entered their black-and-yellow bedroom, where a pretty little white couch was prepared by the side of the black-and-yellow catafalque known as "the best bed." "I will help mamma."

But her first movement was to go to the tall mirror between the windows, which reflected herself and the room completely, while her mamma sat down and also looked at the reflection.

"That is a becoming glass, Gwendolen; or is it the black and gold color that sets you off?" said Mrs. Davilow, as Gwendolen stood obliquely with her three-quarter face turned toward the mirror, and her left hand brushing back the stream of hair.

"I should make a tolerable Saint Cecilia with some white roses on my head," said Gwendolen, "only, how about my nose, mamma? I think saints' noses never in the least turn up. I wish you had given me your perfectly straight nose; it would have done for any sort of character—a nose of all work. Mine is only a happy nose; it would not do so well for tragedy."

"Oh, my dear, any nose will do to be miserable with in this world," said Mrs. Davilow, with a deep, weary sigh, throwing her black bonnet on the table, and resting her elbow near it.

"Now, mamma!" said Gwendolen, in a strongly remonstrant tone, turning away from the glass with an air of vexation, "don't begin to be dull here. It spoils all my pleasure, and every thing may be so happy now. What have you to be gloomy about *now?*"

"Nothing, dear," said Mrs. Davilow, seeming to rouse herself, and beginning to take off her dress. "It is always enough for me to see you happy."

"But you should be happy yourself," said Gwendolen, still discontentedly, though going to help her mamma with caressing touches. "Can nobody be happy after they are quite young? You have made me feel sometimes as if nothing were of any use. With the girls so troublesome, and Jocosa so dreadfully wooden and ugly, and every thing make-shift about us, and you looking so dull—what was the use of my being any thing? But now you *might* be happy."

"So I shall, dear," said Mrs. Davilow, patting the cheek that was bending near her.

"Yes, but really. Not with a sort of make-believe," said Gwendolen, with resolute perseverance. "See what a hand and arm!—much more beautiful than mine. Any one can see you were altogether more beautiful."

"No, no, dear. I was always heavier. Never half so charming as you are."

"Well, but what is the use of my being charming, if it is to end in my being dull and not minding any thing? Is that what marriage always comes to?"

"No, child, certainly not. Marriage is the only happy state for a woman, as I trust you will prove."

"I will not put up with it if it is not a happy state. I am determined to be happy—at least not to go on muddling away my life as other people do, being and doing nothing remarkable. I have made up my mind not to let other people interfere with me as they have done. Here is some warm water ready for you, mamma," Gwendolen ended, proceeding to take off her own dress, and then waiting to have her hair wound up by her mamma.

There was silence for a minute or two, till Mrs. Davilow said, while coiling the daughter's hair, "I am sure I have never crossed you, Gwendolen."

"You often want me to do what I don't like."

"You mean to give Alice lessons?"

"Yes. And I have done it because you asked me. But I don't see why I should else. It bores me to death, she is so slow. She has no ear for music, or language, or any thing else. It would be much better for her to be ignorant, mamma: it is her *rôle;* she would do it well."

"That is a hard thing to say of your poor sister, Gwendolen, who is so good to you, and waits on you hand and foot."

"I don't see why it is hard to call things by their right names and put them in their proper places. The hardship is for me to have to waste my time on her. Now let me fasten up your hair, mamma."

"We must make haste. Your uncle and aunt will be here soon. For Heaven's sake, don't be scornful to *them*, my dear child, or to your cousin Anna, whom you will always be going out with. Do promise me, Gwendolen. You know you can't expect Anna to be equal to you."

"I don't want her to be equal," said Gwendolen, with a toss of her head and a smile, and the discussion ended there.

When Mr. and Mrs. Gascoigne and their daughter came, Gwendolen, far from being scornful, behaved as prettily as possible to them. She was introducing herself anew to relatives who had not seen her since the comparatively unfinished age of sixteen, and she was anxious—no, not anxious, but resolved—that they should admire her.

Mrs. Gascoigne bore a family likeness to her sister. But she was darker and slighter, her face was unworn by grief, her movements were less languid, her expression more alert and critical, as that of a rector's wife bound to exert a beneficent authority. Their closest resemblance lay in a non-resistant disposition, inclined to imitation and obedience; but this, owing to the difference in their circumstances, had led them to very different issues. The younger sister had been indiscreet, or at least unfortunate, in her marriages; the elder believed herself the most enviable of wives, and her pliancy had ended in her sometimes taking shapes of surprising definiteness. Many of her opinions, such as those on church government and the character of Archbishop Laud, seemed too decided under every alteration to have been arrived at otherwise than by a wifely receptiveness. And there was much to encourage trust in her husband's authority. He had some agreeable virtues, some striking advantages, and the failings that were imputed to him all leaned toward the side of success.

One of his advantages was a fine person, which perhaps was even more impressive at fifty-seven than it had been earlier in life. There were no distinctively clerical lines in the face, no official reserve or ostentatious benignity of expression, no tricks of starchiness or of affected ease: in his Inverness cape he could not have been identified except as a gentleman with handsome dark features, a nose which began with an intention to be aquiline but suddenly became straight, and iron-gray hair. Perhaps he owed this freedom from the sort of professional make-up which penetrates skin, tones, and gestures, and defies all drapery, to the fact that he had once been Captain Gaskin, having taken orders and a diphthong but shortly before his engagement to Miss Armyn. If any one had objected that his preparation for the clerical function was inadequate, his friends might have asked, who made a better figure in it, who preached better or had more authority in his parish? He had a native gift for administration, being tolerant both of opinions and conduct, because he felt himself able to overrule them, and was free from the irritations of conscious feebleness. He smiled pleasantly at the foible of a taste which he did not share—at floriculture or antiquarianism, for example, which were much in vogue among his fellow-clergymen in the diocese: for himself, he preferred following the history of a campaign, or divining from his knowledge of Nesselrode's motives what would have been his conduct if our cabinet had taken a different course. Mr. Gascoigne's tone of thinking after some long-quieted fluctuations had become ecclesiastical rather than theological; not the modern Anglican, but what he would have called sound English, free from nonsense: such as became a man who looked at a national religion by daylight, and saw it in its relations to other things. No clerical magistrate had greater weight at sessions, or less of mischievous impracticableness in relation to worldly affairs. Indeed, the worst imputation thrown out against him was worldliness: it could not be proved that he forsook the less fortunate, but it was not to be denied that the friendships he cultivated were of a kind likely to be useful to the father of six sons and two daughters; and bitter observers—for in Wessex, say ten years ago, there were persons whose bitterness may now seem incredible—remarked that the color of his opinions had changed in consistency with this principle of action. But cheerful, successful worldliness has a false air of being more selfish than the acrid, unsuccessful kind, whose secret history is summed up in the terrible words, "Sold, but not paid for."

Gwendolen wondered that she had not better remembered how very fine a man her uncle was; but at the age of sixteen she was a less capable and more indifferent judge. At present it was a matter of extreme interest to her that she was to have the near countenance of a dignified male relative, and that the family life would cease to be entirely, insipidly feminine. She did not intend that her uncle should control her, but she saw at once that it would be altogether agreeable to her that he should be proud of introducing her as his niece. And there was every sign of his being likely to feel that pride. He certainly looked at her with admiration as he said:

"You have outgrown Anna, my dear," putting his arm tenderly round his daughter, whose shy face was a tiny copy of his own, and drawing her forward. "She is not so old as you by a year, but her growing days are certainly over. I hope you will be excellent companions."

He did give a comparing glance at his daughter, but if he saw her inferiority, he might also see that Anna's timid appearance and miniature figure must appeal to a different taste from that which was attracted by Gwendolen, and that the girls could hardly be rivals. Gwendolen, at least, was aware of this, and kissed her cousin with real cordiality as well as grace, saying, "A companion is just what I want. I am so glad we are

come to live here. And mamma will be much happier now she is near you, aunt."

The aunt trusted indeed that it would be so, and felt it a blessing that a suitable home had been vacant in their uncle's parish. Then, of course, notice had to be taken of the four other girls, whom Gwendolen had always felt to be superfluous: all of a girlish average that made four units utterly unimportant, and yet from her earliest days an obtrusive influential fact in her life. She was conscious of having been much kinder to them than could have been expected. And it was evident to her that her uncle and aunt also felt it a pity there were so many girls—what rational person could feel otherwise, except poor mamma, who never would see how Alice set up her shoulders and lifted her eyebrows till she had no forehead left, how Bertha and Fanny whispered and tittered together about every thing, or how Isabel was always listening and staring and forgetting where she was, and treading on the toes of her suffering elders?

"You have brothers, Anna," said Gwendolen, while the sisters were being noticed. "I think you are enviable there."

"Yes," said Anna, simply, "I am very fond of them. But of course their education is a great anxiety to papa. He used to say they made me a tomboy. I really was a great romp with Rex. I think you will like Rex. He will come home before Christmas."

"I remember I used to think you rather wild and shy. But it is difficult now to imagine you a romp," said Gwendolen, smiling.

"Of course I am altered now; I am come out, and all that. But in reality I like to go blackberrying with Edwy and Lotta as well as ever. I am not very fond of going out; but I dare say I shall like it better now you will be often with me. I am not at all clever, and I never know what to say. It seems so useless to say what every body knows, and I can think of nothing else, except what papa says."

"I shall like going out with you very much," said Gwendolen, well disposed toward this *naïve* cousin. "Are you fond of riding?"

"Yes; but we have only one Shetland pony among us. Papa says he can't afford more, besides the carriage-horses and his own nag. He has so many expenses."

"I intend to have a horse and ride a great deal now," said Gwendolen, in a tone of decision. "Is the society pleasant in this neighborhood?"

"Papa says it is, very. There are the clergymen all about, you know; and the Quallons and the Arrowpoints, and Lord Brackenshaw, and Sir Hugo Mallinger's place, where there is nobody—that's very nice, because we make picnics there—and two or three families at Wancester; oh, and old Mrs. Vulcany at Nuttingwood, and—"

But Anna was relieved of this tax on her descriptive powers by the announcement of dinner, and Gwendolen's question was soon indirectly answered by her uncle, who dwelt much on the advantages he had secured for them in getting a place like Offendene. Except the rent, it involved no more expense than an ordinary house at Wancester would have done.

"And it is always worth while to make a little sacrifice for a good style of house," said Mr. Gascoigne, in his easy, pleasantly confident tone, which made the world in general seem a very manageable place of residence. "Especially where there is only a lady at the head. All the best people will call upon you; and you need give no expensive dinners. Of course I have to spend a good deal in that way; it is a large item. But then I get my house for nothing. If I had to pay three hundred a year for my house, I could not keep a table. My boys are too great a drain on me. You are better off than we are, in proportion; there is no great drain on you now, after your house and carriage."

"I assure you, Fanny, now the children are growing up, I am obliged to cut and contrive," said Mrs. Gascoigne. "I am not a good manager by nature, but Henry has taught me. He is wonderful for making the best of every thing; he allows himself no extras, and gets his curates for nothing. It is rather hard that he has not been made a prebendary or something, as others have been, considering the friends he has made, and the need there is for men of moderate opinions in all respects. If the Church is to keep its position, ability and character ought to tell."

"Oh, my dear Nancy, you forget the old story—thank Heaven, there are three hundred as good as I! And ultimately we shall have no reason to complain, I am pretty sure. There could hardly be a more thorough friend than Lord Brackenshaw—your landlord, you know, Fanny. Lady Brackenshaw will call upon you. And I have spoken for Gwendolen to be a member of our Archery Club—the Brackenshaw Archery Club—the most select thing any where. That is, if she has no objection," added Mr. Gascoigne, looking at Gwendolen with pleasant irony.

"I should like it of all things," said Gwendolen. "There is nothing I enjoy more than taking aim—and hitting," she ended, with a pretty nod and smile.

"Our Anna, poor child, is too short-sighted for archery. But I consider myself a first-rate shot, and you shall practice with me. I must make you an accomplished archer before our great meeting in July. In fact, as to neighborhood, you could hardly be better placed. There are the Arrowpoints—they are some of our best people. Miss Arrowpoint is a delightful girl: she has been presented at court. They have a magnificent place—Quetcham Hall—worth seeing in point of art; and their parties, to which you are sure to be invited, are the best things of the sort we have. The archdeacon is intimate there, and they have always a good kind of people staying in the house. Mrs. Arrowpoint is peculiar, certainly; something of a caricature, in fact; but well-meaning. And Miss Arrowpoint is as nice as possible. It is not all young ladies who have mothers as handsome and graceful as yours and Anna's."

Mrs. Davilow smiled faintly at this little compliment, but the husband and wife looked affectionately at each other, and Gwendolen thought, "My uncle and aunt, at least, are happy; they are not dull and dismal." Altogether, she felt satisfied with her prospects at Offendene, as a great improvement on any thing she had known. Even the cheap curates, she incidentally learned, were almost always young men of family, and Mr. Middleton, the actual curate, was said to be quite an acquisition: it was only a pity he was so soon to leave.

But there was one point which she was so

anxious to gain that she could not allow the evening to pass without taking her measures toward securing it. Her mamma, she knew, intended to submit entirely to her uncle's judgment with regard to expenditure; and the submission was not merely prudential, for Mrs. Davilow, conscious that she had always been seen under a cloud as poor dear Fanny, who had made a sad blunder with her second marriage, felt a hearty satisfaction in being frankly and cordially identified with her sister's family, and in having her affairs canvassed and managed with an authority which presupposed a genuine interest. Thus the question of a suitable saddle-horse, which had been sufficiently discussed with mamma, had to be referred to Mr. Gascoigne; and after Gwendolen had played on the piano, which had been provided from Wancester, had sung to her hearers' admiration, and had induced her uncle to join her in a duet—what more softening influence than this on any uncle who would have sung finely if his time had not been too much taken up by graver matters?—she seized the opportune moment for saying, "Mamma, you have not spoken to my uncle about my riding."

"Gwendolen desires above all things to have a horse to ride—a pretty, light, lady's horse," said Mrs. Davilow, looking at Mr. Gascoigne. "Do you think we can manage it?"

Mr. Gascoigne projected his lower lip and lifted his handsome eyebrows sarcastically at Gwendolen, who had seated herself with much grace on the elbow of her mamma's chair.

"We could lend her the pony sometimes," said Mrs. Gascoigne, watching her husband's face, and feeling quite ready to disapprove if he did.

"That might be inconveniencing others, aunt, and would be no pleasure to me. I can not endure ponies," said Gwendolen. "I would rather give up some other indulgence and have a horse." (Was there ever a young lady or gentleman not ready to give up an unspecified indulgence for the sake of the favorite one specified?)

"She rides so well. She has had lessons, and the riding-master said she had so good a seat and hand she might be trusted with any mount," said Mrs. Davilow, who, even if she had not wished her darling to have the horse, would not have dared to be lukewarm in trying to get it for her.

"There is the price of the horse—a good sixty with the best chance—and then his keep," said Mr. Gascoigne, in a tone which, though demurring, betrayed the inward presence of something that favored the demand. "There are the carriage-horses—already a heavy item. And remember what you ladies cost in toilet now."

"I really wear nothing but two black dresses," said Mrs. Davilow, hastily. "And the younger girls, of course, require no toilet at present. Besides, Gwendolen will save me so much by giving her sisters lessons." Here Mrs. Davilow's delicate cheek showed a rapid blush. "If it were not for that, I must really have a more expensive governess, and masters besides."

Gwendolen felt some anger with her mamma, but carefully concealed it.

"That is good—that is decidedly good," said Mr. Gascoigne, heartily, looking at his wife. And Gwendolen, who, it must be owned, was a deep young lady, suddenly moved away to the other end of the long drawing-room, and busied herself with arranging pieces of music.

"The dear child has had no indulgences, no pleasures," said Mrs. Davilow, in a pleading under-tone. "I feel the expense is rather imprudent in this first year of our settling. But she really needs the exercise—she needs cheering. And if you were to see her on horseback, it *is* something splendid."

"It is what we could not afford for Anna," said Mrs. Gascoigne. "But she, dear child, would ride Lotta's donkey, and think it good enough." (Anna was absorbed in a game with Isabel, who had hunted out an old backgammon board, and had begged to sit up an extra hour.)

"Certainly, a fine woman never looks better than on horseback," said Mr. Gascoigne. "And Gwendolen has the figure for it. I don't say the thing should not be considered."

"We might try it for a time, at all events. It can be given up if necessary," said Mrs. Davilow.

"Well, I will consult Lord Brackenshaw's head groom. He is my *fidus Achates* in the horsey way."

"Thanks," said Mrs. Davilow, much relieved. "You are very kind."

"That he always is," said Mrs. Gascoigne. And later that night, when she and her husband were in private, she said:

"I thought you were almost too indulgent about the horse for Gwendolen. She ought not to claim so much more than your own daughter would think of. Especially before we see how Fanny manages on her income. And you really have enough to do without taking all this trouble on yourself."

"My dear Nancy, one must look at things from every point of view. This girl is really worth some expense: you don't often see her equal. She ought to make a first-rate marriage, and I should not be doing my duty if I spared my trouble in helping her forward. You know yourself she has been under a disadvantage with such a father-in-law, and a second family, keeping her always in the shade. I feel for the girl. And I should like your sister and her family now to have the benefit of your having married rather a better specimen of your kind than she did."

"Rather better! I should think so. However, it is for me to be grateful that you will take so much on your shoulders for the sake of my sister and her children. I am sure I would not grudge any thing to poor Fanny. But there is one thing I have been thinking of, though you have never mentioned it."

"What is that?"

"The boys. I hope they will not be falling in love with Gwendolen."

"Don't presuppose any thing of the kind, my dear, and there will be no danger. Rex will never be at home for long together, and Warham is going to India. It is the wiser plan to take it for granted that cousins will not fall in love. If you begin with precautions, the affair will come in spite of them. One must not undertake to act for Providence in these matters, which can no more be held under the hand than a brood of chickens. The boys will have nothing, and Gwendolen will have nothing. They can't marry. At the worst there would only be a little crying, and you can't save boys and girls from that."

Mrs. Gascoigne's mind was satisfied: if any thing did happen, there was the comfort of feeling that her husband would know what was to be done, and would have the energy to do it.

CHAPTER IV.

"*Gorgibus.* ....'Je te dis que le mariage est une chose sainte et sacrée, et que c'est faire en honnêtes gens, que de débuter par là.'

"*Madelon.* 'Mon Dieu! que si tout le monde vous ressemblait, un roman serait bientôt fini! La belle chose que ce serait, si d'abord Cyrus épousait Mandane, et qu'Aronce de plain-pied fût marié à Clélie! ....Laissez-nous faire à loisir le tissu de notre roman, et n'en pressez pas tant la conclusion.'"

—MOLIÈRE: *Les Précieuses Ridicules.*

IT would be a little hard to blame the Rector of Pennicote that in the course of looking at things from every point of view, he looked at Gwendolen as a girl likely to make a brilliant marriage. Why should he be expected to differ from his contemporaries in this matter, and wish his niece a worse end of her charming maidenhood than they would approve as the best possible? It is rather to be set down to his credit that his feelings on the subject were entirely good-natured. And in considering the relation of means to ends, it would have been mere folly to have been guided by the exceptional and idyllic—to have recommended that Gwendolen should wear a gown as shabby as Griselda's in order that a Marquis might fall in love with her, or to have insisted that since a fair maiden was to be sought, she should keep herself out of the way. Mr. Gascoigne's calculations were of the kind called rational, and he did not even think of getting a too frisky horse in order that Gwendolen might be threatened with an accident and be rescued by a man of property. He wished his niece well, and he meant her to be seen to advantage in the best society of the neighborhood.

Her uncle's intention fell in perfectly with Gwendolen's own wishes. But let no one suppose that she also contemplated a brilliant marriage as the direct end of her witching the world with her grace on horseback, or with any other accomplishment. That she was to be married some time or other she would have felt obliged to admit; and that her marriage would not be of a middling kind, such as most girls were contented with, she felt quietly, unargumentatively sure. But her thoughts never dwelt on marriage as the fulfillment of her ambition; the dramas in which she imagined herself a heroine were not wrought up to that close. To be very much sued or hopelessly sighed for as a bride was indeed an indispensable and agreeable guarantee of womanly power; but to become a wife and wear all the domestic fetters of that condition was, on the whole, a vexatious necessity. Her observation of matrimony had inclined her to think it rather a dreary state, in which a woman could not do what she liked, had more children than were desirable, was consequently dull, and became irrevocably immersed in humdrum. Of course marriage was social promotion; she could not look forward to a single life; but promotions have sometimes to be taken with bitter herbs—a peerage will not quite do instead of leadership to the man who meant to lead; and this delicate-limbed sylph of twenty meant to lead. For such passions dwell in feminine breasts also. In Gwendolen's, however, they dwelt among strictly feminine furniture, and had no disturbing reference to the advancement of learning or the balance of the constitution; her knowledge being such as with no sort of standing-room or length of lever could have been expected to move the world. She meant to do what was pleasant to herself in a striking manner; or rather, whatever she could do so as to strike others with admiration and get in that reflected way a more ardent sense of living, seemed pleasant to her fancy.

"Gwendolen will not rest without having the world at her feet," said Miss Merry, the meek governess—hyperbolical words which have long come to carry the most moderate meanings; for who has not heard of private persons having the world at their feet in the shape of some half dozen items of flattering regard generally known in a genteel suburb? And words could hardly be too wide or vague to indicate the prospect that made a hazy largeness about poor Gwendolen on the heights of her young self-exultation. Other people allowed themselves to be made slaves of, and to have their lives blown hither and thither, like empty ships in which no will was present; it was not to be so with her; she would no longer be sacrificed to creatures worth less than herself, but would make the very best of the chances that life offered her, and conquer circumstances by her exceptional cleverness. Certainly, to be settled at Offendene, with the notice of Lady Brackenshaw, the archery club, and invitations to dine with the Arrowpoints, as the highest lights in her scenery, was not a position that seemed to offer remarkable chances; but Gwendolen's confidence lay chiefly in herself. She felt well equipped for the mastery of life. With regard to much in her lot hitherto she held herself rather hardly dealt with, but as to her "education," she would have admitted that it had left her under no disadvantages. In the school-room her quick mind had taken readily that strong starch of unexplained rules and disconnected facts which saves ignorance from any painful sense of limpness; and what remained of all things knowable, she was conscious of being sufficiently acquainted with through novels, plays, and poems. About her French and music, the two justifying accomplishments of a young lady, she felt no ground for uneasiness; and when to all these qualifications, negative and positive, we add the spontaneous sense of capability some happy persons are born with, so that any subject they turn attention to impresses them with their own power of forming a correct judgment on it, who can wonder if Gwendolen felt ready to manage her own destiny?

There were many subjects in the world—perhaps the majority—in which she felt no interest, because they were stupid; for subjects are apt to appear stupid to the young as light seems dim to the old; but she would not have felt at all helpless in relation to them if they had turned up in conversation. It must be remembered that no one had disputed her power or her general superiority. As on the arrival at Offendene, so always the first thought of those about her had been, what will Gwendolen think?—if the footman trod heavily in creaking boots, or if the laundress's work was unsatisfactory, the maid said, "This will never do for Miss Harleth;" if the wood smoked in the bedroom fire-place, Mrs. Davilow, whose own weak eyes suffered much from this inconvenience, spoke apologetically of it to Gwendolen. If, when they were under the stress of traveling, she did not appear at the breakfast table till every one else had finished, the only question was, how Gwendolen's coffee and toast should still be of the hottest and crispest; and

when she appeared with her freshly brushed light brown hair streaming backward, and awaiting her mamma's hand to coil it up, her long brown eyes glancing bright as a wave-washed onyx from under their long lashes, it was always she herself who had to be tolerant—to beg that Alice, who sat waiting on her, would not stick up her shoulders in that frightful manner, and that Isabel, instead of pushing up to her and asking questions, would go away to Miss Merry.

Always she was the princess in exile, who in time of famine was to have her breakfast-roll made of the finest bolted flour from the seven thin ears of wheat, and in a general decampment was to have her silver fork kept out of the baggage. How was this to be accounted for? The answer may seem to lie quite on the surface: in her beauty, a certain unusualness about her, a decision of will which made itself felt in her graceful movements and clear unhesitating tones, so that if she came into the room on a rainy day when every body else was flaccid and the use of things in general was not apparent to them, there seemed to be a sudden, sufficient reason for keeping up the forms of life; and even the waiters at hotels showed the more alacrity in doing away with crumbs and creases and dregs with struggling flies in them. This potent charm, added to the fact that she was the eldest daughter, toward whom her mamma had always been in an apologetic state of mind for the evils brought on her by a step-father, may seem so full a reason for Gwendolen's domestic empire, that to look for any other would be to ask the reason of daylight when the sun is shining. But beware of arriving at conclusions without comparison. I remember having seen the same assiduous, apologetic attention awarded to persons who were not at all beautiful or unusual, whose firmness showed itself in no very graceful or euphonious way, and who were not eldest daughters with a tender, timid mother, compunctious at having subjected them to inconveniences. Some of them were a very common sort of men. And the only point of resemblance among them all was a strong determination to have what was pleasant, with a total fearlessness in making themselves disagreeable or dangerous when they did not get it. Who is so much cajoled and served with trembling by the weak females of a household as the unscrupulous male—capable, if he has not free way at home, of going and doing worse elsewhere? Hence I am forced to doubt whether, even without her potent charm and peculiar filial position, Gwendolen might not still have played the queen in exile if only she had kept her inborn energy of egoistic desire and her power of inspiring fear as to what she might say or do. However, she had the charm, and those who feared her were also fond of her, the fear and the fondness being, perhaps, both heightened by what may be called the iridescence of her character—the play of various, nay, contrary, tendencies. For Macbeth's rhetoric about the impossibility of being many opposite things in the same moment referred to the clumsy necessities of action, and not to the subtler possibilities of feeling. We can not speak a loyal word and be meanly silent; we can not kill and not kill, in the same moment; but a moment is room wide enough for the loyal and mean desire, for the outlash of a murderous thought and the sharp backward stroke of repentance.

CHAPTER V.

"Her wit
Values itself so highly, that to her
All matter else seems weak."
—*Much Ado about Nothing.*

GWENDOLEN'S reception in the neighborhood fulfilled her uncle's expectations. From Brackenshaw Castle to the Firs at Wancester, where Mr. Quallon, the banker, kept a generous house, she was welcomed with manifest admiration, and even those ladies who did not quite like her felt a comfort in having a new, striking girl to invite; for hostesses who entertain much must make up their parties as ministers make up their cabinets, on grounds other than personal liking. Then, in order to have Gwendolen as a guest, it was not necessary to ask any one who was disagreeable, for Mrs. Davilow always made a quiet, picturesque figure as a chaperon, and Mr. Gascoigne was every where in request for his own sake.

Among the houses where Gwendolen was not quite liked, and yet invited, was Quetcham Hall. One of her first invitations was to a large dinner party there, which made a sort of general introduction for her to the society of the neighborhood; for in a select party of thirty, and of well-composed proportions as to age, few visitable families could be entirely left out. No youthful figure there was comparable to Gwendolen's as she passed through the long suit of rooms adorned with light and flowers, and, visible at first as a slim figure floating along in white drapery, approached through one wide doorway after another in fuller illumination and definiteness. She had never had that sort of promenade before, and she felt exultingly that it befitted her: any one looking at her for the first time might have supposed that long galleries and lackeys had always been a matter of course in her life; while her cousin Anna, who was really more familiar with these things, felt almost as much embarrassed as a rabbit suddenly deposited in that well-lit space.

"Who is that with Gascoigne!" said the archdeacon, neglecting a discussion of military manœuvres, on which, as a clergyman, he was naturally appealed to. And his son, on the other side of the room—a hopeful young scholar, who had already suggested some "not less elegant than ingenious" emendations of Greek texts — said, nearly at the same time, "By George! who is that girl with the awfully well-set head and jolly figure?"

But to a mind of general benevolence, wishing every body to look well, it was rather exasperating to see how Gwendolen eclipsed others: how even the handsome Miss Lawe, explained to be the daughter of Lady Lawe, looked suddenly broad, heavy, and inanimate; and how Miss Arrowpoint, unfortunately also dressed in white, immediately resembled a *carte de visite* in which one would fancy the skirt alone to have been charged for. Since Miss Arrowpoint was generally liked for the amiable unpretending way in which she wore her fortunes, and made a softening screen for the oddities of her mother, there seemed to be some unfitness in Gwendolen's looking so much more like a person of social importance.

"She is not really so handsome, if you come to examine her features," said Mrs. Arrowpoint,

later in the evening, confidentially to Mrs. Vulcany. "It is a certain style she has, which produces a great effect at first, but afterward she is less agreeable."

In fact, Gwendolen, not intending it, but intending the contrary, had offended her hostess, who, though not a splenetic or vindictive woman, had her susceptibilities. Several conditions had met in the Lady of Quetcham which to the reasoners in that neighborhood seemed to have an essential connection with each other. It was occasionally recalled that she had been the heiress of a fortune gained by some moist or dry business in the city, in order fully to account for her having a squat figure, a harsh, parrot-like voice, and a systematically high head-dress; and since these points made her externally rather ridiculous, it appeared to many only natural that she should have what are called literary tendencies. A little comparison would have shown that all these points are to be found apart: daughters of aldermen being often well-grown and well-featured; pretty women having sometimes harsh or husky voices; and the production of feeble literature being found compatible with the most diverse forms of physique, masculine as well as feminine.

Gwendolen, who had a keen sense of absurdity in others, but was kindly disposed toward any one who could make life agreeable to her, meant to win Mrs. Arrowpoint by giving her an interest and attention beyond what others were probably inclined to show. But self-confidence is apt to address itself to an imaginary dullness in others, as people who are well off speak in a cajoling tone to the poor, and those who are in the prime of life raise their voice and talk artificially to seniors, hastily conceiving them to be deaf and rather imbecile. Gwendolen, with all her cleverness and purpose to be agreeable, could not escape that form of stupidity: it followed in her mind, unreflectingly, that because Mrs. Arrowpoint was ridiculous she was also likely to be wanting in penetration, and she went through her little scenes without suspicion that the various shades of her behavior were all noted.

"You are fond of books as well as of music, riding, and archery, I hear," Mrs. Arrowpoint said, going to her for a *tête-à-tête* in the drawing-room after dinner; "Catherine will be very glad to have so sympathetic a neighbor." This little speech might have seemed the most graceful politeness, spoken in a low melodious tone; but with a twang fatally loud, it gave Gwendolen a sense of exercising patronage when she answered, gracefully:

"It is I who am fortunate. Miss Arrowpoint will teach me what good music is: I shall be entirely a learner. I hear that she is a thorough musician."

"Catherine has certainly had every advantage. We have a first-rate musician in the house now—Herr Klesmer; perhaps you know all his compositions. You must allow me to introduce him to you. You sing, I believe. Catherine plays three instruments, but she does not sing. I hope you will let us hear you. I understand you are an accomplished singer."

"Oh no!—'die Kraft ist schwach, allein die Lust ist gross,' as Mephistopheles says."

"Ah, you are a student of Goethe. Young ladies are so advanced now. I suppose you have read every thing?"

"No, really. I shall be so glad if you will tell me what to read. I have been looking into all the books in the library at Offendene, but there is nothing readable. The leaves all stick together and smell musty. I wish I could write books to amuse myself, as you can! How delightful it must be to write books after one's own taste instead of reading other people's! Home-made books must be so nice."

For an instant Mrs. Arrowpoint's glance was a little sharper, but the perilous resemblance to satire in the last sentence took the hue of girlish simplicity when Gwendolen added,

"I would give any thing to write a book!"

"And why should you not?" said Mrs. Arrowpoint, encouragingly. "You have but to begin as I did. Pen, ink, and paper are at every body's command. But I will send you all I have written with pleasure."

"Thanks. I shall be so glad to read your writings. Being acquainted with authors must give a peculiar understanding of their books: one would be able to tell then which parts were funny and which serious. I am sure I often laugh in the wrong place." Here Gwendolen herself became aware of danger, and added, quickly, "In Shakspeare, you know, and other great writers that we can never see. But I always want to know more than there is in the books."

"If you are interested in any of my subjects I can lend you many extra sheets in manuscript," said Mrs. Arrowpoint—while Gwendolen felt herself painfully in the position of the young lady who professed to like potted sprats. "These are things I dare say I shall publish eventually: several friends have urged me to do so, and one doesn't like to be obstinate. My Tasso, for example—I could have made it twice the size."

"I dote on Tasso," said Gwendolen.

"Well, you shall have all my papers, if you like. So many, you know, have written about Tasso; but they are all wrong. As to the particular nature of his madness, and his feelings for Leonora, and the real cause of his imprisonment, and the character of Leonora, who, in my opinion, was a cold-hearted woman, else she would have married him in spite of her brother—they are all wrong. I differ from every body."

"How very interesting!" said Gwendolen. "I like to differ from every body. I think it is so stupid to agree. That is the worst of writing your opinions; you make people agree with you."

This speech renewed a slight suspicion in Mrs. Arrowpoint, and again her glance became for a moment examining. But Gwendolen looked very innocent, and continued with a docile air:

"I know nothing of Tasso except the *Gerusalemme Liberata*, which we read and learned by heart at school."

"Ah, his life is more interesting than his poetry. I have constructed the early part of his life as a sort of romance. When one thinks of his father Bernardo, and so on, there is so much that must be true."

"Imagination is often truer than fact," said Gwendolen, decisively, though she could no more have explained these glib words than if they had been Coptic or Etruscan. "I shall be so glad to learn all about Tasso—and his madness especially. I suppose poets are always a little mad."

"To be sure—'the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling;' and somebody says of Marlowe—

"'For that fine madness still he did maintain,
Which always should possess the poet's brain.'"

"But it was not always found out, was it?" said Gwendolen, innocently. "I suppose some of them rolled their eyes in private. Mad people are often very cunning."

Again a shade flitted over Mrs. Arrowpoint's face; but the entrance of the gentlemen prevented any immediate mischief between her and this too quick young lady, who had overacted her *naïveté*.

"Ah, here comes Herr Klesmer," said Mrs. Arrowpoint, rising; and presently bringing him to Gwendolen, she left them to a dialogue which was agreeable on both sides, Herr Klesmer being a felicitous combination of the German, the Sclave, and the Semite, with grand features, brown hair floating in artistic fashion, and brown eyes in spectacles. His English had little foreignness except its fluency; and his alarming cleverness was made less formidable just then by a certain softening air of silliness which will sometimes befall even Genius in the desire of being agreeable to Beauty.

Music was soon begun. Miss Arrowpoint and Herr Klesmer played a four-handed piece on two pianos which convinced the company in general that it was long, and Gwendolen in particular that the neutral, placid-faced Miss Arrowpoint had a mastery of the instrument which put her own execution out of the question—though she was not discouraged as to her often-praised touch and style. After this every one became anxious to hear Gwendolen sing; especially Mr. Arrowpoint; as was natural in a host and a perfect gentleman, of whom no one had any thing to say but that he had married Miss Cuttler, and imported the best cigars; and he led her to the piano with easy politeness. Herr Klesmer closed the instrument in readiness for her, and smiled with pleasure at her approach; then placed himself at the distance of a few feet so that he could see her as she sang.

Gwendolen was not nervous: what she undertook to do she did without trembling, and singing was an enjoyment to her. Her voice was a moderately powerful soprano (some one had told her it was like Jenny Lind's), her ear good, and she was able to keep in tune, so that her singing gave pleasure to ordinary hearers, and she had been used to unmingled applause. She had the rare advantage of looking almost prettier when she was singing than at other times, and that Herr Klesmer was in front of her seemed not disagreeable. Her song, determined on beforehand, was a favorite *aria* of Bellini's, in which she felt quite sure of herself.

"Charming!" said Mr. Arrowpoint, who had remained near, and the word was echoed around without more insincerity than we recognize in a brotherly way as human. But Herr Klesmer stood like a statue—if a statue can be imagined in spectacles; at least, he was as mute as a statue. Gwendolen was pressed to keep her seat and double the general pleasure, and she did not wish to refuse; but before resolving to do so she moved a little toward Herr Klesmer, saying, with a look of smiling appeal, "It would be too cruel to a great musician. You can not like to hear poor amateur singing."

"No, truly; but that makes nothing," said Herr Klesmer, suddenly speaking in an odious German fashion with *staccato* endings, quite unobservable in him before, and apparently depending on a change of mood, as Irishmen resume their strongest brogue when they are fervid or quarrelsome. "That makes nothing. It is always acceptable to see you sing."

Was there ever so unexpected an assertion of superiority? at least before the late Teutonic conquests? Gwendolen colored deeply, but, with her usual presence of mind, did not show an ungraceful resentment by moving away immediately; and Miss Arrowpoint, who had been near enough to overhear (and also to observe that Herr Klesmer's mode of looking at Gwendolen was more conspicuously admiring than was quite consistent with good taste), now with the utmost tact and kindness came close to her, and said,

"Imagine what I have to go through with this professor! He can hardly tolerate any thing we English do in music. We can only put up with his severity, and make use of it to find out the worst that can be said of us. It is a little comfort to know that; and one can bear it when every one else is admiring."

"I should be very much obliged to him for telling me the worst," said Gwendolen, recovering herself. "I dare say I have been extremely ill taught, in addition to having no talent—only liking for music." This was very well expressed, considering that it had never entered her mind before.

"Yes, it is true; you have not been well taught," said Herr Klesmer, quietly. Woman was dear to him, but music was dearer. "Still, you are not quite without gifts. You sing in tune, and you have a pretty fair organ. But you produce your notes badly; and that music which you sing is beneath you. It is a form of melody which expresses a puerile state of culture—a dandling, canting, seesaw kind of stuff—the passion and thought of people without any breadth of horizon. There is a sort of self-satisfied folly about every phrase of such melody: no cries of deep, mysterious passion—no conflict—no sense of the universal. It makes men small as they listen to it. Sing now something larger. And I shall see."

"Oh, not now. By-and-by," said Gwendolen, with a sinking of heart at the sudden width of horizon opened round her small musical performance. For a young lady desiring to lead, this first encounter in her campaign was startling. But she was bent on not behaving foolishly, and Miss Arrowpoint helped her by saying,

"Yes, by-and-by. I always require half an hour to get up my courage after being criticised by Herr Klesmer. We will ask him to play to us now: he is bound to show us what is good music."

To be quite safe on this point Herr Klesmer played a composition of his own, a fantasia called *Freudvoll, Leidvoll, Gedankenvoll*—an extensive commentary on some melodic ideas not too grossly evident; and he certainly fetched as much variety and depth of passion out of the piano as that moderately responsive instrument lends itself to, having an imperious magic in his fingers that seemed to send a nerve-thrill through ivory key and wooden hammer, and compel the strings to make a quivering lingering speech for him. Gwendolen, in spite of her wounded egoism, had

fullness of nature enough to feel the power of this playing, and it gradually turned her inward sob of mortification into an excitement which lifted her for the moment into a desperate indifference about her own doings, or at least a determination to get a superiority over them by laughing at them as if they belonged to somebody else. Her eyes had become brighter, her cheeks slightly flushed, and her tongue ready for any mischievous remarks.

"I wish you would sing to us again, Miss Harleth," said young Clintock, the archdeacon's classical son, who had been so fortunate as to take her to dinner, and came up to renew conversation as soon as Herr Klesmer's performance was ended. "That is the style of music for me. I never can make any thing of this tip-top playing. It is like a jar of leeches, where you can never tell either beginnings or endings. I could listen to your singing all day."

"Yes, we should be glad of something popular now—another song from you would be a relaxation," said Mrs. Arrowpoint, who had also come near with polite intentions.

"That must be because you are in a puerile state of culture, and have no breadth of horizon. I have just learned that. I have been taught how bad my taste is, and am feeling growing pains. They are never pleasant," said Gwendolen, not taking any notice of Mrs. Arrowpoint, and looking up with a bright smile at young Clintock.

Mrs. Arrowpoint was not insensible to this rudeness, but merely said, "Well, we will not press any thing disagreeably;" and as there was a perceptible outrush of imprisoned conversation just then, and a movement of guests seeking each other, she remained seated where she was, and looked round her with the relief of the hostess at finding she is not needed.

"I am glad you like this neighborhood," said young Clintock, well pleased with his station in front of Gwendolen.

"Exceedingly. There seems to be a little of every thing and not much of any thing."

"That is rather equivocal praise."

"Not with me. I like a little of every thing; a little absurdity, for example, is very amusing. I am thankful for a few queer people. But much of them is a bore."

(Mrs. Arrowpoint, who was hearing this dialogue, perceived quite a new tone in Gwendolen's speech, and felt a revival of doubt as to her interest in Tasso's madness.)

"I think there should be more croquet, for one thing," said young Clintock; "I am usually away, but, if I were more here, I should go in for a croquet club. You are one of the archers, I think. But depend upon it croquet is the game of the future. It wants writing up, though. One of our best men has written a poem on it, in four cantos —as good as Pope. I want him to publish it. You never read any thing better."

"I shall study croquet to-morrow. I shall take to it instead of singing."

"No, no, not that. But do take to croquet. I will send you Jenning's poem, if you like. I have a manuscript copy."

"Is he a great friend of yours?"

"Well, rather."

"Oh, if he is only rather, I think I will decline. Or, if you send it me, will you promise not to catechise me upon it, and ask me which part I like best? Because it is not so easy to know a poem without reading it as to know a sermon without listening."

"Decidedly," Mrs. Arrowpoint thought, "this girl is double and satirical. I shall be on my guard against her."

But Gwendolen, nevertheless, continued to receive polite attentions from the family at Quetcham, not merely because invitations have larger grounds than those of personal liking, but because the trying little scene at the piano had awakened a kindly solicitude toward her in the gentle mind of Miss Arrowpoint, who managed all the invitations and visits, her mother being otherwise occupied.

CHAPTER VI.

"Croyez vous m'avoir humiliée pour m'avoir appris que la terre tourne autour du soleil? Je vous jure que je ne m'en estime pas moins."—FONTENELLE: *Pluralité des Mondes.*

THAT lofty criticism had caused Gwendolen a new sort of pain. She would not have chosen to confess how unfortunate she thought herself in not having had Miss Arrowpoint's musical advantages, so as to be able to question Herr Klesmer's taste with the confidence of thorough knowledge; still less, to admit even to herself that Miss Arrowpoint each time they met raised an unwonted feeling of jealousy in her: not in the least because she was an heiress, but because it was really provoking that a girl whose appearance you could not characterize except by saying that her figure was slight and of middle stature, her features small, her eyes tolerable, and her complexion sallow, had nevertheless a certain mental superiority which could not be explained away—an exasperating thoroughness in her musical accomplishment, a fastidious discrimination in her general tastes, which made it impossible to force her admiration and kept you in awe of her standard. This insignificant-looking young lady of four-and-twenty, whom any one's eyes would have passed over negligently if she had not been Miss Arrowpoint, might be suspected of a secret opinion that Miss Harleth's acquirements were rather of a common order; and such an opinion was not made agreeable to think of by being always veiled under a perfect kindness of manner.

But Gwendolen did not like to dwell on facts which threw an unfavorable light on herself. The musical Magus who had so suddenly widened her horizon was not always on the scene; and his being constantly backward and forward between London and Quetcham soon began to be thought of as offering opportunities for converting him to a more admiring state of mind. Meanwhile, in the manifest pleasure her singing gave at Brackenshaw Castle, the Firs, and elsewhere, she recovered her equanimity, being disposed to think approval more trustworthy than objection, and not being one of the exceptional persons who have a parching thirst for a perfection undemanded by their neighbors. Perhaps it would have been rash to say then that she was at all exceptional inwardly, or that the unusual in her was more than her rare grace of movement and bearing, and a certain daring which gave piquancy to a very common egoistic ambition, such as exists under many clumsy exteriors, and is taken no notice of. For

I suppose that the set of the head does not really determine the hunger of the inner self for supremacy: it only makes a difference sometimes as to the way in which the supremacy is held attainable, and a little also to the degree in which it can be attained; especially when the hungry one is a girl, whose passion for doing what is remarkable has an ideal limit in consistency with the highest breeding and perfect freedom from the sordid need of income. Gwendolen was as inwardly rebellious against the restraints of family conditions, and as ready to look through obligations into her own fundamental want of feeling for them, as if she had been sustained by the boldest speculations; but she really had no such speculations, and would at once have marked herself off from any sort of theoretical or practically reforming women by satirizing them. She rejoiced to feel herself exceptional; but her horizon was that of the genteel romance where the heroine's soul poured out in her journal is full of vague power, originality, and general rebellion, while her life moves strictly in the sphere of fashion; and if she wanders into a swamp, the pathos lies partly, so to speak, in her having on her satin shoes. Here is a restraint which nature and society have provided on the pursuit of striking adventure; so that a soul burning with a sense of what the universe is not, and ready to take all existence as fuel, is nevertheless held captive by the ordinary wire-work of social forms, and does nothing particular.

This commonplace result was what Gwendolen found herself threatened with even in the novelty of the first winter at Offendene. What she was clear upon was, that she did not wish to lead the same sort of life as ordinary young ladies did; but what she was not clear upon was, how she should set about leading any other, and what were the particular acts which she would assert her freedom by doing. Offendene remained a good background, if any thing would happen there; but on the whole the neighborhood was in fault.

Beyond the effect of her beauty on a first presentation, there was not much excitement to be got out of her earliest invitations, and she came home after little sallies of satire and knowingness such as had offended Mrs. Arrowpoint, to fill the intervening days with the most girlish devices. The strongest assertion she was able to make of her individual claims was to leave out Alice's lessons (on the principle that Alice was more likely to excel in ignorance), and to employ her with Miss Merry, and the maid who was understood to wait on all the ladies, in helping to arrange various dramatic costumes which Gwendolen pleased herself with having in readiness for some future occasions of acting in charades or theatrical pieces, occasions which she meant to bring about by force of will or contrivance. She had never acted—only made a figure in *tableaux vivants* at school; but she felt assured that she could act well, and having been once or twice to the Théâtre Français, and also heard her mamma speak of Rachel, her waking dreams and cogitations as to how she would manage her destiny sometimes turned on the question whether she should become an actress like Rachel, since she was more beautiful than that thin Jewess. Meanwhile the wet days before Christmas were passed pleasantly in the preparation of costumes, Greek, Oriental, and Composite, in which Gwendolen attitudinized and speechified before a domestic audience, including even the housekeeper, who was once pressed into it that she might swell the notes of applause; but having shown herself unworthy by observing that Miss Harleth looked far more like a queen in her own dress than in that baggy thing with her arms all bare, she was not invited a second time.

"Do I look as well as Rachel, mamma?" said Gwendolen one day, when she had been showing herself in her Greek dress to Anna, and going through scraps of scenes with much tragic intention.

"You have better arms than Rachel," said Mrs. Davilow; "your arms would do for any thing, Gwen. But your voice is not so tragic as hers; it is not so deep."

"I can make it deeper if I like," said Gwendolen, provisionally; then she added, with decision, "I think a higher voice is more tragic; it is more feminine; and the more feminine a woman is, the more tragic it seems when she does desperate actions."

"There may be something in that," said Mrs. Davilow, languidly. "But I don't know what good there is in making one's blood creep. And if there is any thing horrible to be done, I should like it to be left to the men."

"Oh, mamma, you are so dreadfully prosaic! As if all the great poetic criminals were not women! I think the men are poor cautious creatures."

"Well, dear, and you—who are afraid to be alone in the night—I don't think you would be very bold in crime, thank God."

"I am not talking about reality, mamma," said Gwendolen, impatiently. Then, her mamma being called out of the room, she turned quickly to her cousin, as if taking an opportunity, and said, "Anna, do ask my uncle to let us get up some charades at the Rectory. Mr. Middleton and Warham could act with us—just for practice. Mamma says it will not do to have Mr. Middleton consulting and rehearsing here. He is a stick, but we could give him suitable parts. Do ask; or else I will."

"Oh, not till Rex comes. He is so clever, and such a dear old thing, and he will act Napoleon looking over the sea. He looks just like Napoleon. Rex can do any thing."

I don't in the least believe in your Rex, Anna," said Gwendolen, laughing at her. "He will turn out to be like those wretched blue and yellow water-colors of his which you hang up in your bedroom and worship."

"Very well, you will see," said Anna. "It is not that I know what is clever, but he has got a scholarship already, and papa says he will get a fellowship, and nobody is better at games. He is cleverer than Mr. Middleton, and every body but you calls Mr. Middleton clever."

"So he may be in a dark-lantern sort of way. But he *is* a stick. If he had to say, 'Perdition catch my soul, but I do love her!' he would say it in just the same tone as, 'Here endeth the second lesson.'"

"Oh, Gwendolen!" said Anna, shocked at these promiscuous allusions. "And it is very unkind of you to speak so of him, for he admires you very much. I heard Warham say one day to mamma, 'Middleton is regularly spooney upon Gwendolen.' She was very angry with him; but

I know what it means. It is what they say at college for being in love."

"How can I help it?" said Gwendolen, rather contemptuously. "Perdition catch my soul if I love *him*."

"No, of course; papa, I think, would not wish it. And he is to go away soon. But it makes me sorry when you ridicule him."

"What shall you do to me when I ridicule Rex?" said Gwendolen, wickedly.

"Now, Gwendolen dear, you *will not?*" said Anna, her eyes filling with tears. "I could not bear it. But there really is nothing in him to ridicule. Only you may find out things. For no one ever thought of laughing at Mr. Middleton before you. Every one said he was nice-looking, and his manners perfect. I am sure I have always been frightened at him because of his learning and his square-cut coat, and his being a nephew of the bishop's and all that. But you will not ridicule Rex—promise me." Anna ended with a beseeching look which touched Gwendolen.

"You are a dear little coz," she said, just touching the tip of Anna's chin with her thumb and forefinger. "I don't ever want to do any thing that will vex you. Especially if Rex is to make every thing come off—charades and every thing."

And when at last Rex was there, the animation he brought into the life at Offendene and the Rectory, and his ready partnership in Gwendolen's plans, left her no inclination for any ridicule that was not of an open and flattering kind, such as he himself enjoyed. He was a fine open-hearted youth, with a handsome face strongly resembling his father's and Anna's, but softer in expression than the one, and larger in scale than the other: a bright, healthy, loving nature, enjoying ordinary, innocent things so much that vice had no temptation for him, and what he knew of it lay too entirely in the outer courts and little-visited chambers of his mind for him to think of it with great repulsion. Vicious habits were with him "what some fellows did"—"stupid stuff" which he liked to keep aloof from. He returned Anna's affection as fully as could be expected of a brother whose pleasures apart from her were more than the sum total of hers; and he had never known a stronger love.

The cousins were continually together at the one house or the other — chiefly at Offendene, where there was more freedom, or rather where there was a more complete sway for Gwendolen; and whatever she wished became a ruling purpose for Rex. The charades came off according to her plans; and also some other little scenes not contemplated by her in which her acting was more impromptu. It was at Offendene that the charades and tableaux were rehearsed and presented, Mrs. Davilow seeing no objection even to Mr. Middleton's being invited to share in them, now that Rex too was there—especially as his services were indispensable; Warham, who was studying for India with a Wancester "coach," having no time to spare, and being generally dismal under a cram of every thing except the answers needed at the forth-coming examination, which might disclose the welfare of our Indian Empire to be somehow connected with a quotable knowledge of Browne's Pastorals.

Mr. Middleton was persuaded to play various grave parts, Gwendolen having flattered him on his enviable immobility of countenance; and, at first a little pained and jealous at her comradeship with Rex, he presently drew encouragement from the thought that this sort of cousinly familiarity excluded any serious passion. Indeed, he sometimes felt that her more formal treatment of himself was such a sign of favor as to warrant his making advances before he left Pennicote, though he had intended to keep his feelings in reserve until his position should be more assured. Miss Gwendolen, quite aware that she was adored by this unexceptionable young clergyman with pale whiskers and square-cut collar, felt nothing more on the subject than that she had no objection to be adored: she turned her eyes on him with calm mercilessness and caused him many mildly agitating hopes by seeming always to avoid dramatic contact with him—for all meanings, we know, depend on the key of interpretation.

Some persons might have thought beforehand that a young man of Anglican leanings, having a sense of sacredness much exercised on small things as well as great, rarely laughing save from politeness, and in general regarding the mention of spades by their naked names as rather coarse, would not have seen a fitting bride for himself in a girl who was daring in ridicule, and showed none of the special grace required in the clergyman's wife; or, that a young man informed by theological reading would have reflected that he was not likely to meet the taste of a lively, restless young lady like Miss Harleth. But are we always obliged to explain why the facts are not what some persons thought beforehand? The apology lies on their side, who had that erroneous way of thinking.

As for Rex, who would possibly have been sorry for poor Middleton if he had been aware of the excellent curate's inward conflict, he was too completely absorbed in a first passion to have observation for any person or thing. He did not observe Gwendolen; he only felt what she said or did, and the back of his head seemed to be a good organ of information as to whether she was in the room or out. Before the end of the first fortnight he was so deeply in love that it was impossible for him to think of his life except as bound up with Gwendolen's. He could see no obstacles, poor boy; his own love seemed a guarantee of hers, since it was one with the unperturbed delight in her image, so that he could no more dream of her giving him pain than an Egyptian could dream of snow. She sung and played to him whenever he liked, was always glad of his companionship in riding, though his borrowed steeds were often comic, was ready to join in any fun of his, and showed a right appreciation of Anna. No mark of sympathy seemed absent. That because Gwendolen was the most perfect creature in the world she was to make a grand match, had not occurred to him. He had no conceit—at least, not more than goes to make up the necessary gum and consistence of a substantial personality: it was only that in the young bliss of loving he took Gwendolen's perfection as part of that good which had seemed one with life to him, being the outcome of a happy, well-embodied nature.

One incident which happened in the course of their dramatic attempts impressed Rex as a sign of her unusual sensibility. It showed an aspect

of her nature which could not have been preconceived by any one who, like him, had only seen her habitual fearlessness in active exercises and her high spirits in society.

After a good deal of rehearsing it was resolved that a select party should be invited to Offendene to witness the performances which went with so much satisfaction to the actors. Anna had caused a pleasant surprise; nothing could be neater than the way in which she played her little parts; one would even have suspected her of hiding much sly observation under her simplicity. And Mr. Middleton answered very well by not trying to be comic. The main source of doubt and retardation had been Gwendolen's desire to appear in her Greek dress. No word for a charade would occur to her either waking or dreaming that suited her purpose of getting a statuesque pose in this favorite costume. To choose a motive from Racine was of no use, since Rex and the others could not declaim French verse, and improvised speeches would turn the scene into burlesque. Besides, Mr. Gascoigne prohibited the acting of scenes from plays: he usually protested against the notion that an amusement which was fitting for every one else was unfitting for a clergyman; but he would not in this matter overstep the line of decorum as drawn in that part of Wessex, which did not exclude his sanction of the young people's acting charades in his sister-in-law's house—a very different affair from private theatricals in the full sense of the word.

Every body, of course, was concerned to satisfy this wish of Gwendolen's, and Rex proposed that they should wind up with a tableau in which the effect of her majesty would not be marred by any one's speech. This pleased her thoroughly, and the only question was the choice of the tableau.

"Something pleasant, children, I beseech you," said Mrs. Davilow; "I can't have any Greek wickedness."

"It is no worse than Christian wickedness, mamma," said Gwendolen, whose mention of Rachelesque heroines had called forth that remark.

"And less scandalous," said Rex. "Besides, one thinks of it as all gone by and done with. What do you say to Briseis being led away? I would be Achilles, and you would be looking round at me—after the print we have at the Rectory."

"That would be a good attitude for me," said Gwendolen, in a tone of acceptance. But afterward she said, with decision, "No. It will not do. There must be three men in proper costume, else it will be ridiculous."

"I have it!" said Rex, after a little reflection. "Hermione as the statue in the *Winter's Tale!* I will be Leontes and Miss Merry Paulina, one on each side. Our dress won't signify," he went on, laughingly; "it will be more Shakspearean and romantic if Leontes looks like Napoleon, and Paulina like a modern spinster."

And Hermione was chosen; all agreeing that age was of no consequence; but Gwendolen urged that instead of the mere tableau there should be just enough acting of the scene to introduce the striking up of the music as a signal for her to step down and advance; when Leontes, instead of embracing her, was to kneel and kiss the hem of her garment, and so the curtain was to fall. The antechamber with folding-doors lent itself admirably to the purposes of a stage, and the whole of the establishment, with the addition of Jarrett, the village carpenter, was absorbed in the preparations for an entertainment which, considering that it was an imitation of acting, was likely to be successful, since we know from ancient fable that an imitation may have more chance of success than the original.

Gwendolen was not without a special exultation in the prospect of this occasion, for she knew that Herr Klesmer was again at Quetcham, and she had taken care to include him among the invited.

Klesmer came. He was in one of his placid silent moods, and sat in serene contemplation, replying to all appeals in benignant-sounding syllables more or less articulate—as taking up his cross meekly in a world overgrown with amateurs, or as careful how he moved his lion paws, lest he should crush a rampant and vociferous mouse.

Every thing indeed went off smoothly and according to expectation—all that was improvised and accidental being of a probable sort—until the incident occurred which showed Gwendolen in an unforeseen phase of emotion. How it came about was at first a mystery.

The tableau of Hermione was doubly striking from its dissimilarity with what had gone before: it was answering perfectly, and a murmur of applause had been gradually suppressed while Leontes gave his permission that Paulina should exercise her utmost art and make the statue move.

Hermione, her arm resting on a pillar, was elevated by about six inches, which she counted on as a means of showing her pretty foot and instep, when at the given signal she should advance and descend.

"Music, awake her, strike!" said Paulina (Mrs. Davilow, who by special entreaty had consented to take the part, in a white burnous and hood).

Herr Klesmer, who had been good-natured enough to seat himself at the piano, struck a thunderous chord—but in the same instant, and before Hermione had put forth her foot, the movable panel, which was on a line with the piano, flew open on the right opposite the stage and disclosed the picture of the dead face and the fleeing figure, brought out in pale definiteness by the position of the wax-lights. Every one was startled, but all eyes in the act of turning toward the opened panel were recalled by a piercing cry from Gwendolen, who stood without change of attitude, but with a change of expression that was terrifying in its terror. She looked like a statue into which a soul of Fear had entered: her pallid lips were parted; her eyes, usually narrowed under their long lashes, were dilated and fixed. Her mother, less surprised than alarmed, rushed toward her, and Rex too could not help going to her side. But the touch of her mother's arm had the effect of an electric charge; Gwendolen fell on her knees and put her hands before her face. She was still trembling, but mute, and it seemed that she had self-consciousness enough to aim at controlling her signs of terror, for she presently allowed herself to be raised from her kneeling posture and led away, while the company were relieving their minds by explanation.

"A magnificent bit of *plastik* that!" said Kles-

mer to Miss Arrowpoint. And a quick fire of under-toned question and answer went round.

"Was it part of the play?"

"Oh no, surely not. Miss Harleth was too much affected. A sensitive creature!"

"Dear me! I was not aware that there was a painting behind that panel; were you?"

"No; how should I? Some eccentricity in one of the Earl's family long ago, I suppose."

"How very painful! Pray shut it up."

"Was the door locked? It is very mysterious. It must be the spirits."

"But there is no medium present."

"How do you know that? We must conclude that there is, when such things happen."

"Oh, the door was not locked; it was probably the sudden vibration from the piano that sent it open."

This conclusion came from Mr. Gascoigne, who begged Miss Merry, if possible, to get the key. But this readiness to explain the mystery was thought by Mrs. Vulcany unbecoming in a clergyman, and she observed in an under-tone that Mr. Gascoigne was always a little too worldly for her taste. However, the key was produced, and the rector turned it in the lock with an emphasis rather offensively rationalizing—as who should say, "It will not start open again"—putting the key in his pocket as a security.

However, Gwendolen soon re-appeared, showing her usual spirits, and evidently determined to ignore as far as she could the striking change she had made in the part of Hermione.

But when Klesmer said to her, "We have to thank you for devising a perfect climax: you could not have chosen a finer bit of *plastik*," there was a flush of pleasure in her face. She liked to accept as a belief what was really no more than delicate feigning. He divined that the betrayal into a passion of fear had been mortifying to her, and wished her to understand that he took it for good acting. Gwendolen cherished the idea that now he was struck with her talent as well as her beauty, and her uneasiness about his opinion was half turned to complacency.

But too many were in the secret of what had been included in the rehearsals, and what had not, and no one besides Klesmer took the trouble to soothe Gwendolen's imagined mortification. The general sentiment was that the incident should be let drop.

There had really been a medium concerned in the starting open of the panel: one who had quitted the room in haste and crept to bed in much alarm of conscience. It was the small Isabel, whose intense curiosity, unsatisfied by the brief glimpse she had had of the strange picture on the day of arrival at Offendene, had kept her on the watch for an opportunity of finding out where Gwendolen had put the key, of stealing it from the discovered drawer when the rest of the family were out, and getting on a stool to unlock the panel. While she was indulging her thirst for knowledge in this way, a noise which she feared was an approaching footstep alarmed her; she closed the door and attempted hurriedly to lock it, but failing and not daring to linger, she withdrew the key and trusted that the panel would stick, as it seemed well inclined to do. In this confidence she had returned the key to its former place, stilling any anxiety by the thought that if the door were discovered to be unlocked, nobody could know how the unlocking came about. The inconvenient Isabel, like other offenders, did not foresee her own impulse to confession, a fatality which came upon her the morning after the party, when Gwendolen said at the breakfast table, "I know the door was locked before the housekeeper gave me the key, for I tried it myself afterward. Some one must have been to my drawer and taken the key."

It seemed to Isabel that Gwendolen's awful eyes had rested on her more than on the other sisters, and without any time for resolve she said, with a trembling lip, "Please forgive me, Gwendolen."

The forgiveness was sooner bestowed than it would have been if Gwendolen had not desired to dismiss from her own and every one else's memory any case in which she had shown her susceptibility to terror. She wondered at herself in these occasional experiences, which seemed like a brief remembered madness, an unexplained exception from her normal life; and in this instance she felt a peculiar vexation that her helpless fear had shown itself, not, as usual, in solitude, but in well-lit company. Her ideal was to be daring in speech and reckless in braving dangers, both moral and physical; and though her practice fell far behind her ideal, this short-coming seemed to be due to the pettiness of circumstances, the narrow theatre which life offers to a girl of twenty, who can not conceive herself as any thing else than a lady, or as in any position which would lack the tribute of respect. She had no permanent consciousness of other fetters or of more spiritual restraints, having always disliked whatever was presented to her under the name of religion in the same way that some people dislike arithmetic and accounts: it had raised no other emotion in her, no alarm, no longing; so that the question whether she believed it had not occurred to her, any more than it had occurred to her to inquire into the conditions of colonial property and banking, on which, as she had had many opportunities of knowing, the family fortune was dependent. All these facts about herself she would have been ready to admit, and even, more or less indirectly, to state. What she unwillingly recognized and would have been glad for others to be unaware of was that liability of hers to fits of spiritual dread, though this fountain of awe within her had not found its way into connection with the religion taught her or with any human relations. She was ashamed and frightened, as at what might happen again, in remembering her tremor on suddenly feeling herself alone, when, for example, she was walking without companionship and there came some rapid change in the light. Solitude in any wide scene impressed her with an undefined feeling of immeasurable existence aloof from her, in the midst of which she was helplessly incapable of asserting herself. The little astronomy taught her at school used sometimes to set her imagination at work in a way that made her tremble; but always when some one joined her she recovered her indifference to the vastness in which she seemed an exile; she found again her usual world, in which her will was of some avail, and the religious nomenclature belonging to this world was no more identified for her with those uneasy impressions of awe than her uncle's surplices seen out of use at the Rectory. With human ears and

eyes about her, she had always hitherto recovered her confidence, and felt the possibility of winning empire.

To her mamma and others her fits of timidity or terror were sufficiently accounted for by her "sensitiveness," or the "excitability of her nature;" but these explanatory phrases required conciliation with much that seemed to be blank indifference or rare self-mastery. Heat is a great agent and a useful word, but considered as a means of explaining the universe, it requires an extensive knowledge of differences; and as a means of explaining character, "sensitiveness" is in much the same predicament. But who, loving a creature like Gwendolen, would not be inclined to regard every peculiarity in her as a mark of pre-eminence? That was what Rex did. After the Hermione scene, he was more persuaded than ever that she must be instinct with all feeling, and not only readier to respond to a worshipful love, but able to love better than other girls. Rex felt the summer on his young wings, and soared happily.

CHAPTER VII.

Perigot. As the bonny lasse passed bye,
Willie. Hey, ho, bonnilasse!
P. She roode at me with glauncing eye,
W. As clear as the crystall glasse.
P. All as the sunny beame so bright,
W. Hey, ho, the sunnebeame!
P. Glaunceth from Phœbus' face forthright,
W. So love into thy heart did streame.
—SPENSER: *Shepheard's Calendar.*

"The kindliest symptom, yet the most alarming crisis in the ticklish state of youth; the nourisher and destroyer of hopeful wits;....the servitude above freedom; the gentle mind's religion; the liberal superstition."—CHARLES LAMB.

THE first sign of the unimagined snow-storm was like the transparent white cloud that seems to set off the blue. Anna was in the secret of Rex's feeling, though for the first time in their lives he had said nothing to her about what he most thought of, and he only took it for granted that she knew it. For the first time, too, Anna could not say to Rex what was continually in her mind. Perhaps it might have been a pain which she would have had to conceal, that he should so soon care for some one else more than for herself, if such a feeling had not been thoroughly neutralized by doubt and anxiety on his account. Anna admired her cousin—would have said, with simple sincerity, "Gwendolen is always very good to me," and held it in the order of things for herself to be entirely subject to this cousin; but she looked at her with mingled fear and distrust, with a puzzled contemplation as of some wondrous and beautiful animal whose nature was a mystery, and who, for any thing Anna knew, might have an appetite for devouring all the small creatures that were her own particular pets. And now Anna's heart was sinking under the heavy conviction which she dared not utter, that Gwendolen would never care for Rex. What she herself held in tenderness and reverence had constantly seemed indifferent to Gwendolen, and it was easier to imagine her scorning Rex than returning any tenderness of his. Besides, she was always thinking of being something extraordinary. And poor Rex! Papa would be angry with him, if he knew. And of course he was too young to be in love in that way; and she, Anna, had thought that it would be years and years before any thing of that sort came, and that she would be Rex's housekeeper ever so long. But what a heart must that be which did not return his love! Anna, in the prospect of his suffering, was beginning to dislike her too fascinating cousin.

It seemed to her, as it did to Rex, that the weeks had been filled with a tumultuous life evident to all observers: if he had been questioned on the subject, he would have said that he had no wish to conceal what he hoped would be an engagement which he should immediately tell his father of; and yet, for the first time in his life, he was reserved not only about his feelings, but—which was more remarkable to Anna—about certain actions. She, on her side, was nervous each time her father or mother began to speak to her in private, lest they should say any thing about Rex and Gwendolen. But the elders were not in the least alive to this agitating drama, which went forward chiefly in a sort of pantomime, extremely lucid in the minds thus expressing themselves, but easily missed by spectators who were running their eyes over the *Guardian* or the *Clerical Gazette*, and regarded the trivialities of the young ones with scarcely more interpretation than they gave to the actions of lively ants.

"Where are you going, Rex?" said Anna one gray morning, when her father had set off in the carriage to the sessions, Mrs. Gascoigne with him, and she had observed that her brother had on his antigropelos, the utmost approach he possessed to a hunting equipment.

"Going to see the hounds throw off at the Three Barns."

"Are you going to take Gwendolen?" said Anna, timidly.

"She told you, did she?"

"No; but I thought— Does papa know you are going?"

"Not that I am aware of. I don't suppose he would trouble himself about the matter."

"You are going to use his horse?"

"He knows I do that whenever I can."

"Don't let Gwendolen ride after the hounds, Rex," said Anna, whose fears gifted her with second-sight.

"Why not?" said Rex, smiling rather provokingly.

"Papa and mamma and Aunt Davilow all wish her not to. They think it is not right for her."

"Why should you suppose she is going to do what is not right?"

"Gwendolen minds nobody sometimes," said Anna, getting bolder by dint of a little anger.

"Then she would not mind me," said Rex, perversely making a joke of poor Anna's anxiety.

"Oh, Rex, I can not bear it. You will make yourself very unhappy." Here Anna burst into tears.

"Nannie, Nannie, what on earth is the matter with you?" said Rex, a little impatient at being kept in this way, hat on and whip in hand.

"She will not care for you one bit—I know she never will!" said the poor child, in a sobbing whisper. She had lost all control of herself.

Rex reddened, and hurried away from her out of the hall door, leaving her to the miserable consciousness of having made herself disagreeable in vain.

He did think of her words as he rode along:

they had the unwelcomeness which all unfavorable fortune-telling has, even when laughed at; but he quickly explained them as springing from little Anna's tenderness, and began to be sorry that he was obliged to come away without soothing her. Every other feeling on the subject, however, was quickly merged in a resistant belief to the contrary of hers, accompanied with a new determination to prove that he was right. This sort of certainty had just enough kinship to doubt and uneasiness to hurry on a confession which an untouched security might have delayed.

Gwendolen was already mounted and riding up and down the avenue when Rex appeared at the gate. She had provided herself against disappointment in case he did not appear in time by having the groom ready behind her, for she would not have waited beyond a reasonable time. But now the groom was dismissed, and the two rode away in delightful freedom. Gwendolen was in her highest spirits, and Rex thought that she had never looked so lovely before: her figure, her long white throat, and the curves of her cheek and chin were always set off to perfection by the compact simplicity of her riding-dress. He could not conceive a more perfect girl; and to a youthful lover like Rex it seems that the fundamental identity of the good, the true, and the beautiful is already extant and manifest in the object of his love. Most observers would have held it more than equally accountable that a girl should have like impressions about Rex, for in his handsome face there was nothing corresponding to the undefinable stinging quality—as it were a trace of demon ancestry—which made some beholders hesitate in their admiration of Gwendolen.

It was an exquisite January morning in which there was no threat of rain, but a gray sky making the calmest background for the charms of a mild winter scene: the grassy borders of the lanes, the hedge-rows sprinkled with red berries and haunted with low twitterings, the purple bareness of the elms, the rich brown of the furrows. The horses' hoofs made a musical chime, accompanying their young voices. She was laughing at his equipment, for he was the reverse of a dandy, and he was enjoying her laughter: the freshness of the morning mingled with the freshness of their youth; and every sound that came from their clear throats, every glance they gave each other, was the bubbling outflow from a spring of joy. It was all morning to them, within and without. And thinking of them in these moments one is tempted to that futile sort of wishing—if only things could have been a little otherwise then, so as to have been greatly otherwise after!—if only these two beautiful young creatures could have pledged themselves to each other then and there, and never through life have swerved from that pledge! For some of the goodness which Rex believed in was there. Goodness is a large, often a prospective word; like harvest, which at one stage when we talk of it lies all under-ground, with an indeterminate future: is the germ prospering in the darkness? at another, it has put forth delicate green blades, and by-and-by the trembling blossoms are ready to be dashed off by an hour of rough wind or rain. Each stage has its peculiar blight, and may have the healthy life choked out of it by a particular action of the foul land which rears or neighbors it, or by damage brought from foulness afar.

"Anna had got it into her head that you would want to ride after the hounds this morning," said Rex, whose secret associations with Anna's words made this speech seem quite perilously near the most momentous of subjects.

"Did she?" said Gwendolen, laughingly. "What a little clairvoyant she is!"

"Shall you?" said Rex, who had not believed in her intending to do it if the elders objected, but confided in her having good reasons.

"I don't know. I can't tell what I shall do till I get there. Clairvoyants are often wrong: they foresee what is likely. I am not fond of what is likely; it is always dull. I do what is unlikely."

"Ah, there you tell me a secret. When once I knew what people in general would be likely to do, I should know you would do the opposite. So you would have come round to a likelihood of your own sort. I shall be able to calculate on you. You couldn't surprise me."

"Yes, I could. I should turn round and do what was likely for people in general," said Gwendolen, with a musical laugh.

"You see you can't escape some sort of likelihood. And contradictoriness makes the strongest likelihood of all. You must give up a plan."

"No, I shall not. My plan is to do what pleases me." (Here should any young lady incline to imitate Gwendolen, let her consider the set of her head and neck: if the angle there had been different, the chin protrusive, and the cervical vertebræ a trifle more curved in their position, ten to one Gwendolen's words would have had a jar in them for the sweet-natured Rex. But every thing odd in her speech was humor and pretty banter, which he was only anxious to turn toward one point.)

"Can you manage to feel only what pleases you?" said he.

"Of course not; that comes from what other people do. But if the world were pleasanter, one would only feel what was pleasant. Girls' lives are so stupid: they never do what they like."

"I thought that was more the case of the men. They are forced to do hard things, and are often dreadfully bored, and knocked to pieces too. And then, if we love a girl very dearly, we want to do as she likes; so, after all, you have your own way."

"I don't believe it. I never saw a married woman who had her own way."

"What should you like to do?" said Rex, quite guilelessly, and in real anxiety.

"Oh, I don't know!—go to the North Pole, or ride steeple-chases, or go to be a queen in the East, like Lady Hester Stanhope," said Gwendolen, flightily. Her words were born on her lips, but she would have been at a loss to give an answer of deeper origin.

"You don't mean you would never be married?"

"No; I didn't say that. Only when I married I should not do as other women do."

"You might do just as you liked if you married a man who loved you more dearly than any thing else in the world," said Rex, who, poor youth, was moving in themes outside the curriculum in which he had promised to win distinction. "I know one who does."

"Don't talk of Mr. Middleton, for Heaven's sake!" said Gwendolen, hastily, a quick blush

spreading over her face and neck; "that is Anna's chant. I hear the hounds. Let us go on."

She put her chestnut to a canter, and Rex had no choice but to follow her. Still, he felt encouraged. Gwendolen was perfectly aware that her cousin was in love with her; but she had no idea that the matter was of any consequence, having never had the slightest visitation of painful love herself. She wished the small romance of Rex's devotion to fill up the time of his stay at Pennicote, and to avoid explanations which would bring it to an untimely end. Besides, she objected, with a sort of physical repulsion, to being directly made love to. With all her imaginative delight in being adored, there was a certain fierceness of maidenhood in her.

But all other thoughts were soon lost for her in the excitement of the scene at the Three Barns. Several gentlemen of the hunt knew her, and she exchanged pleasant greetings. Rex could not get another word with her. The color, the stir of the field, had taken possession of Gwendolen with a strength which was not due to habitual association, for she had never yet ridden after the hounds —only said she should like to do it, and so drawn forth a prohibition; her mamma dreading the danger, and her uncle declaring that for his part he held that kind of violent exercise unseemly in a woman, and that whatever might be done in other parts of the country, no lady of good position followed the Wessex hunt: no one but Mrs. Gadsby, the yeomanry captain's wife, who had been a kitchen-maid and still spoke like one. This last argument had some effect on Gwendolen, and had kept her halting between her desire to assert her freedom and her horror of being classed with Mrs. Gadsby.

Some of the most unexceptionable women in the neighborhood occasionally went to see the hounds throw off; but it happened that none of them were present this morning to abstain from following, while Mrs. Gadsby, with her doubtful antecedents, grammatical and otherwise, was not visible to make following seem unbecoming. Thus Gwendolen felt no check on the animal stimulus that came from the stir and tongue of the hounds, the pawing of the horses, the varying voices of men, the movement hither and thither of vivid color on the background of green and gray stillness—that utmost excitement of the coming chase which consists in feeling something like a combination of dog and horse, with the superadded thrill of social vanities and consciousness of centaur-power which belong to human kind.

Rex would have felt more of the same enjoyment if he could have kept nearer to Gwendolen, and not seen her constantly occupied with acquaintances, or looked at by would-be acquaintances, all on lively horses which veered about and swept the surrounding space as effectually as a revolving lever.

"Glad to see you here this fine morning, Miss Harleth," said Lord Brackenshaw, a middle-aged peer of aristocratic seediness, in stained pink, with easy-going manners which would have made the threatened Deluge seem of no consequence. "We shall have a first-rate run. A pity you don't go with us. Have you ever tried your little chestnut at a ditch? you wouldn't be afraid, eh?"

"Not the least in the world," said Gwendolen. And this was true; she was never fearful in action and companionship. "I have often taken him at some rails, and a ditch too, near—"

"Ah, by Jove!" said his lordship, quietly, in notation that something was happening which must break off the dialogue; and as he reined off his horse, Rex was bringing his sober hackney up to Gwendolen's side when—the hounds gave tongue, and the whole field was in motion as if the whirl of the earth were carrying it; Gwendolen along with every thing else; no word of notice to Rex, who, without a second thought, followed too. Could he let Gwendolen go alone? Under other circumstances he would have enjoyed the run, but he was just now perturbed by the check which had been put on the impetus to utter his love, and get utterance in return—an impetus which could not at once resolve itself into a totally different sort of chase, at least with the consciousness of being on his father's gray nag, a good horse enough in his way, but of sober years and ecclesiastical habits. Gwendolen on her spirited little chestnut was up with the best, and felt as secure as an immortal goddess, having, if she had thought of risk, a core of confidence that no ill luck would happen to her. But she thought of no such thing, and certainly not of any risk there might be for her cousin. If she had thought of him, it would have struck her as a droll picture that he should be gradually falling behind, and looking round in search of gates: a fine lithe youth, whose heart must be panting with all the spirit of a beagle, stuck, as if under a wizard's spell, on a stiff clerical hackney, would have made her laugh with a sense of fun much too strong for her to reflect on his mortification. But Gwendolen was apt to think rather of those who saw her than of those whom she could not see: and Rex was soon so far behind that if she had looked she would not have seen him. For I grieve to say that in the search for a gate, along a lane lately mended, Primrose fell, broke his knees, and undesignedly threw Rex over his head.

Fortunately a blacksmith's son who also followed the hounds under disadvantages, namely, on foot (a loose way of hunting which had struck some even frivolous minds as immoral), was naturally also in the rear, and happened to be within sight of Rex's misfortune. He ran to give help which was greatly needed, for Rex was a good deal stunned, and the complete recovery of sensation came in the form of pain. Joel Dagge on this occasion showed himself that most useful of personages, whose knowledge is of a kind suited to the immediate occasion: he not only knew perfectly well what was the matter with the horse, how far they were both from the nearest public-house and from Pennicote Rectory, and could certify to Rex that his shoulder was only a bit out of joint, but also offered experienced surgical aid.

"Lord, Sir, let me shove it in again for you! I's see Nash the bone-setter do it, and done it myself for our little Sally twice over. It's all one and the same, shoulders is. If you'll trusten to me and tighten your mind up a bit, I'll do it for you in no time."

"Come, then, old fellow," said Rex, who could tighten his mind better than his seat in the saddle. And Joel managed the operation, though not without considerable expense of pain to his patient, who turned so pitiably pale while tight-

ening his mind that Joel remarked, "Ah, Sir, you aren't used to it, that's how it is. I's see lots and lots o' joints out. I see a man with his eye pushed out once—that was a rum go as ever I see. You can't have a bit o' fun wi'out such a sort o' things. But it went in again. I's swallowed three teeth mysen, as sure as I'm alive. Now, sirrey" (this was addressed to Primrose), "come alonk—you mustn't make believe as you can't."

Joel being clearly a low character, it is happily not necessary to say more of him to the refined reader than that he helped Rex to get home with as little delay as possible. There was no alternative but to get home, though all the while he was in anxiety about Gwendolen, and more miserable in the thought that she too might have had an accident than in the pain of his own bruises and the annoyance he was about to cause his father. He comforted himself about her by reflecting that every one would be anxious to take care of her, and that some acquaintance would be sure to conduct her home.

Mr. Gascoigne was already at home, and was writing letters in his study, when he was interrupted by seeing poor Rex come in with a face which was not the less handsome and ingratiating for being pale and a little distressed. He was secretly the favorite son, and a young portrait of the father, who, however, never treated him with any partiality—rather with an extra rigor. Mr. Gascoigne having inquired of Anna, knew that Rex had gone with Gwendolen to the meet at the Three Barns.

"What's the matter?" he said, hastily, not laying down his pen.

"I'm very sorry, Sir; Primrose has fallen down and broken his knees."

"Where have you been with him?" said Mr. Gascoigne, with a touch of severity. He rarely gave way to temper.

"To the Three Barns to see the hounds throw off."

"And you were fool enough to follow?"

"Yes, Sir. I didn't go at any fences, but the horse got his leg into a hole."

"And you got hurt yourself, I hope, eh?"

"I got my shoulder put out, but a young blacksmith put it in again for me. I'm just a little battered, that's all."

"Well, sit down."

"I'm very sorry about the horse, Sir. I knew it would be a vexation to you."

"And what has become of Gwendolen?" said Mr. Gascoigne, abruptly. Rex, who did not imagine that his father had made any inquiries about him, answered at first with a blush which was the more remarkable for his previous paleness. Then he said, nervously:

"I am anxious to know—I should like to go or send at once to Offendene—but she rides so well, and I think she would keep up—there would most likely be many round her."

"I suppose it was she who led you on, eh?" said Mr. Gascoigne, laying down his pen, leaning back in his chair, and looking at Rex with more marked examination.

"It was natural for her to want to go; she didn't intend it beforehand—she was led away by the spirit of the thing. And of course I went when she went."

Mr. Gascoigne left a brief interval of silence, and then said, with quiet irony, "But now you observe, young gentleman, that you are not furnished with a horse which will enable you to play the squire to your cousin. You must give up that amusement. You have spoiled my nag for me, and that is enough mischief for one vacation. I shall beg you to get ready to start for Southampton to-morrow and join Stillfox, till you go up to Oxford with him. That will be good for your bruises as well as your studies."

Poor Rex felt his heart swelling and comporting itself as if it had been no better than a girl's.

"I hope you will not insist on my going immediately, Sir."

"Do you feel too ill?"

"No, not that—but—" Here Rex bit his lips, and felt the tears starting, to his great vexation; then he rallied and tried to say more firmly, "I want to go to Offendene—but I can go this evening."

"I am going there myself. I can bring word about Gwendolen, if that is what you want."

Rex broke down. He thought he discerned an intention fatal to his happiness, nay, his life. He was accustomed to believe in his father's penetration, and to expect firmness. "Father, I can't go away without telling her that I love her, and knowing that she loves me."

Mr. Gascoigne was inwardly going through some self-rebuke for not being more wary, and was now really sorry for the lad; but every consideration was subordinate to that of using the wisest tactics in the case. He had quickly made up his mind, and could answer the more quietly:

"My dear boy, you are too young to be taking momentous, decisive steps of that sort. This is a fancy which you have got into your head during an idle week or two: you must set to work at something and dismiss it. There is every reason against it. An engagement at your age would be totally rash and unjustifiable; and, moreover, alliances between first cousins are undesirable. Make up your mind to a brief disappointment. Life is full of them. We have all got to be broken in; and this is a mild beginning for you."

"No, not mild. I can't bear it. I shall be good for nothing. I shouldn't mind any thing, if it were settled between us. I could do any thing then," said Rex, impetuously. "But it's of no use to pretend that I will obey you. I can't do it. If I said I would, I should be sure to break my word. I should see Gwendolen again."

"Well, wait till to-morrow morning, that we may talk of the matter again—you will promise me that," said Mr. Gascoigne, quietly; and Rex did not, could not, refuse.

The rector did not even tell his wife that he had any other reason for going to Offendene that evening than his desire to ascertain that Gwendolen had got home safely. He found her more than safe—elated. Mr. Quallon, who had won the brush, had delivered the trophy to her, and she had brought it before her, fastened on the saddle; more than that, Lord Brackenshaw had conducted her home, and had shown himself delighted with her spirited riding. All this was told at once to her uncle, that he might see how well justified she had been in acting against his advice; and the prudential rector did feel himself in a slight difficulty, for at that moment he was particularly sensible that it was his niece's serious interest to be well regarded by the Brack-

enshaws, and their opinion as to her following the hounds really touched the essence of his objection. However, he was not obliged to say anything immediately, for Mrs. Davilow followed up Gwendolen's brief triumphant phrases with,

"Still, I do hope you will not do it again, Gwendolen. I should never have a moment's quiet. Her father died by an accident, you know."

Here Mrs. Davilow had turned away from Gwendolen, and looked at Mr. Gascoigne.

"Mamma dear," said Gwendolen, kissing her merrily, and passing over the question of the fears which Mrs. Davilow had meant to account for, "children don't take after their parents in broken legs."

Not one word had yet been said about Rex. In fact there had been no anxiety about him at Offendene. Gwendolen had observed to her mamma, "Oh, he must have been left far behind, and gone home in despair," and it could not be denied that this was fortunate so far as it made way for Lord Brackenshaw's bringing her home. But now Mr. Gascoigne said, with some emphasis, looking at Gwendolen,

"Well, the exploit has ended better for you than for Rex."

"Yes, I dare say he had to make a terrible round. You have not taught Primrose to take the fences, uncle," said Gwendolen, without the faintest shade of alarm in her looks and tone.

"Rex has had a fall," said Mr. Gascoigne, curtly, throwing himself into an arm-chair, resting his elbows and fitting his palms and fingers together, while he closed his lips and looked at Gwendolen, who said,

"Oh, poor fellow! he is not hurt, I hope?" with a correct look of anxiety, such as elated mortals try to superinduce when their pulses are all the while quick with triumph; and Mrs. Davilow, in the same moment, uttered a low "Good heavens! There!"

Mr. Gascoigne went on: "He put his shoulder out, and got some bruises, I believe." Here he made another little pause of observation; but Gwendolen, instead of any such symptoms as pallor and silence, had only deepened the compassionateness of her brow and eyes, and said again, "Oh, poor fellow! it is nothing serious, then?" and Mr. Gascoigne held his diagnosis complete. But he wished to make assurance doubly sure, and went on still with a purpose:

"He got his arm set again rather oddly. Some blacksmith—not a parishioner of mine—was on the field—a loose fish, I suppose, but handy, and set the arm for him immediately. So, after all, I believe, I and Primrose come off worst. The horse's knees are cut to pieces. He came down in a hole, it seems, and pitched Rex over his head."

Gwendolen's face had allowably become contented again since Rex's arm had been reset; and now, at the descriptive suggestions in the latter part of her uncle's speech, her elated spirits made her features less manageable than usual; the smiles broke forth, and finally a descending scale of laughter.

"You are a pretty young lady—to laugh at other people's calamities," said Mr. Gascoigne, with a milder sense of disapprobation than if he had not had counteracting reasons to be glad that Gwendolen showed no deep feeling on the occasion.

"Pray forgive me, uncle. Now Rex is safe, it is so droll to fancy the figure he and Primrose would cut—in a lane all by themselves—only a blacksmith running up. It would make a capital caricature of 'Following the hounds.'"

Gwendolen rather valued herself on her superior freedom in laughing where others might only see matter for seriousness. Indeed, the laughter became her person so well that her opinion of its gracefulness was often shared by others; and it even entered into her uncle's course of thought at this moment that it was no wonder a boy should be fascinated by this young witch—who, however, was more mischievous than could be desired.

"How can you laugh at broken bones, child?" said Mrs. Davilow, still under her dominant anxiety. "I wish we had never allowed you to have the horse. You will see that we were wrong," she added, looking with a grave nod at Mr. Gascoigne—"at least I was, to encourage her in asking for it."

"Yes, seriously, Gwendolen," said Mr. Gascoigne, in a judicious tone of rational advice to a person understood to be altogether rational, "I strongly recommend you—I shall ask you to oblige me so far—not to repeat your adventure to-day. Lord Brackenshaw is very kind, but I feel sure that he would concur with me in what I say. To be spoken of as the young lady who hunts by way of exception would give a tone to the language about you which I am sure you would not like. Depend upon it, his lordship would not choose that Lady Beatrice or Lady Maria should hunt in this part of the country, if they were old enough to do so. When you are married, it will be different: you may do whatever your husband sanctions. But if you intend to hunt, you must marry a man who can keep horses."

"I don't know why I should do any thing so horrible as to marry without *that* prospect at least," said Gwendolen, pettishly. Her uncle's speech had given her annoyance, which she could not show more directly; but she felt that she was committing herself, and after moving carelessly to another part of the room, went out.

"She always speaks in that way about marriage," said Mrs. Davilow; "but it will be different when she has seen the right person."

"Her heart has never been in the least touched, that you know of?" said Mr. Gascoigne.

Mrs. Davilow shook her head silently. "It was only last night she said to me, 'Mamma, I wonder how girls manage to fall in love. It is easy to make them do it in books. But men are too ridiculous.'"

Mr. Gascoigne laughed a little, and made no further remark on the subject. The next morning at breakfast he said,

"How are your bruises, Rex?"

"Oh, not very mellow yet, Sir; only beginning to turn a little."

"You don't feel quite ready for a journey to Southampton?"

"Not quite," answered Rex, with his heart metaphorically in his mouth.

"Well, you can wait till to-morrow, and go to say good-by to them at Offendene."

Mrs. Gascoigne, who now knew the whole affair, looked steadily at her coffee lest she also should begin to cry, as Anna was doing already.

Mr. Gascoigne felt that he was applying a sharp remedy to poor Rex's acute attack, but he believed it to be in the end the kindest. To let him know the hopelessness of his love from Gwendolen's own lips might be curative in more ways than one.

"I can only be thankful that she doesn't care about him," said Mrs. Gascoigne, when she joined her husband in his study. "There are things in Gwendolen I can not reconcile myself to. My Anna is worth two of her, with all her beauty and talent. It looks so very ill in her that she will not help in the schools with Anna—not even in the Sunday-school. What you or I advise is of no consequence to her; and poor Fanny is completely under her thumb. But I know you think better of her," Mrs. Gascoigne ended, with a deferential hesitation.

"Oh, my dear, there is no harm in the girl. It is only that she has a high spirit, and it will not do to hold the reins too tight. The point is, to get her well married. She has a little too much fire in her for her present life with her mother and sisters. It is natural and right that she should be married soon—not to a poor man, but one who can give her a fitting position."

Presently Rex, with his arm in a sling, was on his two miles' walk to Offendene. He was rather puzzled by the unconditional permission to see Gwendolen, but his father's real ground of action could not enter into his conjectures. If it had, he would first have thought it horribly cold-blooded, and then have disbelieved in his father's conclusions.

When he got to the house, every body was there but Gwendolen. The four girls, hearing him speak in the hall, rushed out of the library, which was their school-room, and hung round him with compassionate inquiries about his arm. Mrs. Davilow wanted to know exactly what had happened, and where the blacksmith lived, that she might make him a present; while Miss Merry, who took a subdued and melancholy part in all family affairs, doubted whether it would not be giving too much encouragement to that kind of character. Rex had never found the family troublesome before, but just now he wished them all away and Gwendolen there, and he was too uneasy for good-natured feigning. When at last he had said, "Where is Gwendolen?" and Mrs. Davilow had told Alice to go and see if her sister were come down, adding, "I sent up her breakfast this morning: she needed a long rest," Rex took the shortest way out of his endurance by saying, almost impatiently, 'Aunt, I want to speak to Gwendolen—I want to see her alone."

"Very well, dear; go into the drawing-room. I will send her there," said Mrs. Davilow, who had observed that he was fond of being with Gwendolen, as was natural, but had not thought of this as having any bearing on the realities of life: it seemed merely part of the Christmas holidays which were spinning themselves out.

Rex for his part felt that the realities of life were all hanging on this interview. He had to walk up and down the drawing-room in expectation for nearly ten minutes—ample space for all imaginative fluctuations; yet, strange to say, he was unvaryingly occupied in thinking what and how much he could do, when Gwendolen had accepted him, to satisfy his father that the engagement was the most prudent thing in the world, since it inspired him with double energy for work. He was to be a lawyer, and what reason was there why he should not rise as high as Eldon did? He was forced to look at life in the light of his father's mind.

But when the door opened, and she whose presence he was longing for entered, there came over him suddenly and mysteriously a state of tremor and distrust which he had never felt before. Miss Gwendolen, simple as she stood there, in her black silk, cut square about the round white pillar of her throat, a black band fastening her hair, which streamed backward in smooth silky abundance, seemed more queenly than usual. Perhaps it was that there was none of the latent fun and tricksiness which had always pierced in her greeting of Rex. How much of this was due to her presentiment from what he had said yesterday that he was going to talk of love? How much from her desire to show regret about his accident? Something of both. But the wisdom of ages has hinted that there is a side of the bed which has a malign influence if you happen to get out on it; and this accident befalls some charming persons rather frequently. Perhaps it had befallen Gwendolen this morning. The hastening of her toilet, the way in which Bugle used the brush, the quality of the shilling serial mistakenly written for her amusement, the probabilities of the coming day, and, in short, social institutions generally, were all objectionable to her. It was not that she was out of temper, but that the world was not equal to the demands of her fine organism.

However it might be, Rex saw an awful majesty about her as she entered and put out her hand to him, without the least approach to a smile in eyes or mouth. The fun which had moved her in the evening had quite evaporated from the image of his accident, and the whole affair seemed stupid to her. But she said, with perfect propriety, "I hope you are not much hurt, Rex; I deserve that you should reproach me for your accident."

"Not at all," said Rex, feeling the soul within him spreading itself like an attack of illness. "There is hardly any thing the matter with me. I am so glad you had the pleasure: I would willingly pay for it by a tumble, only I was sorry to break the horse's knees."

Gwendolen walked to the hearth and stood looking at the fire in the most inconvenient way for conversation, so that he could only get a side view of her face.

"My father wants me to go to Southampton for the rest of the vacation," said Rex, his baritone trembling a little.

"Southampton! That's a stupid place to go to, isn't it?" said Gwendolen, chillingly.

"It would be to me, because you would not be there."

Silence.

"Should you mind about my going away, Gwendolen?"

"Of course. Every one is of consequence in this dreary country," said Gwendolen, curtly. The perception that poor Rex wanted to be tender made her curl up and harden like a sea-anemone at the touch of a finger.

"Are you angry with me, Gwendolen? Why do you treat me in this way all at once?" said Rex, flushing, and with more spirit in his voice, as if he, too, were capable of being angry.

Gwendolen looked round at him and smiled. "Treat you? Nonsense! I am only rather cross. Why did you come so very early? You must expect to find tempers in dishabille."

"Be as cross with me as you like—only don't treat me with indifference," said Rex, imploringly. "All the happiness of my life depends on your loving me—if only a little—better than any one else."

He tried to take her hand, but she hastily eluded his grasp, and moved to the other end of the hearth, facing him.

"Pray don't make love to me! I hate it." She looked at him fiercely.

Rex turned pale and was silent, but could not take his eyes off her, and the impetus was not yet exhausted that made hers dart death at him. Gwendolen herself could not have foreseen that she should feel in this way. It was all a sudden new experience to her. The day before she had been quite aware that her cousin was in love with her—she did not mind how much, so that he said nothing about it; and if any one had asked her why she objected to love-making speeches, she would have said, laughingly, "Oh, I am tired of them all in the books." But now the life of passion had begun negatively in her. She felt passionately averse to this volunteered love.

To Rex at twenty the joy of life seemed at an end more absolutely than it can do to a man at forty. But before they had ceased to look at each other, he did speak again:

"Is that the last word you have to say to me, Gwendolen? Will it always be so?"

She could not help seeing his wretchedness and feeling a little regret for the old Rex who had not offended her. Decisively, but yet with some return of kindliness, she said,

"About making love? Yes. But I don't dislike you for any thing else."

There was just a perceptible pause before he said a low "Good-by," and passed out of the room. Almost immediately after, she heard the heavy hall door bang behind him.

Mrs. Davilow, too, had heard Rex's hasty departure, and presently came into the drawing-room, where she found Gwendolen seated on the low couch, her face buried, and her hair falling over her figure like a garment. She was sobbing bitterly. "My child, my child, what is it?" cried the mother, who had never before seen her darling struck down in this way, and felt something of the alarmed anguish that women feel at the sight of overpowering sorrow in a strong man; for this child had been her ruler. Sitting down by her with circling arms, she pressed her cheek against Gwendolen's head, and then tried to draw it upward. Gwendolen gave way, and letting her head rest against her mother, cried out, sobbingly, "Oh, mamma, what can become of my life? there is nothing worth living for."

"Why, dear?" said Mrs. Davilow. Usually she herself had been rebuked by her daughter for involuntary signs of despair.

"I shall never love any body. I can't love people. I hate them."

"The time will come, dear, the time will come."

Gwendolen was more and more convulsed with sobbing; but putting her arms round her mother's neck with an almost painful clinging, she said, brokenly, "I can't bear any one to be very near me but you."

Then the mother began to sob, for this spoiled child had never shown such dependence on her before: and so they clung to each other.

CHAPTER VIII.

What name doth Joy most borrow
When life is fair?
"To-morrow."

What name doth best fit Sorrow
In young despair?
"To-morrow."

THERE was a much more lasting trouble at the Rectory. Rex arrived there only to throw himself on his bed in a state of apparent apathy, unbroken till the next day, when it began to be interrupted by more positive signs of illness. Nothing could be said about his going to Southampton: instead of that, the chief thought of his mother and Anna was how to tend this patient who did not want to be well, and from being the brightest, most grateful spirit in the household, was metamorphosed into an irresponsive, dull-eyed creature who met all affectionate attempts with a murmur of "Let me alone." His father looked beyond the crisis, and believed it to be the shortest way out of an unlucky affair; but he was sorry for the inevitable suffering, and went now and then to sit by him in silence for a few minutes, parting with a gentle pressure of his hand on Rex's blank brow, and a "God bless you, my boy." Warham and the younger children used to peep round the edge of the door to see this incredible thing of their lively brother being laid low; but fingers were immediately shaken at them to drive them back. The guardian who was always there was Anna, and her little hand was allowed to rest within her brother's, though he never gave it a welcoming pressure. Her soul was divided between anguish for Rex and reproach of Gwendolen.

"Perhaps it is wicked of me, but I think I never *can* love her again," came as the recurrent burden of poor little Anna's inward monody. And even Mrs. Gascoigne had an angry feeling toward her niece which she could not refrain from expressing (apologetically) to her husband.

"I know, of course, it is better, and we ought to be thankful that she is not in love with the poor boy; but really, Henry, I think she is hard: she has the heart of a coquette. I can not help thinking that she must have made him believe something, or the disappointment would not have taken hold of him in that way. And some blame attaches to poor Fanny; she is quite blind about that girl."

Mr. Gascoigne answered imperatively. "The less said on that point the better, Nancy. I ought to have been more awake myself. As to the boy, be thankful if nothing worse ever happens to him. Let the thing die out as quickly as possible; and especially with regard to Gwendolen—let it be as if it had never been."

The Rector's dominant feeling was that there had been a great escape. Gwendolen in love with Rex in return would have made a much harder problem, the solution of which might have been taken out of his hands. But he had to go through some further difficulty.

One fine morning Rex asked for his bath, and made his toilet as usual. Anna, full of excite-

ment at this change, could do nothing but listen for his coming down, and at last hearing his step, ran to the foot of the stairs to meet him. For the first time he gave her a faint smile, but it looked so melancholy on his pale face that she could hardly help crying.

"Nannie!" he said, gently, taking her hand and leading her slowly along with him to the drawing-room. His mother was there, and when she came to kiss him, he said, "What a plague I am!"

Then he sat still and looked out of the bow-window on the lawn and shrubs covered with hoar-frost, across which the sun was sending faint occasional gleams—something like that sad smile on Rex's face, Anna thought. He felt as if he had had a resurrection into a new world, and did not know what to do with himself there, the old interests being left behind. Anna sat near him, pretending to work, but really watching him with yearning looks. Beyond the garden hedge there was a road where wagons and carts sometimes went on field-work; a railed opening was made in the hedge, because the upland with its bordering wood and clump of ash-trees against the sky was a pretty sight. Presently there came along a wagon laden with timber; the horses were straining their grand muscles, and the driver, having cracked his whip, ran along anxiously to guide the leader's head, fearing a swerve. Rex seemed to be shaken into attention, rose and looked till the last quivering trunk of the timber had disappeared, and then walked once or twice along the room. Mrs. Gascoigne was no longer there, and when he came to sit down again, Anna, seeing a return of speech in her brother's eyes, could not resist the impulse to bring a little stool and seat herself against his knee, looking up at him with an expression which seemed to say, "Do speak to me." And he spoke:

"I'll tell you what I am thinking of, Nannie. I will go to Canada, or somewhere of that sort." (Rex had not studied the character of our colonial possessions.)

"Oh, Rex, not for always!"

"Yes; to get my bread there. I should like to build a hut, and work hard at clearing, and have every thing wild about me, and a great wide quiet."

"And not take me with you?" said Anna, the big tears coming fast.

"How could I?"

"I should like it better than any thing; and settlers go with their families. I would sooner go there than stay here in England. I could make the fires, and mend the clothes, and cook the food; and I could learn to make the bread before we went. It would be nicer than any thing—like playing at life over again, as we used to do when we made our tent with the drugget, and had our little plates and dishes."

"Father and mother would not let you go."

"Yes, I think they would, when I explained every thing. It would save money; and papa would have more to bring up the boys with."

There was further talk of the same practical kind at intervals, and it ended in Rex's being obliged to consent that Anna should go with him when he spoke to his father on the subject.

Of course it was when the rector was alone in his study. Their mother would become reconciled to whatever he decided on; but mentioned to her first, the question would have distressed her.

"Well, my children!" said Mr. Gascoigne, cheerfully, as they entered. It was a comfort to see Rex about again.

"May we sit down with you a little, papa?" said Anna. "Rex has something to say."

"With all my heart."

It was a noticeable group that these three creatures made, each of them with a face of the same structural type—the straight brow, the nose suddenly straightened from an intention of being aquiline, the short upper lip, the short but strong and well-hung chin: there was even the same tone of complexion and set of the eye. The gray-haired father was at once massive and keen-looking; there was a perpendicular line in his brow which when he spoke with any force of interest deepened; and the habit of ruling gave him an air of reserved authoritativeness. Rex would have seemed a vision of the father's youth, if it had been possible to imagine Mr. Gascoigne without distinct plans and without command, smitten with a heart-sorrow, and having no more notion of concealment than a sick animal; and Anna was a tiny copy of Rex, with hair drawn back and knotted, her face following his in its changes of expression, as if they had one soul between them.

"You know all about what has upset me, father," Rex began, and Mr. Gascoigne nodded.

"I am quite done up for life in this part of the world. I am sure it will be no use my going back to Oxford. I couldn't do any reading. I should fail, and cause you expense for nothing. I want to have your consent to take another course, Sir."

Mr. Gascoigne nodded more slowly, the perpendicular line on his brow deepened, and Anna's trembling increased.

"If you would allow me a small outfit, I should like to go to the colonies and work on the land there." Rex thought the vagueness of the phrase prudential; "the colonies" necessarily embracing more advantages, and being less capable of being rebutted on a single ground, than any particular settlement.

"Oh, and with me, papa," said Anna, not bearing to be left out from the proposal even temporarily. "Rex would want some one to take care of him, you know—some one to keep house. And we shall never, either of us, be married. And I should cost nothing, and I should be so happy. I know it would be hard to leave you and mamma; but there are all the others to bring up, and we two should be no trouble to you any more."

Anna had risen from her seat, and used the feminine argument of going closer to her papa as she spoke. He did not smile, but he drew her on his knee and held her there, as if to put her gently out of the question while he spoke to Rex.

"You will admit that my experience gives me some power of judging for you, and that I can probably guide you in practical matters better than you can guide yourself?"

Rex was obliged to say, "Yes, Sir."

"And perhaps you will admit—though I don't wish to press that point—that you are bound in duty to consider my judgment and wishes?"

"I have never yet placed myself in opposition to you, Sir." Rex in his secret soul could not feel that he was bound not to go to the colonies,

but to go to Oxford again—which was the point in question.

"But you will do so if you persist in setting your mind toward a rash and foolish procedure, and deafening yourself to considerations which my experience of life assures me of. You think, I suppose, that you have had a shock which has changed all your inclinations, stupefied your brains, unfitted you for any thing but manual labor, and given you a dislike to society? Is that what you believe?"

"Something like that. I shall never be up to the sort of work I must do to live in this part of the world. I have not the spirit for it. I shall never be the same again. And without any disrespect to you, father, I think a young fellow should be allowed to choose his way of life, if he does nobody any harm. There are plenty to stay at home, and those who like might be allowed to go where there are empty places."

"But suppose I am convinced on good evidence—as I am—that this state of mind of yours is transient, and that if you went off as you propose, you would by-and-by repent, and feel that you had let yourself slip back from the point you have been gaining by your education till now? Have you not strength of mind enough to see that you had better act on my assurance for a time, and test it? In my opinion, so far from agreeing with you that you should be free to turn yourself into a colonist, and work in your shirt sleeves with spade and hatchet—in my opinion, you have no right whatever to expatriate yourself until you have honestly endeavored to turn to account the education you have received here. I say nothing of the grief to your mother and me."

"I'm very sorry; but what can I do? I can't study—that's certain," said Rex.

"Not just now, perhaps. You will have to miss a term. I have made arrangements for you—how you are to spend the next two months. But I confess I am disappointed in you, Rex. I thought you had more sense than to take up such ideas—to suppose that because you have fallen into a very common trouble, such as most men have to go through, you are loosened from all bonds of duty—just as if your brain had softened and you were no longer a responsible being."

What could Rex say? Inwardly he was in a state of rebellion, but he had no arguments to meet his father's; and while he was feeling, in spite of any thing that might be said, that he should like to go off to "the colonies" to-morrow, it lay in a deep fold of his consciousness that he ought to feel—if he had been a better fellow, he would have felt—more about his old ties. This is the sort of faith we live by in our soul-sicknesses.

Rex got up from his seat, as if he held the conference to be at an end. "You assent to my arrangement, then?" said Mr. Gascoigne, with that distinct resolution of tone which seems to hold one in a vise.

There was a little pause before Rex answered, "I'll try what I can do, Sir. I can't promise." His thought was, that trying would be of no use.

Her father kept Anna, holding her fast, though she wanted to follow Rex. "Oh, papa," she said, the tears coming with her words when the door had closed, "it is very hard for him. Doesn't he look ill?"

"Yes, but he will soon be better; it will all blow over. And now, Anna, be as quiet as a mouse about it all. Never let it be mentioned when he is gone."

"No, papa. But I would not be like Gwendolen for any thing—to have people fall in love with me so. It is very dreadful."

Anna dared not say that she was disappointed at not being allowed to go to the colonies with Rex; but that was her secret feeling, and she often afterward went inwardly over the whole affair, saying to herself, "I should have done with going out, and gloves, and crinoline, and having to talk when I am taken to dinner—and all that!"

I like to mark the time, and connect the course of individual lives with the historic stream, for all classes of thinkers. This was the period when the broadening of gauge in crinolines seemed to demand an agitation for the general enlargement of churches, ball-rooms, and vehicles. But Anna Gascoigne's figure would only allow the size of skirt manufactured for young ladies of fourteen.

CHAPTER IX.

I'll tell thee, Berthold, what men's hopes are like:
A silly child that, quivering with joy,
Would cast its little mimic fishing line,
Baited with loadstone, for a bowl of toys
In the salt ocean.

EIGHT months after the arrival of the family at Offendene—that is to say, in the end of the following June—a rumor was spread in the neighborhood which to many persons was matter of exciting interest. It had no reference to the results of the American war, but it was one which touched all classes within a certain circuit round Wancester—the corn-factors, the brewers, the horse-dealers, and saddlers, all held it a laudable thing, and one which was to be rejoiced in on abstract grounds as showing the value of an aristocracy in a free country like England; the blacksmith in the hamlet of Diplow felt that a good time had come round; the wives of laboring-men hoped their nimble boys of ten or twelve would be taken into employ by the gentlemen in livery; and the farmers about Diplow admitted, with a tincture of bitterness and reserve, that a man might now again perhaps have an easier market or exchange for a rick of old hay or a wagon-load of straw. If such were the hopes of low persons not in society, it may be easily inferred that their betters had better reasons for satisfaction, probably connected with the pleasures of life rather than its business. Marriage, however, must be considered as coming under both heads; and just as when a visit of Majesty is announced, the dream of knighthood or a baronetcy is to be found under various municipal night-caps, so the news in question raised a floating indeterminate vision of marriage in several well-bred imaginations.

The news was that Diplow Hall, Sir Hugo Mallinger's place, which had for a couple of years turned its white window-shutters in a painfully wall-eyed manner on its fine elms and beeches, its lilied pool, and grassy acres specked with deer, was being prepared for a tenant, and was for the rest of the summer and through the hunting season to be inhabited in a fitting style both as to house and stable. But not by Sir Hugo himself: by his nephew, Mr. Mallinger Grandcourt, who was presumptive heir to the baronetcy, his uncle's

marriage having produced nothing but girls. Nor was this the only contingency with which fortune flattered young Grandcourt, as he was pleasantly called; for while the chance of the baronetcy came through his father, his mother had given a baronial streak to his blood, so that if certain intervening persons slightly painted in the middle distance died, he would become a Baron and peer of this realm.

It is the uneven allotment of nature that the male bird alone has the tuft, but we have not yet followed the advice of hasty philosophers who would have us copy nature entirely in these matters; and if Mr. Mallinger Grandcourt became a Baronet or a peer, his wife would share the title—which in addition to his actual fortune was certainly a reason why that wife, being at present unchosen, should be thought of by more than one person with sympathetic interest as a woman sure to be well provided for.

Some readers of this history will doubtless regard it as incredible that people should construct matrimonial prospects on the mere report that a bachelor of good fortune and possibilities was coming within reach, and will reject the statement as a mere outflow of gall: they will aver that neither they nor their first cousins have minds so unbridled; and that, in fact, this is not human nature, which would know that such speculations might turn out to be fallacious, and would therefore not entertain them. But, let it be observed, nothing is here narrated of human nature generally: the history in its present stage concerns only a few people in a corner of Wessex, whose reputation, however, was unimpeached, and who, I am in the proud position of being able to state, were all on visiting terms with persons of rank.

There were the Arrowpoints, for example, in their beautiful place at Quetcham: no one could attribute sordid views in relation to their daughter's marriage to parents who could leave her at least half a million; but having affectionate anxieties about their Catherine's position (she having resolutely refused Lord Slogan, an unexceptionable Irish peer, whose estate wanted nothing but drainage and population), they wondered, perhaps from something more than a charitable impulse, whether Mr. Grandcourt was good-looking, of sound constitution, virtuous, or at least reformed, and if liberal-conservative, not too liberal-conservative; and without wishing any body to die, thought his succession to the title an event to be desired.

If the Arrowpoints had such ruminations, it is the less surprising that they were stimulated in Mr. Gascoigne, who for being a clergyman was not the less subject to the anxieties of a parent and guardian; and we have seen how both he and Mrs. Gascoigne might by this time have come to feel that he was overcharged with the management of young creatures who were hardly to be held in with bit or bridle, or any sort of metaphor that would stand for judicious advice.

Naturally, people did not tell each other all they felt and thought about young Grandcourt's advent: on no subject is this openness found prudentially practicable—not even on the generation of acids, or the destination of the fixed stars; for either your contemporary with a mind turned toward the same subjects may find your ideas ingenious and forestall you in applying them, or he may have other views on acids and fixed stars, and think ill of you in consequence. Mr. Gascoigne did not ask Mr. Arrowpoint if he had any trustworthy source of information about Grandcourt, considered as a husband for a charming girl; nor did Mrs. Arrowpoint observe to Mrs. Davilow that if the possible peer sought a wife in the neighborhood of Diplow, the only reasonable expectation was that he would offer his hand to Catherine, who, however, would not accept him unless he were in all respects fitted to secure her happiness. Indeed, even to his wife the rector was silent as to the contemplation of any matrimonial result, from the probability that Mr. Grandcourt would see Gwendolen at the next Archery Meeting; though Mrs. Gascoigne's mind was very likely still more active in the same direction. She had said interjectionally to her sister, "It would be a mercy, Fanny, if that girl were well married!" to which Mrs. Davilow, discerning some criticism of her darling in the fervor of that wish, had not chosen to make any audible reply, though she had said, inwardly, "You will not get her to marry for your pleasure;" the mild mother becoming rather saucy when she identified herself with her daughter.

To her husband Mrs. Gascoigne said, "I hear Mr. Grandcourt has two places of his own, but he comes to Diplow for the hunting. It is to be hoped he will set a good example in the neighborhood. Have you heard what sort of young man he is, Henry?"

Mr. Gascoigne had not heard; at least, if his male acquaintances had gossiped in his hearing, he was not disposed to repeat their gossip, or give it any emphasis in his own mind. He held it futile, even if it had been becoming, to show any curiosity as to the past of a young man whose birth, wealth, and consequent leisure made many habits venial which under other circumstances would have been inexcusable. Whatever Grandcourt had done, he had not ruined himself; and it is well known that in gambling, for example, whether of the business or holiday sort, a man who has the strength of mind to leave off when he has only ruined others, is a reformed character. This is an illustration merely. Mr. Gascoigne had not heard that Grandcourt had been a gambler; and we can hardly pronounce him singular in feeling that a landed proprietor with a mixture of noble blood in his veins was not to be an object of suspicious inquiry like a reformed character who offers himself as your butler or footman. Reformation, where a man can afford to do without it, can hardly be other than genuine. Moreover, it was not certain on any showing hitherto that Mr. Grandcourt had needed reformation more than other young men in the ripe youth of five-and-thirty; and at any rate, the significance of what he had been must be determined by what he actually was.

Mrs. Davilow, too, although she would not respond to her sister's pregnant remark, could not be inwardly indifferent to an event that might promise a brilliant lot for Gwendolen. A little speculation on "what may be" comes naturally, without encouragement—comes inevitably in the form of images, when unknown persons are mentioned; and Mr. Grandcourt's name raised in Mrs. Davilow's mind first of all the picture of a handsome, accomplished, excellent young man, whom she would be satisfied with as a husband

for her daughter; but then came the further speculation—would Gwendolen be satisfied with him? There was no knowing what would meet that girl's taste or touch her affections—it might be something else than excellence; and thus the image of the perfect suitor gave way before a fluctuating combination of qualities that might be imagined to win Gwendolen's heart. In the difficulty of arriving at the particular combination which would insure that result, the mother even said to herself, "It would not signify about her being in love, if she would only accept the right person." For whatever marriage had been for herself, how could she the less desire it for her daughter? The difference her own misfortunes made was that she never dared to dwell much to Gwendolen on the desirableness of marriage, dreading an answer something like that of the future Madame Roland, when her gentle mother, urging the acceptance of a suitor, said, "Tu seras heureuse, ma chère." "Oui, maman, comme toi."

In relation to the problematic Mr. Grandcourt, least of all would Mrs. Davilow have willingly let fall a hint of the aerial castle building which she had the good taste to be ashamed of; for such a hint was likely enough to give an adverse poise to Gwendolen's own thought, and make her detest the desirable husband beforehand. Since that scene after poor Rex's farewell visit, the mother had felt a new sense of peril in touching the mystery of her child's feeling and in rashly determining what was her welfare: only she could think of welfare in no other shape than marriage.

The discussion of the dress that Gwendolen was to wear at the Archery Meeting was a relevant topic, however; and when it had been decided that as a touch of color on her white cashmere nothing for her complexion was comparable to pale green—a feather which she was trying in her hat before the looking-glass having settled the question—Mrs. Davilow felt her ears tingle when Gwendolen, suddenly throwing herself into the attitude of drawing her bow, said, with a look of comic enjoyment,

"How I pity all the other girls at the Archery Meeting—all thinking of Mr. Grandcourt! And they have not a shadow of a chance."

Mrs. Davilow had not presence of mind to answer immediately, and Gwendolen turned quickly round toward her, saying, wickedly,

"Now you know they have not, mamma. You and my uncle and aunt—you all intend him to fall in love with me."

Mrs. Davilow, piqued into a little stratagem, said, "Oh, my dear, that is not so certain. Miss Arrowpoint has charms which you have not."

"I know. But they demand thought. My arrow will pierce him before he has time for thought. He will declare himself my slave—I shall send him round the world to bring me back the wedding-ring of a happy woman—in the mean time all the men who are between him and the title will die of different diseases—he will come back Lord Grandcourt—but without the ring—and fall at my feet. I shall laugh at him—he will rise in resentment—I shall laugh more—he will call for his steed and ride to Quetcham, where he will find Miss Arrowpoint just married to a needy musician, Mrs. Arrowpoint tearing her cap off, and Mr. Arrowpoint standing by. Exit Lord Grandcourt, who returns to Diplow, and, like M. Jabot, *change de linge*."

Was ever any young witch like this? You thought of hiding things from her, sat upon your secret and looked innocent, and all the while she knew by the corner of your eye that it was exactly five pounds ten you were sitting on! As well turn the key to keep out the damp! It was probable that by dint of divination she already knew more than any one else did of Mr. Grandcourt. That idea in Mrs. Davilow's mind prompted the sort of question which often comes without any other apparent reason than the faculty of speech and the not knowing what to do with it.

"Why, what kind of man do you imagine him to be, Gwendolen?"

"Let me see!" said the witch, putting her forefinger to her lips with a little frown, and then stretching out the finger with decision. "Short—just above my shoulder—trying to make himself tall by turning up his mustache and keeping his beard long—a glass in his right eye to give him an air of distinction—a strong opinion about his waistcoat, but uncertain and trimming about the weather, on which he will try to draw me out. He will stare at me all the while, and the glass in his eye will cause him to make horrible faces, especially when he smiles in a flattering way. I shall cast down my eyes in consequence, and he will perceive that I am not indifferent to his attentions. I shall dream that night that I am looking at the extraordinary face of a magnified insect—and the next morning he will make me an offer of his hand; the sequel as before."

"That is a portrait of some one you have seen already, Gwen. Mr. Grandcourt may be a delightful young man for what you know."

"Oh yes," said Gwendolen, with a high note of careless admission, taking off her best hat and turning it round on her hand contemplatively. "I wonder what sort of behavior a delightful young man would have!" Then, with a merry change of face, "I know he would have hunters and racers, and a London house and two country-houses—one with battlements and another with a veranda. And I feel sure that with a little murdering he might get a title."

The irony of this speech was of the doubtful sort that has some genuine belief mixed up with it. Poor Mrs. Davilow felt uncomfortable under it, her own meanings being usually literal and in intention innocent; and she said, with a distressed brow,

"Don't talk in that way, child, for Heaven's sake! you do read such books—they give you such ideas of every thing. I declare when your aunt and I were your age, we knew nothing about wickedness. I think it was better so."

"Why did you not bring me up in that way, mamma?" said Gwendolen. But immediately perceiving in the crushed look and rising sob that she had given a deep wound, she tossed down her hat, and knelt at her mother's feet, crying,

"Mamma! mamma! I was only speaking in fun. I meant nothing."

"How could I, Gwendolen?" said poor Mrs. Davilow, unable to hear the retractation, and sobbing violently while she made the effort to speak. "Your will was always too strong for me—if every thing else had been different."

This disjointed logic was intelligible enough to the daughter. "Dear mamma, I don't find fault

with you—I love you," said Gwendolen, really compunctious. "How can you help what I am? Besides, I am very charming. Come, now." Here Gwendolen with her handkerchief gently rubbed away her mother's tears. "Really—I am contented with myself. I like myself better than I should have liked my aunt and you. How dreadfully dull you must have been!"

Such tender cajolery served to quiet the mother, as it had often done before after like collisions. Not that the collisions had often been repeated at the same point; for in the memory of both they left an association of dread with the particular topics which had occasioned them: Gwendolen dreaded the unpleasant sense of compunction toward her mother, which was the nearest approach to self-condemnation and self-distrust that she had known; and Mrs. Davilow's timid maternal conscience dreaded whatever had brought on the slightest hint of reproach. Hence, after this little scene, the two concurred in excluding Mr. Grandcourt from their conversation.

When Mr. Gascoigne once or twice referred to him, Mrs. Davilow feared lest Gwendolen should betray some of her alarming keen-sightedness about what was probably in her uncle's mind; but the fear was not justified. Gwendolen knew certain differences in the characters with which she was concerned as birds know climate and weather; and, for the very reason that she was determined to evade her uncle's control, she was determined not to clash with him. The good understanding between them was much fostered by their enjoyment of archery together: Mr. Gascoigne, as one of the best bowmen in Wessex, was gratified to find the elements of like skill in his niece; and Gwendolen was the more careful not to lose the shelter of his fatherly indulgence, because since the trouble with Rex both Mrs. Gascoigne and Anna had been unable to hide what she felt to be a very unreasonable alienation from her. Toward Anna she took some pains to behave with a regretful affectionateness; but neither of them dared to mention Rex's name, and Anna, to whom the thought of him was part of the air she breathed, was ill at ease with the lively cousin who had ruined his happiness. She tried dutifully to repress any sign of her changed feeling; but who in pain can imitate the glance and hand-touch of pleasure?

This unfair resentment had rather a hardening effect on Gwendolen, and threw her into a more defiant temper. Her uncle too might be offended if she refused the next person who fell in love with her; and one day when that idea was in her mind she said:

"Mamma, I see now why girls are glad to be married—to escape being expected to please every body but themselves."

Happily, Mr. Middleton was gone without having made any avowal; and notwithstanding the admiration for the handsome Miss Harleth, extending perhaps over thirty square miles in a part of Wessex well studded with families whose members included several disengaged young men, each glad to seat himself by the lively girl with whom it was so easy to get on in conversation—notwithstanding these grounds for arguing that Gwendolen was likely to have other suitors more explicit than the cautious curate, the fact was not so.

Care has been taken not only that the trees should not sweep the stars down, but also that every man who admires a fair girl should not be enamored of her, and even that every man who is enamored should not necessarily declare himself. There are various refined shapes in which the price of corn, known to be a potent cause in this relation, might, if inquired into, show why a young lady, perfect in person, accomplishments, and costume, has not the trouble of rejecting many offers; and Nature's order is certainly benignant in not obliging us one and all to be desperately in love with the most admirable mortal we have ever seen. Gwendolen, we know, was far from holding that supremacy in the minds of all observers. Besides, it was but a poor eight months since she had come to Offendene, and some inclinations become manifest slowly, like the sunward creeping of plants.

In face of this fact that not one of the eligible young men already in the neighborhood had made Gwendolen an offer, why should Mr. Grandcourt be thought of as likely to do what they had left undone?

Perhaps because he was thought of as still more eligible; since a great deal of what passes for likelihood in the world is simply the reflex of a wish. Mr. and Mrs. Arrowpoint, for example, having no anxiety that Miss Harleth should make a brilliant marriage, had quite a different likelihood in their minds.

CHAPTER X.

1st Gent. What woman should be? Sir, consult the taste
Of marriageable men. This planet's store
In iron, cotton, wool, or chemicals—
All matter rendered to our plastic skill,
Is wrought in shapes responsive to demand:
The market's pulse makes index high or low,
By rule sublime. Our daughters must be wives,
And to be wives must be what men will choose:
Men's taste is woman's test. You mark the phrase?
'Tis good, I think?—the sense well winged and poised
With t's and s's.
2d Gent. Nay, but turn it round:
Give us the test of taste. A fine *menu*—
Is it to-day what Roman epicures
Insisted that a gentleman must eat
To earn the dignity of dining well?

Brackenshaw Park, where the Archery Meeting was held, looked out from its gentle heights far over the neighboring valley to the outlying eastern downs and the broad slow rise of cultivated country hanging like a vast curtain toward the west. The castle, which stood on the highest platform of the clustered hills, was built of rough-hewn limestone, full of lights and shadows made by the dark dust of lichens and the washings of the rain. Masses of beech and fir sheltered it on the north, and spread down here and there along the green slopes, like flocks seeking the water which gleamed below. The archery ground was a carefully kept inclosure on a bit of table-land at the farthest end of the park, protected toward the southwest by tall elms and a thick screen of hollies, which kept the gravel-walk and the bit of newly mown turf where the targets were placed in agreeable afternoon shade. The Archery Hall with an arcade in front showed like a white temple against the greenery on the northern side.

What could make a better background for the flower-groups of ladies, moving and bowing and

turning their necks as it would become the leisurely lilies to do if they took to locomotion? The sounds too were very pleasant to hear, even when the military band from Wancester ceased to play: musical laughs in all the registers and a harmony of happy friendly speeches, now rising toward mild excitement, now sinking to an agreeable murmur.

No open-air amusement could be much freer from those noisy, crowding conditions which spoil most modern pleasures; no archery meeting could be more select, the number of friends accompanying the members being restricted by an award of tickets, so as to keep the maximum within the limits of convenience for the dinner and ball to be held in the castle. Within the inclosure no plebeian spectators were admitted except Lord Brackenshaw's tenants and their families, and of these it was chiefly the feminine members who used the privilege, bringing their little boys and girls or younger brothers and sisters. The males among them relieved the insipidity of the entertainment by imaginative betting, in which the stake was "any thing you like," on their favorite archers; but the young maidens, having a different principle of discrimination, were considering which of those sweetly dressed ladies they would choose to be, if the choice were allowed them. Probably the form these rural souls would most have striven for as a tabernacle was some other than Gwendolen's—one with more pink in her cheeks, and hair of the most fashionable yellow; but among the male judges in the ranks immediately surrounding her there was unusual unanimity in pronouncing her the finest girl present.

No wonder she enjoyed her existence on that July day. Pre-eminence is sweet to those who love it, even under mediocre circumstances: perhaps it is not quite mythical that a slave has been proud to be bought first; and probably a barn-door fowl on sale, though he may not have understood himself to be called the best of a bad lot, may have a self-informed consciousness of his relative importance, and strut consoled. But for complete enjoyment the outward and the inward must concur. And that concurrence was happening to Gwendolen.

Who can deny that bows and arrows are among the prettiest weapons in the world for feminine forms to play with? They prompt attitudes full of grace and power, where that fine concentration of energy seen in all marksmanship is freed from associations of bloodshed. The time-honored British resource of "killing something" is no longer carried on with bow and quiver; bands defending their passes against an invading nation fight under another sort of shade than a cloud of arrows; and poisoned darts are harmless survivals either in rhetoric or in regions comfortably remote. Archery has no ugly smell of brimstone; breaks nobody's shins, breeds no athletic monsters; its only danger is that of failing, which for generous blood is enough to mould skillful action. And among the Brackenshaw archers the prizes were all of the nobler symbolic kind: not property to be carried off in a parcel, degrading honor into gain; but the gold arrow and the silver, the gold star and the silver, to be worn for a time in sign of achievement and then transferred to the next who did excellently. These signs of pre-eminence had the virtue of wreaths without their inconveniences, which might have produced a melancholy effect in the heat of the ball-room. Altogether the Brackenshaw Archery Club was an institution framed with good taste, so as not to have by necessity any ridiculous incidents.

And to-day all incalculable elements were in its favor. There was mild warmth, and no wind to disturb either hair or drapery or the course of the arrow; all skillful preparation had fair play, and when there was a general march to extract the arrows, the promenade of joyous young creatures in light speech and laughter, the graceful movement in common toward a common object, was a show worth looking at. Here Gwendolen seemed a Calypso among her nymphs. It was in her attitudes and movements that every one was obliged to admit her surpassing charm.

"That girl is like a high-mettled racer," said Lord Brackenshaw to young Clintock, one of the invited spectators.

"First chop! tremendously pretty too," said the elegant Grecian, who had been paying her assiduous attention; "I never saw her look better."

Perhaps she had never looked so well. Her face was beaming with young pleasure in which there were no malign rays of discontent; for being satisfied with her own chances, she felt kindly toward every body, and was satisfied with the universe. Not to have the highest distinction in rank, not to be marked out as an heiress, like Miss Arrowpoint, gave an added triumph in eclipsing those advantages. For personal recommendation she would not have cared to change the family group accompanying her for any other: her mamma's appearance would have suited an amiable Duchess; her uncle and aunt Gascoigne with Anna made equally gratifying figures in their way; and Gwendolen was too full of joyous belief in herself to feel in the least jealous though Miss Arrowpoint was one of the best archeresses.

Even the re-appearance of the formidable Herr Klesmer, which caused some surprise in the rest of the company, seemed only to fall in with Gwendolen's inclination to be amused. Short of Apollo himself, what great musical *maestro* could make a good figure at an archery meeting? There was a very satirical light in Gwendolen's eyes as she looked toward the Arrowpoint party on their first entrance, when the contrast between Klesmer and the average group of English county people seemed at its utmost intensity in the close neighborhood of his hosts—or patrons, as Mrs. Arrowpoint would have liked to hear them called, that she might deny the possibility of any longer patronizing genius, its royalty being universally acknowledged. The contrast might have amused a graver personage than Gwendolen. We English are a miscellaneous people, and any chance fifty of us will present many varieties of animal architecture or facial ornament; but it must be admitted that our prevailing expression is not that of a lively, impassioned race, preoccupied with the ideal and carrying the real as a mere make-weight. The strong point of the English gentleman pure is the easy style of his figure and clothing; he objects to marked ins and outs in his costume, and he also objects to looking inspired.

Fancy an assemblage where the men had all that ordinary stamp of the well-bred Englishman, watching the entrance of Herr Klesmer—his mane

of hair floating backward in massive inconsistency with the chimney-pot hat, which had the look of having been put on for a joke above his pronounced but well-modeled features and powerful clean-shaven mouth and chin; his tall thin figure clad in a way which, not being strictly English, was all the worse for its apparent emphasis of intention. Draped in a loose garment with a Florentine berretta on his head, he would have been fit to stand by the side of Leonardo da Vinci; but how when he presented himself in trowsers which were not what English feeling demanded about the knees?—and when the fire that showed itself in his glances and the movements of his head, as he looked round him with curiosity, was turned into comedy by a hat which ruled that mankind should have well-cropped hair and a staid demeanor, such, for example, as Mr. Arrowpoint's, whose nullity of face and perfect tailoring might pass every where without ridicule? One sees why it is often better for greatness to be dead, and to have got rid of the outward man.

Many present knew Klesmer, or knew of him; but they had only seen him on candle-light occasions when he appeared simply as a musician, and he had not yet that supreme, world-wide celebrity which makes an artist great to the most ordinary people by their knowledge of his great expensiveness. It was literally a new light for them to see him in—presented unexpectedly on this July afternoon in an exclusive society; some were inclined to laugh, others felt a little disgust at the want of judgment shown by the Arrowpoints in this use of an introductory card.

"What extreme guys those artistic fellows usually are!" said young Clintock to Gwendolen. "Do look at the figure he cuts, bowing with his hand on his heart to Lady Brackenshaw—and Mrs. Arrowpoint's feather just reaching his shoulder."

"You are one of the profane," said Gwendolen. "You are blind to the majesty of genius. Herr Klesmer smites me with awe; I feel crushed in his presence; my courage all oozes from me."

"Ah, you understand all about his music."

"No, indeed," said Gwendolen, with a light laugh; "it is he who understands all about mine, and thinks it pitiable." Klesmer's verdict on her singing had been an easier joke to her since he had been struck by her *plastik*.

"It is not addressed to the ears of the future, I suppose. I'm glad of that: it suits mine."

"Oh, you are very kind. But how remarkably well Miss Arrowpoint looks to-day! She would make quite a fine picture in that gold-colored dress."

"Too splendid, don't you think?"

"Well, perhaps a little too symbolical—too much like the figure of Wealth in an allegory."

This speech of Gwendolen's had rather a malicious sound, but it was not really more than a bubble of fun. She did not wish Miss Arrowpoint or any one else to be out of the way, believing in her own good fortune even more than in her skill. The belief in both naturally grew stronger as the shooting went on, for she promised to achieve one of the best scores—a success which astonished every one in a new member; and to Gwendolen's temperament one success determined another. She trod on air, and all things pleasant seemed possible. The hour was enough for her, and she was not obliged to think what she should do next to keep her life at the due pitch.

"How does the scoring stand, I wonder?" said Lady Brackenshaw, a gracious personage who, adorned with two fair little girls and a boy of stout make, sat as lady paramount. Her lord had come up to her in one of the intervals of shooting. "It seems to me that Miss Harleth is likely to win the gold arrow."

"Gad, I think she will, if she carries it on! She is running Juliet Fenn hard. It is wonderful for one in her first year. Catherine is not up to her usual mark," continued his lordship, turning to the heiress's mother who sat near. "But she got the gold arrow last time. And there's a luck even in these games of skill. That's better. It gives the hinder ones a chance."

"Catherine will be very glad for others to win," said Mrs. Arrowpoint; "she is so magnanimous. It was entirely her considerateness that made us bring Herr Klesmer instead of Canon Stopley, who had expressed a wish to come. For her own pleasure, I am sure she would rather have brought the canon; but she is always thinking of others. I told her it was not quite *en règle* to bring one so far out of our own set; but she said, 'Genius itself is not *en règle;* it comes into the world to make new rules.' And one must admit that."

"Ay, to be sure," said Lord Brackenshaw, in a tone of careless dismissal, adding, quickly, "For my part, I am not magnanimous; I should like to win. But, confound it! I never have the chance now. I'm getting old and idle. The young ones beat me. As old Nestor says—the gods don't give us every thing at one time: I was a young fellow once, and now I am getting an old and wise one. Old, at any rate; which is a gift that comes to every body if they live long enough, so it raises no jealousy." The Earl smiled comfortably at his wife.

"Oh, my lord, people who have been neighbors twenty years must not talk to each other about age," said Mrs. Arrowpoint. "Years, as the Tuscans say, are made for the letting of houses. But where is our new neighbor? I thought Mr. Grandcourt was to be here to-day."

"Ah, by-the-way, so he was. The time's getting on too," said his lordship, looking at his watch. "But he only got to Diplow the other day. He came to us on Tuesday, and said he had been a little bothered. He may have been pulled in another direction. Why, Gascoigne!"—the rector was just then crossing at a little distance with Gwendolen on his arm, and turned in compliance with the call—"this is a little too bad; you not only beat us yourself, but you bring up your niece to beat all the archeresses."

"It *is* rather scandalous in her to get the better of elder members," said Mr. Gascoigne, with much inward satisfaction, curling his short upper lip. "But it is not my doing, my lord. I only meant her to make a tolerable figure, without surpassing any one."

"It is not my fault either," said Gwendolen, with pretty archness. "If I am to aim, I can't help hitting."

"Ay, ay, that may be a fatal business for some people," said Lord Brackenshaw, good-humoredly; then, taking out his watch and looking at Mrs. Arrowpoint again, "The time's getting on, as you say. But Grandcourt is always late. I

notice in town he's always late, and he's no bowman—understands nothing about it. But I told him he must come; he would see the flower of the neighborhood here. He asked about you—had seen Arrowpoint's card. I think you had not made his acquaintance in town. He has been a good deal abroad. People don't know him much."

"No; we are strangers," said Mrs. Arrowpoint. "But that is not what might have been expected. For his uncle, Sir Hugo Mallinger, and I are great friends when we meet."

"I don't know; uncles and nephews are not so likely to be seen together as uncles and nieces," said his lordship, smiling toward the rector. "But just come with me one instant, Gascoigne, will you? I want to speak a word about the clout-shooting."

Gwendolen chose to go too, and be deposited in the same group with her mamma and aunt until she had to shoot again. That Mr. Grandcourt might, after all, not appear on the archery ground, had begun to enter into Gwendolen's thought as a possible deduction from the completeness of her pleasure. Under all her saucy satire, provoked chiefly by her divination that her friends thought of him as a desirable match for her, she felt something very far from indifference as to the impression she would make on him. True, he was not to have the slightest power over her (for Gwendolen had not considered that the desire to conquer is itself a sort of subjection); she had made up her mind that he was to be one of those complimentary and assiduously admiring men of whom even her narrow experience had shown her several with various-colored beards and various styles of bearing; and the sense that her friends would want her to think him delightful gave her a resistant inclination to presuppose him ridiculous. But that was no reason why she could spare his presence: and even a passing prevision of trouble in case she despised and refused him raised not the shadow of a wish that he should save her that trouble by showing no disposition to make her an offer. Mr. Grandcourt taking hardly any notice of her, and becoming shortly engaged to Miss Arrowpoint, was not a picture which flattered her imagination.

Hence Gwendolen had been all ear to Lord Brackenshaw's mode of accounting for Grandcourt's non-appearance; and when he did arrive, no consciousness—not even Mrs. Arrowpoint's or Mr. Gascoigne's—was more awake to the fact than hers, although she steadily avoided looking toward any point where he was likely to be. There should be no slightest shifting of angles to betray that it was of any consequence to her whether the much-talked-of Mr. Mallinger Grandcourt presented himself or not. She became again absorbed in the shooting, and so resolutely abstained from looking round observantly that, even supposing him to have taken a conspicuous place among the spectators, it might be clear she was not aware of him. And all the while the certainty that he was there made a distinct thread in her consciousness. Perhaps her shooting was the better for it; at any rate, it gained in precision, and she at last raised a delightful storm of clapping and applause by three hits running in the gold—a feat which among the Brackenshaw archers had not the vulgar reward of a shilling poll-tax, but that of a special gold star to be worn on the breast. That moment was not only a happy one to herself—it was just what her mamma and her uncle would have chosen for her. There was a general falling into ranks to give her space that she might advance conspicuously to receive the gold star from the hands of Lady Brackenshaw; and the perfect movement of her fine form was certainly a pleasant thing to behold in the clear afternoon light when the shadows were long and still. She was the central object of that pretty picture, and every one present must gaze at her. That was enough; she herself was determined to see nobody in particular, or to turn her eyes any way except toward Lady Brackenshaw, but her thoughts undeniably turned in other ways. It entered a little into her pleasure that Herr Klesmer must be observing her at a moment when music was out of the question, and his superiority very far in the background; for vanity is as ill at ease under indifference as tenderness is under a love which it can not return; and the unconquered Klesmer threw a trace of his malign power even across her pleasant consciousness that Mr. Grandcourt was seeing her to the utmost advantage, and was probably giving her an admiration unmixed with criticism. She did not expect to admire *him*, but that was not necessary to her peace of mind.

Gwendolen met Lady Brackenshaw's gracious smile without blushing (which only came to her when she was taken by surprise), but with a charming gladness of expression, and then bent with easy grace to have the star fixed near her shoulder. That little ceremony had been over long enough for her to have exchanged playful speeches and received congratulations as she moved among the groups who were now interesting themselves in the results of the scoring; but it happened that she stood outside examining the point of an arrow with rather an absent air when Lord Brackenshaw came up to her and said,

"Miss Harleth, here is a gentleman who is not willing to wait any longer for an introduction. He has been getting Mrs. Davilow to send me with him. Will you allow me to introduce Mr. Mallinger Grandcourt?"

THE LEGEND OF THE ORGAN-BUILDER.

Day by day the Organ-Builder in his lonely chamber wrought;
Day by day the soft air trembled to the music of his thought;

Till at last the work was ended, and no organ voice so grand
Ever yet had soared responsive to the master's magic hand.

Ay, so rarely was it builded that whenever groom and bride
Who in God's sight were well-pleasing in the church stood side by side,

Without touch or breath the organ of itself began to play,
And the very airs of heaven through the soft gloom seemed to stray.

He was young, the Organ-Builder, and o'er all the land his fame
Ran with fleet and eager footsteps, like a swiftly rushing flame.

All the maidens heard the story; all the maidens blushed and smiled,
By his youth and wondrous beauty and his great renown beguiled.

So he sought and won the fairest, and the wedding-day was set:
Happy day—the brightest jewel in the glad year's coronet!

But when they the portal entered, he forgot his lovely bride—
Forgot his love, forgot his God, and his heart swelled high with pride.

"Ah!" thought he, "how great a master am I! When the organ plays,
How the vast cathedral arches will re-echo with my praise!"

Up the aisle the gay procession moved. The altar shone afar,
With its every candle gleaming through soft shadows like a star.

But he listened, listened, listened, with no thought of love or prayer,
For the swelling notes of triumph from his organ standing there.

All was silent. Nothing heard he save the priest's low monotone,
And the bride's robe trailing softly o'er the floor of fretted stone.

Then his lips grew white with anger. Surely God was pleased with him
Who had built the wondrous organ for His temple vast and dim?

Whose the fault, then? Hers—the maiden standing meekly at his side!
Flamed his jealous rage, maintaining she was false to him—his bride.

Vain were all her protestations, vain her innocence and truth;
On that very night he left her to her anguish and her ruth.

* * * * * * *

Far he wandered to a country wherein no man knew his name.
For ten weary years he dwelt there, nursing still his wrath and shame.

Then his haughty heart grew softer, and he thought by night and day
Of the bride he had deserted, till he hardly dared to pray—

Thought of her, a spotless maiden, fair and beautiful and good;
Thought of his relentless anger that had cursed her womanhood;

Till his yearning grief and penitence at last were all complete,
And he longed, with bitter longing, just to fall down at her feet.

* * * * * * *

Ah! how throbbed his heart when, after many a weary day and night,
Rose his native towers before him, with the sunset glow alight!

Through the gates into the city on he pressed with eager tread;
There he met a long procession—mourners following the dead.

"Now why weep ye so, good people? and whom bury ye to-day?
Why do yonder sorrowing maidens scatter flowers along the way?

"Has some saint gone up to heaven?" "Yes," they answered, weeping sore;
"For the Organ-Builder's saintly wife our eyes shall see no more;

"And because her days were given to the service of God's poor,
From His church we mean to bury her. See! yonder is the door."

No one knew him; no one wondered when he cried out, white with pain;
No one questioned when, with pallid lips, he poured his tears like rain.

"'Tis some one whom she has comforted who mourns with us," they said,
As he made his way unchallenged, and bore the coffin's head.

Bore it through the open portal, bore it up the echoing aisle,
Let it down before the altar, where the lights burned clear the while:

When, oh, hark! the wondrous organ of itself began to play
Strains of rare, unearthly sweetness never heard until that day!

All the vaulted arches rang with the music sweet and clear;
All the air was filled with glory, as of angels hovering near;

And ere yet the strain was ended, he who bore the coffin's head,
With the smile of one forgiven, gently sank beside it—dead.

They who raised the body knew him, and they laid him by his bride;
Down the aisle and o'er the threshold they were carried, side by side;

While the organ played a dirge that no man ever heard before,
And then softly sank to silence—silence kept for evermore.

Editor's Easy Chair.

A NEW novel by George Eliot is a story by the greatest of living story-tellers. It is long since any tale has been published that aroused so deep and universal an interest as *Middlemarch;* and as the author is in the fullness of her powers, there is no doubt that the story by her which begins in this number of the Magazine will have the same remarkable and subtle charm. The secret of this spell is, as in every work of genius, shy and evasive. The critic may enumerate all the excellences he detects—the dramatic power, the skill of characterization, the humor, the pathos, the ingenuity of plot, the limpid style, the poetic force, the mastery of human nature—but what it is that combines these elements into this special result, just where lurks the lingering music, what instinct blends the pigments into that soft, evanescent hue as of the June sky or early roses—in a word, the master-power, the creative force—that eludes the shrewdest commentator.

But there is one quality among the many which George Eliot displays in her stories which is distinctive; that is, her singular and searching sympathy with the spirit of the age. Its introversion, its wide knowledge, its fine perception, its intellectual and moral heroism and independence, are inwrought with the very substance of her work. A novel is a picture of manners; but her novels are not only that, they show not alone the form, but the pressure of the time. Smollett gives us the outside, but George Eliot the interior also. In a story of our own day, like that which now begins, she does this from her own constant and immediate perception. But in *Romola*, a story of Savonarola's Florence, she shows the same instinct—a power of subtle apprehension which recreates the spirit as well as the body of old Italy. In *Adam Bede*, also, how the very soul of sincere religious dissent breathes from the maiden lips of Dinah—a spirit perceived by the force of genius in the novelist, not by that of sympathetic conviction. George Eliot is the pseudonym of a woman, but her power will not be described by any feminine words, as implying inadequacy or weakness. *Moriamur pro nostro rege* Maria Theresa, was the exulting shout of the Magyar nobles when the Empress stood before them and made her burning appeal. And the intellectual power of all truly great women has the same unconditional regality of scope and force as that of great men.

As the Easy Chair thus reminds the readers of the Magazine of the feast to which they are invited, it pauses to listen with those readers to the graceful and sparkling words which it has elicited by a challenge to an ingenious artificer to try his hand at an Easy Chair here upon its own domain. As its old friends of many a year proceed, they will not wonder that the Easy Chair somewhat ruefully and jealously contemplates the result of its challenge, and murmurs, in the words (with a wholly different application) that Mr. Hale has made so familiar, "My Double, and how he undid me."

MR. JOHN TIMBS has written an entertaining book, full of curious out-of-the-way information touching sign-boards, ancient and modern. A volume equally curious and portly might be made on a kindred subject, namely, those small placards which dealers in all sorts of merchandise attach to the articles in their shop windows. The work would necessarily involve a study of queer streets and neighborhoods. Whenever these placards appear, it is an infallible sign that the street is a third-rate and unfashionable thoroughfare. Whatever it may once have been, it is now a little down in the world—very cheerful and prosperous, maybe, from a material point of view, but lacking the well-bred air of certain localities where the shops are no larger, and possibly not so prosperous. Balzac, who had a wonderful eye for these matters, has noticed what he calls the human aspects of streets. Some streets seem to have started out in life with great hopes, and failed, and become despondent; others are dissipated and spendthrift from the beginning; others are mean, sordid streets, in which pawnbrokers and usurers might reside; others are rich and haughty, inhabited by people of high birth; others, again, are shabby-genteel. It is in these last, when there are shops, that the placard begins to crop out. If it is a dry-goods establishment, the show window is tastefully arranged with laces and ribbons and bales of silk, two or three yards of silk breaking from each bale like a water-fall, down the gay current of which is swept the word "Stylish," or "Superb," or "Elegant." Passing from this respectable locality to a less pretentious, the labels become somewhat louder and more aggressive. Here the silks are "Stunning," and "Just the Thing," and in the window of the grocery on the corner is a pyramidal pile of brown sugar, at the apex of which protrudes a forked stick holding a card with the legend, "Dirt Cheap!" which it probably is. Farther on you come to a still shabbier district—the shabbiest, in fact—given over to long-bearded merchants of ready-made and second-hand clothing. Here the contents of the shops appear to have revolted and rushed out of doors and taken possession of the sidewalks. One may fancy that the rebellion was quelled there, and that those rows of complete suits strung up each side of the doorway are the seditious ringleaders. But as you approach these dangling limp figures, you observe, pinned to the lapel of a coat here and there, a paper informing you that "this nobby suit" can be had "for $12." That of course destroys the picturesque illusion.

We have touched but lightly on this subject of placards, of which there are endless varieties, ranging from grave to gay, from lively to severe, with marvelous eccentricities of phrase and orthography. Some, indeed, are quite pathetic—those in a small bankrupt's window, for instance—and some are unconsciously humorous, like the one we saw the other day in a melancholy little shop in Chatham Street, "Mucilage at Panic Prices." To be sure, there is no reason why mucilage should be exempt from the influence of the fluctuations of the money market; but the notice struck us as exceedingly humorous. It gave us the impression that mucilage was considered one

of the necessities of life, looked upon as an article of diet, maybe, in this sticky neighborhood, which made the announcement very pathetic indeed. If any enterprising compiler of literary *bric-à-brac* should carry out our suggestion relative to a history and description of placards, we trust he will not omit this unique specimen.

OWING, doubtless, to some defect in our mental organization, we have never been able to derive immoderate enjoyment from the wit that is leveled at the mother-in-law—on the stage and in the novel. In real life she is apt to be a very convenient and lovable character, without whom the young couple would be sadly adrift on the waves of housekeeping. Next to the mother-in-law in the abstract, the publisher in the abstract attracts attention as a roundly abused person. He catches it in all literary ana. Yet the author who rejoiced over the fact that Dr. Sam Johnson once knocked down a bookseller with one of his own folios would have been in a sorry plight if the publisher of his day had not been a very well disposed fragment of the population. Anecdotes illustrating the friendly relations between writers and publishers are, happily, not wanting; yet we can not forbear adding one to the catalogue.

Several years since a well-known Boston publisher used to keep a large memorandum-book on a table in his personal office. It always lay open, this volume, and was in no sort a private affair, being the receptacle of nothing more important than hastily scrawled reminders to attend to this thing or the other. It chanced one day that a very young, unfledged author came to see the publisher, who was also the editor of a magazine. It will scarcely be believed that this young author had a copy of verses secreted about his person. But he had. The publisher was out, and young Milton, feeling that "they also serve who only stand and wait," sat down and waited. Presently his eye fell upon the memorandum-book, lying there like a morning paper to be read, and almost in spite of himself he read: "Don't forget to see the binder," "Don't forget to send L—— a check," "Don't forget to dine with G——," etc. An inspiration seized on the young author; he took a pencil, and at the tail of this long list of "don't forgets" he wrote, "Don't forget to accept Jones's poem." He left his manuscript on the table and disappeared. That afternoon when the publisher looked over his memoranda, he was not a little amused at the last item, and his sense of humor was so strong that he did accept Jones's poem, and sent him a check for it, though the poem, we believe, remains to this day unpublished. There was, we contend, something epical in the kindness of this act. How kind it was in the publisher to take the verses! how doubly kind not to print them!

AN editorial sanctum resembles in one respect a foundling asylum—there is no knowing at what hour of the day or night an anonymous production may be found tied to the door-knob. From month to month the editor is favored with a great deal of nameless poetry with touching letters pinned to it, mostly from young ladies and gentlemen—amateur vagrants, he fancies, on the outskirts of the literary world. He is asked to provide for these children of the fancy; and he always does the best he can, though indeed that is little; for those who are worth taking care of have a singular faculty of taking care of themselves.

We receive, we say, a great many surreptitious poems that are wholly unable to stand on their metrical feet, the authors of which ask no other compensation than to see their bantlings neatly clothed in our type; but we seldom receive any manuscript with so modest ambition from what we suspect to be a professional hand. Yet even this, it seems, is not to be denied us. We have within the hour received a poem from an author who has taken an odd fancy to publish *en amateur*, in order to see how his stanza will float without a name attached to it, knowing full well that a name is sometimes the poem's cork-jacket, which keeps to the surface for a while the heavy rhyme that would inevitably sink in the absence of such life-preserver. Our correspondent's poem has the merit of being as brief as "the posy of a ring." The poet has evidently said what he meant to say, neither more nor less, and stopped there—a noticeable instance of self-control. It is so much easier to write seventy fair lines and go on than to write seven good lines and stop! He calls his poem

THORVALDSEN.

We often fail by searching far and wide
For what lies close at hand. To serve our turn
We ask fair wind and favorable tide.
From the dead Danish sculptor let us learn
To make Occasion, not to be denied:
Against the sheer, precipitous mountain-side
Thorvaldsen carved his Lion at Lucerne.

There, brother, we have printed your rhyme for you, and charged you nothing, as benevolently and complacently as if half a dozen magazines were not ready to pay you liberally for all your wares.

A FEW weeks since three miserable men suffered the extreme penalty of the law in our Egyptian prison. After an impartial and careful trial they were found guilty, and were dealt with according to the prevailing human sense of justice. Yet such executions suggest most conflicting reflections even among those who strongly advocate capital punishment. The Easy Chair is led to wonder if the time will ever arrive when the gallows shall be placed as a curiosity in museums, and sight-seers shall flock to gaze upon it and marvel how a people who gave evidence of so much civilization and refinement as did their forefathers (we shall be forefathers then!) could have employed such a machine for the amelioration of the moral condition of mankind. Will posterity shudder at a model of a gallows set up in complete working order on a shelf, as we of to-day shudder when we examine the ancient instruments of torture collected in the Old World museums? Will the American of the year of our Lord 2000 be so far in advance of us? The Easy Chair ventures to hope so.

In the mean while, since with our present lights we find nothing better to do with a murderer than to hang him, why may not merciful ingenuity devise some method of execution that shall not so very closely resemble the revolting act which the criminal expiates? It is perhaps a little significant that the gallows is the only piece of machinery that has stood stock-still in this era of progress. There it stands, the same clumsy, inefficient, inhuman thing it was when it first lifted its ghastly frame-work into the air of the Dark Ages. If we must use it, let us see to it that it

be adjusted with at least as much accuracy as an average apple-peeler. The scene that took place in the Tombs the other day at the execution of the man Ellis ought to have been impossible among an enlightened people.

This page will be wafted possibly through a snow-storm to the reader's hand; but it is written while a few red leaves are still clinging to the maple bough, and the last steamer of the year from across the ocean has not yet discharged on our shores the final cargo of returning summer tourists. How glad they will be, like those who came over in previous ships, to again behold that phantomish, white bit of Yankee land called Sandy Hook! It is thinking of them that the Easy Chair writes.

Some one—that anonymous person who is always saying the wisest and most delightful things just as you are on the point of saying them yourself—has remarked that one of the greatest pleasures of foreign travel is to get home again. But no one—that irresponsible person forever to blame in railway accidents, but whom, on the whole, we vastly prefer to his garrulous relative quoted above—no one, we repeat, has pointed out the composite nature of this pleasure, or put his finger on the ingredient in it which gives the chief charm to this getting back. It is pleasant to feel the pressure of friendly hands once more; it is pleasant to pick up the threads of occupation which you dropped abruptly, or perhaps neatly knotted together and carefully laid away, just before you stepped on board the steamer; it is very pleasant, when the summer experience has been softened and sublimated by time, to sit of a winter night by the cheery wood fire, or even at the register, since one must make one's self comfortable in so humiliating a fashion, and let one's fancy wander back in the old foot-prints; to form one's thoughts into happy summer pilgrims, and dispatch them to Arles or Nuremberg, or up the vine-clad heights of Monte-Casino, or embark them at Vienna for a cruise down the swift Danube to Buda-Pesth. But in none of these things lies the subtile charm which the Easy Chair wishes to indicate. It lies in the refreshing, short-lived pleasure of being able to look at your own land with the eyes of an alien; to see novelty blossoming out of the most commonplace and familiar objects; to have the old manner and the thread-bare old custom present themselves to you as absolutely new—if not new, at least strange. After you have escaped from the claws of the custom-house officers—who are not nearly as affable birds as you once thought them—and are rattling in an oddly familiar hack through well-known but half-unrecognizable streets, you are struck by something comical in the names on the shop signs—*are* American names comical, as Englishmen seem to think?—by the strange fashion of the iron lamp-post at the corner, by peculiarities in the architecture, which you ought to have noticed, but never did notice until now. The candid incivility of the coachman, who does not touch his hat to you, but swears at you, has the vague charm of reminiscence. You regard him as the guests regarded the poor relation at table, in Lamb's essay; you have an impression that you have seen him somewhere before. The truth is, for the first time in your existence you have a full, unprejudiced look at the shell of the civilization from which you emerged when you went abroad. Is it a pretty shell? Is it a satisfactory shell? Not entirely. It has strange excrescences and blotches on it. But it is a shell worth examining; it is the best *you* can ever have; and it is expedient to study it very carefully the two or three weeks immediately following your return to it, for your privilege of doing so is of the briefest tenure. Some precious things you do not lose, but your newly acquired vision fails you shortly. Suddenly, while you are comparing, valuing, and criticising, the old scales fall over your eyes, you slip back insensibly into the well-worn grooves, and behold all outward and most inward things in nearly the same light as your untraveled neighbor, who has never known

> "The glory that was Greece
> And the grandeur that was Rome."

You will have to go abroad again to renew those magical spectacles which enabled you for a few weeks to see your native land. If you employ those weeks wisely, they will do you as much service as half a year on the Continent.

There is a shocking sameness to the human heart all over the world. What interests one most deeply in foreign countries is not the people, but their surroundings, and those same little details of life and circumstance which make no impression on a man in his own land until he returns to it after a prolonged absence, and then, as we have said, they stand out very sharply for a while. Neither an Italian nor a Frenchman—nor a Saxon, if one may credit Mr. Julian Hawthorne's caustic volume of *Saxon Studies*—is worth traveling three thousand miles by sea to look upon. It is Naples, and not the Neapolitan, that lingers in your memory. If your memory accepts the Neapolitan, it is always with a bit of Renaissance architecture adhering to him, with a strip of background that shall include his pathetic donkey, the blue bay, the sullen peak of Vesuvius, and gray Capri in the distance. If you could transport the man bodily to New York, the only thing left to do would be to drop him into the Hudson. He would be like Emerson's sparrow that no longer pleased when he was removed from the context of sky and river. It is the details that please or displease more than we are aware. How sensitive to details is the eye, unconsciously taking their stamp on its retina and retaining the impression forever! It is many a day since the writer was in the lovely old walled town of Chester; he does not recall a single feature of the hundreds of men and women he met in those quiet streets overshadowed by those quaintly carven gables; but on the door of a house there, in a narrow court, was a grotesque bronze knocker which caught his eye for an instant in passing: that knocker somehow screwed itself to his mind without his cognizance, and now at intervals, even after all these nights and days, it sometimes raps very distinctly on his memory.

Editor's Literary Record.

THE first impression of the critic respecting the *History of the Civil War in America*, by the Comte de Paris (J. H. Coates and Co.), will be one of adverse prejudice, since so many foreigners have gone back, after a hurried visit to our shores, to write of a life which they did not comprehend and institutions which they had not studied. The author was for a short time one of M'Clellan's staff. To what extent his visit to the country was prolonged we do not know. The American editor would have done well to give us some further information concerning the writer and the genesis of the book. Indeed, his introduction, and his failure to render, at least in footnotes, the French measurements into their English equivalents, are almost the only faults we are able to discover in the work. A Frenchman, M. Taine, has written what is incomparably the best book on English literature in our language; a Frenchman, De Tocqueville, has written the best, the most thorough and comprehensive, survey of American institutions, their operations, their benefits, and their prospective dangers; and a Frenchman has written what is decidedly the best *military* history of the civil war, or rather what will be so if the succeeding volumes equal in interest and in value the first. We emphasize the word military, because this is the distinguishing characteristic of the Comte de Paris's work. Professor Draper's history is emphatically philosophical: a "history of the causes which led to the civil war, and of the events connected with it, considered not in a partisan, but in a philosophical and impartial, spirit." Mr. Greeley's history is political. It traces the rise and progress of the antislavery conflict, culminating in the crash of arms, and employs the events to expound the political principles which were represented by the two flags. The present work, written by one who is both a scholar and a soldier, who is evidently versed in the military methods and operations of European armies, and is a close observer of our own, and who, in his position as aid-de-camp to General M'Clellan, enjoyed peculiar facilities for a study of our army organization and our methods of warfare, presents the military aspects of the struggle. He traces in preliminary chapters the course of training which preceded and prepared the way for the struggle he is about to describe, gives an admirable bird's-eye view of the Mexican war, and a graphic picture of the peculiarities of our Indian warfare, and shows how these not only schooled our generals, but prepared the men who were to organize the transportation and the quartermaster's and commissary departments. He describes the organization of the regular army, the creation, as by a miracle, of the army of volunteers, the peculiar difficulties which the conflict between State and Federal authority created, and the essential difference, both in character and organization, between the Federal and the Confederate armies. He maps out the country, and shows how our system of railways and rivers gave, by an inexorable necessity, a peculiar character not only to the campaigns, but also to the methods of conducting them. He describes, with a Frenchman's graphic power, the pictorial aspects of camp life; the character of the men, their camps, their implements and equipments; the field telegraph; the balloon; the post-office; the midnight study of tactics by the citizen officers; the cavalry, with their tough but ill-cared-for horses; and the artillery, with the various inventions, some good, some useless, and some worse than useless, called into existence by the exigencies of the occasion and the inventive genius of the Americans. He thus prepares for the history of the war proper. In this first volume, which comprises the first two volumes of the French edition, he describes Bull Run, Ball's Bluff, and Port Royal, in the East, Lexington, Donelson, Pea Ridge, and Shiloh, in the West, and closes with the momentous engagement in Hampton Roads, which, by its practical demonstration of the value of iron-clads, has revolutionized naval architecture and naval warfare. His sympathies are avowedly and enthusiastically Northern; but he is not a partisan. He commends the courage and points out the military excellences developed in the Southern army. He does not allow partiality to obscure his judgment. He defends M'Dowell from the unjust criticisms to which his self-denying heroism in consenting to bring on the battle of Bull Run subjected him; he censures General M'Clellan for his inaction in October, 1861, when "he lost the best opportunity he ever had for commencing a successful and decisive campaign;" he commends the courage of General Butler at Baltimore, and his shrewdness at Fortress Monroe in declaring fugitive slaves contraband of war, and criticises sharply his peculiar administration in New Orleans; he recognizes the difficulties under which President Lincoln labored, points out the evil results of some of his political appointments to army offices, but commends his general wisdom in both appointment and in preferment; in a trenchant paragraph he disposes of the excuses offered for the surprise which the Federals suffered at Shiloh, while he palliates the offense on the ground that "Grant was not accustomed to handling a large army," and Sherman "did not appear to possess as yet that vigilance which became one of his prominent military qualities." In brief, both in his narrative of events and in his estimate of men and measures he writes with a freedom from bias and a readiness to recognize both defects and virtues which it would be difficult, if not impossible, for any American to attain, and which, coupled with his military knowledge, and a study of American life, character, and institutions which must certainly have been painstaking and assiduous, place his history alongside those of Greeley and Draper, second to none, and, in its own peculiar domain as a soldier's history of the war, without a rival. Some few minor errors of statement we observed in our reading, but none that affect the general trustworthiness of the history or are worth mentioning in criticism. Most of them are rectified by the American editor in a foot-note.

The character of Dean Swift is one of the unsolved enigmas of biography, and though JOHN FORSTER, in his *Life of Jonathan Swift* (Harper and Brothers), does not solve the enigma, he throws very considerable light upon it. Great men are always complex, often contradictory. Simple-minded men find it difficult, if not impossible, to comprehend the nature of the man who

during his vicarage at Laracor increased the glebe from one acre to twenty, and endowed the vicarage with the tithes, which by his will he settled on future incumbents; who at his death left his entire property to be used for the benefit of the then universally hated or despised insane; who wrote one of his most vigorous pamphlets in defense of a pure and practical Christianity, and another in a heroic attempt to defend the Irish from the injustice, the want, the suffering, which was looked on by better men than he with dull eyes, silent lips, and indifferent hearts; and yet who seemed to be consumed with the fires of a disappointed ambition; who insulted ladies of rank in their drawing-rooms, and men of the highest station in his public assaults; who alternately defended and reviled the Church, honored and satirized royalty; who in his private letters rarely displayed genuine affection, and in his published writings was always sarcastic, generally scornful, sometimes obscene. The most venomous, yet the most philanthropic, writer of his age, the most bitter in words, the most humane in purpose, always an assailant, yet always assailing lofty false pretense and civil and ecclesiastical tyranny, an Ishmaelite whose hand was against every man, yet powerful because that hand was always lifted for the unknown, the uncared-for common folk, the theme of M. Taine's cold and cutting analysis, the first inspiration of Cobbett, the great English reformer, the most popular political writer of the first half of the eighteenth century, if not of any time or people, yet always hated or feared, rarely loved, repelling most women, yet by his very power of repulsion binding to him in a singular and almost inexplicable devotion the Stella whose name is almost as famous and whose character is quite as enigmatical as his own—his *post-mortem*, like his *ante-mortem*, reputation has been as contradictory as his character. His *Gulliver's Travels* and his *Tale of a Tub* will always be English classics, and the former will find its admirers among the many who are utterly unconscious of the significance of its sarcasm; yet he always has been, and probably always will be, condemned by most men of letters as a poet without imagination, a politician without principles, and a clergyman without religion. Mr. Forster does not solve the enigma, but he presents a complete defense against the indictments so long and vigorously presented against the apostle of misanthropy. The earlier period of Dean Swift's life is little known, and it is only as this is rightly read that his character can be comprehended. Mr. Forster's fault as a historian, the fault of excessive and minute detail, serves here a useful purpose. His publication of the *fac-simile* of the Dublin College roll, with its record of young Swift's standing, seems to dispose effectually of the common imputation against him of being at college almost, if not quite, a dunce—lacking industry, however, rather than parts; and the critical analysis afforded in this volume of the evidence at least involves in doubt the current stories of Swift's menial position and fawning obsequiousness at Moor Park. But the bitterness that characterizes Dean Swift's writings remains unaccounted for, and, indeed, hardly recognized. That he by nature reveled in a misanthropical satire, that the scornfulness of his native disposition was imbittered and intensified by his overweening self-estimate, by his consequent political and ecclesiastical ambition, and by his experience of disappointment and real and fancied injustice, is unmistakably evidenced by almost if not quite every pamphlet that proceeded from his vigorous but unhappy pen. It may be partially explained, partially palliated and excused, but it can not be successfully gainsaid. Mr. Forster's biography, judging from this first volume, will serve a useful purpose as a corrective of one-sided estimates of the great satirist's character, but this it will do because it is so emphatically one-sided itself. Of all the lives of Swift it is, however, the most searching and thorough, and brings to the light not a little of minor but important detail, in letters and other documents hitherto unpublished. The present volume leaves Dean Swift at London, not yet a dean, aged forty-four.

Elijah the Prophet (Harper and Brothers) is another historical monograph by Rev. W. M. Taylor, D.D., author of *David, King of Israel*, which was published by the same house last year. Their elements combine to make these volumes of discourses—for such we judge they were in their genesis—of peculiar value. Dr. Taylor is a careful student of his theme. There are no indications that he has pursued his investigations into German fields, and none that his mind would be interested in the doubtful discussions which German Biblical literature affords. His treatment of the Bible is that of plain common-sense, to which refinements of speculative thought have no attractions. But the best English scholarship he is thoroughly familiar with. This is, however, tributary to him. He is not merely its exponent and interpreter. His views are sometimes quite his own. His interpretation of Ahab's character is quite different from the common conventional interpretation, and much more consonant with the Bible history. Finally, the radical article of his faith as an interpreter is that the Scriptures are profitable, and his every chapter is so shaped as to bring out the practical personal profit of the story to the reader. In this elucidation of the moral and spiritual in the historical, this practical interpretation of the parables of history, Dr. Taylor is peculiarly happy, and it is this quality which will give his volumes their special value to the reader, if not also to the student.

The advent of a new poet is an event in the literature of any language, and in *The New Day* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) Richard Watson Gilder proves himself a true poet, essentially an original poet, too, with a mind certainly unlike that of any of his contemporaries, essentially un-American in its mysticism, with strains that recall Tennyson, but only as the fragrance of one flower suggests the memory of another of the same type or family. The poem is to us a riddle. We have read and re-read it; still it remains a riddle. To interpret the theme of all the various sonnets which constitute this volume as "a man's love for a woman in its successive phases" is as wide of the truth, at least of the whole truth, as to interpret *Pilgrim's Progress* as a story-book for boys. Love is the symbol, but beneath the symbol is hidden some secret truth, the full significance of which yet evades us. That the book is a riddle is intimated by its title, *The New Day;* is indicated by the peacock's feather —emblem of the change from earthly life to im-

mortality, which in different forms re-appears so frequently in the curious artistic headings; and is openly asserted in one of the sonnets:

"But of my lady's lovers there were two
Who loved her more than all; nor she nor they
Guessed which of these loved better, for one way
This had of loving, that another knew.
One round her neck brave arms of empire threw,
And covered her with kisses where she lay.
The other sat apart, nor did betray
Sweet sorrow at that sight; but rather drew
His pleasure of his lady through the soul
And sense of this one. So there truly ran
Two separate loves through one embrace; the whole
This lady had of both, when one began
To clasp her close and win her to love's goal.
Now read my lovers' riddle if you can!"

If this poem is only of "a man's love for a woman in its successive phases," this is a phase unknown heretofore to either fact or fancy. Here and there is a glimpse given of the true reading of the riddle, as in the sonnet, "I met a traveler on the road," and in the "After-Song," which, as well as the prelude, intimates a spiritual meaning couched beneath the language of passion:

"Through love to light! Oh, wonderful the way
That leads from darkness to the perfect day!
From darkness and from dolor of the night
To morning that comes singing o'er the sea.
Through love to light! Through light, O God! to Thee,
Who art the love of love, the eternal light of light."

The soul has experiences which can not be clearly interpreted. They transcend the power of language; and there is no poetry higher than that which by its expression hints at a wealth of aspiration, desire, yearning, that is unexpressed because inexpressible. Apart from this mystic beauty, these sonnets are interwoven with exquisite fancies, and are generally rhythmical in their structure. Were it not true that America so often produces buds that never become flowers, we should feel a good degree of confidence that Richard Watson Gilder would yet take a front rank among the true poets of America, though perhaps always one to be appreciated by the few rather than the many, because always speaking rather to the spiritual consciousness than to the imagination, the fancy, or the passions of his readers.

Contemporary Art (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is a handsome folio, containing in thirty etchings and chromo-lithographs reproductions of the work of eminent artists of the present day. The artists are nearly, if not quite, all French; neither English nor American art is represented. Some of the most famous French artists are also not here, as Doré, Rosa Bonheur, Meissonnier. The book would be more justly entitled "Some French Artists." As a representative picture-gallery of modern art it is imperfect. But as an ornament to the centre table it is very attractive. The page is large, the margin broad, the entire mechanical execution is in every way worthy of an art publication. A page or two of descriptive matter accompanies each illustration, which is about as much as the parlor reader will be likely to peruse. The chromo-lithographs, of which there are a number, give some idea of the coloring of the artists, and in one or two instances this is accomplished with remarkable success. This is notably the case in "Drawing without a Master," which would lose much of its attractiveness if presented in simple black and white. There is a great deal of difference, however, in the mechanical execution of the illustrations, both of the chromos and of the etchings. One or two of the landscapes lose all their beauty and their meaning by reason of either roughness or vagueness. But, on the other hand, some of the etchings, "Spring-Time," for example, are remarkably clear and pure, far finer in effect than any ordinary steel plate.

J. R. Osgood and Co., whose heliotype productions have earned their recognized place in the art works of America, add to their list of last year *Engravings from Landseer*, reproduced in heliotype, with a sketch of the life and works of the artist. The illustrations are twenty-four in number; the "sketch" might justly claim a larger if not more dignified title. It is brief, but sufficiently full as a biography, and sufficiently discriminating as a criticism, for the non-professional reader. There are limits to the capabilities of the heliotype process; there are certain effects which it does not and can not reproduce; there are other effects in which the pencil of the sun surpasses the most skillful work of the human artist. We judge that the publishers are learning the limitations which nature herself puts upon this process, and are wisely confining themselves to that class of pictures with which it is possible to attain a genuine success. There is something of that "muddiness" which is the most serious defect in all forms of sun-engraving in two of the pictures, and one other is positively obscure in the background; but of the rest we are not able to designate one which is not in every way equal to the best line engraving, and there is a softness and delicacy about some of them which, in the present state of American art, we should despair of seeing attained by any other process than the heliotype. The selection has been wisely made, and gives a very just conception of the different elements of power and beauty in Landseer's works, without reproducing, save in two or three cases, the pictures which have become so common as to be no longer attractive.

The Amazon and Madeira Rivers (J. B. Lippincott and Co.), by Franz Keller, presents the results of an exploration undertaken by the author and his father at the request of the government, for the purpose of projecting a railroad along the banks of the latter river. Apart from the scientific value of the author's notes, the book presents in an attractive form a graphic picture of a land of as yet undeveloped wealth. The illustrations, drawn by the author, add greatly to the attractiveness of this very handsome volume.—*Silhouettes and Songs* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.) is a very pretty book in an art point of view. The twelve full-page pictures, from designs by Helen Maria Hinds, illustrate the months; the poems accompanying have been selected by Edward Everett Hale, and include selections from Whittier, Holmes, Longfellow, Lowell, and others; indeed, most of America's favorite poets are represented. —There is no place in America more sacred to the lovers of literature than Cambridge. *The Poetic Localities of Cambridge* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) reproduces by the heliotype process twelve scenes of picturesque, historic, or literary interest. The effect of original photographs is preserved by this means; indeed, but for the title-page, the reader would not know but that the original pho-

tographs were bound up in the volume. The letterpress is appropriately composed of selections from the poets of Cambridge.

The Story of the Stick (J. W. Bouton), translated from the French of ANTHONY REAL, contains in a small compass a great amount of curious information. It traces the history of the stick from an old legend of Adam's use of it in self-defense, after his expulsion from the Garden of Eden, down to the modern use of it as a cane.—Henry Holt and Co. publish H. A. TAINE'S *Complete Works* in twelve volumes. They are uniform in size, though not in typography. As an art critic Taine's only rival is Ruskin; as a literary critic he is without a rival; and his travels, though less carefully wrought than his criticism, are vivacious, entertaining, pictorial, and discriminating, though not philosophical. The complete series is both a handsome and a useful addition to the library.—We strongly recommend the study of Professor W. STANLEY JEVONS'S *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange* (D. Appleton and Co.) to the American political student. He goes back to the beginning, traces the history of the rise of money as a means of exchange, and elucidates those fundamental principles of the grammar of finance which, it appears, every generation must learn anew. The book would be useful as a text-book, if not in our schools and colleges, at least in the subsequent studies of our editors and public men. It is written in untechnical language, and there is very little which a non-professional reader can not easily understand.—T. DE WITT TALMAGE is not a devotional writer. His *Daily Thoughts*, edited by Rev. J. V. D. SHURTS (Dodd and Mead), are salient and sparkling, but they are as foreign to the spirit of devotion as fire-works to a convent.—*Lectures to my Students*, by C. H. SPURGEON (Sheldon and Co.), are plain, practical, common-sense talks. They do not present a system of divinity, exegesis, or homiletics, but they take up single themes—Private Prayer, Public Prayer, Sermons, The Voice, etc.—and treat them with a certain unprofessional common-sense that makes the book very inspiring reading. It abounds with genuine humor. We commend it to ministers for their Monday reading.—*Heroines of Early Methodism* (Southern Methodist Publishing House) is a very small volume. We wish it were larger, and therefore more full and complete. It contains biographical sketches of seven prominent and influential women of the "heroic age of Methodism." It is a just tribute not only to their memory, but also to the heroism of true womanhood in all sects and ages.—Volume ii. of *Encyclopædia Britannica* begins with "Anaxagoras" and concludes with "Athenry." Among the specially important articles are "Anthropology," which states very clearly and impartially the conflicting views respecting the nature and origin of man; "Apparitions," which, assuming belief in their reality to be unfounded, gives an admirable account of it, though hardly an adequate explanation of its origin; "Archæology," which includes a very succinct statement of the evidences of the antiquity of man, and traces his history down to and through Greek and Roman civilization as exhibited in ancient remains; "Architecture;" "Army," which gives the military organization of different modern nations; and "Astronomy," which is both a history and an exposition of theoretical astronomy. The illustrations are numerous and excellent.—An exceedingly interesting monograph is Major ABNER DOUBLEDAY'S little book, *Reminiscences of Forts Sumter and Moultrie in* 1860–61 (Harper and Brothers). The author was one of the brave band who, under Major Anderson, made such a stanch defense of Fort Sumter. He describes the events with a very graphic pen, especially the utter loneliness of the little company, surrounded only by foes, and ignorant of the development in the North of that spirit of patriotism which the heroism of Fort Sumter's defenders did so much to create. The unconsciousness of their heroism is as characteristic of this little book as it was of the actions which it describes. The results seem to justify some of Major Doubleday's criticisms on his commander's course, but it is far from certain that any bolder action would have led to any better results.—*Athenagoras* (Harper and Brothers) is volume iv. of the Douglass Series of Greek and Latin Christian Authors, which we have heretofore mentioned. The object is to re-introduce to the modern student the banished works of the early Christians. The "Plea for Christians" has a historical value, because it shows the nature of the objections urged against them in the second century, when the authenticity of their sacred writings was not denied, and they were subjected to long since exploded charges of atheism, cannibalism, and licentiousness. The discourse "Concerning the Resurrection of the Dead" has an intrinsic apologetic value. This edition is based on the text of Otto, is edited by Professor MARCH, and supplied in parts with critical and explanatory notes by Professor W. B. OWEN.

The Story of Sevenoaks (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.) will hardly add to Mr. HOLLAND'S enduring reputation. Not without power as a novelist, his true work is that of an essayist; even his poems are essays in the guise of lyrical dramas. The interest of the story centres about Robert Belcher, and he is too coarse and vulgar a rascal to be a centre piece, and too exceptionally so to be a truly artistic piece of character drawing. The action of the story is rapid, in which respect *Sevenoaks* is an improvement on *Arthur Bonnicastle;* and the trial scene is certainly original in conception, and managed with very decided artistic skill.—We take up a new novel by the author of *Old Myddleton's Money* with pleasurable anticipations, which, in the case of *Victor and Vanquished* (Harper and Brothers), are not disappointed. The plot is, indeed, rather complicated, the characters somewhat unnaturally entangled, and the villain is a most rascally one. But the evolution of the story is such that its plot is not perplexing, and, apart from Jelfry, the characters are pleasant, and their fortunes and misfortunes of a kind to awaken the sympathies of the reader. The characteristic of the story is, however, the development of character, the growth under the discipline of adversity. Experience does not merely try, it produces qualities; and this fact of life, rarely recognized by the novelist, is fully appreciated and well illustrated by MARY CECIL HAY.—B. L. FARJEON is two authors, with two singularly opposite and almost antagonistic qualities. Sometimes he writes of home life with the simplicity of structure and the warmth and tenderness of human sympathy of a Dickens, and sometimes he writes of improbable adventure and startling incident with the creative fancy of a Charles Reade. *An Island Pearl* (Harper and Brothers) belongs

to the latter class of novels. No such combination of events ever did or could have happened to human beings. After we once get away from the shell-house of Amos Beecroft, Mariner, and into the full current of the story, we give up looking for probabilities, and curiosity usurps the place of sympathy. The adventures are too improbable for human credulity; and we read of the shipwreck without horror, and of the death and burial of poor little Bob without a tear. Of course all ends well: how could a Christmas story end otherwise?

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—Our astronomical summary for November begins with the enumeration of four asteroids discovered during the month, as follows: No. 151, on November 1, by Palisa, at Pola; No. 152, by Paul Henry, on November 2, at Paris; No. 153, by Palisa, at Pola, November 2; and No. 154, by Prosper Henry, at Paris, on November 6.

Meteorology and Terrestrial Physics.—The government of the Dutch provinces in India has published the magnetic and meteorological observations made by Dr. Bergsma at Batavia from 1866 to 1870. Dr. Bergsma was assisted by seven Japanese students, and maintained a series of hourly observations on all phenomena relating to these subjects.

Dr. Hinrichs, of Iowa City, has undertaken to establish a system of State meteorological reports, in which attention is especially paid to the rain-fall. He has begun to publish a monthly, entitled *The Iowa Weather Review*, for the purpose of disseminating promptly the results of the observations made by his correspondents.

The meteorological observations made at Berne, in Switzerland, in 1873 and 1874 have been published in full by Professor Forster, of that city, from which it would appear that a special meteorological observatory is now being erected in Berne, thereby filling out the plan of distribution of physical observatories in Switzerland, since there is already projected a physical astronomical observatory at Basle. The three purely astronomical institutions at Zurich, Neufchatel, and Geneva have long been well known. Professor Forster will attend especially to the relations of meteorology to agriculture, forestry, and health. Solar and terrestrial radiation are included in his plan of work, as also terrestrial magnetism.

The meteorological commissions of the various departments of France have always paid especial attention to the work of collecting data relating to thunder-storms. Lagrene states that in the Department of Haute Marne the average annual number of thunder-storms is eighty-seven, of which twenty-five occur in July, twenty in May, and fourteen in June. From October to March only six occur on the average.

In a recent analysis of observations of ozone, made at Lansing, Michigan, Professor Kedzie recommends that such observations be continued, and gives directions for their proper execution.

The hourly observations made by the Army Signal-office at stations at the summit and base of Mount Washington in May, 1872, have seemed to Dr. Helmann worthy of a special study, and he has deduced from them certain interesting results. He says that in the morning hours we have at any point on the earth the greatest heat, and an ascending current of air to the eastward of the place of observation, while in the afternoon it is to the westward. If, therefore, there were no prevailing wind in the neighborhood, we should, in the morning hours, experience at the upper station a west wind, and in the afternoon an east wind; if, however, a prevailing west wind exists, then we should experience merely an increase of its intensity in the morning hours, but an enfeebling of its intensity in the afternoon. These views he finds confirmed by some observations made in Switzerland, and expresses the hope that the necessary anemometric observations may at some time be made and published for Mount Washington. In reference to the case, which frequently occurs, of a high wind at the summit of the mountain while a feeble wind or calm prevails below, Dr. Helmann suggests that we need instruments which shall measure both the vertical and the horizontal components of the motion of the wind.

In a note on the formation of hail, Planté states that he has observed certain effects which go to show that the formation of hail is due to an electric discharge of low tension, accompanied by a gyratory movement of the electrified particles of ice.

Groneman, whose theory of the nature and origin of the auroral light has attracted considerable attention of late years, has published a short article giving new confirmations of its truth. According to him, the cause of the well-known peculiar geographical distribution of the aurora borealis in an oval belt lying between the parallels of 50° and 70° can be explained by two considerations: first, the position of the earth's axis in connection with the daily variation of the aurora, or with the elongations of the orbits of the cosmic dust to which the aurora owes its existence; second, the encounter between the earth and this ring of dust, and the consequent slow distribution of the dust in different latitudes. Groneman appears inclined to believe in the actual existence of periodical auroras, one of which may possibly recur annually on the 4th of February—an idea that was apparently first thrown out by Arago, and which is quite in accordance with Groneman's theory of the origin and nature of the aurora.

Fritz has compared the observations of auroras found in his great catalogue with the observations of the sun spots as given by Wolf. He finds that the great majority of important auroras agree accurately with the maxima of sun spots, and that the great aurora period of fifty-five and a half years also agrees with five of Wolf's sun-spot periods. He even goes further, and states that it is very probable that a still longer period of 222 years may be detected in the records of the auroras.

The observations of earthquakes that have been made in Italy by means of the pendulum

seismometers under the direction of Serpieri have been subjected by him to a detailed study, from which he concludes that this delicate instrument can be of use in predicting the approach of an earthquake shock. The intimate nature of the connection between the slightest earthquakes in Italy and the mountain ranges shows that these all may be considered as elastic waves of compression, emanating from a central region, in which the geological strata are, on a large scale, breaking down along lines of faults and fissures, and filling up the hollow caverns beneath. According to Alexis Perry, Serpieri's memoir on this subject is one of the most important that has appeared in recent times.

In *Physics*, but a few papers of note have appeared. Penaud has presented to the French Academy an important memoir on aviation, in which he describes his new apparatuses for mechanical flight. He divides the systems of aviation already proposed into three classes: helicopters, aeroplanes, and orthopters. In the first, screw-propellers with nearly vertical axes constitute the sustaining power; in the second, the surfaces are nearly plane, inclined slightly to the horizon, and the apparatus is propelled by screws; the third are furnished with organs whose surfaces have nearly vertical and alternating movements. In 1870 a variety of helicopters was constructed which would rise to a height of fifteen meters and remain in the air for twenty seconds. In 1871 an aeroplane was presented to the Society of Aerial Navigation, which was most successful. But a year later a mechanical bird was produced which essentially solved the problem.

Moreau has made a series of experiments to determine the precise function of the swimming bladder of fishes. He shows very ingeniously that fishes which possess such a bladder undergo variations of internal pressure, and hence that they do not, as is generally stated, make use of muscular power to preserve their density unaltered when this pressure changes. The function of the swimming bladder, then, in Moreau's opinion, is to enable the fish to adapt itself to all depths, not by a mechanical action exerted upon this by means of its muscles, but solely by changing the quantity of air which is contained in this organ.

May has published a memoir on hydrodiffusion, or the diffusion of a heavier liquid into water, in which he gives experimental and mathematical evidence to sustain the hypothesis of Fick—or a modification of it—that the passage of a dissolved substance from one solvent to a second proceeds according to the theorem which Fourier established for the passage of heat along a conductor.

Guthrie has investigated the conditions of production of stationary liquid waves in both circular and rectangular troughs, intending therefrom to deduce the velocity of wave progression from the frequency of the recurrence of a given phase in the same place. With circular troughs he noticed that with binodal motion—*i. e.*, motion produced by oscillations at the centre—the number of vibrations is independent of the amplitude and of the temperature; that the normal rate of pulsation is not reached unless there is a depth of at least six inches; that the chemical nature of the liquid is without effect on the rapidity of oscillation; that the rapidity of progression of such waves varies directly as the square root of the wave length; and that the nodal line of such circular waves is one-sixth of the diameter from the circumference. Hence it follows that a wave a meter long would travel 83.07 meters a minute, or a little more than three miles an hour.

Lescœur has studied the influence of chemical character upon the gyratory motions which are observed whenever certain substances, such as camphor, for example, are placed on the surface of pure water. He has obtained the result with the acids belonging to the fatty series and with many of their acid salts, though only in a slight degree with normal salts. A fragment of glacial acetic acid, for example, moves very actively on water and dilute acetic acid, but not on the concentrated acid or on mercury. So also of propionic, butyric, and valeric acids.

Müller has experimented to determine the pitch of the notes given by transversely vibrating rods of gypsum when dry and when moistened with various liquids. His results show (1) that the changes in tone produced by the absorption of liquids are also accompanied by a variation—actually a decrease—in the co-efficient of elasticity; this effect is most marked with water, less with alcohol, and still less with oil; and (2) the variations of tone of the various rods when wet, in comparison with a dry rod, follow a definite law, a comparison of the condition of such a rod when it has taken up a liquid showing a change in its modulus which is quite definite in amount, and depends only on the liquid employed.

Bosanquet has communicated to the Musical Association a second paper on temperament, or the proper division of the octave, in which he considers carefully all that has been done in the subject, and suggests a plan of his own for the purpose. To test the question, he has had a harmonium constructed with a compass of only four and a half octaves; but as each octave has fifty-three keys (!), the number of notes is quite sufficient. A previous instrument had eighty-four keys in each octave.

Cailletet has published in full his paper on the influence exerted by pressure on combustion. His experiments were made with a hollow iron cylinder which would stand a pressure of 300 atmospheres, into which air could be compressed by pumps. The flame to be examined was placed in this tube, glasses being inserted in the sides through which it could be seen. A candle flame becomes at first brighter as the pressure increases, but soon smokes, the combustion being incomplete. In general, however, the author concludes that the temperature of combustion increases with the pressure.

Sauer has experimented upon the visibility of the ultra-violet rays of the spectrum. He used for this purpose light emitted by zinc in the electric arc, which he observed was particularly rich in these rays. He thinks there would be no great difficulty in using this method for obtaining a photograph of this portion of the spectrum.

Vogel has given the results of his examination of the spectra of various coloring matters, with especial reference to their use for detecting these substances when used for adulterations, especially in wines. These substances are very numerous, not less than 482 having been mentioned for this purpose at the recent Wine Congress in Colmar. Vogel uses a common pocket spectroscope, a few test tubes, and some simple reagents. Upon a

horizontal line as the axis of abscissas he erects perpendiculars at the positions of the Fraunhofer lines, and then, by means of ordinates proportional to the intensity of color at different points, he obtains a simple intensity curve by which the results may be very readily compared. Figures of many of these curves are given in the paper.

Schaack has given in a recent memoir his views upon the construction of lightning-arresters at present used for telegraph lines. He proposes to replace these by a simple trough of water, made of metal and connected to earth, through which the wire (a fine spiral of silk-wound German silver wire covered with a thin coating of rubber) which connects the register with the line passes. The earth connection from the register is made to the metal of this trough. A discharge of lightning would melt the small wire and escape to earth, leaving the instruments uninjured.

Bichat has published an interesting memoir upon induction, in which he shows that as a current of high electro-motive force may be developed from one of low by means of the so-called induction coil, so, by passing a current of high tension from a Holtz machine through the outer coil, a current is generated in the inner coil capable of producing magnetic effects and of decomposing water, precisely as does the direct current from a battery. He also suggests an important modification in the Foucault interrupter, by which the intermittent current is interrupted more uniformly.

Weber has communicated an extended paper on the theory of the galvanometer, in which he discusses the whole subject mathematically.

Bunsen has given some results obtained in his laboratory by Hillebrand and Norton on the electrolytic preparation of the metals contained in the mineral cerite. About forty grams of the elements cerium, lanthanum, and didymium were obtained in this way.

In *Inorganic Chemistry*, the month has produced but few important papers. Gladstone and Tribe have shown that water may be decomposed by the joint action of aluminum and aluminum iodide, bromide, or chloride. They suggest as probable that the reaction takes place in two stages. In the first the aluminum of the iodide is oxidized, and in the second it is regenerated, setting free hydrogen.

Gautier has given an improved method of quantitative testing for arsenic in cases of poisoning. The organic matter is destroyed by alternate treatment with strong nitric and strong sulphuric acids, the sulphide precipitated as usual, converted into oxide, and placed in a modified form of Marsh apparatus, by which the whole is collected in a tube and weighed.

Mineralogy.—A new mineral resin has been called schraufite by Von Schröckinger, in honor of Professor Schrauf, of Vienna. It has been found in considerable abundance in the sandstone at Bukowina. It resembles amber somewhat, but differs from it in chemical composition. It is quite soft, and has a conchoidal fracture. Its color is a deep red, which grows darker on heating; the temperature at which it melts is unusually high for resins of this class.

Some recent observations on a few well-known species may be of sufficient interest to be added here. Perofskite has been carefully investigated by the Russian mineralogist Kokscharow. It has always been a somewhat uncertain mineral, having the form of an isometric crystal, and yet showing the phenomena of double refraction, which belong only to crystals which are optically biaxial. Kokscharow shows that both these facts are strictly true, and, further, that most of the Russian crystals are penetration twins. The abnormal optical character is due to the peculiar internal structure of the mineral, it being far from homogeneous in structure.

The same mineralogist has shown that titanic iron is not in form so closely related to hematite as has been supposed, but that it is really tetartohedral.

Vom Rath has proved that the supposed new mineral, seebachite, introduced by Bauer into the science a year or two ago, is really identical with phacolite. The mineral in question is found at Richmond, in Victoria. It belongs to the rhombohedral system, although Von Lang attempted to show that it was biaxial, that is, orthorhombic. In composition it is very near chabazite, of which mineral phacolite has sometimes been considered a variety.

Mr. Ward has recently discussed before the Royal Geological Society the question of the comparative structure of ancient and modern volcanic rocks—a subject which has received much attention in England, and been treated more broadly there than by the lithologists on the Continent. The conclusion reached tends to show the unimportance of the age of rocks taken by itself. Of a certain ancient series of volcanic rocks he says, "They may with as much reason be called lavas as any of the modern flows of Vesuvius." The author describes a considerable series of more or less altered volcanic rocks from Cumberland, and affirms that in lower Silurian times there existed in Cumberland volcanoes of sufficient magnitude to accumulate a thickness of at least 12,000 feet of volcanic products. Most of the eruptions were subaerial. The volcanic rocks, though once true lavas, are now in many cases much changed and metamorphosed. The period when the metamorphism chiefly took place was that of the close of the upper Silurian or earlier part of the Devonian.

Microscopy.—Messrs. Dallinger and Drysdale, whose excellent researches on the life history of a monad we have already noticed, have recently taken up the study of *Bacteria*. Using the new immersion $\frac{1}{25}$th of Powell and Lealand, an objective capable of resolving the striæ of *Amphipleura pellucida* into beads, as also the fine striæ of *Surirella gemma*, they find that *B. termo* is furnished at both ends with a flagellum exquisitely delicate, and only to be discovered when in the proper position in regard to the light. Their paper is published in the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for September, 1875.

In the *Quarterly Journal of the Microscopical Science* for April, 1875, is a very full account of modern researches into the nature of yeast, by A. W. Bennett, M.A., illustrated with many figures. We can only refer to this article, which is too long and important to be abridged within the space allowed here.

Dr. Carpenter, at the Bristol meeting of the British Association, questioned the theory of Dr. Wyville Thompson on the origin of the red clay universally found in the deepest sea soundings. Dr. Thompson supposed it the residue, after the calcareous portion of the shell had been dissolved

by the excess of carbonic acid, the mineral matter not calcareous left behind being a red silicate of iron; and in support of this view Dr. Thompson stated he had obtained a similar deposit of "red ash," as he terms it, from the ordinary foraminiferous ooze, after removing the calcareous portion by dilute acid. Dr. Carpenter, referring to the discovery of casts of the foraminifera in the green sands, and especially as noted by the late Professor Bailey, considers that the red clay, instead of being the ash from the foraminiferous shells, was but the higher oxidization of the iron of the internal casts, and the disintegration of them by the action of carbonic acid. The casts are formed by the decomposition of the animal, when the silicates precipitated from sea-water take the place of the animal substances, particle by particle, filling completely the cavities of these minute shells with green or ochry silicates.

Ethnology.—M. Baudrimont has found, in the Dolmen de Font-Rial (Aveyron), a fragment of the lower part of a right tibia, exhibiting an exostosis produced by a flint arrow-head driven into the bone, not by the point, but by the barb. The difficulty of conceiving how the wound could have been produced by a bow-shot induces the learned author to suppose this an instance of primitive surgery.

In the second number of *Le Musée Archéologique*, a popular quarterly recently started in Paris, with M. Caix de St. Aymour for editor, M. Roban has an article on a number of gold bells found in a Zapotic tomb, which were presented to the Emperor Maximilian, which disappeared after his execution, and were discovered at a goldsmith's in Washington.

M. Jules Ballet, of Guadeloupe, read a paper at the Congrés des Americanistes, at Nancy, on the Caribs of the Antilles.

Letters have been received at Berlin from Professor A. Bastian, commissioned by the German government to visit Central and South America on an archæological expedition. He had visited Chili and Peru, and was on his way to Ecuador and Colombia.

Dr. Daniel Wilson is the author of a paper in the *Canadian Journal* entitled "Hybridity and Absorption in Relation to the Red Indian Race." He accounts partly for the disappearance of the aborigines by intermarriage with the whites. The predominance of half-breeds and the characteristic "Brother Jonathan" face are attributed to a like source.

At a meeting of the Anthropological Society of Stockholm, October 16, G. de Vlyder, the African traveler, gave a description of the four great South African races—the Bushmen proper, the Namaquas, the Hereros, and the Ovambos, exhibiting arms, dresses, ornaments, and musical instruments. He claimed for the Hereros superiority in race, political power, language, etc. The *Cape Monthly* for September contains an article of Dr. Bleek's on the Bushmen. In addition to published accounts, we have information upon their skill in drawing and painting, reminding us of the modern Esquimaux and the ancient cave-dwellers of Perigord.

Dr. Georg von Gabelenz, of Dresden, is engaged in preparing a thorough treatise on the Papuan languages, using therefor, in addition to other materials, the collected manuscripts of Mr. Miklucho-Maclay and Dr. A. B. Meyer.

The recent work of W. Stanley Jevons, F.R.S., on *Money and the Mechanism of Exchange* has an interesting chapter on the "early history of money," showing how alterations in the medium of exchange have been connected with the principal steps of human progress.

Mr. Francis Galton read two papers before the Anthropological Institute, November 9, one entitled "Short Notes on Heredity, etc., in Twins," and the other "A Theory of Heredity."

Mr. F. W. Rudler read a report on anthropology at Bristol.

Dr. Smart read a paper recently before the British Archæological Association on the ancient worship of springs.

Dr. Alexander Ecker has an interesting article in *Archiv für Anthropologie* (viii. 67) on the fluctuating character of the human hand. The author draws attention especially to the comparative length of the fore and the ring fingers in ancient statuary, in different modern races of men, as well as in apes.

Zoology.—The Jena *Journal of Science* has just been received, containing Dr. E. Bessels's description of the large sand foraminifer dredged by the United States Fish Commission off the coast of New England. This is a star-like, gigantic foraminifer, which sends out "pseudopodia," or protoplasmic threads, much as in the shell-like calcareous foraminifera. It is named *Haeckelina gigantea*.

The same number contains an account by Dr. Rabl of the embryological development of certain pond snails belonging to the genera *Lymnæus*, *Physa*, *Planorbis*, and *Ancylus*. These investigations are of interest from the clearness with which the "gastrula" stage is presented in *Lymnæus ovatus*, the same phase ("*imaginati gastrula*") being much more obscurely marked in *Lymnæus stagnalis*, as observed by Ray Lankester. It appears that all the fresh-water pulmonates whose development has thus far been observed have the same general mode of growth.

The mode of development of the garden snails of Europe (*Helix pomatia* and *H. nemoralis*) is discussed in an elaborate manner in the same journal by Dr. Hermann von Jehring, so that now we have tolerably full knowledge of the mode of growth of the land and fresh-water snails.

Microscopists will be interested in an account by Hertwig of a new acinetan infusorian (*Podophrya gemmipara*), which appears in the new German *Journal of Anatomy and Embryology*, edited by Gegenbaur. After a review of the structure of acinetæ generally, the author speculates on the origin of these interesting forms, and believes that the original ancestral form from which the acinetæ and infusoria sprang was a one-celled organism covered with cilia.

A general account of the mode of development, in the egg, of insects and crustaceans is given by Dr. Packard in the *American Naturalist*, being part of a series of papers entitled "Life Histories of Animals," which have at intervals appeared during the past year.

The embryo of the white ant (*Calotermes*) has for the first time been figured by Fritz Müller in the Jena *Journal of Science*. From this single figure it would seem that the white ant is similar in its mode of development to other insects, especially the dragon-flies, as described by Packard in the Memoirs of the Peabody Academy of Science.

The relation of bees to flowers is discussed by Hermann Müller in a paper translated in *Nature*. He calls attention to the interesting facts presented by various groups of *Hymenoptera*, in which occur a series of forms presenting more and more complex life relations, accompanied by a higher and higher mental organization. The consideration of these gradations is calculated to throw much light on the question, "How has the honey-bee acquired its remarkable instincts?"—a question which the study of that species alone would, in his opinion, do little to solve, but on which the habits and organization of the lower group throw much light. Dr. Müller, after giving the evolutional history of the sting of the wasp, tracing it up from the ovipositor of the ichneumon-fly and sand-fly, thinks that the various acts by which the solitary wasps protect their young must have at first been arrived at with a consciousness of the object to be effected, but that they have gradually become instinctive, and are now unconsciously inherited from generation to generation. "Still it is," he observes, "impossible to watch a wasp at work without feeling that, with these inherited customs or so-called instinct, much individual effort also comes into play."

The tongue of a European salamander, *Geotriton fuscus*, is found to differ from all other *Amphibia*, and to recall that of the chameleon, woodpeckers, and ant-eaters in being extremely long, and, in the present instance, ending in a disk.

A certain amount of speculation seems now inevitable in the scientific essays of German naturalists, of which time alone will show the usefulness. As an example are the following remarks of Dr. Rosenberg, which flow out from his studies on the vertebral column and the *os centrali carpi* of man. How man may have developed from the mammals he endeavors to show by stating the differences existing in the vertebral column of the monkeys and apes as compared with that of man. For instance, in two genera, *Troglodytes* and *Hylobates*, there are thirteen dorsal vertebræ, while in the orang and man there are only twelve. But Dr. Rosenberg has discovered in more than one human embryo an actual rib-rudiment on the thirteenth dorsal vertebra, so that the homology of the thirteenth dorsal in man and *Troglodytes* is established. Other similar cases are adduced by the author in this recent field of research and speculation.

Agriculture and Rural Economy.—The agricultural science of the present day includes, as one of its most important branches, the investigation of the laws of the nutrition of domestic animals. Under this general subject the special one of the digestibility of fodder materials has during the last eighteen, and especially during the last ten, years been studied by feeding trials with horses, oxen, cows, sheep, goats, and swine. These digestion experiments have been made almost exclusively at the German Agricultural Experiment stations, where over one thousand, each occupying the labor of several men for days, weeks, or even months, have already been executed, and others are continually in progress. That so enormous an amount of work should have been accomplished is explained by the fact that thirteen of the German stations, each employing from two to five chemists, are devoted especially to researches in animal nutrition.

We have just received reports of some feeding trials with sheep, carried on by Schulze and Märcker at the station at Weende, in Hanover, which are of interest as confirming some of the very important deductions from previous experiments of this class. It has been found that a certain portion of the woody fibre of plant food is digestible and nutritious, from forty to nearly seventy per cent. of the fibre in hay, clover, and straw being digested by cattle and sheep, and a smaller proportion by horses. This crude fibre consists of cellulose (which has the same composition as starch) and other materials richer in carbon. It is believed that the cellulose constitutes the digestible part of the fibre. This view finds a remarkable confirmation in experiments referred to, in which the composition of the digested portion of the fibre coincided almost exactly with that of cellulose. Results identical with this have been found in numerous other experiments at Weende and elsewhere.

It is a familiar fact that all ordinary fodder materials consist of water, mineral matters, and two classes of organic substances—the albuminoids (gluten, fibrin, etc.), which contain nitrogen, and the carbo-hydrates (sugar, starch, cellulose, etc.) and fats, which contain no nitrogen. One of the important principles brought out by the German experiments is that unless foods, especially mixed rations, contain a sufficient proportion of albuminoids, they are not economically digested. When carbo-hydrates, as sugar or starch, or materials rich in these, as potatoes, are fed in considerable quantities with hay and straw, less of the latter is digested than when they are fed alone. On the other hand, nitrogenous substances, as gluten, and likewise foods rich in albuminoids, as oil-cake, cotton-seed meal, beans, pease, and bran, when fed even in considerable quantities with hay and straw, do not decrease the digestion. Thus, in the experiments of Schulze and Märcker, large quantities of gluten of wheat, and of bean meal as well, caused no depression in the digestion of hay or aftermath, while the addition of starch and sugar to the ration decreased the digestion of the whole organic substance of the former by nine per cent., that of the albuminoids by fifteen per cent., and that of the crude fibre by eight per cent.

Quite in accordance with the above are the results of late experiments by Dr. Stohmann, director of the station at Leipsic, on lupines (seeds) as food for sheep. The lupines proved almost completely digestible, and (being highly nitrogenous) exerted a very favorable influence upon the digestion of the hay. From twenty to thirty-nine per cent. more of the crude fibre was digested from the hay fed with lupines than from the same hay when fed alone. To the bitter taste, which renders lupines unpalatable to cattle, sheep do not seem to object. As a rich food for fattening sheep, Dr. Stohmann says that lupines rightly used can hardly be too warmly recommended.

The already well-established fact that forage crops grown on well-manured soil are richer in albuminoids, which constitute the most valuable portion of the food, than those grown with scantier fertilizing is well illustrated in some late experiments by Wagner. On a poor sandy soil in Westphalia, which was rendered fertile by irrigation, the effect of manuring grass with superphosphates was tested. Not only was a much greater yield obtained, but the manured grass contained

a much larger percentage of albuminoids. The albuminoids were also more soluble in water, and hence probably more digestible. The manured grass was likewise much richer in phosphoric acid.

This experiment, with those previously mentioned, sets forth a general principle which, though little understood, is of vast consequence to the agriculture of the United States. Taken as a whole, our fodder materials have not a sufficient amount of nitrogen to secure their most economical utilization. This evil may be corrected, first, by cultivating nitrogenous crops, as clover, lucerne, beans, pease, and lupines; second, by making more use of nitrogenous waste products, as oil-cake, cotton-seed meal, malt sprouts, bran, etc.; third, and most especially, by heavier manuring, which brings crops not only larger, but richer in nitrogen.

The question of the formation of sugar in fruits has been studied by Mercadante in investigations on the plum. It appeared that in the first period of development, while the fruit, like the leaves, takes up carbonic acid and gives off oxygen, the sugar was, in presence of malic acid, formed from gummy substances, sugar and acid increasing simultaneously. In the second or ripening stage, in which oxygen is absorbed and carbonic acid given off, acidity of the fruit diminished, while the sugar increased, in consequence of a conversion of malic acid into sugar.

The chemistry of malted and unmalted barley has been investigated by Kühnemann, who finds dextrine in neither and sugar in both.

In the province of *Engineering* we may record that at the different sessions held during the past month by the Interoceanic Canal Commission (composed of General A. A. Humphreys, Chief of Engineers, Captain C. P. Patterson, Superintendent of Coast Survey, and Commodore D. Ammen, Chief of Bureau of Navigation), appointed two years ago by the President, the reports of surveys by Commander Shufeldt of the (1) Tehuantepec route, Commodore E. P. Lull of the (2) Nicaragua and (3) Panama routes, Commander Selfridge on the (4) Darien and (5) Atrato routes, and by Lieutenant Collins on the (6) Atrato route, were fully discussed. The deliberations of the Commission were likewise materially assisted by the consideration of a highly valuable report on similar engineering works abroad, prepared by Professor J. E. Nourse, of the United States Naval Observatory, from observations made and information collected during a recent official visit abroad. After a full examination of all the surveys on file in the departments, noting the evidence in favor of each case, the Commission closed its sessions, and presented to the President a report in which the Nicaragua route is approved as the most feasible one. It is the only route where the climatic conditions are healthful, and where a uniform and constant supply of water is to be found. The cost of the projected canal by this route is estimated at $65,722,147.

Concerning the progress of the bridge over the East River, we glean that the tower on the Brooklyn side was finished some two months ago, and that work on the New York tower was suspended for the winter on December 1. It is likewise stated that the structure will be so far completed as to permit of the throwing over of a temporary bridge early in the summer of next year. On this temporary structure the workmen will weave the wires into the permanent supporting cables. The bridge will probably be completed by July, 1879. Thus far, about $5,800,000 have been expended upon it.

During the past month a railway convention was held in St. Louis for the purpose of furthering the completion of the Texas and Pacific Railroad. The convention was largely attended by friends and advocates of the enterprise, and resolutions were adopted looking to the resumption of work thereon under certain guarantees of assistance from the general government.

Further railway postal facilities have been provided for the West. Cincinnati, Indianapolis, and St. Louis, and intermediate cities, are about to be supplied with fast mail-trains.

The Junction Railroad, connecting the Savannah and Charleston road with the Atlantic and Gulf road, was completed during the past month, and opened for traffic.

The *Railroad Gazette* has information up to November 27 of the construction of 1150 miles of new railroad in the United States in 1875, against 1664 miles reported for the same period of 1874, 3276 miles reported in 1873, and 6202 miles in 1872.

The leading commercial journals abroad are agitating the construction of an important water cut-off, namely, a ship-canal from Bayonne, in the Bay of Biscay, through Toulouse to Ayde, on the Mediterranean. This improvement is urged on the ground that it would make almost a beeline from Plymouth, England, to Malta, and save the long run down the coasts of Portugal and Spain, which amounts to some hundreds of miles.

The enterprise of leading the product of the great Butler County gas well to the iron-works at Pittsburg (a maximum distance of nineteen and a half miles) has proved completely successful. The new fuel is easily managed, quite economical, and produces a quality of iron thought to be superior to that made from the same material with ordinary fuel.

The Bessemer Steel-works of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company, at Scranton, Pennsylvania, went into operation on the 23d of October last.

The Hatch process for making steel from refuse scrap-iron is said to be in successful operation at the works of the Pittsburg Refining Company.

The petroleum-water-gas process of Lowe, lately introduced at Utica, New York, has just been very favorably reported upon by Professor Wurtz.

The *Kölnische Zeitung* reports that Krupp is making preparations for the construction of a 124-ton gun.

M. Mouchot lately exhibited before the French Academy a solar engine of simple construction, from which he claimed to have obtained considerable utilizable energy, and to have produced, after three-quarters of an hour's exposure to the sun, a boiler pressure of sixty pounds of steam.

In some recent high-speed brake trials in England it was found that at a speed of about fifty miles, with the most approved devices, and the employment of all available means of stoppage, including the reversing of the engine, a train can not be stopped within a shorter distance than half a mile.

A justifying type-setting machine is a recent American invention.

Editor's Historical Record.

OUR Record is closed on the 23d of December. —The Forty-fourth Congress assembled at noon, December 6. In the Senate there is a Republican majority of 11, in the House a Democratic majority of 63. There are twenty-two new Senators. Ex-Governor James E. English succeeds O. S. Ferry, deceased. The House was organized by the election of Michael C. Kerr, of Indiana, for Speaker. The standing committees of the Senate were appointed on the 9th. The names of the chairmen of the leading committees are as follows: Foreign Relations, Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania; Finance, Mr. Sherman; Commerce, Mr. Conkling; Military Affairs, Mr. Logan; Naval Affairs, Mr. Cragin; Judiciary, Mr. Edmunds; Post-office, Mr. Hamlin; Indians, Mr. Allison; Railroads, Mr. West; Civil Service and Retrenchment, Mr. Clayton. In the House, twenty-two of the chairmen of standing committees represent the Southern States, seven represent the West and Northwest, two New York, two Pennsylvania—New England and New Jersey being unrepresented. Mr. William R. Morrison, of Illinois, is chairman of the Ways and Means Committee; Mr. S. S. Cox, of New York, of that on Banking and Currency; Mr. Randall of that on Appropriations; and Mr. Swann, of Maryland, of that on Foreign Affairs.

A resolution was adopted by the House, December 15, by a vote of 232 to 18, declaring against the third Presidential term of office. The same day a resolution was adopted, 223 to 33, against granting subsidies to associations or corporations.

Mr. Blaine, in the House, December 14, proposed an amendment to the Constitution forbidding legislation by the States for sectarian appropriations.

President Grant's seventh annual Message, sent to Congress December 7, is the longest and most elaborate that he has written. The paper opens with a brief but comprehensive summary of the progress of the nation during its first century, now so nearly closed. In the education of the people the President finds the only real safeguard of our institutions. It is of the greatest importance that all the people should be possessed of education and intelligence enough to cast a vote with a right understanding of its meaning. It is therefore recommended that "a constitutional amendment be submitted to the Legislatures of the several States for ratification, making it the duty of each of the several States to establish and forever maintain free public schools adequate to the education of all the children in the rudimentary branches within their respective limits, irrespective of sex, color, birth-place, or religion; forbidding the teaching in said schools of religious, atheistic, or pagan tenets; and prohibiting the granting of any school funds or school taxes, or any part thereof, either by legislative, municipal, or other authority, for the benefit, or in aid, directly or indirectly, of any religious sect or denomination, or in aid or for the benefit of any other object of any nature or kind whatever." Attention is then called to the evil of the accumulation of vast amounts of untaxed church property, which has risen from $83,000,000 in 1850 to $1,000,000,000 in 1875, and unless checked will reach $3,000,000,000 in 1900. "So vast a sum, receiving all the protection and benefits of government without bearing its proportion of the burdens and expenses of the same, will not be looked upon acquiescently by those who have to pay taxes. In a growing country, where real estate enhances so rapidly with time as in the United States, there is scarcely a limit to the wealth that may be acquired by corporations, religious or otherwise, if allowed to retain real estate without taxation. The contemplation of so vast a property as here alluded to without taxation may lead to sequestration, without constitutional authority and through blood." The President therefore recommends the taxation of all property equally, whether church or corporation, exempting only the last resting-place of the dead, and possibly, with proper restrictions, church edifices.

In his review of our foreign relations the President deals largely with the Cuban question. While deprecating the continuance of the ruinous conflict on that island that is now in its seventh year, he finds nothing in the condition of things to justify a recognition of the independence of the Cubans or a concession to them of belligerent rights. In the earlier days of the contest the good offices of the United States as a mediator were tendered to Spain, but she declined them, with the declaration, however, that at a future time they would be indispensable. "I shall be ready at all times, as the equal friend of both parties," continues the President, "to respond to a suggestion that the good offices of the United States will be acceptable to aid in bringing about a peace honorable to both. It is due to Spain, so far as this government is concerned, that the agency of a third power, to which I have adverted, shall be adopted only as a last expedient.... Persuaded, however, that a proper regard for the interests of the United States and of its citizens entitles it to relief from the strain to which it has been subjected by the difficulties of the questions, and the wrongs and losses which arise from the contest in Cuba, and that the interests of humanity itself demand the cessation of the strife before the whole island shall be laid waste and larger sacrifices of life be made, I shall feel it my duty, should my hopes of a satisfactory adjustment and of the early restoration of peace and the removal of future causes of complaint be unhappily disappointed, to make a further communication to Congress at some period not far remote, and during the present session, recommending what may then seem to me to be necessary."

On the question of finances the President urges the importance of prompt and effective legislation to consummate the provisions of the act of the last Congress, so as to bring about specie resumption on and after the 1st day of January, 1879, at the furthest. In this connection he makes three recommendations: a repeal of so much of the Legal Tender Act as makes these notes receivable for debts contracted after a date to be fixed in the act itself—say, not later than January 1, 1877; the authorization of the Secretary to redeem not to exceed two millions monthly of legal tenders by issuing instead a long bond, with interest at the rate of 3.65 per cent., in denominations of from fifty to one thousand dollars; and giving the Secretary power to accumulate gold by in-

creasing the revenue, curtailing expenses, or both. Considerable addition might be made to the revenues by restoring the tax on tea and coffee.

Referring to postal matters, the President declares that "there is no branch of the public service which interests the whole people more than that of cheap and rapid transmission of the mails to every inhabited part of our territory. Next to the free school the post-office is the great educator of the people, and it may well receive the support of the general government." It is suggested that merchandise of all descriptions shall be excluded from the mails.

From the department reports accompanying the Message we present a few points briefly. The Secretary of the Treasury reports net revenues for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1875, $288,000,051 10, and the ordinary expenses (including the award of $1,929,819 to British claimants), $274,623,392 84. Of the receipts $157,167,722 35 were from customs, and $110,007,493 58 from internal revenue. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1876, it is estimated that the revenues will reach $297,456,145 14, and the ordinary expenditures $268,447,543 76, leaving a surplus revenue of $29,008,601 38; but as $32,293,692 32 will be required for the Sinking Fund, the revenues will probably fall short $3,285,090 94 of the appropriations. For the fiscal year ending June 30, 1877, the estimated ordinary receipts are $304,000,000, and ordinary expenditures $269,265,000. The public debt was reduced by $14,399,514 84 during the year ending June 30, 1875. The resumption of specie payments on an early day is strongly urged, and Congress is asked to provide by further legislation, if necessary, for the fulfillment of the pledge made at the last session.

The Secretary of War reports that the army is reduced to 25,000 men. The actual expenditures of the department for the year ending June 30, 1874, including river and harbor improvements, were $42,327,314 71, while the same for the year ending June 30, 1875, were $41,277,375 28, a reduction of $1,049,939 43. The estimates for the military establishment for the ensuing fiscal year, ending June 30, 1877, are $33,452,396 50; those for the current fiscal year, ending June 30, 1876, were $32,488,969 50, being an increase of $963,427.

The Secretary of the Navy reports the number of vessels of every class and description now on the navy register as 147, of 152,492 tons measurement, and carrying 1195 guns. Of these 26 are iron-clads, 95 steam-vessels (including 25 tugs), and 26 sailing vessels.

The Postmaster-General reports that the ordinary receipts of his department for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1875, were $26,671,218 50, an increase of $299,344 80 over the receipts of 1874. The expenditures of all kinds were $33,611,309 45, an increase of $1,484,894 87 over those of 1874. The estimated expenditures for the year ending June 30, 1877, are $36,839,805 99, and receipts $28,658,203 80. The number of stamps sold during the year was 973,275,025, valued at $25,477,511 24. The Dead Letter Office received during the year 3,628,808 letters of all kinds, or 11,878 for each working day. The number of domestic money-orders issued during the year was 5,006,323, valued at $77,431,251 58. It is recommended that postage on transient newspapers and periodicals, books, printed matter of all sorts, lithographs and maps, sheet music, photographs, and manuscripts designed for publication shall be reduced to one cent for each two ounces.

William M. Tweed escaped from the custody of the Sheriff of New York County, December 4.

General Jovellar has been appointed Captain-General of Cuba to succeed Valmaseda.

The British government has purchased from the Khedive of Egypt his shares (177,000 out of 400,000) of the Suez Canal Company, paying £4,000,000 for them.

The French Assembly, November 30, finally adopted the Electoral Bill, including the clause providing for voting by *arrondissements*, by a vote of 532 to 87. An amendment forbidding the government to suggest candidates to the electors, and another to insure secrecy in voting, were defeated. The right of representation is granted to all the colonies except Cayenne and Senegal. On the 9th of December the members of the Assembly began balloting for the election of seventy-five Senators who are to hold office for life. The balloting was closed December 21. Of the seventy-five Senators elected, twenty-four are classed with the Left (avowed republicans), thirty-two with the Left Centre (supporters of the republican constitution and opponents of the Bonapartists), eleven with the extreme Right (monarchists), six with the Centre Right (Orleanists), and one is a Bonapartist.

DISASTERS.

December 1.—Sinking of the steamboat *Sunnyside*, on the Hudson River, above Poughkeepsie. Eleven persons drowned.

December 5.—Mine explosion near Tredegar, England. Twenty miners killed.

December 6.—Mine explosion in the Swaithe Main Colliery, England. One hundred and thirty lives lost.

December 7.—Wreck of the North German steam-ship *Deutschland* on Kentish Knock, off the English coast. Fifty persons drowned.

December 11.—Explosion of a case of dynamite on the quay at Bremerhaven. The steamer *Mosel* lay at the wharf, ready to sail. One hundred and eighty-four persons injured, of whom one hundred and twenty-eight were killed. One of the passengers then on the steamer *Mosel* soon afterward committed suicide. Before his death he confessed that he had constructed the infernal machine, and timed it by a clock-work mechanism to explode in mid-ocean, his motive being to destroy the vessel and recover large insurances. He intended to leave the steamer at Southampton. He was known as Thomassen, but afterward he stated that his real name was William King Thompson, of Brooklyn, New York.

OBITUARY.

November 24.—In New York city, William B. Astor, son of the late John Jacob Astor, aged eighty-four years.

December 8.—At Oakland, near San Francisco, California, J. Ross Browne, traveler and author, aged fifty-eight years.

November 8.—At Pekin, the Hon. Benjamin P. Avery, United States minister to China, aged forty-six years.

December 1.—In Paris, France, Pauline Virginie Dejazet, the actress, aged seventy-seven years.

Editor's Drawer.

THERE is in Iowa a clerical gentleman of the Methodist persuasion; we will call him Brother I——. Possessed of more "gifts" than culture, once in a while he spoils a good speech or sermon by a misuse of unfamiliar words. A few years ago the late Bishop Lee, of the Episcopal Church, accompanied by a couple of the clergymen of his diocese, was awaiting in a railroad dépôt the coming of a train. Brother I—— and another Methodist clergyman were there on the same errand, and the five were soon engaged in a pleasant conversation. In the course of the talk the bishop passed a compliment on the Methodists for their energy and success in planting their missions far out on the frontier. As an example, he related an incident connected with his early travels as an Iowa bishop. He was making his way in a carriage across the State from Davenport to Sioux City. He had traveled all day over a wide stretch of prairie without seeing a house, and toward evening came to a little neck of timber, along the edge of which there was planted a little settlement. Learning that there was no house beyond for over twenty miles, he concluded to stay for the night, and he put up at the cabin of a settler. Pretty soon he began to inquire after the religious interests of the people of the settlement, and, supposing them to be entirely beyond the reach of church privileges, was surprised to learn, on inquiry, that they were visited by the "circuit rider" once a month. The bishop said that even in that remote place the Methodists were in advance of him, but that he did the best he could under the circumstances, and so, collecting the few families together in the cabin of his host, he preached to them that evening.

"And so," said Brother I——, "you did preach to them, bishop?"

"Certainly I did," was the reply.

"And did you tell them that you were Bishop Lee, of the diocese of Iowa?" continued Brother I——.

"No, Sir; not at all; I did not tell them who I was. That would have done them no good," replied the bishop.

"Why, did you not tell them that you belonged to the Protestant Episcopal Church?"

"No, Sir; I did not think that necessary, under the circumstances. I thought it was enough to tell them that I was a Christian minister."

"Well, bishop," said Brother I——, "did you not use the Prayer-book?"

"Not at all; I repeated some of our forms of prayer from memory, such as were suitable to the occasion."

"But you used your robe, bishop?"

"Oh no; I preached in my ordinary dress, as you or any Methodist or Presbyterian clergyman would have done."

"Why, bishop, that is strange! I supposed you always wore your robe. Bishop, in preaching without your robe, *did you not break the rubicon of your Church?*"

The bishop assured Brother I—— that he had violated no law by so doing, and the latter parted with the prelate admiring very much his apostolic simplicity and zeal.

IN Virginia, some twenty years or more ago, there was laboring a Methodist preacher, a Brother J——. He was a Zaccheus in stature, full of revival fire, "powerful" in voice, and quite eccentric. On his circuit, at an out-of-the-way country place, the brethren had completed a new church, and on a certain Sabbath a Brother C——, stationed in a neighboring town, was invited to dedicate the house. Accordingly Brother C—— proceeded to the place, and, to a crowded congregation, preached one of his best discourses. Next the finances were attended to, and then came the formal dedication. It being customary in that country to give rural churches some particular name, the selection of the name in this case was left with the dedicator, and he chose to call it "Hedding Chapel," after the then lately deceased Bishop Hedding. The dedicatory service being closed, Brother C—— requested the congregation to sing the doxology, and he stepped into the altar for the purpose of dismissing the people with the benediction. Just then a new thought occurred to Brother J——, and, jumping on one of the benches, he sang out: "Stop, Brother C——, stop! I have something to say. I think these people away down here in Virginny don't know much about Bishop Hedding, and they will find it difficult to remember the name of this church. Bishop Hedding was a holy man, and a bishop of the Methodist Church. And I'll tell you, people, if any of you can't remember the name of this church, just think of your *head*"—the speaker at the same time clapping his head with his hand—"I say, just think of your *head*, and put *ing* to it!" Of course the name was remembered after that.

A RECENT article in the London *Belgravia Magazine* on "People whom we miss" contains pleasant reminiscences of the late Marquis of Normanby, who, when Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland, swept away many of the old traditions of grandeur and "stuck-upishness" which had pervaded the Dublin vice-regal court, and enabled many persons to obtain an *entrée* to high life who had never before been in decent society of any kind. During his vice-royalty he made a tour of the provinces, opening their prison doors to all who were committed for political or agrarian offenses. This proceeding naturally gave great offense to the judges; and once, when at a drawing-room he said to Bushe that he was glad that he had shown the Irish so much merciful consideration, for he had found them a very grateful people, "Yes, my lord," replied the witty Chief Justice, pointing to the motley company, "and they show their gratitude by coming here; for I see in your company many gentlemen whose acquaintance I have made in a criminal dock."

Two or three fresh anecdotes of John Randolph, recently published in the Drawer, have brought to us several more, some of which have been in print; but we do not remember to have seen the following:

While a member of Congress, Randolph boarded in Georgetown, and generally rode over to the Capitol, though he sometimes walked. On a keen frosty morning, while walking across the Rock Creek Bridge, he was seen by Mr. B——, who was walking on the opposite side of the bridge in the same direction. Mr. B——, having a speak-

ing acquaintance with Randolph, crossed over to walk with him. Mr. Randolph had very long legs, and even in his ordinary gait was a very fast walker. With some difficulty Mr. B—— came up, and saluted him with "Good-morning, Mr. Randolph; you are walking fast this morning."

"Yes, Sir," squeaked Randolph, "and I can walk still faster;" which he at once did, leaving Mr. B—— far behind to ruminate on the politeness of statesmen.

THE ingenuity and persistence of the "interviewer" to pump from reticent or reluctant parties information not otherwise obtainable is amusingly related by a Washington newspaper correspondent:

Just after General Logan had taken his seat in the Senate a matter of unusual interest was before that body while in secret session. Great efforts had been made by "the boys" in Newspaper Row to ferret out what it was. At last, when despair was almost upon them, two of the most ingenious ones hit upon a new stratagem, and proceeded at once to put it in execution. Making their way to Logan's quarters, they sent up their cards, and were admitted to the presence of that statesman. After disposing of the trifling business that was the pretext for their call, they set about the serious, real object, and brought up, in a seemingly casual, off-hand way, the executive session. Anent this point the First Conspirator presently stated, in a matter-of-fact tone, that as such and such proceedings had been had, the effect upon the great issue at stake would be so and so. To this the Second Conspirator rejoined, with polite courtesy, that the First Conspirator was in error—that the proceedings had been the reverse of those assumed. First Conspirator, waking up to some slight show of interest on the subject, begged pardon, but really he had not been at all misinformed. Second Conspirator was mild but firm in his declaration that he had; and so, like battledoor and shuttlecock, the contradiction was tossed back and forth, till the contestants, growing heated as they grew positive, became somewhat boisterous and quarrelsome. Having thus worked the thing up to the proper point, as they thought, First Conspirator suddenly turned to Logan, appealing to know if he was not correct. But the new Senator was not so easily deceived, and, taking in the situation at a glance, he responded, dryly: "Oh, don't let me disturb you, boys. Go on with your quarrel. I wouldn't interfere for the world." That settled it, and the conspirators didn't waste any more time that night on that Senator.

A CERTAIN tavern-keeper in North Carolina, many years ago, having grown rich and careless, so offended the lawyers by whom his house had for years been filled that during a crowded session of the court they with one accord forsook him, leaving behind them the following

PARODY ON THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for a half-hungry, half-fed, imposed-on set of men to dissolve the bands of landlord and boarder, a decent respect for the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which have impelled them to separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created with mouths and stomachs; and they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are that no man shall be compelled to starve out of mere compliance to a landlord, and that every man has a right to fill his stomach and wet his whistle with the best that's going.

The history of the present landlord of the White Lion is a history of repeated insults, exactions, and injuries, all having in direct object the establishment of absolute tyranny over our stomachs and throats. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world.

He has refused to keep any thing to drink but ball-faced whisky.

He has refused to set upon his table for dinner any thing but turnip soup, with a little tough beef and sour-krout: which are not wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He has refused to let his only servant, blink-eyed Joe, put more than six grains of coffee to one gallon of water.

He has turned loose a multitude of mosquitoes to assail us in the peaceful hours of midnight, and eat our substance.

He has kept up, in our beds and bedsteads, standing armies of merciless savages, with their scalping-knives and tomahawks, whose rule of warfare is undistinguished destruction.

He has excited domestic insurrection among us by taking bitters before breakfast, and making his wife and servant do the same before dinner, whereby there is often the deuce to pay.

He has waged cruel war against nature itself by feeding our horses with broom straw, and carrying them off to drink where swine refuse to wallow.

He has protected one-eyed Joe in his villainy, in the robbery of our jugs, by pretending to give him a mock trial, after sharing with him the spoil.

He has cut off our trade with foreign *ports*, and brought in his own ball-faced whisky when we had sent him to buy better liquor abroad; and with a perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages, he has been known to drink our foreign spirits and fill up our bottles with his own dire poisons.

He has imposed taxes upon us to an enormous amount, against our consent, and without any rule but his own arbitrary will and pleasure.

A landlord whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant and a miser is unfit to keep a boarding-house for Cherokee Indians.

Nor have we been wanting in our attention to Mrs. B—— and Miss Sally. We have appealed to their native justice and magnanimity. We have conjured them to alter a state of things which would inevitably interrupt our connection and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice. We are therefore constrained to hold all three of these parties alike inimical to our well-being and regardless of our comfort.

We therefore make this solemn declaration of our final separation from our former landlord, and cast our defiance in his teeth.

AMONG the comical incidents that are always happening to amateur sportsmen, the following, which comes to us from England, is quite neat:

A few weeks since Mr. Aubrey C——, while out shooting, received a portion of a charge in his face, and for some time his sight was considered in danger. In copse-shooting it is advisable to know both who and where are your companions.

"Who is that on my right?" asked a gentleman of a keeper.

"Lord ——, Sir," replied the keeper.

"Just go to him and tell him where I am."

"Beg pardon, Sir, I'd rather not," said the man, touching his hat: "his lordship always fires when he sees any thing move."

THERE is more fun to the square foot in the new States and Territories, the mountain and mining regions, than in any other parts of our noble country. And the newspaper man of that region has a knack of describing it in the eftest way. In a late number of the Denver *News* is a sketch of one old Jim Barker, a well-known character of the mountains, who dwells at a sweet little

hamlet called Blue Lizard Gulch. The estimable Barker was only elected a justice of the peace for that section of El Paso County at last fall's election, and Mike Irving, a comrade of Jim's, was empowered to officiate as the executive officer of his court. Jim's first case was on the complaint of Elder Slater, a traveling missionary, who had caused the arrest of Zimri Bowles, a resident of the foot-hills, upon a charge of stealing the elder's one-eyed mule. Zimri had been arrested by Irving, the constable, while in the act of easing the descent of the mule down Mad Gun Mountain, with his lariat fastened to the tail of the animal. The proof was conclusive. Accordingly the justice, after much legal perplexity of mind, proceeded to sentence Zimri to one year's confinement in the Territorial penitentiary, which sentence he concluded as follows: "An' now, Zim, seein' as I'm about out of things to eat, an' as you will have the cost to pay, I reckon you'd better take a turn among the foot-hills with your rifle, an' see if you can't pick up some meat before night, as you can't start fur the Big Canyon before mornin'." Which marketing duty was performed by Zim bringing in one black-tail fawn and a rabbit within the time prescribed as a postscript to the sentence. On the following morning the constable, mounted upon his broncho, accompanied by the prisoner astride of the mule, which the elder had kindly loaned him, started through the mountains for the penitentiary, where they arrived the second day out, their animals loaded with a deer, two antelopes, and a small cinnamon bear, which they sold to the warden of the prison. After dividing the money, the constable proceeded to hand over Zimri on the following mittimus, which is carefully preserved, and may be seen in possession of the warden:

To the hed man of the Colorado prison, down at the foot of the Big Canyon on the Arkansas:

TAKE NOTIOE.—Zimri Bouls, who comes with this here, Stole Elder Slater's one-eyed mule, an it was all the mule the Elder had, an I sentenced Zim officially to one year in the Colorado prison, an hated to do it, seein as Zim once stood by me like a man when the Injuns had me in a tight place, an arter I sentenced Zim to one year for stealing the Elder's mule, my wife, Lizzy, who is a kind o' tender-hearted critter, come an leaned her arm on my shoulder, an says she, "Father, don't forget the time when Zim, with his rifle, covered our cabin from Granite mountain, an saved us from the Arrapahoes, an Father I have heard you tell that after you was wounded at Sand Creek, an helpless, it was Zimri's rifle that halted the Injun that was creeping in the grass to scalp you." An then there was a tear splash fell upon the sentence, an I changed my mind sudently, as follows: seeing as the mule had but one eye, an wernt mor'n half a mule at that, you can let Zim go at about six months, an sooner if the Injuns shud get ugly, an, furthermore, if the Elder shud quiet down an give in any time, I will pardon Zim out instanter.

Witness my official hand and seal.

JAMES BARKER, J. P.
in Blue Lizard Gulch, El Paso County, in the Territory.

The warden, after informing the constable that he could not receive the prisoner upon the commitment offered, proceeded to explain that he should have given a bond in the sum of about $300 to appear at the District Court. Accordingly the constable withdrew with his prisoner, when it was agreed between them that Zimri should give the constable his bond for the amount mentioned by the warden. This was accomplished by Zimri subscribing his name to an old replevin bond calling for $300, found among the papers transmitted to the constable by his predecessor. Then, as the constable intended returning by way of Piñon Mountain to examine a bear den where he had seen a couple of cubs playing last spring, he gave the bond to Zimri to take back to the justice. But Zimri, while on his return, traded the $300 bond to a mountain squatter, just in from Missouri, for a horse, saddle, and bridle, and the prisoner is believed to be at this time a dashing hunter on the plains.

WE have a fellow-citizen in —— (writes a correspondent) who is an inveterate seeker after petty offices, and who is a candidate at every spring election for some little office. He has a smart boy of eight or ten years. During the late Gubernatorial campaign, as Johnny was running up the street, an acquaintance hailed him, and asked, "Johnny, what office is your father running for this time?"

Johnny replied, "Oh, Mr. H——, this is too big an election for my pap to run at."

ANOTHER by a member of the infantry:

A friend of the writer, residing on a farm in Illinois, has a four-year-old daughter named Etta, who frequently amuses herself by placing the chairs in a row and calling them a train of cars. One evening, while thus engaged, Mr. B——, a friend of the family, called, and unthinkingly occupied one of the "cars." Miss Etta, not wishing to have her play disturbed, stepped up and said, "Mister, dis is a train of tars."

"Oh!" said Mr. B——; "then I'll be a passenger, and take a ride."

Little Etta was not at all satisfied. After hesitating a moment, she said, "Where do 'ou want to dit off?"

Mr. B—— replied, "I'll get off at Bloomington."

"Well," said Etta, demurely, "dis is de place."

THE Drawer has published some notable specimens of sermonizing of the "hard-shell" type, such as, "For he played on a harp of a thousand strings, sperits of just men made purfic." In a new book just received from London we find a fresh specimen, coming from a quarter whence it would be least expected—Scotland. And this is the Highland exhortation:

"Ah, my friends, what causes have we for grāatitude—oh yes!—for the deepest grāatitude! Look at the place of our habitāation. How grāateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far North—oh no!—amidst the frost and the snaw, and the cauld and the weet—oh no!—where there's a lang day tae half o' the year—oh yes!—and a lang nicht the tither—oh yes!—that we do not depend upon the aurawry boreawlis—oh no!—that we do not gang shivering aboot in skins—oh no!—snoking amang the snaw like modiwarts—oh no! no! And how grāateful should we be that we do not leeve in the far South, beneath the equawtor, and a sun aye burnin', burnin'; where the sky's het—ah, yes!—and yearth's het, and the water's het, and ye're brunt black as a smiddy—ah, yes!—where there's teegars—oh yes!—and lions—oh yes!—and crocodiles—oh yes!—and fearsome beasts growlin' and girnin' at ye amang the woods; where the very air is a fever, like the burnin' breath o' a fiery drawgon; that we do not leeve in these places—oh no! no! no! no! But that we leeve in this blessit island of oors callit Great Britain—oh yes! yes!—and in

that pairt of it named Scotland, and in that bit o' auld Scotland that looks up at Ben-Nevis—oh yes! yes! yes!—where there's neither frost, nor cauld, nor wund, nor weet, nor hail, nor rain, nor teegars, nor lions, nor burnin' suns, nor hurricanes, nor—"

Here a tremendous blast of wind and rain from Ben-Nevis blew in the windows of the kirk, and brought the preacher's eloquence to an abrupt conclusion.

In Lady Wood's new novel, *Below the Salt*, one of the characters gives a definition in arithmetic that will be quite acceptable to our young lady readers. Edgar is speaking to Pleasance:

"Now I kiss you three times on one cheek and four times on your mouth. How many did that make altogether?"

"Seven," whispered the girl, disengaging herself to breathe more freely.

"*That* is *arithmetic*," said the youth, triumphantly.

"Dear me," said Pleasance, "I should not have thought it."

Captain Marryat, in his novel of *Snarleyow*, makes one of his characters sing a song carrying the same agreeable conceit:

Then Harry said, "As time is short,
Addition you must first be taught:
Sum up these kisses, sweet.
Now prove your sum by kissing me.
Yes, that was right: 'twas three times three—
Arithmetic's a treat.

"And now there is another term,
Subtraction, you have yet to learn:
Take four away from these.
Yes, that was right; you've made it out."
Says Mary, with a pretty pout,
"Subtraction don't me please."

Division and multiplication are taught in the same pleasant way, and the song ends with,

"And now we must leave off, my dear:
The other rules are not so clear;
We'll try at them to-night."
"I'll come at eve, my Henry sweet;
Behind the hawthorn hedge we'll meet;
For learning's my delight."

Every body out West knows the Hon. James Grant, of Davenport, Iowa. He is universally known as a kind-hearted gentleman and a very active and able lawyer. He was one of the early settlers of Iowa, and many a good story is related as well by as of him. The following, told of him at a dinner table at which he was one of the guests, is worth recording. He did not deny the "soft impeachment."

In his early life, being a judge of one of the district courts of Iowa, a replevin suit for a horse was brought to trial before him. As is usual in horse cases, the evidence was very conflicting, each side stoutly swearing to his property in the horse. The judge has always been fond of horses, and has always prided himself upon his knowledge of horseflesh. After all the evidence was in, and the respective counsel had summed up, the judge, much to the astonishment of every body, adjourned the court for a couple of hours. During the recess he had the horse brought up to the court-house, and there had him trotted up and down, and carefully examined him. On the re-assembling of the court he charged the jury in the following way:

"Gentlemen of the Jury, you will find a verdict for the defendant. It is true that the plaintiff and all his witnesses have sworn that the horse is the property of the plaintiff, and has belonged to him for the last five years. But I don't believe them. I know something about a horse, and I have examined him, and he has points which the plaintiff and his witnesses must have known about if the horse ever belonged to the plaintiff. Neither he nor they said a word about those points, and therefore the plaintiff could never have owned the horse. Your verdict will be for the defendant."

The late Martin Grover, one of the judges of the Court of Appeals of this State (New York), was a pure and upright judge, and yet, off the bench, as pronounced a Democrat as he was a superior judge. He never allowed an opportunity to pass to ventilate his opinions on political affairs.

On one occasion (writes a friend in Chittenango, New York), speaking of the Constitutional Convention of 1867, I heard him relate the following:

"We Democrats felt a little concern in regard to the possible action of that Convention, thinking it might do something that our party could not manage at the polls. So one day, after court had adjourned, I stepped into the Convention, and was there, I guess, about *four* minutes, and as I came out I met Judge Hunt, and I mentioned to him that I had been into the Convention. He asked me what I thought of it, and I told him I felt a good deal *relieved;* that I did not know but the Convention would do some mischief, but that there were too many *long-haired men* in there to do much that the people would ratify; that I had always observed that the people generally did not care much for the actions of long-haired men *or short-haired women*."

One of our Yankee "drummers," says a New Haven correspondent, whose particular avocation is to supply country stores with the usual assortment of "pure" liquors, advanced his interest by improving the minds of his rural customers with the facts of the case in this wise: "We have one pipe of the genuine *old* Santa Cruz rum, and the only one in the country. You see, it is now some two or three years since old Santa Cruz died, and although the boys are getting on pretty well, they can't quite come up to the old man yet—not quite—and we hold the only pipe of the old man's left." He sold that pipe.

There has broken out in Boston, with the utmost possible violence, a spirit of doggerel aimed at the street railroad and the financial notices posted up therein. Thus:

Whene'er a passenger pays a fare,
There shall be punched by the conductare,
Before collecting another fare,
And in the presence of said passenjare,
A buff trip slip for a six-cent fare,
A blue trip slip for a three-cent fare,
A white ticquette for a five-cent fare,
A green ticquette for'n employé's fare,
A white check for an eight-cent fare,
A yellow check for a nine-cent fare,
A coupon pass for a dead-head fare;
All in the presence of the passenjare,
Who's not allowed, no matter where,
How short the distance, or what the fare,
To travel free upon this cair.

This epizootic has spread to the neighboring cities of New England, where no man is considered fit to conduct a street car who has not graduated from Yale or Harvard, and the poet of the

Hartford *Times* has felt impelled to evolve the following on the one-horse, "bobtail," or "Slawson-box" cars:

> Our one-horse driver takes no care
> To look up the straggling passenjare;
> So when we wish to stop a cair,
> After shaking in vain our umbrellaire,
> And yelling again and beating the air,
> We hire a boy to run 'round the cair,
> And tell the drivare to stop his cair
> If he wants another passenjare.

Two gentlemen were riding in the cars approaching Boston, when they came in view of a fine residence, beautifully situated on a hill-side —the home of a man who had made a fortune in the liquor agency, and whose liquids may or may not have been watered. Said one of them, pointing to the house, "See what rum did."

"See what cold water did," was the suggestive reply.

Of course this comes from Boston:

Governor P——, though a most excellent man, who administered the affairs of his State successfully for two years, was considerably given to making himself agreeable, especially to politicians in rank above his own. The Governor had been attending a college Commencement last season, where he had received all the honors due a Governor, and he felt decidedly pleased with himself, and disposed to be facetious. There were two doctors of divinity and several *alumni* in the Governor's company. The two D.D.'s were very agreeable, and made a point of laughing at all of the Governor's sallies, as many people think they are bound to do toward people of rank.

The Governor and party were just aboard of the train for home. The morning was a hot one, and the cars were full. When the Governor and party were seated, the seats on the shady side of the car were all taken except one, and on this was a valise—rather seedy-looking, like what a farmer might carry—which, according to the rules of railway travel, claimed the seat for its owner. Just before the train started, a lady came in, showily dressed, evidently of the "flashy" stamp, and blustered about considerably because she must sit in the sun. The Governor is a very gallant man, and takes much pride in his favor with ladies. He got up, and crossing over to the lady, said, "Madam, why do you not sit in this seat? It must be very uncomfortable in the sun."

The lady replied that she saw by the valise that the seat was taken.

"But," said the Governor, as he took the valise by the handles, "it won't hurt the gentleman's valise to sit in the sun." Then holding it up in sight of all, and with a significant smile, added, "And we hardly think it would hurt the gentleman himself."

The lady took the seat thus vacated, and the Governor put the valise into a seat on the sunny side of the car. The two D.D.'s thought it was the best thing they ever heard—the Governor's joke, "It won't hurt the gentleman's valise to sit in the sun, and we hardly think it would hurt the gentleman himself;" and they nudged each other and pretended to laugh very heartily. Of course the Governor was pleased: it is pleasant to know that our own wit is appreciated.

But it happened that the valise belonged to a gentleman who held a responsible position in Washington, also a graduate of the college, who had been home to Commencement. He was a tall, noble specimen of humanity, as noble as he looked, who would never play the sycophant to a king, nor impose upon a beggar. He was only a few seats ahead, where he had stepped to speak with a friend, and he had heard every word of the Governor's joke. Soon he came back, glanced at the seat which held the lady with her baggage, when some one pointed across, and he quietly took the seat with his valise.

The Governor saw at once that he was a gentleman, and knew that he must have overheard his remarks, but he was a stranger to his Excellency. The gentleman, however, knew the physiognomy of the Governor very well, though he was not personally acquainted. The Governor leaned forward and asked of a gentleman,

"Do you know who that gentleman is?"

"That is the Hon. J—— D——, from Washington, Commissioner of ——."

Evidently the Governor had heard too much. He dropped his chin, and his face looked blank. The two doctors of divinity also saw that their laugh had not been well put: they had played the sycophant on the wrong man. The Governor saw his position, and thought the best thing to do was to make an apology. So he asked a college friend for an introduction. The gentlemen arose, and Governor P—— was formally presented to Commissioner D——. After the usual hand-shaking was over, the Governor said,

"Commissioner D——, I owe you a humble apology for removing your valise, and my unguarded remarks. I hope—"

Commissioner D—— broke him off short, and replied:

"Governor, no apology is needed, nor will any be accepted. I always yield my seat to *ladies*, and my valise to *hackmen;* but among *gentlemen* I prefer to handle my own baggage."

It is always amusing to see the cart before the horse. A clergyman on a visit to a neighboring church wished to deliver an effective exhortation and make a favorable impression, and in speaking of some religious ideas he rose to a grand climax in the following language: "Kingdoms and thrones shall be overturned, the most stupendous works of man, yea, the hills and mountains, shall pass away, but of these truths not one *tit* or *jottle*." It was not a serious mistake, but an irrepressible smile spread over the audience, and the preacher seemed suddenly embarrassed.

The following comes from a prominent Methodist clergyman:

A trouble had arisen among the singers of a certain church, and on one Sabbath morning the good minister found himself without a choir. He read the old familiar hymn, commencing "I love to steal a while away." In the absence of the choir one of the deacons threw himself into the breach and undertook to lead off. He pitched the tune and sung "I love to *steal*," but had it so high that he broke down. He tried it a second time, and again broke down at *steal*, it was so low. Not discouraged, he tried it the third time, and sung "I love to *steal*," and then went down as before. At this point the audience became amused, and the minister arose and said, "It is greatly to be regretted. Let us pray."

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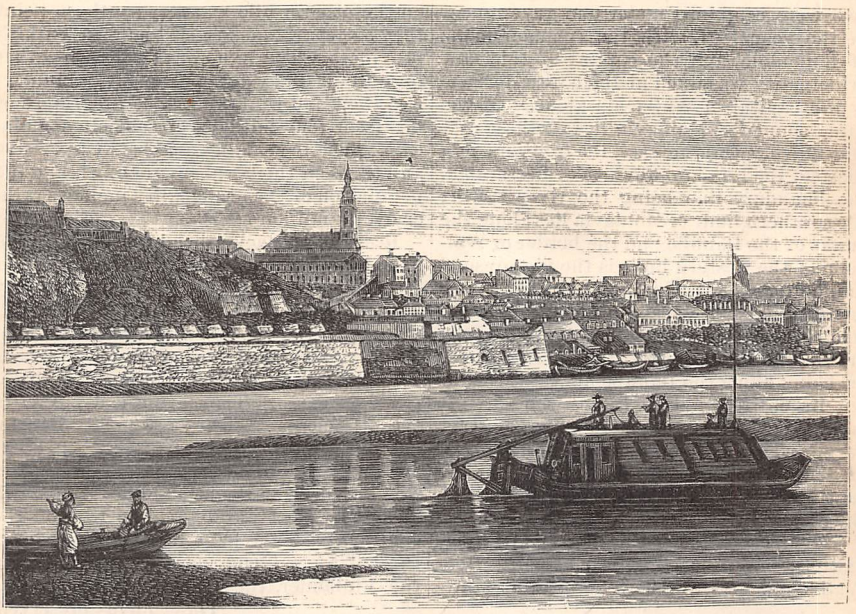
THE PRINCIPALITIES OF THE DANUBE.



BELGRADE, THE CAPITAL OF SERVIA.

FOR nearly a century the Turkish Empire has been generally regarded as in a condition of slow but certain decay. One by one the Sultan has lost dominion over large and fair provinces, every year he has been sinking deeper and deeper into hopeless debt, and only considerations of self-interest on the part of other powers have kept life in that body-politic which the Czar Nicholas once so aptly compared to a sick man wasting away by a slow but fatal distemper. The Turks, it was said long ago, are only "encamped in Europe." Their characteristics, traditions, customs, religion, are essentially Oriental; and the time is not very far distant, probably, when their foothold on the western continent will be loosened, and when the sultans will rule in Asia alone.

Ever and anon a war cloud arises in Eastern Europe, and diplomates and statesmen begin to talk anxiously to each other about the "Eastern question." It is the gravest problem of the future, the most perplexing of international puzzles. It has reference to the condition of Turkey, and her relations with the other powers. It involves the fate of the Christian subjects of the Sultan, and the designs which Russia undoubtedly has upon Constantinople, the rightful capital, as Peter the Great taught his countrymen and his heirs to believe, of the Greek faith.

Whenever any event (as, for instance, the Herzegovinian rebellion) occurs to vivify this bugbear of the Eastern question, the position and probable action of the Principalities of the Danube become prominent subjects of speculation and discussion. They hold peculiar relations with the Turkish Empire and with Russia. Their geographical position gives them special importance in view of a probable war; and fostered and protected as they have been in their practical independence by the great states, they

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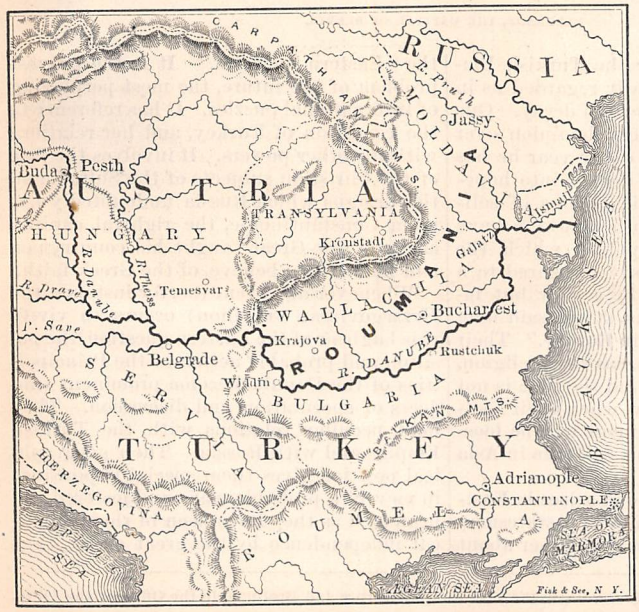
may be regarded in some sort both as belonging to Turkey and as wards of Christian Europe. In view of past and future events, it is worth while to describe the Danubian Principalities, their political and geographical position, and the character, religion, customs, and habits of their populations, who are at once among the most obscure and most interesting peoples of the continent.

The three states which are usually spoken of as the Danubian Principalities are Moldavia, Wallachia, and Servia. The first two were combined under one government in the year 1861, with the common name of Roumania, and the capital of this new principality was fixed at Bucharest, formerly the capital of Wallachia alone. Of the three countries, Moldavia lies furthest east and north. On the east, its frontiers join those of the Russian province of Bessarabia, the boundary line being the river Pruth; the southern limit of Moldavia lies along the banks of the Danube and the border of Wallachia; the western limit is the picturesque range of the Carpathian Mountains. Wallachia, lying southwestward from Moldavia, stretches some two hundred and seventy miles from east to west, its southern frontier being along the Danube almost throughout its entire length, while to the north it is bounded by Moldavia and a part of Hungary, and on the west by the principality of Servia. Just across the Danube on the south lies the subject Turkish province of Bulgaria.

Servia, the third of the Danubian Principalities, lies a little southwestward from Wallachia. Its northern frontier is skirted by the Upper Danube and the Save, the largest of the Danubian tributaries; on the west, the large province of Bosnia gives Servia its limit; on the south, Servia is separated from Albania by the Kaplan range. Thus the Danubian Principalities comprise a long and wide tract, extending almost from the mouths by which the Danube empties itself into the Black Sea, in a southwesterly direction, to within a hundred miles of the Adriatic. Their frontiers touch those of Russia on one side and those of Austria on the other, while at every southern point they are contiguous to still subject Turkish provinces. The two states which together form Roumania comprise not far from forty-five thousand square miles in area, and not far from four millions of souls in population. The Servian area is between twelve and thirteen thousand square miles, and the population of the principality includes rather over a million souls.

Resembling each other in religion, in political institutions, in their relation to their nominal suzerain, the Sultan, and in many of their manners and customs, the most striking distinction between the Roumans and the Servians consists in difference of race. The Roumans are one of the most mixed races on earth. They are a sad puzzle to the ethnologists. They are partly Roman, partly Gothic, partly Magyar, partly Sclavic, and partly, though to a small extent, Tartar. The Servians, on the other hand, are regarded as the most purely Sclavic race on the continent. They have resisted the admixture of alien blood more obstinately than the Finlander, the Breton, or the Basque. They have preserved, with wonderful uniformity, the physical characteristics, the customs, and the language of a remote and heroic ancestry. While their neighbors of Wallachia have proved easily susceptible to the influences of each of the many successive conquests of their territory, the Servians have preserved a distinct national type from first to last.



MAP OF THE DANUBIAN PRINCIPALITIES.

SERVIA.

The story of this most brave and energetic, as well as purest, of all the Sclavonic races teems with the most varied, turbulent, and romantic interest. Even now, among the Servian peasantry, who are ignorant

MUSSULMANS AND CHRISTIANS.

in most matters, tales of the early valor of their ancestors, of their Oriental origin, of their long and Titanic struggles, are familiar; while the fact that they still preserve and still sing the patriotic songs which have survived from a period anterior to the invasion of Europe by the Turks, indicates the intense pride of the Servians in their national annals and exploits. It seems certain that the first distinct appearance in history of the great Sclavonic race, which now embraces a large majority of the inhabitants of Eastern Europe, was early in the sixth century, when they appeared on the frontiers of the Roman Empire, defeated the imperial legions in Greece, besieged Byzantium, and, after rather more than a century of conflict, made a league with the Emperors of the East. The power of the successors of Constantine was already waning; and this fierce and obstinate race, which was supposed to have had its origin in Scythia and Illyria, compelled the emperors to concede to them a vast tract of country, where they estab-

lished the kingdom of Servia. The contact of these Sclaves with the civilization of the Eastern Empire, deteriorated as it was, had the surprising effect of converting them to Christianity, and of softening their rude and ferocious characters into something like order and subordination. The Servian dominions comprised the colonies of Sclavonia, Croatia, Servia, Bosnia, and Dalmatia. After entirely throwing off the Byzantine yoke, the Servians grew rapidly in power and culture. At last there arose a great "Kral," or king, Stephen Douschau, who extended the Servian dominions over Bulgaria, Dalmatia, and Macedonia, and who held sway from the shores of the Black Sea to those of the Adriatic. He was by far the greatest and most warlike of the early Servian monarchs. He erected his kingdom into an empire; now for the first time the imperial double eagle was emblazoned upon Servian banners; and he even proposed to raise an army of 80,000 men, and, marching upon Constantinople, to put an end to the fast-crumbling Empire of the East. Under Stephen the Servians had evidently reached a high degree of civilization; the beautiful churches and ruins of stately castles and towns of that period which are still extant are striking evidences of their taste and spirit. In the two centuries during which Servia continued an independent and prosperous realm, its progress as a nationality and as a people was pretty steadily onward. The emperors married princesses of Byzantium, France, and Venice; law and the arts ripened under the civilizing influences which penetrated the wild slopes of the Kaplan through the free cities of the Adriatic; bridges and roads were built; the Servian monarchs were recognized by the popes, and a great and comparatively enlightened feudal nobility grew up in their dominions.

It was in the latter part of the fourteenth century that the Sultan Amurath, the son of the famous Othman, who was the first of the Turkish "Grand Seigneurs," succeeded in conquering Servia, and reducing its gallant people to subjection. At the battle of Cassova, in 1389, the last of the Servian emperors was killed; a Servian chieftain, Milosch Obilitesh, penetrating the Sultan's tent, stabbed him to the heart; and this act was fatal to the independence of his defeated countrymen. The Sultan Bajazet established his rule over the nation; but despite the assassination of Amurath, that rule was far from being harsh or despotic. Two sons of the last Servian monarch were made governors over the country; and far from imposing Mohammedanism upon the conquered race, Bajazet declared that for every new mosque built in his European realms, a Christian church should be erected. The Servians continued subject to the Turks for more than four centuries. Throughout this period their condition was in many respects a happy one. The rule of the Turkish pashas was less oppressive upon the peasantry than that of their own feudal lords had been; their taxes were not heavy; they were permitted freedom of worship.

At last, however, the old proud spirit of the Servian race revived. The plundering corruption of the pashas, and the inability of the well-disposed sultans to protect them from the exactions and capricious tyranny of their own officials, roused its long dormant but, as it appeared, not extinct energies. In 1804 the Servians rose in general insurrection. They found a rude but heroic leader in Kara George, a sort of marauder, of gigantic stature and impetuous courage, and after a struggle of eight years they achieved their independence. Kara George assumed the power, and ruled despotically; but he preserved order, and for a while sustained himself against the attempts of the Turks at reconquest. A sudden attack, however, was made by the Sultan in 1813, and so unprepared was Kara George that the Turkish troops occupied Servia without a battle, and the upstart sovereign was forced to fly for his life. But the Servian spirit of independence was not crushed by this disaster. Once more the people rose in arms, this time under Milosch Oberonovitch, the son of a swineherd. The Sultan, finding himself powerless to keep the country in subjection, made terms with Milosch, and in 1829 he was recognized as Prince of Servia, and the virtual independence of the principality was acknowledged by an imperial firman. The present Prince of Servia, Milan IV., is the fourth sovereign in succession from Milosch, and is in the twenty-first year of his age. With the exception of an annual tribute to the Turkish treasury, and the nominal right of the Sultan to call upon Servia for a contingent of 12,050 men in case of war, and to represent Servia at foreign courts by his envoys, the principality is entirely independent of the Porte. In local affairs its government is supreme. By the Servian constitution the prince, assisted by five ministers, wields the executive power. The legislature comprises two Houses—the Senate, having seventeen members appointed by the prince, and the Skoopschina, or House of Deputies, chosen by universal suffrage, at the rate of one Deputy for every 2000 electors. The political form is that of a constitutional monarchy. The ministers are responsible to the Skoopschina, and that body has the exclusive right of originating money bills. Indeed, the independent government of Servia appears to have been closely modeled upon that of England. The Servian army comprises about 4000 men; and the revenue of the principality, derived chiefly from a general capitation tax, which does not bear

SERVIAN CHURCH FESTIVAL.

heavily upon the people, amounts to about $1,700,000.

The character, habits, and customs of the Servians are not less peculiar and interesting than their history. The country, while not precisely what would be called mountainous, is picturesquely varied and wild of aspect. It contains rather a series of isolated hills than continuous chains. These hills, rising from the fertile plains where the villages are scattered, are covered with dense forests of pine and oak, where the lynx, the bear, the chamois, and the wolf roam almost at will. On the lower slopes the forests are replaced by prolific vineyards, which are said to have been first planted in Servia in the time of the Roman Empire. Only from an eighth to a sixth of the soil of Servia is under cultivation. A very large portion is devoted to pasturage and the rearing of swine—the latter the most valuable animal product of the country. In the charming valleys of the Save and the Morava and their tributaries, wheat, millet, and maize are plentifully raised. This is due, however, rather to the fruitful nature of the soil than to the skill of the Servian cultivators. The Servians are but indifferent farmers. The land is still tilled in a primitive fashion, improvements of modern invention finding no favor there. It is singular that in a latitude so low olives are unknown; the fig and the mulberry, on the other hand, are plentiful. The flora of Servia bears a striking resemblance to that of the British Isles. It is remarkable that in this almost tropical section of Europe are found wild strawberries, raspberries, and whortleberries, violets, daisies, and saffron, honeysuckle, clematis, and the white and black thorn. The cup of a certain acorn is gathered and used for tanning. The wine of Servia is often excellent, especially that called "Turk's blood." There is a curious custom connected with this beverage. "Whenever a bottle of it is opened," says a recent traveler, "the first person who tastes it affects surprise, and asks, 'What is this?' A second, having likewise tasted it, replies, solemnly, 'Turk's blood.' Whereupon the first rejoins, 'Then let it flow freely!'"

Servia holds no mean rank as a country of industrial resources. Its iron is pronounced the best in the world. In ancient times gold and silver mines were worked within its territory, and, indeed, they still exist, though they are no longer profitable. Coal, sulphur, and saltpetre are among its most lucrative productions. Experiments are even now being made to ascertain whether the Servian soil is not favorable to hemp and tobacco. It is an excellent indication of the present prosperity of the principality that its exports considerably exceed its imports. An evidence of the primitive condition of Servia may be found in the fact that a separation of employments scarcely exists there. The people are supplied by "jacks-at-all-trades." As in our own villages, the same shop-keeper supplies his customers with groceries and household ware, hats and farming implements—indeed, whatever they find serviceable in the house or on the farm.

In many respects the Servians are a people much to be envied. Primitive in ideas and habits, patriarchal in their manner of life, intensely devoted to their country and jealous of its institutions, their lot is almost universally a comfortable if not a prosper-

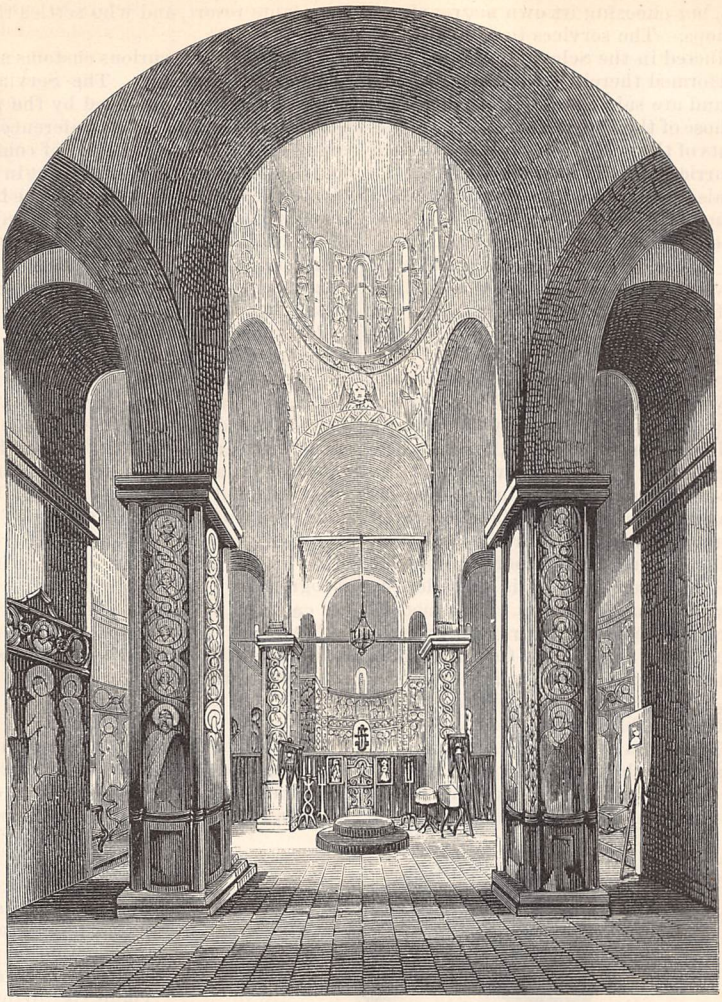
ous one. A strong and stalwart race, much above the average of Europeans and even of Sclaves in height and physical strength, they are contented with little, and existence runs smoothly with them. Pauperism is unknown among them. There is no country in the world where life and property are more secure. Foreign tourists find their roads as safe as the streets of a populous city. "The peasants of no part of Europe," says a tourist, "can compare with those of Servia for that truest of all courtesies which is based upon a spirit of independence, and springs from true gentleness of character. The salutations of the peasants to the traveler have no trace of servility. They are universal, but they are the natural homage which one freeman renders to another." The Servians, well-to-do and humble, are noted for their free hospitality and welcome to all who come. In hut and country-house the stranger is always sure of a social glass, a hearty meal, and a comfortable bedroom. The Servians are at once shrewd and imaginative, at once brave and industrious, sincere and simple in conduct as in faith.

A singular feature of the social state of the Servians is seen in the character of their villages. These are always stretched over a large tract, and do not nestle close, as do the villages in every other part of Europe. Hamlets comprising not more than forty or fifty cottages are spread over a space as large as that occupied by Vienna. The houses are built square, the walls being of clay, and the central apartment being covered with a thatching of hay. In the middle of this room are the hearth and fire. Around it are the chambers, often decorated with polished panels. It is in this curiously constructed homestead that the whole Servian family is collected after the patriarchal fashion, the old man and his good wife, the sons and daughters, and the grandchildren. They work and take their meals in common, and in the evening gather in a group around the hearth. The houses, and even the furniture, are constructed by the owners themselves. These also make their own wagons and their own plows, carve the yokes of the oxen, shoe the horses, hoop the barrels, and make the shoes for the family. Meanwhile the women of the household weave and spin the clothing for themselves, their children, and the men. Very few Servian women are there who can not spin flax and wool, and weave and dye the heavier cloths.

When the patriarch of the family dies, his sons choose one of themselves to take his place, and the family remains together until it becomes too large for a single household. Then other houses are built near by, and thus it is stated that "a single household often forms a whole street." Thus the family tie is a remarkably strong one in Servia, and especially strong is the bond uniting brothers and sisters to each other. It is customary for the mother and sisters of a dead Servian, and not his wife, to mourn and keep watch at his grave. A singular custom which exists in some parts of Servia is thus described by Herr Ranke: "When one of two brothers, whose birthdays fall in the same month, dies, the survivor is chained to the deceased until he causes some strange youth to be called to him, whom he chooses in his brother's stead, and is liberated by him." The Servians never celebrate their birthdays. Each house has its patron saint, and that saint's day is the occasion of the chief family festival.

The costumes of the Servians, of the men and of the women, are among the most picturesque in Europe. The men wear drab-colored short jackets, lined with red, caps and sashes of red, and their belts are provided with pistols and poniards. Their legs are covered with baggy trowsers to the knee, below which point they fit close to the calves and ankles. The dress somewhat resembles that of the provincial Greeks. The Servian women dress with conspicuous ostentation. They wear skirts of silk of a bright color, magenta being a favorite tint; ample crinoline supports this dress. The robe is trimmed at the wrists with rich and deep silver embroidery, and there is gold-lace embroidery around the neck. A wide sash is worn about the waist, with long fringed ends hanging down in front the whole length of the dress. The women's heads are adorned with red leather caps, worked with silver or gold lace. The hair is braided around the cap in a deep band, so as to conceal all of the cap except the top. They wear gold ear-rings, almost without exception. From their heads, too, one often sees a long wide chain of gold or silver coins hanging down over their backs. These coins are of all dates, some of them being very ancient; and these peculiar head-dresses, as well as bracelets and necklaces made in the same way, are generally heir-looms, and descend from mother to daughter.

One of the most interesting incidents of Servian life is their songs and minstrelsy. The poetry of this romantic people long since attracted the attention of Goethe, Lockhart, Bowring, and Owen Meredith, the present Lord Lytton. The songs which are still sung in the Servian valleys are so ancient that their authors have sunk into oblivion. They are fervidly patriotic. "Inspired by the grand scenery of the country," says a writer on them, "by the patriarchal life of its people, and by the incidents of their eventful history, they are considered the finest of all the Sclavonian songs." Many of them celebrate the heroic deeds of Nemania and Stephen Douschau, and the era before the Turkish conquest; others echo the patriotic refrains of the wars of independ-



INTERIOR OF A SERVIAN CHURCH.

ence; yet others reflect the long era of tranquillity under the mild rule of the sultans. Minstrelsy, which has faded out of France and Germany with the extinction of the troubadour and the minne-singer, still survives in Servia in all its mediæval vigor. In every Servian household is to be found the "gusl," a musical instrument peculiar to the country, by which the national songs are always accompanied. In the long winter evenings, when work is over, and the family is gathered about the roaring fire of oak, one of the men sings stirring melodies to the gusl, while the women spin and weave. Even the superiors of the monasteries sing to the gusl. Song is an invariable incident of public meetings, and probably there is not an inn in Servia where there is not singing every night. "On the mountain where boys tend the flocks, in the valley where the reapers gather in the corn, in the depth of the forest, the traveler hears alike the echo of these songs, ever the solace of the men in all their various occupations." There are many wandering minstrels in Servia, who tramp about the country with their gusls, and who never fail to receive a welcome, food, and a lodging wherever they go. Even those Servians who are Mohammedans are too patriotic not to join their Christian countrymen in the songs which recount the deeds of a common though Christian ancestry. These old songs are both lyrical and historic, and an English critic declares that the best of them are in no wise inferior to those of Béranger.

The overwhelming majority of the Servian people are attached to the Greek Church. The Church is, however, a national one, not subject to the control of foreign spiritual po-

tentates, but choosing its own metropolitan and bishops. The services in the churches are conducted in the Sclavonic tongue; the rites performed therein are ancient and imposing, and are said to resemble in some respects those of the Jewish Church. The parish priests of the Servian Church are obliged to be married by inflexible law; and as the canons also forbid them to marry a second time, when a priest's wife dies he ceases to preside over a parish, and retires to a monastery. There is little preaching done in the Servian sanctuaries, as may be judged by the fact that a recent English traveler visited forty of them, and only found a pulpit in one.

The traditional customs of the Servians are very numerous, and some of them are very quaint and poetic. Many of them are of a religious nature. When, for instance, thanksgiving is had for the vintage, large clusters of grapes are carried in metal basins into the churches by the brilliantly arrayed peasantry, and when the services are over, these clusters are passed about among the people. The corn harvest is attended by a somewhat similar custom. Ornamented plates containing baked corn are brought into church during the Holy Communion, in the centre of each of which a lighted candle is fixed, and these are placed below the altar. They are blessed by the bishop, and carried home and eaten in the evening. It would appear that the Servians are not fond of going to law, for they have a custom of choosing a village elder, to whom disputants resort, and who settles their difficulties.

Among the most curious customs are those relating to marriage. The Servian marriages are usually arranged by the parents, with little regard to the preferences of the young couple. It is a matter of commercial contract, as it is to a great extent in France. Before the bride can enter into the house of her new husband, whither she is led by her eldest brother, she must go through certain symbolic ceremonies. She must dress an infant, touch the walls of the house with a distaff, in token that she is to work with it under their protection, and stand upon a table with bread, water, and wine in her hands, as a sign that she is to have these in her care, and with a piece of sugar in her mouth, to admonish her that she should speak little, and that little sweetly. Another singular custom is the forming of what is called "the tie of adoptive brotherhood." Two men make a vow of eternal friendship, brotherhood, and fidelity to each other in the name of St. John. This tie is recognized by the community, and the two are called "brothers in God."

There are many other Servian customs we should like to describe, but must desist from want of space.

ROUMANIA.

The Moldavians and Wallachians, now united as the principality of Roumania, are essentially the same people, with a common history, language, religion, code, and character. Originally they were a single nation; but for many centuries they were separate states, having at a certain period separated, though not as enemies. There is little doubt that the Moldo-Wallachians were the ancient Dacians spoken of by Herodotus. In the days of the Roman Empire they were a sturdy and warlike race, like their neighbors the Servians. Their fate was, however, a very different one from that of Servia. While the latter nation was not conquered by the Romans, but on the other hand pursued an aggressive warfare against the Empire of the East, and remained to be subjugated by the Turks, the Moldo-Wallachians were conquered in the second centu-

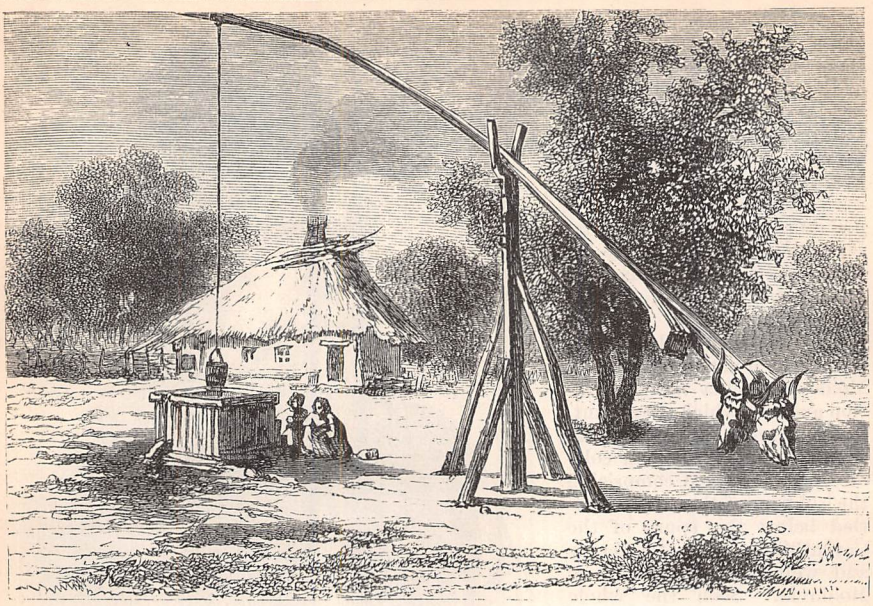
MUSSULMAN BEY.

ry A.D. by the enterprising Emperor Trajan. Trajan found them more civilized than most of the rude tribes with which he came in contact along the Danube; and so proficient, especially, in the art of war, that they could only be subdued with great difficulty. The people of that country still preserve the traditions of the heroic exploits of Decebalus, their last native king, who long held the Romans at bay.

On completing their conquests the Romans carried into Moldo-Wallachia the civilization and arts which they planted wherever they went. More than this: many Roman colonies, some of them comprising the soldiers of the empire, settled below the spurs of the Carpathians, and in the fertile and well-watered valleys of Moldavia. Soon the whole country bore the aspect of enterprise and improvement. Cities were founded, roads built, bridges stretched across the picturesque rivers; swamps were drained and converted into lovely gardens; a fine and noble architecture replaced the miserable buildings of the earlier race. We soon find the Roman historians speaking of this province as "the most flourishing and commercial in the Roman Empire." So Roman civilization succeeded the Dacian, and the admixture of Roman blood in course of time made a hybrid race, with Roman traits dominant, of the Moldo-Wallachians. The present Rouman language is so evidently a corruption of the Latin that we can scarcely doubt that the Roman character mingled with and in some sort superseded that of the Dacian. As time went on, Moldo-Wallachia presented an almost constant scene of war and confusion. It lay directly between the empire and its northern foes, and was too often their battle-ground. With the decline of Rome, it became once more an independent state, and had its native princes, who extended their dominion over Transylvania, Bukowina, and Bessarabia. Then it came their turn to be subdued by the fierce Magyars of the west, who remained their masters until the great chief Wallah arose to throw off the hateful yoke. The Moldo-Wallachians were destined to submit to continual conquests; for not very long after Wallah had re-asserted their independence, the martial Sultan Bajazet, having subjugated Servia and Bulgaria, crossed the Danube, and engaged them in a long, bitter, and sanguinary war. This conflict brought into bold relief the indomitable courage and persistency of the assaulted people; they resisted until their cities and villages were burned, and their fields and valleys were desolate. It was not until the time of Solyman the Magnificent that they at last submitted to become tributaries of the Ottoman throne, retaining the right to elect their own sovereign and to enact their own local laws. Under Ottoman rule the Moldo-Wallachians enjoyed a long period of peace and comparative prosperity. As in Servia, the Turks governed mildly and wisely. But early in the eighteenth century the Sultan Achmed inaugurated a new and harsher policy toward his Christian subjects. The native princes of Moldo-Wallachia were deposed, and Mohammedan pashas put in their places. The country was oppressed by grievous tyrannies, by the extortion of rapacious officials, and the imposition of exorbitant taxes. Then the sultans began to sell the sovereignty of Moldo-Wallachia to the highest bidder, who ruled with the title of Hospodar. Of course these mercenary princes made the most out of their period of power in squeezing riches out of the oppressed people.

CHRISTIAN PRIEST.

Peter the Great, influenced quite as much, no doubt, by his ambition as by pity for the Moldo-Wallachians, had at one time the design of annexing them to Russia; but seeing that the time was not ripe for it, he contented himself with engaging in secret intrigues with the hospodars. The successors of Peter did more for the subject race.



RURAL SCENE NEAR BUCHAREST.

Moldo-Wallachia was placed under the Russian protectorate, the Porte was obliged to obtain the consent of Russia to its appointments of the hospodars, and it was forced to agree by treaty not to march a Turkish army into the Moldo-Wallachian territory.

From this time the relations between Moldo-Wallachia and Russia became closer. The Czar Nicholas drew up a liberal constitution for the principalities, which provided for the election of the hospodars by a native Senate, freedom of commerce and of conscience, a responsible ministry, quarantine, the organization of an army upon a European footing, and the erection of civil and criminal courts of justice. The Sultan had now ceased to have more than a nominal control over the principalities; the influence of St. Petersburg was paramount at Bucharest. This change was most favorable to the material prosperity of the country. Commerce began to flourish, and the fine resources of the fruitful and central provinces to be developed. But, on the other hand, the frequent wars between Russia and Turkey, of which the principalities were too often the battle-ground, did much to check their material progress.

The almost complete independence now enjoyed by Moldo-Wallachia, or, as it is now called, Roumania, was a consequence of the Crimean war. That war was waged on behalf of Turkey by the two Christian powers of England and France against Russia. Russia was decisively beaten, and with her defeat ceased to a large degree her direct influence in Roumania. The allies could not consent to permit that influence to remain; yet, on the other hand, they could not deliver Roumania over, bound hand and foot again, to the tender mercies of the Turk. Roumania was, therefore, insured in her independence by the European powers under their guarantee of protection from Russians on one side and Turks on the other. It was still regarded as tributary to the Sultan; but the only mark of its vassalage which yet remains is its obligation to pay a yearly tribute of $100,000 into the Ottoman treasury. It was in 1861 that the union of Moldavia and Wallachia was decreed by a firman of the Sultan. The first ruler of the united provinces was Prince Alexander John Couza, a native chief who had distinguished himself as a patriot. His reign was, however, of brief duration. He became very unpopular and arbitrary, and in the early part of 1866 an insurrection broke out, which soon became so formidable as to compel Prince Alexander John to abdicate. The legislative bodies assembled in the May of that year, and proceeded to choose his successor. Their choice, dictated no doubt by the combined recommendations of Russia and Prussia, fell upon Prince Karl of Hohenzollern-Sigmaringen, a relative of the Prussian king. Prince Karl took the ancient Wallachian title of "Domnu." He was soon after recognized by the Sultan and other European sovereigns.

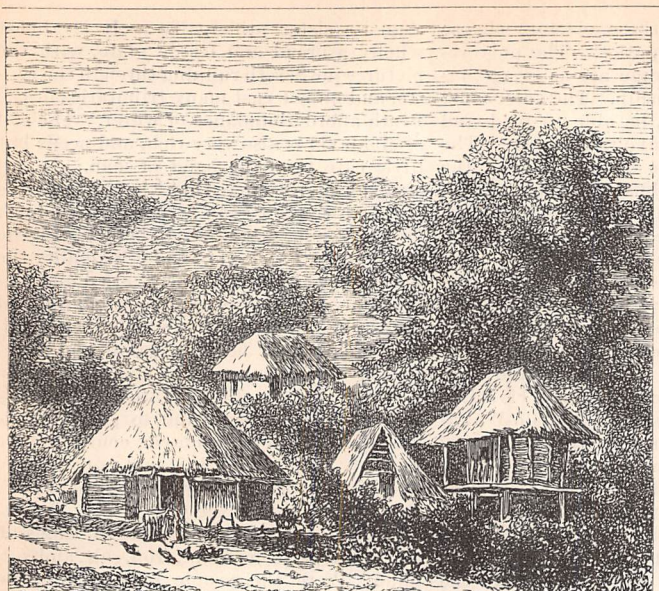
The new constitution, framed in the summer of 1866, and which is still in force, provides that the legislative power shall rest in two Houses, a Senate and a Chamber of Deputies. The members of both Houses are chosen by an indirect election. The people

choose electors, and these electors choose the Senators and Deputies. The only restrictions on the suffrage are as to age, intelligence, and citizenship. The voter must be a native Rouman, be able to read and write, and be twenty-five years of age. The executive power rests in the hands of the Domnu and the five ministers of the Interior, Justice, Foreign Affairs, Finance, and War. The prince can suspend the operation of a law by a temporary veto, which may be overruled, however, by the legislature. The two principalities are divided into provincial districts, each provided with a governor, a tax-collector, and a court of justice comprising three judges. The laws of the principality are founded on the Roman civil law and the unwritten customs of Moldo-Wallachia. Its revenues are not far from $15,000,000 a year; its debt is about $65,000,000; its army consists of some 22,000 or 23,000 men, is modeled on the Russian military system, and is in large part commanded by Russian officers.

Moldavia and Wallachia resemble Servia alike in the fertility of their soil and the laxity with which it is cultivated. Wallachia descends gradually from the mountain slopes on the west until it widens into broad level plains stretching to the banks of the Danube. In the upper lands of the west are extensive pastures, prolific in aromatic herbs, where sheep are raised in great quantities; below, on the Danube, cattle are in like manner fattened. A large portion of the country is covered by dense forests of fir, oak, and beech; its soil is dark and rich, and it is well irrigated by the tributaries of the Danube. Moldavia is less hilly than its sister principality. It is almost wholly a broad and fertile plain, with the picturesque Sereth running through the centre, and on the east many tributaries of the Pruth afford abundance of water. The soil of Moldavia is also very rich, and needs but little care from the hand of man. It is a common saying there that "in Moldavia the millet in the low country has as little husk as the apple in the high land." In the northwestern section of the principality the scenery becomes beautifully varied and picturesque. There the gardens, orchards, and vineyards "smile with plenty." In the valleys are waving fields of grain and vineyards; the hills are crowned with noble woods. Wheat, millet, potatoes, and barley are grown with care and to great profit, while the wines of Moldavia, could they be properly made, would, it is said, equal Tokay itself in tone and flavor. The discovery is not recent that in the Carpathian Mountains there exist, as yet unworked, mines of silver, saltpetre, mercury, iron, salt, and sulphur. Were the people enterprising, the lumber trade of the principality would become probably its most valuable industry. As it is, a great deal of timber is cut for masts and casks.

Both Moldavia and Wallachia are noted for the healthfulness of their climate. Their summer and winter seasons are very long, their spring and autumn seasons very brief, and quick to go. It has long been observed that cholera, in its sweeping forays across the European continent, is less fatal and long-enduring in Roumania than in any other country. The people live long, and

WALLACHIANS.



ROUMANIAN HUTS.

doctors rarely get rich there; the diseases are very few, and it is said that there are none indigenous to the soil.

With all their advantages, however, their political liberty and the unsurpassed bounties with which nature has endowed them, the Moldo-Wallachians, far from progressing, seem to be one of the declining races of Europe. The population of the principalities has actually dwindled within the past quarter of a century. They are neither enterprising nor hard-working. A less warlike race than the Servians, they are even less inclined than the Servians to adopt improvements or accept the later conditions of material civilization. That this is the case is due in the main, no doubt, to the fact that their territory has been for so many centuries the battle-ground between the Cossack and the Moslem. As a race, they have been in the habit of seeing their half-grown fields devastated, their half-built villages burned. Thus they got into the way of sowing but little, and that hastily, and of building the cheapest and least ornamental dwellings that they could contrive.

The Moldo-Wallachian villages present an unfavorable contrast to those of Servia. A traveler who traversed the principalities not long ago describes them as consisting of "huts half buried in the earth," betraying a miserable condition of the people. They are, indeed, almost a subterranean community. In some districts "these subterranean villages have been so effectually concealed, with grass growing on the top, that were it not for the telltale smoke we see making its way upward from the earth, like a spent volcano, we might ride over them without suspecting that several human families were living beneath." Each village has its common granary—a curious edifice about six feet high and several hundred feet long; it is made of open trellis-work, so that the grain may be properly dried. This is always the most conspicuous object which catches the traveler's eye.

The Moldo-Wallachian cities and towns, if we except Bucharest, Jassy, and one or two others, are scarcely more prepossessing than are the villages. The streets are seldom paved. The inns are execrable, and quite as uncomfortable as those of the Turkish towns beyond the Danube. The beds at these houses of entertainment consist of "a board, elevated a few feet from the ground, furnished with a round piece of wood or a bag stuffed with hay as a pillow." The food, too, is unpalatable to him who has been accustomed to the epicurean luxuries of the Western capitals. The principal dish offered at the inns is a porridge made of corn flour, called "mamalinga." The walls of the rooms are mostly bare of ornament, except that one may always be certain of being able to pay his devotions to a picture or plaster statuette of the Virgin.

The two ancient capitals of the principalities, Bucharest and Jassy, have some pretensions to elegance and life, and are at least interesting in their quaint antique architecture. Bucharest, situated in a picturesque plain in Central Wallachia, and comprising some seventy thousand souls, is notable for its convents, its sixty Greek churches, its pleasant gardens and groves. Near by runs the charming river Dimbowitza, of which an old Wallachian song says, "Sweet water! he who drinks once of thy crystal stream shall never leave thy banks." The houses in Bucharest are mainly of two stories, built of clay and wood, with bay-windows jutting from the upper stories. Even here it is only the princi-

BUCHAREST, CAPITAL OF ROUMANIA, IN WALLACHIA.

pal streets that are paved; they are long, narrow, and irregular, and, withal, wretchedly lighted. Quite elegant mansions stand cheek by jowl with miserable hovels; there is no fashionable quarter, no distinctively paupers' quarter: rich and poor live side by side. Bucharest is in these respects more Oriental than European in character. It is a peculiar place for several reasons. There are so many dogs in the Roumanian capital as to be a downright plague, and more than once it has been found necessary to inaugurate a general massacre of them. The dogs thus killed are given over to be skinned by the peasantry outside the town. A permanent fashion in Bucharest is that of using vehicles. Nobody will go from place to place on foot if he or she can help it. M. De Girardin says, in a letter from there, "To go on foot in Bucharest is like going through a French town with bare feet." A traveler gives an amusing description of one of these turn-outs: "From a house in which a decent English workman would be ashamed to live, so dirty and dilapidated is it, you see the 'noble' proprietor driving out in his own carriage, a half-naked slave, with a few rags hanging loosely about him, acting as coachman; the great man himself enjoying his easy dignity within, not in the cleanest habiliments, with all the comfort the execrable road and the wretched springs, or want of springs, in his carriage will admit of."

A superficial observation of the Moldo-Wallachians in the towns gives rise to the inference that theirs is mainly an Oriental type of civilization. A brief acquaintance with the society of Bucharest reveals that there is a universal craving to imitate the French. The French language is generally used in "the best circles;" no one is worthy of social consideration who is not familiar with it. The young ladies sing French songs, and not only they, but the lower classes, are extravagantly fond of the French opera. French fashions are followed almost slavishly.

The people of Moldo-Wallachia, though unhappily given over to what seems inveterate sloth and an inordinate love of frivolous pleasures, are still a tall, strong, and comely race, "with oblong countenance, black hair, thick and well-arched brows, a lively eye, small lips, and white teeth." The Wallachians are more vivacious and pleasure-loving than their Moldavian compatriots; amidst their indolence and ignorance, however, both peoples are sober, frugal, and courageous on occasion. It has been remarked that while the Moldo-Wallachians of the cities and towns betray a Greek type of physiognomy, those of the rural districts still retain marked Roman features. The upper classes are excessively and even ludicrously haughty. They keep themselves ostentatiously aloof from the rest of the community, and are not disposed to be hospitable to strangers. The nobility, divided into many grades, and numerous, were, under the old order of things, the controlling political element, and still retain no small portion of their formerly unquestioned authority. The "boyards," or old Dacian nobility, have become much degenerated by the fashionable and dissipated life of the city, but the remains of the old landed aristocracy are still to be found in the rural districts. The country boyard is usually athletic and handsome, and retaining as he does the ancient national costume, is a very

picturesque personage. He wears a black Astrakhan cap shaped like a turban, a large mantle of fur or sheep-skin, this being embroidered in gay colors. It is observed that the costumes of the upper Wallachian peasants, with their sandals, cloaks, and tunics, are very similar to those worn by the Roman peasantry in the days of the empire.

The state religion of Roumania is that of the Greek Church, which comprises almost the entire population. Every village has its sanctuary—a very curious edifice, low, but with a very high and slender spire. As in Servia, the Roumanian Church is virtually independent of the jurisdiction of the Patriarch of Constantinople, choosing its own head, bishops, and priests. The curates of the churches are elected from among the people, and after performing their clerical functions on Sunday, return to their secular avocation, which may be that of a shepherd, farmer, or wood-cutter, on week-days. The Roumanian priests are generally ignorant and unprogressive, and content themselves with the humdrum performance of the religious rites. Many are the superstitions and traditions peculiar to the Roumanian Greeks. The practice of procuring absolution by the payment of fees is carried to a far greater extent than in the Romish Church; the Roumanian is able easily to compound for any sin he may commit, if he only has the requisite funds. Miracles abound; there is scarcely a plaster image of a saint in the country that has not some supernatural property or power. Holy water blessed by the bishops is said to protect one from the "evil-eye," from witchcraft and disease; it preserves cattle from lightning and the forests from blight, a house from fire and a ship from shipwreck. Unlike the Romish Church, too, that of the Moldo-Wallachians provides for an easy divorce. The secular power in Roumania has not yet succeeded in freeing itself from the bonds which unite it with the Church. The country is full of monasteries, which have been able to preserve their wealth through all the vicissitudes of war and pillage.

Despite the evidences of a decline in population and national production in Moldo-Wallachia, there are some signs, at least, of a better state of things than formerly prevailed. One of these is the gradual rise of a distinct commercial middle class. Half a century ago the native population consisted almost entirely of two classes, between whom there was a wide gulf—the nobles and the peasants. What trade there was was mostly monopolized by Greeks and Jews. The Jews form a large population, and are easily distinguished from the Roumanians by their high fur caps and long pelisses; they have been much persecuted by the natives, who are very jealous of their superior commercial cunning and their grasping disposition. Now, however, natives are establishing mercantile houses, and are the active rivals of the foreigners.

What the future of these interesting peoples will be it is impossible to predict. They may form a portion of a revived Sclavonic Empire, like that which flourished under the Servian Grand Zupans; they may fall finally to the lot of Austria on one side, and of Russia on the other; they may linger for generations in the precarious situation of nominal vassalage to the Sultan, and of real wardship under the protection of the powers; but whatever their destiny, they are likely to retain, as they have done in the past, despite all their vicissitudes, the distinct characteristics of their ancient lineages.

AUNT HANNAH.

By J. T. TROWBRIDGE.

SHE is known to all the town, in her quaintly fashioned gown,
And wide bonnet—you would guess it at the distance of a mile;
With her little sprigs of smilax, and her lavender and lilacs,
Snowy napkins and big basket, and serenely simple smile.

She is just a little queer; and few gentlefolk, I fear,
In their drawing-rooms would welcome that benignant, beaming face;
And the truth is, old Aunt Hannah's rather antiquated manners
In some fashionable circles would seem sadly out of place.

Yet there's something quite refined in her manners and her mind,
As you presently discover; and 'tis well enough to know,
Every thing that now so odd is in the bonnet and the bodice
Was the very height of fashion five-and-forty years ago.

She was then a reigning belle; and I've heard old ladies tell
How at all the balls and parties Hannah Amsden took the lead:
Perfect bloom and maiden sweetness, lily grace of rare completeness,
Though the stalk stands rather stiffly now the flower has gone to seed.

"AND BUT ONE THING NOW WAS WANTED TO FULFILL HER DARLING DREAMS."

She had all that love could give, all that makes it sweet to live—
  Fond caresses, jewels, dresses; and with eloquent appeal
Many a proud and rich adorer knelt—in metaphor—before her:
  Metaphorically only does your modern lover kneel.

If she heeded, 'twas because, in their worship, their applause,
  Her perfection was reflected, and a pleasing music heard;
But she suffered them no nearer than her goldfinch or her mirror,
  And she hardly held them dearer than her pier-glass or her bird.

But at last there came a day when she gave her heart away—
  If that rightly be called giving which is neither choice nor will,
But a charm, a fascination, and a wild sweet exultation—
  All the fresh young life outgoing in a strange ecstatic thrill.

At a city ball, by chance, she first met his ardent glance.
He was neither young nor handsome, but a man of subtle parts,
With an eye of such expression as your lover by profession
Finds an excellent possession when he goes a-hunting hearts.

It could trouble, it could burn; and when first he chanced to turn
That fine glance on Hannah Amsden, it lit up with swift desire,
With a sudden dilatation, and a radiant admiration,
And shot down her soul's deep heaven like a meteor trailing fire.

How was any one to know that those eyes had looked just so
On a hundred other women, with a gaze as bright and strange?
There are men who change their passions even oftener than their fashions,
And the best of loving always, to their mind, is still to change.

Nay, it was not base deceit: his own conquest seemed complete.
They were soon affianced lovers; and her opening life was filled
With the flush of flame-lit fancies, morning's rosy-hued romances,
All the dews of hope and rapture love's delicious dawn distilled.

Home the country maiden went; and a busy summer spent
All in bridal preparations, blissful troubles, happy woes;
Fitting dresses, filling presses, little crosses and distresses—
Those preliminary prickles to the hymeneal rose.

Never, since the world began, course of true love smoother ran;
Not an eddy of dissension, nor the ripple of a doubt.
All the neighbors and relations came with kind congratulations,
And a hundred invitations to the wedding feast went out.

All the preparations thrived, and the wedding-day arrived:
Pleased but pensive moved the mother; and the father, with a smile
Broad and genial as the summer, gave a welcome to each comer:
All things turned on golden hinges, all went merry for a while.

And the lovely bride, arrayed all in laces and brocade,
Orange blossoms in her tresses (strange as now the story seems),
Quite enchanting and enchanted, in her chamber blushed and panted,
And but one thing now was wanted to fulfill her darling dreams.

For the clergyman was there, to unite the happy pair,
And the guests were all assembled, and the company sat dumb;
And the banquet was belated, and the maid was still unmated,
And the wedding waited, waited, for a coach that did not come.

Then a few began to sneer, and a horror and a fear
Fell on friends and anxious parents; and the bride, with cheek aflame,
All too rudely disenchanted, in her chamber paced and panted;
And the one thing still was wanted; and the one thing never came.

Glassy smiles and feeble chat—then the parson took his hat,
And the wedding guests departed, glad to breathe the outer air;
Till the last farewell was taken, kind word offered, kind hand shaken;
And the great house stood forsaken in its shame and its despair.

With a firmness justified less by hope, perhaps, than pride,
All her misery, all their pity, Hannah bore without complaint;
Till her hasting mother met her, pale and breathless, with a letter,
And she saw the superscription, and shrieked "Frederick!" and grew faint.

With quick hand the seal she broke, and she neither breathed nor spoke,
But a sudden ashy paleness all her fair face overspread;
And a terror seemed to hold her, and her cheek grew cold and colder
And her icy fingers rattled on the paper as she read.

In her chamber once alone, on the floor she lay like stone,
With her bridal gear about her—all that idle, fine array;
And the white moon, white and holy, to her chamber bar climbed slowly,
And looked in upon the lowly, wretched lady where she lay.

"SO SHE STILL GOES UP AND DOWN ON HER ERRANDS THROUGH THE TOWN."

Why the letter was delayed, what the poor excuse he made,
Mattered little there to Hannah lying on the moon-lit floor.
'Twas his heart that had miscarried; for some new toy he had tarried:
In a fortnight he was married, and she never saw him more.

Came the glorious autumn days—golden hills, cerulean haze—
And still Hannah kept her chamber with her shame and her despair;
All the neighbors and relations came and offered consolations,
And the preacher preached up patience, and remembered her in prayer.

Spite of all that they could say, Hannah Amsden pined away.
Came the dull days of November, came the winter, wild and white:
Lonely, listless, hours together she would sit and watch the weather,
Or the cold bright constellations pulsing in the pallid night.

For a twelvemonth and a day so poor Hannah pined away.
Came once more the fatal morning, came the dread hours that had been:
All the anguish she lived over, waiting, wailing for her lover.
Then the new dawn shone about her, and a sweeter dawn within.

All her soul bleached white and pure, taught by suffering to endure,
Taught by sorrow to know sorrow, and to bind the bleeding heart,
Now a pale and placid sister in the world that lately missed her—
Sweetly pale where Peace had kissed her—patient Hannah chose her part.

To do good was her delight, all her study day and night;
And around her, like a fragrance in the halo round a saint,
Breathed the holy exhalation of her life and occupation.
But the rising generation soon began to call her quaint.

For her self-forgetfulness even extended to her dress;
Milliner and mantua-maker never crossed her threshold more;
But the bodice, and the bonnet with the wondrous bow upon it,
Kept their never-changing fashion of the faded years before.

So she still goes up and down on her errands through the town;
And sometimes a school-girl titters, or an urchin stops to grin,
Or a village cur barks at her; but to her 'tis little matter—
You may fleer or you may flatter—such deep peace her soul is in.

Among all the sick and poor there is nobody so sure
Of a welcome and a blessing; and who sees her once appear,
Coming round some poor man's trellis with her dainty pots of jellies
Or big basket brimmed with bounty, soon forgets that she is queer;

For her pleasant words, addressed to the needy and distressed,
Are so touching and so tender, full of sympathy and cheer,
By the time your smile is ready for the simple, dear old lady,
It is pretty sure to tremble in the balance with a tear.

THE CRIME OF ABIGAIL TEMPEST,

FROM A MS. FOUND AMONG THE PRIVATE FAMILY PAPERS OF THE LATE CONYERS BEVERLEY, ESQUIRE, OF WILLIAMSBURG, IN VIRGINIA.

WHETHER I, Agnes Conyers, spinster, be wrong in committing to writing, and thus exposing to the knowledge of those who may come after me, a secret which others who have gone before did in shame and sorrow seek forever to conceal, and which, but for my accidental discovery thereof, would have been a secret forever hidden from human knowledge—whether, indeed, I be wrong in so doing I leave to others to judge. For myself I feel not within my own mind the power to settle clearly this question, greatly as I have striven to discern the just answer thereof. For in my heart, as peradventure in the hearts of all who hold a secret unshared, is the craving to cast off the burden of the secret so held by unveiling the same to the eyes of another. Wherefore, if certain persons into whose hands this present writing may fall shall feel themselves disposed to cavil and condemn in this thing, I would pray that they, for charity's sake, impute not the same to either lightness or motive of ill, but rather to that law of our minds whereby we are urged to impart all secret knowledge of our own to the understanding of another, that thus we by no means go in silence down into that Valley of the Shadow wherein the darkness of the grave doth swallow up all unspoken knowledge.

It was the first week of the month of April, 1773, wherein John Conyers did set sail for England in the good ship *Elizabeth*. This date I do remember, for the reason that it was at this time always that the purple heart's-ease in our garden did yearly come into blossom; and that on the day before his departure we did walk here together, when he did pluck the first flowers and present the same to me with a gracious and courtly speech. And in his so doing he knew not that he was taking from and not giving unto me my heart's ease, which fled over the seas beneath the sails of the white-winged vessel that did bear him unto a new fortune and a new fate. What was the fortune we did of a surety know beforehand; but for the fate, that was haply for a time concealed in the future.

Fair winds, answering our prayers, favored the *Elizabeth*, and in midsummer came tidings of John Conyers's safe arrival in the mother country. Thenceforth he did write

often—letters elegant in style and correct in sentiment, discoursing of all that did befall him most new and pleasing of both court and country life. But most he did speak of the families of the nobility and gentry in the neighborhood of the Conyers estate, whereon he did chiefly reside, and of the kindness and courtesy wherewith he was by them entreated. And it was in one of these letters—the third, as I now count them before me — that he did first mention the name of a certain Mistress Abigail Tempest, kinswoman of Sir Stephen Tempest, of Marton, whose estate did lie adjacent to his own, and of whose grace and beauty and accomplishments he did thenceforth seem never weary of discoursing. So that I knew in my own heart that the destiny of John Conyers was fixed; and in the midst of my suffering — even to this present moment heretofore unspoken—I did pray, for love of him, that she whom he had chosen might prove herself in all points most worthy of and satisfying unto him.

When another spring came round, and the garden banks were again purple with heart's-ease, then did John Conyers return to us, bringing with him his bride.

How well do I recall her as she first entered our hall door, tall and stately and elegant, a very queen in beauty and grace of mien! I do remember her costly purple cloth suit, with the velvet lappets so befitting her dark style, and the heavy black plumes, one whereof drooped low upon her shoulder, whilst the other towered above her brow, as symbolical of the wearer's united grace and majesty. I can see, as I saw then, the proud, glad smile of John Conyers as he presented her to his parents and to his elder sister, my cousin Anne; and how my honored uncle did advance and welcome her with a courtly bow and salute, whereunto she courtesied low, and bent her head as might have beseemed a sovereign to a subject. And then my cousin John turned to me and impressed upon my brow a cousinly salute, and said unto his wife, "This, Abigail, is my cousin Agnes." Whereupon she did glance curiously at me, and bowed again, distantly, seeming unconscious of the motion I made to a more friendly greeting; and thenceforth I felt that between my cousin John's wife and myself existed no sympathy and no love.

And truly ere long this was what we all felt, in a more or less degree—all save John Conyers, whose love could see no defect or deficiency in his lady wife. Yet was she proud and cold-hearted; and I could see, despite her studied civility, that she did look down upon us plain colonial folk, contrasting us doubtless with the titled and noble of her own land, with whom she had been wont to consort. And yet she was herself, as we knew, but a distant kinswoman of the noble family of Tempest, a poor but worthy curate's daughter, who had once been governess in the family of an earl; so that she might with more seemliness have congratulated herself upon her alliance with one of John Conyers's standing and prospective fortune—his father, my uncle, being wealthy in world's goods, and John his only son; to say naught of the true nobility which he did bear within himself, and which neither wealth nor worldly honor could purchase.

It was about this time that murmurs against his Majesty King George the Third arose in the colonies; and it was in the year following that, as history showeth, the troubles with England did commence, though of these shall I here make no mention, save as concerneth this present narrative. I need not say that on the first uprising of the colonists, John Conyers, as did become a true Virginia gentleman in whose veins ran the noble and loyal blood of the Cavaliers, was one of the first to draw his sword in defense of his country. And when the news came of the landing of the British troops on our shores, Colonel Conyers did straightway go forth to meet them at the head of such a number of men, both gentlemen and lowly born, though all equally earnest in the cause, as was a goodly sight to behold. And this did he against the will and wishes of his lady, who would fain have persuaded him that to resist tyranny was rebellion, and that to defend one's oppressed country was the crime of a traitor. I had well seen from the first that this difference of his lady's opinion from his own did sorely grieve John Conyers, as also vex his father, my honored uncle, and that thenceforth Mistress Abigail was looked coldly upon by some of the families of Norfolk borough, whom she had herself affected to regard haughtily.

And now come I to the more immediate matter of my narrative.

The war between America and England had already lasted six years. It was now in the year 1781, when the British, under Lord Cornwallis, had pressed our army back into Virginia, and were following up, and threatening Norfolk, Yorktown, and the surrounding country. General George Washington, our great and beloved commander-in-chief, had left his army near Yorktown, and was come down to Norfolk with intent to survey the position and defenses of that part of the country; and he, at the entreaty of my uncle, did agree to take up his abode at our house during those few days. My cousin, Colonel John Conyers, was thereupon recalled, and, as one well acquainted with the country, and with the matters of fortifications, engineering, and the like — beside that he was held in great trust and favor by the general for his bravery and just judg-

ment—was appointed to attend upon and consult with the general. And daily did these two ride forth, with others accompanying, and return mud-stained and toil-worn, yet seeming never weary, to be shut up long hours with charts and papers in the general's room, whereunto were none admitted save those expressly sanctioned by the general himself; and of these some were officers and gentlemen of high degree, and some others were ragged and uncouth figures, peddlers and the like—such as I, catching an occasional glimpse of whom, wondered wherefore they should be admitted unto the presence of our great commander; though my cousin John, hearing some such words fall from my lips, did smile, and say, "You would never recognize a diamond in the rough, Aggie."

Now through all this Mistress Abigail did hold herself aloof; and whilst my aunt and my cousin Anne and myself, proud of our noble guest, did entreat him with all honor, she, though she might not be discourteous to so noble a gentleman, did meet his courtesy with cold reserve, as a rebel leader in arms against his rightful sovereign. Not that she now dared thus express herself; but we knew her sentiments of old, nor had she since given cause that we should fancy them aught changed.

Thus was it when, on the fourth day of the general's stay with us, I, having cause to consult some book (and I do now remind me that it was that work of rare beauty and wisdom, Dr. Johnson's *Rasselas*), did take my way to the library, the which was at the back of the house, overlooking the water, and adjoining the apartment appropriated to the general. These two rooms might be arrived at only by a long and narrow passageway, used for no other purpose; and since the general's stay we ladies of the family had refrained from entering the library, giving up that also to the use of our honored guest. Yet now, knowing that he was out, and would not return until deep into the night, I thought it no harm to enter the library in search of my book.

As I turned the door knob I found that it was locked; and whilst I stood hesitating it did seem as though I heard another door, that of the general's room within, also softly closed. I wondered what person could be therein, and was in delicacy about retiring, when the library door opened, and Mistress Abigail did appear.

"Oh, it is you, Mistress Agnes," said she, carelessly, yet with a slight flush, as I thought, of vexation at being interrupted. "I came hither to write whilst Folsom" (this was her English maid) "should air and arrange my apartments, and it had quite escaped me my having locked the door against interruption. The general, I knew, would not return to-day. I heard Colonel Conyers say as much as they rode away this morning."

"I feared he might have returned," I answered, "since I fancied I heard the door of his room closed but now."

I looked at the door as I spoke, and saw that it was locked.

"It was doubtless some other door," she answered, indifferently, turning away to the fire, "since I have been here for some time, alone, as you see."

I mounted upon the library steps and searched the shelf where I knew the *Rasselas* to be—a thin little volume, bound in red morocco and gilt. As it proved, it had slipped behind the row of books, out of sight; and whilst I did search, Mistress Abigail stood close to the fire, having her back toward me; and I could see, though I noticed it not in particular, that she was busied with some small papers in the writing-case which she held. Presently I heard a quick, firm tread advancing along the passage, and the next moment it was at the door. I started, half guiltily, at being caught there; and so, I fancied, did Mistress Abigail. She was at that instant tearing in two a sheet of paper which she held; and so soon as she heard the footstep so near the door, and recognized it, as did I, as that of her husband, she hastily tore this paper into fragments, the which she did cast into the fire, at the same instant that she turned her back thereunto, with her face toward the doorway, thus screening the burning fragments.

My cousin John Conyers came in, looking hurried and anxious. He seemed a little surprised at seeing us, and said, directly,

"Has Colonel Beverley been here, Abigail?"

"No," she made answer. "I understood from yourself that he would be with the general all day, and you also."

"So I had thought," returned he; "but—but that has happened which has changed our plans. I wrote to Colonel Beverley an hour ago—being then separated from him—to meet here at noon a person whom I wished him to see. It is now fully twelve," he added, pulling forth his watch, and anxiously examining its springs.

"What has happened?" inquired Mistress Abigail, standing beside him and drawing her white and jeweled fingers soothingly through his hair. "Have the British advanced?"

He took the hand in his own, and did tenderly press it to his lips, as he answered, still with that anxious look, "Something worse, love." And he added, in a low voice, which, however, reached my ear, "I doubt, Abigail, that we have a traitor in our midst, and yet know not where to seek for him. Secrets which we supposed safe are, we find, known to the enemy, and I fear that even a plan of our fortifications is in their possession."

"But how could you know this?" asked she, quickly.

He hesitated a moment, with a little half-playful smile on his lip.

"The Chinese say that women must not ask questions," he made answer then; "and these things are not fitted for your sex. Let the ladies embroider and play on their harpsichords whilst we of the sterner and harder sex fight for and defend them, as is our duty and our privilege."

He thereupon drew her down to him and kissed her, and then she did presently hastily disengage herself, glancing at her own watch, and saying something about an appointment with her mantua-maker at half past twelve. And so she left the room, taking with her her portfolio.

I was still busied in the search after my book, and my cousin John did not appear to notice my presence. He sat in my uncle's great arm-chair beside the fire-place, looking weary and anxious, and occasionally he would pause to listen, as expecting some person. Presently he drew out a pencil, and stooping down, picked up a fragment of paper which lay on the rug at his feet, half hidden beneath the lower rim of the brass fender. He brushed from it lightly with his little finger some particles of dust, and did hold the pencil suspended over it for an instant with a thoughtful look, as one who considers before writing. And in that instant I, almost unconsciously looking at him, having my attention drawn by the unwonted expression of trouble and anxiety on his face, did observe his countenance to change. A look of surprise did first appear thereon, giving place to one of interest, and then of bewilderment and eagerness. He looked closely at the bit of paper, turning it in various ways and lights, and then he suddenly looked up and said,

"Come here, Aggie; I want you."

Whereupon I went unto him, and he did hold the paper before me.

"Your eyes are better than mine, little cousin. See if you can decipher these characters."

And I, looking closely, did perceive that upon the bit of blank paper were marks and impressions, not in pencil or ink, but of a pencil which had been used to write upon a sheet of paper laid above this. The paper was soft and thick, and the impression, made with a hard and sharp-pointed pencil, was deep and distinct, being only somewhat confused by reason of more than one sheet having been written over it.

"Can you make it out, Aggie?" asked my cousin John, earnestly.

I spelled slowly what words I could discern.

"'*Certain—between ten and midnight—Cooper's house—Magog.*' Why, what is all this about, Cousin John?" I asked, bewildered.

"Go on, Aggie," he said, breathlessly.

"I can make out no more," I made answer, turning the paper over and over to the light, so as to bring forth the impressions in plainer relief, "except—yes, here is one word—'*Leech.*'"

"I thought so; but are you certain, Agnes? And are you sure that it is a name—that the *L* is a capital, I mean?"

Yes, the *L* was clearly a capital. Colonel Conyers looked closely, and was convinced.

"Agnes, whose writing is this? Who dropped this bit of paper there on the floor?"

"Mistress Abigail," I answered, "did tear a sheet of paper just before you entered, and threw the fragments into the fire."

He looked at me steadily and sternly.

"Not Abigail—not my wife?" he said, in a tone between doubt and assertion.

"She did as I say," I replied, calmly. "I know not that the writing is hers. There are other bits of the paper;" and with my slippered foot I moved slightly the fender, from beneath which peered the edges of the torn fragments, which from either haste or thoughtlessness, Mistress Abigail had not observed when the rest were consumed.

Then Colonel Conyers stooped down and picked up another bit, which he examined as he had done the first. He did try also to fit their edges together, but they did not correspond. Yet something on this second fragment did appear to interest him even more than the first.

"Aggie," said he, turning suddenly again to me—and I saw then that he was quite moved—"Aggie, lock the door. And now come here; pick up every one of those bits of paper, even to the least, and bring them to me."

It was a strange request for John Conyers to make, and I looked at him in some wonder, the which did not escape him. He rose up, and placing both hands upon my shoulders, did look into my eyes with a clear and serious though troubled gaze.

"Know, Agnes," he said, slowly, and almost solemnly, "that a man's honor and the honor of his family do oftentimes require of him to do that which under other circumstances would be of itself dishonor."

I had no doubt of John Conyers's honor, and therefore did I his behest, gathering together the scattered fragments and placing them on the table before him; whereupon he proceeded to arrange them carefully, edge to edge. Various pieces he thus fitted together, and over these he pored with a strange intent eagerness. Suddenly he started up, and I saw that his face was as white as a sheet. He said no word, but did walk out of the room and along the passage and up the back staircase—a thing unusual with him—straight, as I knew by the sound of his footsteps, to the apartments of his wife. Presently I heard him coming hastily down,

and, through the open door, his voice in the hall, speaking to Folsom.

"Where is your mistress?"

"Mistress Abigail, Sir, is gone out but a short while ago."

"Whither?" he demanded, abruptly and sternly.

"That I know not, Sir. She but bade me to have her dinner dress laid out at six, as she should return late."

"At six," he said, slowly, and in a tone of disappointment. Then he came hurriedly again into the library, and without noticing me, snatched his cloak and hat and went out. A moment thereafter I heard the sharp, heavy tramp of his horse as he rode almost furiously away.

He had left the bits of torn paper still upon the table in the order in which he had arranged them. I would not look thereupon, knowing that they held some secret the which he had not seen fit to expose to my knowledge; wherefore I swept them into a large unused Book of Sentences, which I did reach down from an upper shelf, replacing the same in its place. Should he ask for these pieces of paper, I could thus direct him where to find them. Yet all the time my tongue seemed repeating the words I had read, "*Certain—between ten and midnight—Cooper's house—Magog—Leech*," whilst my mind unconsciously strove to attach thereunto some definite meaning.

At six o'clock we met at dinner—my uncle and aunt, my cousin Anne and I, with one or two familiar guests. Mistress Abigail came in late and hurriedly, for the which she graciously apologized; and I did notice that her manner was less easy, her eyes more bright and restless than was their wont of late, and that oftentimes at some sound in the hall, or when suddenly addressed, she did start and change color; and so soon as could be done with propriety, she did leave the company and retire to her own room, whilst I repaired again to the library, being led thither by an impulse which I could in no wise have defined unto myself. I would not light the candles which stood in readiness on the table, but did seat myself idly in my uncle's arm-chair. I could not read, for my mind was impressed and excited with a vague anxiety and dread of I knew not what; and therefore could I do naught save gaze upon the fire, and listen to the sounds in the hall, as, one after another, visitors did come or depart.

It was a little past eight of the clock when I was startled by what seemed a dark shadow quickly crossing the room from the entrance door toward that of the general's room. I had not heard the opening of this door, and neither did the footsteps upon the Turkey carpet make a sound scarcely, so that in my sudden surprise I called out, "Cousin John!"

He turned then, just as his hand was upon the door handle, and I saw by the fire-light that his face was white and stern. Yet never a word spake he, but unlocked the door and went in, and I heard him grope and stumble in the darkness. Then he came back and took a taper from the chimney-piece and lighted one of the wax-candles, the rays whereof falling full upon his face showed it all ghastly and changed, as the face of one who hath been long ill and nigh unto death. Yet, shocked though I was, I said naught, seeing that he desired not to be spoken to; and in sooth his appearance was as that of one that walketh in a dream, neither seeing nor hearing aught out of his own mind.

So I waited some minutes, listening to the quick yet cautious step of John Conyers, and wondering in what manner he could have procured the key wherewith he had unlocked the door, knowing that the general carried the same always about him, and never suspecting a duplicate. And presently he called to me, but in a voice so changed and so hard and stern that I scarce knew it for his own.

I went to the open door. The candle was out, but the moonlight shone through the window, and in that pale light I beheld standing the figure of some person. Not John Conyers, surely, but rather—yes, it must be, of a truth, General George Washington himself whom I there beheld. It was his tall, stately figure, his dignified attitude, with the left hand in the breast of his coat—nay, the coat itself was the general's, as were also the wig and the high horseman's boots and the cocked and braided military hat. I started back, bewildered.

"So you did not know me, Aggie; that is well," then said the figure; and as it advanced into the light of the candle, which was now burning on the library table, I saw that it was in truth John Conyers.

"Did you take me for the general, Agnes? Did I resemble him in the moonlight?" he inquired, hurriedly and anxiously.

"Truly you did. But, John, Cousin John, what is it that ails you? You must be ill, or else something terrible has happened or is about to happen."

"Not if I can avert it, please God," he answered, in a low, earnest tone. "Good-by, Aggie; good-by, little cousin."

He placed his hands upon my shoulders as before, and, whilst I felt them tremble, he looked into my face with strange burning eyes—eyes that, thinking of that expression long after, did convey to my mind the idea of some deep and unspoken agony lurking within. And then slowly bending his head, he kissed me solemnly upon the brow, and turned away. He glanced once at his watch. I heard him murmur, as if to himself, "*Between ten and midnight—Cooper's house*," as one who seeks to fix upon his

own mind some important matter. At that moment he was approaching the door, but before he did reach thereunto it was opened, and Mistress Abigail stood therein, facing us with a look of surprise on her countenance. She had not expected to find him there, as her words made manifest.

"John! can it be you? And in General Washington's dress! What does it mean?"

She put out her hand and laid it upon his arm—the very hand that I had seen him that day so fondly kiss and caress. Yet now he shrank from the touch, shrank as though it had been contamination; and without a word, but with one look at her—a look so full of that great agony whereof I but now spoke that it haunted me for many a day after—he passed out at the door, and so disappeared.

Then Mistress Abigail turned sharply upon me, angry, as it seemed, that I should have witnessed this slight put upon her, and also suspicious and bewildered.

"What is the meaning of all this?" she demanded. "Why is Colonel Conyers thus disguised, and wherefore are you here with him in secret when I myself was not informed of his presence in the house?"

"I know no more about it than yourself, Mistress Abigail," I answered, more loftily than was my wont. "Only," I added, and I know not what put the words into my mouth—"only that he must be *at Cooper's house between ten o'clock and midnight.*"

I could see that her face changed. She did flush and turn pale, and looked keenly at me; but then, without speaking, she left the room.

I could not now bear the loneliness of the library. I was frightened at I knew not what, and I called unto our trusty head servant, old Pompey, and through him did earnestly desire that my uncle should come to me. And when he came I told him all that had that day happened, whereof I have here made mention, whereat he was greatly bewildered and anxious.

Hour by hour the vague terror upon me grew greater; and when at eleven of the clock a message came from my aunt and my cousin Anne summoning me to retire, I replied that I would remain with my uncle, who would wait up for the general and Colonel Conyers. I knew that they would not approve thereof; yet for this, in my then present state of mind, was I but little concerned. My thoughts were all of John—my cousin John—and of that deep, still agony in his face.

Midnight struck, and all was still about the house, save the sleepy tread of the servants who waited up. Scarce had I done listening to the faint echo of the strokes on the town bell when there were voices in the hall, and a man's light, quick step strode along the passageway. And the next moment there entered, not my cousin John Conyers, but Colonel Beverley, an intimate friend of his, and at that time adjutant to the general.

He stood still in the midst of the floor, and looked at us both without a word, even of salutation. This, together with an indefinite expression on his countenance, did warn us that something unusual had happened; but before I could utter the question that rose to my lips, my uncle spoke.

"Go, Aggie—go, child!" he said, and his voice trembled, whilst yet his manner was so imperative that I was forced to obey. Yet went I not far, but stood at the end of the passage at the foot of the back staircase, and listened in dread suspense for some sound from the room I had left. Yet all was quiet. No sound, no murmur: only as I once glanced up at a slight rustle as of silk garments, I did catch sight of a figure which I knew to be that of Mistress Abigail, flitting stealthily across the head of the stairs. She too was up at this late hour; she too was, like myself, watching and listening—*for what?* The inquiry crossed my mind vaguely, yet with a fierce earnestness of desire to know what perchance would be the answer from that heart which held its own secret.

Presently, after a tedious time, as appeared unto me, the library door did softly unclose, and Colonel Beverley came forth, walking with that light tread as of one who leaves the chamber of sickness or of death. Then I hurried back to my uncle. There he sat, as before, in his arm-chair, yet was he trembling as one smitten with palsy, though his face was marvelously still and calm.

"Oh, uncle," then I cried, "pray, pray tell me what has happened. I can not, *can not* bear this suspense."

Twice did he essay to answer, but his voice was husky and choked. I lost not my presence of mind, but hastening to the dining-room, did snatch a decanter from the sideboard, and therewith hurried back. When he had drunken of the wine, the which I was forced to hold to his lips, he spake, yet still brokenly and with difficulty.

"John—my son, John Conyers—"

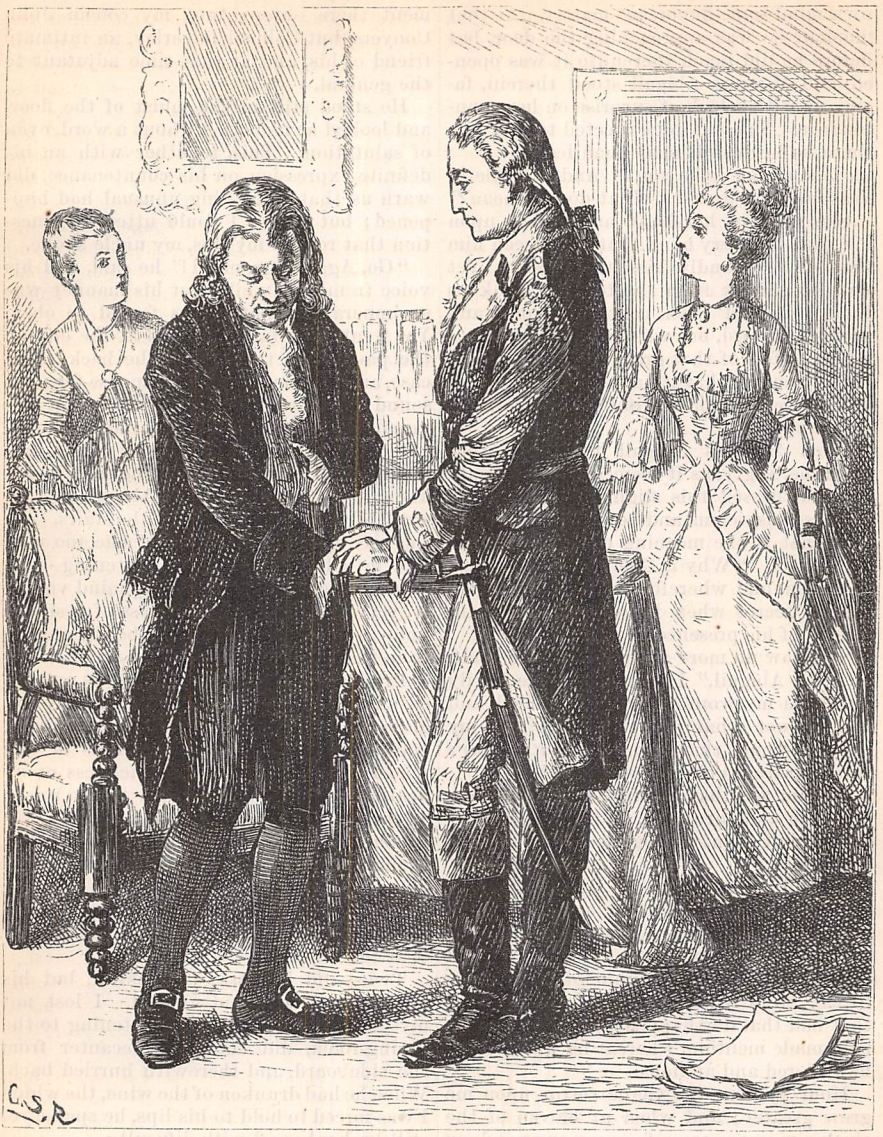
I waited, breathless, and, as it were, with all the blood in my veins slowly gathering and freezing about my heart. And then it came.

"He is dead—killed; shot by an assassin."

"Dead!" I shrieked, and sunk like a lifeless heap at my uncle's feet.

"In affliction hath He remembered mercy," muttered my uncle. "Let us not murmur. Rather let us give thanks. Let us praise Him for His infinite mercy and goodness, and that we, only we, are called upon to mourn."

He bowed his face on his trembling hands, and for an instant his form shook as in a



"HE GRASPED MY UNCLE'S HAND."

convulsion. But when he looked up his countenance was again calm and composed, wearing that serene and elevated expression as of one who has prayed.

"Be comforted, Aggie," he said, still in that thick, stammering voice. "My son hath died in honor—yea, in *honor*, thank God! and the curse of that great shame and crime is spared us."

I could in no wise understand his mood, and was at first minded to believe that the shock and grief had affected his intellect. But there he sat, with that solemn calm on his face, as of one who watcheth alone by the dead; whilst I, stunned and stupefied, knelt on the floor, with my arms folded on the sofa, and my face buried in the cushions thereof. And it was only when a breath of cold air rushing in aroused me, that I looked up, and saw standing on the threshold the tall, majestic form of our ever loved and revered general, George Washington.

His dress was somewhat disordered, torn and awry, as I had never before beheld it; and he was bespattered with mud from the waist downward. Also in his usually calm and serene countenance was now a trace of deep grief and emotion.

Then my uncle arose, and with uncertain, faltering step essayed to meet him.

"I thank God," he said, solemnly—"I thank God that it is as it is; and that the shame and guilt of that awful crime have been swallowed up in this lesser affliction. I thank God that I and mine only are called upon to mourn."

I saw the general's firm lips compress, and his face flush, whilst his eyes were suffused and overrun with tears. He grasped my uncle's hand in both his.

"My dear Sir," he said—"my kind and honored old friend—it is I who have cause to grieve, that have been the indirect occasion of this most bitter affliction—bitter almost to me as to you. I loved him," here his voice faltered; "nor will it be an easy matter to find another such as John Conyers—irreproachable whether as gentleman, soldier, or Christian. And for the rest, let it be buried forever between ourselves, to whom alone it is known."

At that moment the door again opened, and the figure of Mistress Abigail, attired still in her dinner dress of silks and jewels, swept loftily in. She started back on seeing the general, with a strange look of surprise, and all her face crimsoned; yet did she incline her head loftily, without meeting his eye, and turned straightway unto me.

"Can you inform me, Agnes, what has happened? The servants do seem distraught, yet I chose not to question them, but rather to come to you."

As she stood there, all unconscious of what awful woe had happened, I felt that whatever might be the unknown guilt within her breast, I pitied her. She was John Conyers's wife—the wife of his bosom, whom he had most tenderly loved, most wholly trusted; and for his sake my heart did somewhat soften unto her.

"Oh, Abigail," I commenced, and was advancing toward her, when my uncle's voice, now terribly stern and distinct, arrested me.

"Touch her not! go not near her!" he cried, putting forth both his trembling hands, whilst his whole face and manner, changed as they were, yet expressed such intense anger and loathing that even she quailed before it. The general too had turned, and with one hand in his breast, and the other resting upon the table, now confronted her, his face cold and serene, his eyes calmly and steadily fixed upon hers. I saw her for an instant shrink and quail before him, as it were, and then she erected her head, and looked haughtily and defiantly upon us all three.

"I know not, Sir," she said, loftily addressing my uncle—"I know not wherefore you use such language in regard to me; but I will withdraw from the company of those to whom my presence seems unwelcome, and by whom I am treated with unseemly insult. It is for my husband, Colonel Conyers, to avenge it."

And gathering her silken train about her, she swept forth, majestically as she had entered; and from that hour forever after never again did Abigail Tempest stand in the presence of one of us three.

But if I had pitied her then, I pitied her yet more when, an hour after, through the darkness and stillness of the night, her shrieks rang long and loud, and a ghastly, blood-stained corpse was borne, not to her apartments, but to those of his mother, and there laid upon the bed on which he had slept in his childhood. And then I knew that Abigail Tempest had loved John Conyers, howsoever guiltily she might, as I at that time suspected, have favored another; so that whilst I loathed, I still pitied her.

Colonel Conyers was buried with great state and military honors, amidst the grief of all the folk of our borough of both high and low estate. General Washington did himself walk immediately following the pall-bearers as one of the chief mourners; and, as was told unto me, his features, usually so stern and immobile, did work as the coffin was lowered into the grave, so that he was fain to turn aside and hide his countenance from the lookers on. Mistress Abigail was not present. She kept her room, attended only by her waiting-woman and one of our own servants, yet supplied with all that could be desired, though never again was she looked upon or spoken to by one of John Conyers's family. And within a few days following the funeral she did remove from our house into the British lines by express permit of the British commander, Lord Cornwallis. As regards her subsequent fortunes and fate, one of the family of Conyers did never know or inquire aught, so utterly was she cast off and separate therefrom, save only that when the will of my honored uncle was unsealed and read (he surviving his son but for the space of a few months), there occurred therein this clause following:

"And insomuch as Abigail, that was Abigail Tempest, and after wife of my son, John Conyers, deceased, hath been willfully and wantonly guilty of a crime the which to name even is abhorrent unto all persons of honest and honorable mind, therefore I do hereby will and decree that from this date henceforth no one of my name or blood shall in any wise whatsoever hold communication with the said Abigail, or make mention of her other than as Abigail Tempest—thereby to preserve in honor and purity the name which she would fain have held up to all future generations in everlasting shame and disgrace, the which no lapse of years might have blotted out. And that the said Abigail shall have no occasion or pretext to communicate with one of my family, I do hereby will and bequeath unto her, during the term of her natural life, the property and estate known as Blackheath, lying in the district of Craven, England."

And so going on to make her title good and secure to the said estate, which was in itself amply sufficient for the wants of one even so luxurious-minded as was Mistress Abigail Tempest.

LUCREZIA BORGIA.*

Lucrezia de Borgia

THERE is among mankind a natural tendency to typify or concentrate in one individual traits of character which belong to a class. It does not require long to make this process similar to that controlling the growth and spread of myths. The result is that history is full of legendary figures which are gradually fading into their true proportions beneath the light of modern scientific investigations. So strong, however, are our prejudices that it is with regret that we see these illusions of our youth disappear, and we bitterly inveigh against the spirit of modern criticism, to which nothing is sacred.

Among the legendary figures of modern history not one is so interesting as that of Lucrezia Borgia, and the interest in her is increased by the mystery that has always enshrouded her. In spite of her alleged crimes, there has always been about her an indefinite attraction that has raised up champions for her even at this late date. One of these, Ferdinand Gregorovius, the celebrated historian of Rome during the Middle Ages, has recently published an elaborate monograph* upon her, based on original researches in the various archives of Italy, where he has discovered a large mass of new and interesting material. It may be well to examine this new Lucrezia Borgia, and see wherein she differs from the heroine of Hugo's novel and Donizetti's opera.

Lucrezia's life is naturally divided into two periods—her life in Rome until her marriage, in 1501, to Alfonso of Este, and her life in Ferrara until her death, in 1519. The first period is by far the more interesting, although unfortunately the more obscure, and to it Gregorovius has devoted the larger portion of his work, not only because it is more interesting in itself, but because it is the period from which arose the stories which have since consigned her to infamy.

The Borgias were an old Spanish family of the province of Valencia. The first of the family of whom any thing is known was Alfonso, born in 1378, at Xativa, a town not far from Valencia, of which city he afterward became bishop. He accompanied the King of Aragon to Naples, and was made cardinal in 1444, and eleven years later became Pope, under the title of Calixtus III.

His family was large. One of his sisters, Isabella, was the wife of a Spanish nobleman, and mother of several daughters and two sons, Pedro Luis and Rodrigo, whom the Pope adopted, and gave them his own name. Rodrigo was made cardinal in 1456, when he was only twenty-five years old, and the next year received the responsible position of Vice-Chancellor of the Romish Church. The private life of Rodrigo during the reigns of the four popes who succeeded Calixtus is buried in obscurity. It is noteworthy that the first glimpse we have of his private character reveals that sensuality which was his besetting sin throughout his life. In 1460 he was in Siena, where he indulged in such shameless excesses that Pius II. admonished him in a severe letter. He is described about this time as a handsome man, of pleasant and cheerful countenance, eloquent, and exercising a magnetic power over the other sex.

It was in 1466 or the next year, while

* The portrait is from the medal struck in 1502, after Lucrezia's marriage to Alfonso, and designed by Filippino Lippi. The reverse shows Cupid bound to a laurel, against which rest a violin and a sheet of music. A broken quiver hangs from a branch, and on the ground is a bow with a broken cord. The inscription reads, *Virtuti Ac Formæ Pudicitia Præciosissimum.* Gregorovius thinks the artist wished to intimate that the time for Cupid's pranks was past, and to symbolize by the laurel the famous house of Este. The signature of Lucrezia is from a letter addressed to Isabella Gonzaga, and preserved in the Gonzaga archives at Mantua.

* *Lucrezia Borgia. Nach Urkunden und Correspondenzen ihrer eigenen Zeit.* Von FERD. GREGOROVIUS. Stuttgart, Cotta: 1874. 2 vols.

Rodrigo Borgia was cardinal, that this magnetic power was exercised upon a Roman lady, Vanozza Catanei, who was then twenty-four years old. Her family relations are unknown; even her name is differently given by her contemporaries. She always names herself Vanozza, the ordinary abbreviation of Giovanna.

Her circumstances at the time she attracted the cardinal's attention are also unknown. In 1480, when she was already the mother of several children by him, we find mention made of a husband, for whom the cardinal obtained the position of an apostolic secretary.

Lucrezia was born April 18, 1480. Her childhood was doubtless spent in her mother's house, which stood on the Piazza Pizzo di Merlo, a few steps from the cardinal's palace. The quarter in which she lived was one of the liveliest in Rome. It was on the way to the Bridge of San Angelo and the Vatican, and was the residence of numerous merchants and bankers from Florence, Genoa, and Siena, besides many papal officers and distinguished courtesans.

Here Lucrezia continued to live until, at some unknown time, she left her mother's house to pass under the protection of a woman who exercised great influence over the cardinal and the whole Borgia family. This was Adriana Mila, daughter of Don Pedro, a nephew of Calixtus III., and the cardinal's own cousin. At this time she was the widow of Ludovico Orsini, and on terms of the greatest intimacy with the cardinal. It is impossible to learn any thing about Lucrezia's early life and education in Adriana Mila's house. She may have spent some time in a convent for the purpose of receiving her religious education, which alone was given by these establishments. Lucrezia's education was not such as to raise her above her sex in any considerable degree, although, according to the notions of the day, it was complete. She was instructed in the languages, music, painting, and drawing, and her skill in embroidery was much admired afterward in Ferrara.

The French biographer of Bayard said of her in 1512: "She spoke Spanish, Greek, Italian, and French; Latin a little, but very well; and wrote and composed verses in all these languages."

When Lucrezia was old enough to comprehend the domestic relations in which she was living, they must have produced a strange impression on her mind. Her mother's husband was not her father; she and her brothers, as she must early have learned, were children of a cardinal, which scandalous relation was disguised by treating them as nephews and nieces. She soon learned how common such relations were; that most of the cardinals were absorbed in richly providing for their children. She saw the sons of Pope Innocent VIII. attain high honors, one of them, Franceschetto Cibo, marrying the daughter of Lorenzo the Magnificent.

Gregorovius remarks that Lucrezia was probably more struck by what there was brilliant and desirable in this relation than by its immorality. Whatever might have been her feelings, they must soon have been dulled by the immoral tone of her surroundings. When she was nine years old her father fell in love with the celebrated Julia Farnese, the wife of Adriana Mila's son. It is characteristic of the times and persons, that after Adriana had discovered her daughter-in-law's dishonor, she should have made herself a sharer in it by encouraging it, and thus strengthening her already powerful influence over the cardinal.

Lucrezia was only eleven years old when the troubled and disgraceful story of her marriages began. She was betrothed in 1491 to Don Cherubin Juan de Centelles, Lord of Val de Ayora, in Valencia. This marriage did not take place, for some unknown reasons, and the same year Lucrezia was again betrothed, to another Spaniard, Don Gasparo, son of the Count Aversa. There is some confusion in the dates of the various instruments relating to these matches, and it is possible that the second was made before the first was annulled, and that Lucrezia was at the same time legally betrothed to two men.

An event which occurred the next year made important changes in the future of both Lucrezia and her brothers. Innocent VIII. died July 25, 1492, and on the 11th of the following month Rodrigo Borgia became Pope Alexander VI.

The new Pope named Cæsar Bishop of Valencia, and began to think about making a more brilliant match for Lucrezia. The son-in-law selected this time was a prince, although a petty one, Giovanni Sforza, Lord of Pesaro, a widower of twenty-six, a man of culture and pleasing appearance. The legal marriage took place in the Vatican February 2, 1493; Lucrezia received as a wedding portion 31,000 ducats, and was to accompany her husband to Pesaro within a year. The Pope gave his daughter a separate establishment near the Vatican, where she and Adriana Mila held a brilliant court. Here she received her husband, who made his formal entry into the city the following June, and the religious marriage took place on the 12th, in the Vatican, with great splendor, in the presence of the nobility and magistrates of the city and the foreign embassadors.

The occasion was celebrated by a banquet and the performance of plays, as Infessura says, "in a very secular and lascivious manner."

The Ferrarese embassador sent home an

account of the proceedings, which ends as follows: "In conclusion, the ladies danced, and as an interlude a good comedy was performed, with much music and singing. The Pope and all the others were present. What shall I say further? There would be no end of writing. So we spent the whole night, whether well or badly your Highness may judge."

The Pope had now generously provided for his children: Cæsar was cardinal, Juan was Duke of Gandia in Spain, Jaufrè soon became a Neapolitan prince, and Lucrezia was married to a member of the noble and powerful house of Sforza.

In 1496 all these children were gathered around their father in Rome, and afforded the edifying spectacle of three splendid courts, held by children of the reigning pontiff.

It is a mistake to suppose that the Borgias were, as they have often been represented, a fierce brood of murderers and banditti. Such a supposition is natural enough, from the number and character of their crimes, but the peculiarity and shame of Italy was that, at that time, such crimes were not inconsistent with great outward refinement of manners, and a personal character termed by contemporaries "magnanimous." As Gregorovius remarks: "The Borgias were no worse than many princes and lords of their time. They used the dagger and poison unsparingly and pitilessly; they removed whatever stood in the way of their passions, and laughed when their diabolical deeds succeeded."

The strongest argument against Lucrezia is that she was one of this family, and for a number of years shared their life, and must have been acquainted to a certain extent with their crimes. The atmosphere which surrounded her was incredibly immoral—it must have been, to have made such a pope as Alexander VI. possible; add to this immorality a savage blood-thirstiness, and there rises before us a picture of society so revolting and horrible that we can well believe Gregorovius when he says: "If one educated in our present civilization could be put back into the Italian Renaissance, his nervous system would be destroyed by the sight of the daily barbarity to which he would be exposed, and very likely he would go mad. Lucrezia lived in that atmosphere, and was herself no worse nor better than the women of her day. She was of a fickle and gay disposition, and it is impossible to tell whether she ever revolted against her surroundings. She nowhere appears, not even in later days, as a woman of extraordinary genius. If she had not been the daughter of Alexander VI. and the sister of Cæsar Borgia, she would scarcely have been mentioned in the history of her times, or would have been lost in the mass of society as an attractive and much sought-after woman."

We have hinted above that Lucrezia's marriage with Giovanni Sforza was made solely for political reasons, and when the unfortunate husband lost his political importance, as he shortly did, his position became unendurable, and in the spring of 1497 he fled from Rome, believing that his life was in danger.

An inedited chronicle of Pesaro states that he owed his life to his wife, who informed his servant of a plot against his master.

Soon after Sforza's flight, occurred the mysterious murder of the Duke of Gandia, which gave rise to so many rumors, some of which affected Lucrezia's honor, but which are not only improbable, but entirely unproven.

At the time of this tragedy she was not in her palace, but in the monastery of San Sisto, on the Appian Way. This retirement was as sudden as inexplicable, but probably had something to do with the rupture of her union with Sforza; and Gregorovius concludes that she was either banished there by her father, or had voluntarily sought refuge there from the murderous plans of her relatives. Shortly afterward Lucrezia's marriage with Sforza was dissolved on a pretext whereat all Italy laughed.

It is melancholy to find Lucrezia lending herself to her father's plans to the extent of committing perjury. Indeed, in the whole affair she appears as a person of no strength of will or character. She was, however, bitterly punished, for the dissolution of her marriage exposed her to the most scandalous reports, which her outraged husband disseminated if he did not originate. The Pope hastened to make a new and more brilliant match for his daughter, his choice falling this time upon a member of the royal house of Naples, with which he was anxious to form an alliance.

The unfortunate victim, Don Alfonso, Duke of Biselli, and nephew of the king, came to Rome without any display, and the marriage took place (July, 1498) without any festivities whatever—a sombre beginning of a melancholy end.

The position of any husband of Lucrezia must necessarily have been difficult. Her marriages were formed solely from political reasons, and Italian politics of that period were so changeable that it was impossible to foresee from day to day what disturbances might arise between the various states. The very year after Lucrezia's second marriage the league between Venice and Louis XII., which the Pope joined, rendered the young Duke of Biselli's position not only difficult, but dangerous, for the expedition of Louis XII. had for its object not only the dispossession and ruin of Ludovico Sforza, Lord of Milan, but also the conquest of Naples.

A letter from one of the Venetian embassadors at Rome (August 4, 1499) says: "The Duke of Biselli, the husband of Madonna Lucrezia, has secretly fled and joined the Colonna at Genazzano; he has left his wife in the sixth month of her pregnancy, and she is constantly in tears."

The unhappy duke wrote his wife urgent letters, begging her to follow him. These letters fell into the Pope's hands, and he compelled her to answer them and persuade him to return to Rome. This he did the following October, and shortly after Lucrezia gave birth to a son, who was named after his grandfather, and baptized in the Sistine Chapel with great splendor. The duke had made a fatal mistake in returning to Rome. He was aware of Cæsar's hatred, and his wife's inability to protect him from it. Like Giovanni Sforza, he had lost all his importance for the house of Borgia, and they were anxious to clear the way for a more brilliant match. As the present union had not been childless, it could not be dissolved as the last one had been: another proceeding was necessary.

On the night of the 15th of July, 1500, as the duke was going from his palace to the Vatican, where his wife was, he was attacked by masked assassins on the steps of St. Peter's. Although severely wounded, he managed to reach the Pope's chamber. At the sight of her bleeding husband, Lucrezia sank lifeless to the floor. The duke was carried to a room in the Vatican, and one of the cardinals absolved him. The unfortunate prince, however, recovered, and was carefully nursed by his sister, Sancia, and his wife, whom the fright had made seriously ill. They cooked his food themselves for fear of poison, and the Pope gave him a guard for his security. This bold crime gave rise to many rumors. A few days after it the Venetian embassador wrote home: "No one knows who wounded the duke, but they say it is the same person who murdered the Duke of Gandia and threw him into the Tiber."

Cæsar, who is here alluded to, said himself to the writer of the above, "I have not wounded the duke; but if I had, he would have deserved it well." He even dared to visit his victim, and said, as he left him, "What did not happen in the morning can happen in the evening." A few days later he came in the evening, drove Lucrezia and Sancia from the room, and ordered his captain, Michelotto, to strangle the duke. What the effect of this deed was upon Lucrezia we do not know. She was ill at the time, but was able to leave the city ten days after for Nepi.

Gregorovius says: "It would be foolish to condemn this unhappy woman because in the most terrible moment of her life she did not rise to the height of a tragedy heroine. She appears, indeed, in this scene very weak and little. We have, however, no right to demand from Lucrezia the passions of a great soul when she did not possess it. If we judge her correctly, she was a woman who rose above the majority of her sex by the grace and not by the strength of her nature. This young woman, whom the romantic fancy of posterity has depicted as a Medea, perhaps in truth never experienced a deep passion."

Lucrezia returned to Rome in September or October, and soon recovered her usual spirits. As early as November, people began to talk about a new match for Lucrezia, with Alfonso, the Crown Prince of Ferrara, who for the last three years had been a childless widower, although he was now only twenty-four years old.

The Pope earnestly desired this marriage, not only on his daughter's account, but also on Cæsar's, whose conquests in the Romagna would thereby be assured, and who would gain powerful allies to aid him in his designs on Bologna and Florence.

The proposed union was not at first favorably considered by the Duke of Ferrara, and his son absolutely refused his consent.

Our space will not permit us to unravel the complicated negotiations by which the matter was finally settled. It is enough to say that the duke sold the honor of his house as dearly as possible, and on the 1st of September, 1501, the preliminary contract was signed at Ferrara.

When the news reached Rome, a salute was fired from the Castle of San Angelo, and the Vatican was illuminated. The next day Lucrezia went to the Church of Sta. Maria del Popolo to return thanks, and, in accordance with a strange custom, afterward gave the dress she had worn to one of her court fools, who ran through the streets, crying, "Long live the noble Duchess of Ferrara! Long live Pope Alexander!"

Lucrezia's outfit was prepared with a lavish expenditure worthy of a king's daughter. We read of an embroidered dress valued at over 15,000 ducats, and two hundred under-garments, many of them worth a hundred ducats. The ducal escort, however, did not reach Rome until the end of December, and entered the city with the pageantry common during the Renaissance. The marriage by proxy took place on the 30th, and the following week was filled with splendid festivals in the city and Vatican.

On the 6th of January, 1502, Lucrezia departed for Ferrara, leaving her son, brother, and parents behind her. She took leave of her father (her mother is never mentioned in any contemporary description of these events) in the Chamber of the Parrot. She remained alone with him until Cæsar came for her. When she left the Pope, he cried

out to her to be of good cheer, and write to him whenever she wished any thing, for he would do more for her absent than he had done for her in Rome. He then went from room to room, looking after her until the cavalcade was out of sight.

She arrived in Ferrara the 2d of February, and was brilliantly received. Her husband seems to have overcome his dislike to her very soon, and their relations in the future were always kindly, if not marked by any very profound affection. Three years later, owing to her father-in-law's death, she became Duchess of Ferrara, and was, if we can believe her contemporaries, a model of all that was virtuous and praiseworthy. Her life from this time is inseparable from the history of her state. She bore her husband several children, and devoted herself to their education and the conduct of the government, which her husband occasionally intrusted to her. Aldus Manutius praises her management of public affairs, saying, "She was an excellent regent, whose sharp judgment and penetrating mind were admired by her subjects."

Her connection with the past was gradually dissolved by the death of her relatives, and as she grew older, her thoughts turned more exclusively to religion, although she did not become bigoted.

On the 14th of June, 1519, she gave birth to a lifeless child, and eight days later, feeling that her end was approaching, she dictated a letter to Pope Leo X., asking for his blessing.

As Gregorovius says, this letter is so quiet and dignified, so entirely free from all excitement, that we may well ask whether it could have been written by a dying woman whose conscience was really burdened by the crimes attributed to the daughter of Alexander VI.

She died two days after, in the night of June 24, 1519, in the presence of her husband.

Her grave has disappeared. A contemporary says that she was of medium height, graceful figure, her face somewhat long, her nose of a fine profile, her hair golden, eyes of no particular color, mouth large, with very white teeth, neck fair and white, and adds that she was constantly joyful and smiling.

It is impossible to suppose that Lucrezia maintained herself unspotted in the midst of her surroundings; but, at the same time, we see no reason to believe the story of her shameful crime. There is no evidence that she was a person of great strength of character, and surely no one without it could have supported with such calmness as she must have done for years the consciousness of such a sin, and the most striking trait in her character was precisely that cheerfulness and brightness which charmed her contemporaries.

SIMPSON OF BUSSORA.

I HAVE a profound distrust of all travelers. Not because they are prone to tell me untruths about their experiences, for that has in a great measure become a dangerous experiment: wherever they may have been, other people have now also been, and it is easy, if I may use a professional expression, to "correct their proofs;" my distrust arises from the ideas in my own mind of the experiences that they do *not* tell me. When they get away from the regions of civilization, and out of the influence of public opinion, think I to myself, what is it these people do *not* do? For the very fact of a man's being a traveler is, between ourselves, by no means a good sign. Why does he not stop at home in the bosom of his family, or, if he has no family, acquire one? It is his duty as a citizen. When a boy runs away from school, it is, of course, the correct thing to call him "intrepid," "gallant," "high-spirited," and "independent;" but that sort of boy is in reality not —generally speaking—a good boy. It may be very true that a nation owes its nautical supremacy to this description of youth; but he don't run away to sea from that distant and patriotic motive: he goes to sea because he doesn't like what is good for him on land; and almost immediately, though that is beside the question, finds he has made a great mistake. Similarly, a man does not go to Tartary or Kamtchatka to improve his mind: if he ventured to tell me *that* (supposing he was not a very tall man, and I had no reason to suppose he had a yataghan or any other outlandish weapon concealed about his person), I should laugh in his face. No: he flies to such obscure regions because the restraints of civilization are abhorrent to his undisciplined mind, and he has some morbid taste; say, for human flesh—uncooked. The mildest-spoken man I ever met in my life, and the greatest traveler, once confided to me, after a most excellent dinner at our club, that, "after all," there was nothing like uncooked food. He did not *say* human food, but I knew well enough what he meant. He has repented since of having let out so much, and endeavors to re-assure me by conventional behavior and conversation. "The world is small," he says (he has been round it two or three times), "and give him England; for, when all is said, that is the best place to live in;" but this does not deceive me for a moment. That man is a cannibal at heart. I have seen him look at plump and tender people in a very peculiar way, and I would not trust him alone with my baby for a small fortune. That sweet child would take rank among the "mysterious disappearances." He would say, "How should *I* know?" like the frog who swallow-

ed the duck's egg; but I should know better than the duck. If you think these apprehensions extreme, you are, of course, welcome to your own opinions: some people are more sanguine than others, and also more simple.

My mind is, I think, a tolerably fair one, and I have never entertained suspicions against those who are compelled to visit distant latitudes against their wills. Queen's messengers, convicts, sailors, etc., etc., may be very respectable persons in their way, notwithstanding where they may have been to. Such was my charitable belief until within the last few days; since which I have seen some reason to change it. One of the quietest and best fellows I ever knew —and I have known him all my life—was Simpson of Bussora. I was at school with him five-and-forty years ago, and though his house of business is at the distant spot just mentioned, I had met him from time to time during his periodical visits to this country, and always found him unchanged —gentle, unassuming, modest, and orthodox in his opinions. Our house does a little business with him in shawls and carpets, but our acquaintance is mainly social. My wife and daughters are very partial to him, and delight in his Persian tales, which are picturesque and full of local color. He brings them little bottles of scent, which perfume the whole neighborhood, and now and then a scarf that is the envy of their friends. I never entertained any idea of Simpson as a son-in-law until my wife put it into my head. He lived too far away for me to picture him in such a relation, and though I knew he had made money, I did not think he had made enough to return home and settle. His income was a very handsome one; but living at Bussora, he had given me to understand, was dear, and did not admit of much saving. Above all, Simpson struck me as by no means a marrying man. Whenever the subject of matrimony was mooted, he always smiled in that dry, cynical way which proclaims the confirmed bachelor. Household matters did not interest him; he did not take much to children; he would smoke until the small hours of the morning, and raise his eyebrows when one said it was late, and perhaps one's wife might be sitting up. He would say, "Really!" as though such an idea as one's wife sitting up for one was preposterous, but could never concern *him*.

I need not go into the causes which led to my conversing with Simpson on the subject of matrimony. Suffice it to say that I did not do so of my own free-will. I had received instructions from my wife to "sound" Simpson on the matter, with relation to some "ideas" that she had got into her head with respect to our second daughter, Jane, and "to hear was to obey," as they say at Bussora.

"My dear Simpson," said I, as we were cracking our walnuts together after a little dinner under my own roof, "I often wonder why a man like you, with a large income and a fine house, as you describe your home to be at Bussora, has never married. It must be rather wretched living out there all alone."

"Well, it would be, no doubt," said Simpson, in his quiet way. "But, Lord bless you! I've been married these twenty years."

You might have knocked me down with a feather. "Married these twenty years! You astound me. Why, how was it you never spoke about it?"

"Oh, I don't know; I thought it wouldn't interest you. She was a Persian, you know. If she had been a European, then I should have told you."

"A Persian wife! Dear me," said I, "how funny it seems!" I said "funny," but at the same time all the suspicions that I entertained (and now entertain more than ever) respecting travelers and persons who abjure civilization, crowded into my mind. "Now what color, my dear Simpson, if I may put the question without impertinence, are your children?"

"Well, we've got no children," said Simpson, in his usual imperturbable tone. "We never had any."

I don't quite know why, but somehow or other I thought this creditable to Simpson. It was very wrong in him to have married a Persian, perhaps a Fire-worshiper, or at best a Mohammedan, but it was a comfort to think that the evil had, so to speak, stopped there. To think of Simpson with a heap of party-colored children, professing, perhaps, their mother's outlandish faith as they grew up, would have been painful to me, in connection with the fact that Simpson was at that moment under my roof, the same roof with my wife and daughters, and that I was the church-warden of our district church. I forsook at once the particular subject of Simpson's wife to discuss the general subject of polygamy.

"The Persians have more wives than one, have they not?" inquired I.

"Those who can afford it have," said he; "but it is not so usual as you may imagine."

"I need not ask how so profligate a system must needs work," said I. "It is a domestic failure, of course?"

"You need not ask the question, as you say," replied Simpson, cracking a walnut. "But if you do ask, I am bound to say it is so far like marriage in this country—it is sometimes a domestic failure and sometimes not. Perhaps it requires more judgment in selection; you have not only to please yourself, you know, but to please your other wives."

"Goodness gracious!" said I, "how coolly you talk about it! I hope no European who

happens to be resident in this strange community ever gives in to the custom?"

"Some do and some don't," was the reply of Simpson. "I lived in Persia with one wife for fifteen years before I gave in."

"What! you married a second wife, your first wife being alive?"

"Just so," was the unabashed rejoinder. Simpson swept the walnut shells into a corner of his plate, and helped himself to sherry. "I have now four wives."

"Bless my soul and body!" said I. "Four wives!"

"Yes. The story of my little *ménage* may seem in your ears rather curious. If it will not bore you, I'll tell you about it."

I had no words to decline the offer, even if I wished it. My breath was fairly taken away by Simpson's four wives. The traveler that had liked his food uncooked had given me rather a turn, but that was nothing to this revelation of my present companion: a man we had always considered of the highest respectability, and whom my wife had even thought would have suited our Jane.

"Well, it was at a picnic party on the plains near Bussora that the thing first came about. My wife and I were both present at it; and my European notions preventing my believing there could be the least misunderstanding about it, since I was already married, I made myself very agreeable to a certain Persian lady. She was neither young nor pretty—just like what my wife herself, indeed, had grown to be by that time—and I no more thought of making her my No. 2 than—dear me!—of embracing Mohammedanism. My attentions, however, were misconstrued; and her brother, being a violent man in the Shah's cavalry, and knowing I had a fairish income, insisted upon my becoming his brother-in-law. I believe Irish marriages are often brought about in the same way, so there was nothing in *that;* the peculiarity of the case lay in my having a wife already, and one who was very resolute indeed to prevent my having another. I spare you the troubles that ensued. Between my No. 1 wife on the one hand, and her sharp tongue, and the officer of Spahis on the other, with his sharp sword, I was placed in a very unpleasant position, I promise you; but in the end I married Khaleda. I am sorry to say the two ladies got on extremely ill together. It was said by a great English wit that when one's wife gets to be forty, one ought to be allowed to change her for two twenties, like a forty-pound note, and I dare say that would be very nice; but, unhappily, I had now two wives, each forty, if they were a day, and there was no prospect of getting them changed, or parting from them in any way.

"Pirouzé and Khaleda led me a most unhappy life. They quarreled from morning to night, and so far from being able to play off one against the other, as I had secretly hoped, I was treated with great unkindness by both of them. They were a matter of very considerable expense, of course, and very little satisfaction. My position, in fact, became intolerable; and as I could please neither of them, I resolved to please myself by marrying No. 3."

"A twenty, I suppose?" said I, interested in spite of myself in this remarkable narration.

"Well, yes; that is, she would have been a twenty in England, but in Persia young ladies marry a good deal earlier. She was a charming creature, and cost me—"

"What! did you *buy* her?" cried I, in astonishment and horror.

"Well, no, not exactly: her father, however, insisted upon something handsome, and there were heavyish fees to be paid to her mother and sisters, and to the Governor of Bussora. The custom of the country is curious in that respect. After one's second wife a considerable tax is levied by the government upon marrying men. However, Badoura was worth all the money: she sang, she played divinely; that is, she would have done so if she had not been always crying. Pirouzé and Khaleda made her life utterly miserable. Hitherto they had been at daggers drawn with one another, but now they united together to persecute the unhappy Badoura. Her very life was scarcely safe with them. Wretched as my former lot had been, it was now become unendurable, for one can bear one's own misery better than that of those we love."

Here Simpson took out his handkerchief, of a beautiful Persian pattern, and pressed it to his eyes. "Yes, my dear friend, they led my Badoura a dog's life—did these two women. I felt myself powerless to protect her, for I was never very strong; and though I did not understand one-half of the epithets they showered upon her, I could see by the effect they had upon her that they were most injurious—what I have no doubt would in this country be considered actionable. For her, however, there was no remedy, and I think she would have sunk under their persecution had I not married Zobeide."

"No. 4!" said I, aghast. "What on earth did you do that for?"

"I married Zobeide solely and wholly for Badoura's sake. I chose her, not for her beauty, her virtues, nor her accomplishments, but entirely for her thews and sinews. I said to her, 'Zobeide, you are a strong and powerful young woman: if I make you my wife, will you protect my lamb?' and she said, 'I will.' It was the most satisfactory investment—I mean, the happiest choice—I ever made. My home is now the abode of peace. In one wing of the house abide

Pirouzé and Khaleda, in the other Zobeide and Badoura: two on the east side and two on the west. Each respects the other; for although Pirouzé and Khaleda are strong females, and could each wring the neck of my dear Badoura, Zobeide is stronger than both of them put together, and protects her. Thus the opposing elements are, as it were, neutralized: the combatants respect one another, and I am the head of a united house. I got letters from all of my four wives this morning, each of them most characteristic and interesting: Badoura forgot to pay the postage—she has a soul above pecuniary details—and her letter was the dearest of all."

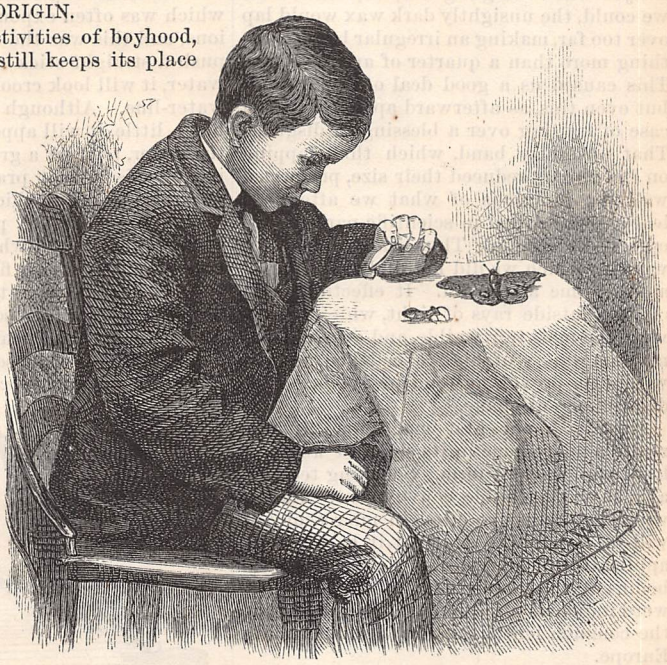
"Don't cry, Simpson," said I—"don't cry, old fellow. The steamer goes on Tuesday, and then you will see all your wives again. They will welcome you with outstretched arms—eight outstretched arms, like the octopus." I confess I was affected by my friend's artless narration, at that time, though, since I have reflected upon the matter, my moral sense has once more asserted itself, and is outraged. I state the matter as fairly as I can. I have been to picnics myself, as a married man, and made myself agreeable to the ladies. Well, in Persia this might have cost me my life, or the expense of a second establishment. So far, there is every excuse for Simpson. But, on the other hand, the astounding fact remains that there are four Mrs. Simpsons at Bussora. Whenever I look at his quiet, business-like face, or hear him talking to my wife and the girls about Persian scenery, this revelation of his strikes me anew with wonder. Of course I have not told *them* about his domestic relations; it would be too great a shock to their respective systems; yet the possession of such a secret all to myself is too hard to bear, and I have, therefore, laid it before the public. The whole thing resolves itself into a rule-of-three sum. If even a quiet, respectable fellow like Simpson, residing at Bussora, has *four* wives, how many wives — well, I don't mean exactly *that;* but how much queerer things must people do who are not so quiet and respectable as Simpson, and who live still further off?

THE MICROSCOPE.

By PROFESSOR SAMUEL LOCKWOOD.

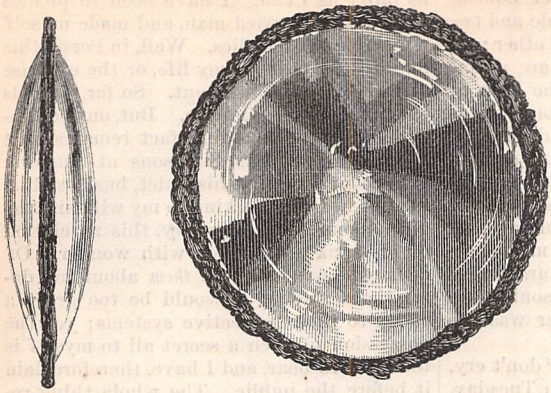
I.—ITS ORIGIN.

OF the mental activities of boyhood, one especially still keeps its place in memory. It was a certain aspiration, more evinced than acknowledged, to grow up into a philosopher. Comporting with this was a lively juvenile inquisitiveness concerning experiments. We had read of the great Sir Isaac Newton, who blew soap-bubbles in the interests of science, and we came to feel an awful reverence for the earliest analyst of light. It is even yet remembered what a strain was put upon our boyish thinking at sight of a magnifying-glass. It was a crude affair, composed merely of two watch crystals set edge to edge, and filled with clean water. The thing was in itself so simple, and yet it gave results that seemed to us mysterious.



THE YOUNG MICROSCOPIST.

To our question, so often put, *why* it did so, the one unvarying answer was sure to come, "Because it magnifies." "Yes, I know that.



OUR FIRST MICROSCOPE.

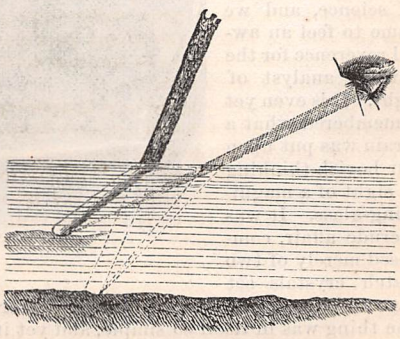
But *how* does it magnify?" "Oh, you are too inquisitive!" And so this little optical experiment too long remained a mystery. However, ignorance was not allowed to become a bar to the bliss of enjoyment. We determined to have a magnifier of our own. Having obtained from the jeweler a pair of old bull's-eye watch crystals, and a lump of shoe-maker's wax from the cobbler, the two glasses were set together, and secured at the edges by a band of wax. To be sure, the job was a bungling one, for, do the best we could, the unsightly dark wax would lap over too far, making an irregular band something more than a quarter of an inch wide. This caused us a good deal of annoyance; but even this, as afterward appeared, was a case of fretting over a blessing in disguise. That unsightly band, which thus lapping on the glasses reduced their size, performed well the functions of what we afterward learned was called in scientific parlance an optical diaphragm. Thus it afforded an advantage which we did not understand until a long time afterward. It effectually cut off the outside rays of light, which are always the most refrangible, and even in magnifying-glasses of high excellence are not without a provoking tendency to beget indistinctness of image.

Such was our first magnifier. It was really a microscope in its simplest and perhaps most ancient form. Speaking technically, it was a double convex lens. As the word lens occurs so often in microscopy, it will be in order to say that it had its first application in this sense to certain spherical bodies of glass made for optical uses. The word indicates a resemblance to the seed of the common lentil, the *Ervum lens*, eaten in Europe.

It is amusing now to look back on the time when the boy played the *rôle* of the young philosopher. Verily there was some pride over that magnifier, as he showed its power on a butterfly, or its effect on the scale of a gold-fish. And surely that was an allowable pleasure which was enjoyed at the surprise of the rustic admirers when a gnat was made to look as large as a flesh-fly. Though not conscious of the fact, there was a smack of the pride of science. And that was a peculiar sensation when, for the first time, we read in English an extract from the philosopher Seneca to the effect that "writing, even if very small and obscure, becomes larger and clearer when looked at through a small glass globe filled with water." Somehow this seemed to make our home-made magnifier loom up into the high respectability of a scientific antique; in fact, it seemed to establish a relationship to an antiquity of not less than two thousand years.

Still that old mystery kept confronting us, How did the thing magnify? And in this wise the mist began to break:

Though the "weakly boy" was never much at athletic games, there was one sport in which he excelled his playmates. It was in throwing stones at objects under the water. And the boy had a theory in the case, which was often expounded to his companions, and this was the drift thereof: If you push a straight stick slantingwise into the water, it will look crooked, or broken at the water-line. Although the stick may slant but a little, it will appear, as to the part in the water, to slant a great deal. The meaning of this is that practically we see that part of the stick which is in the air just where it is, but the part which is in the water is really seen where it is not. And it is precisely so with a fish in the water. To the beholder it seems to be farther off than it actually is, and also nearer the surface of the water than it really is; so that a stone aimed where the fish seems to be will strike in advance of its object, because the actual



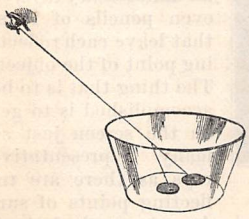
A STICK AS SEEN IN WATER.

fact in the case is, we are not aiming at the fish at all, but simply at its image; and hitting the image would be no more hitting the fish than would striking a man's shadow be striking the man himself.

It is not averred that such was the preciseness of the boy's method, only that such was its logic. Generally these boyish lectures were accepted as demonstrations. But on one occasion particularly these dialectics were wofully dashed by a discharge of casuistry of the *reductio ad absurdum* sort, which possessed in a high degree the merit of that ancient method, in that its own absurdity made it positively unanswerable. Our neighbor Donald had listened with such respectful attention that we supposed he was all along assenting to all we said. But the following logic struck us dumb:

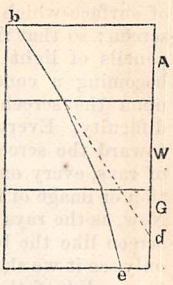
"That's all very fine, my lad—very fine! But it's contrary to common-sense, seeing it's against one's own senses, and *therefore* against all sound reason. You tell me that I look where the fish is, and it isn't there; but if I look where it isn't, why, then, that's just where it is! Now all that is impossible; and *therefore* it's a farlacy, my lad—a farlacy. Moreover, it's against sound logic. Seeing is believing; and that's what your Maker intended; *therefore*, to say contrarywise is to deny the faith, my lad, and to contend against the truth."

In order to apprehend the fact that an image of an object may be seen entirely distinct and separate from the object itself, let such as have not already done so try the following for themselves. Place a nickel cent at the bottom of a bowl; after looking, so as to be sure where the coin is, withdraw gently backward until the coin is lost to view, being concealed by one side of the vessel; while you are keeping your eyes steadily fixed in that position, let some one pour water slowly into the bowl. The image of the coin immediately appears forward of the real coin, and higher up in the water.



THE COIN IN THE BOWL.

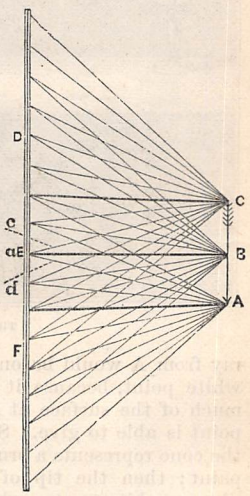
Donald's logic only caused us a temporary uneasiness. In due time Ferguson's *Optics* fell in our way, which, despite its formidable mathematics and geometry, all dark to us as Egypt, came like a revelation. We then learned with delight that the fish phenomenon gave the key to unlock the mystery of the magnifier. It proved that rays of light, when passing from one medium into or through another medium of different density, have the quality of being bent, or refracted. Look at the little diagram of a ray of light passing through different media. Let A, W, and G respectively represent air, water, and glass, three media of different density, and hence of different refrangibility, or capacity to bend the rays of light. The air is the least refractive medium of the three, the water is more so, and the glass is the most. Hence the ray of light, *b*, is differently refracted as it passes through these several media, being the most bent as it passes through the glass, which it leaves at *e*; whereas, were it not refracted in its passage, it would, after entering at *b*, leave at *d*; that is, it would pass through in a straight line.



A RAY OF LIGHT PASSING THROUGH DIFFERENT MEDIA.

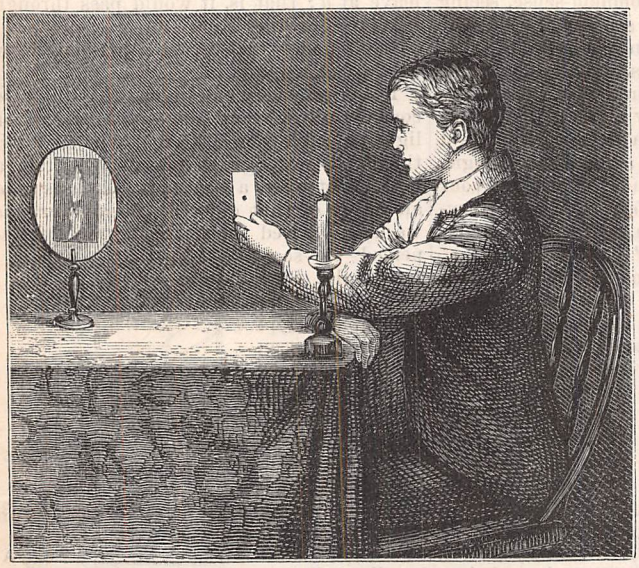
Let us now take up the question, How does a lens magnify?

Doubtless every one knows that in these considerations every image is the result of light reflected from some real object. Why, then, does not light, when thrown from a real object upon a screen, in all cases give an image of that object? To answer this we have devised the little diagram of dispersed or scattered light. Suppose the long upright line to represent a screen upon which light is reflected by the arrow. From every surface point on that side of the arrow which is presented toward the screen are shed little bundles of rays, called pencils of light, which spread out into cones of light. The letters A, B, C are meant to indicate three reflecting points on the arrow, namely, one at the middle and one at each extremity. From each of these points is projected a pencil or cone of light of the same size and form, and containing the same number of rays. Of necessity these rays cross and intercross one another; hence they give no image on the screen, but simply a circular spot or blur of light. Now it is not merely from the points marked A, B, C on the surface of the arrow that light is reflected on the screen, but from every conceivable point



DISPERSED LIGHT.

of surface which the arrow presents to the screen; so that from points beyond number pencils of light are projected, each pencil becoming a cone whose base is received upon the screen. Here, then, is the real difficulty. Every surface point of the arrow toward the screen reflects a large number of rays, every one of which gives a reflection or image of that point upon the screen. Now, as the rays from this point fall on the screen like the base of a cone, if we could only see it we should behold this single surface point of the arrow represented in an image infinitely small, and that image repeated by the tip of every ray which entered into the cone of light whose base was on the screen and whose apex was at the point of reflection from the arrow. Suppose the color of the barb of the arrow to be white; then the reflected point represented by a



THE PERFORATED CARD.

ray from A would be on the screen a tiny white point, because it represents just so much of the surface at A as the reflecting point is able to give. Suppose, again, that the cone represents a brush dipped in white paint; then the tip of every hair would give a white spot, and every white spot would exactly represent the reflected spot; but the combined white spots would give a circular dab actually representing nothing. And this is done from every point of reflection along the arrow, since every point of reflection sheds a pencil of light, and this pencil diverges into a cone of rays whose base falls upon the screen. Hence, as respects the shape of the reflected object, there is no delineation, for the result is a confused circular blur of light.

But the above is a confusion of form. The same result will follow as to color. Please look again at the little diagram. If you will trace the course of the rays from their reflecting points, you will observe that many of them have the same points of impingement. By looking at these points on the screen it will be noticed that the rays strike these spots in triplets; for instance, a ray from A and one from B and another from C all meet at the one precise point on the screen. Now if the color of the arrow-head be white, and of the shaft yellow, and of the feather red, then at the point marked D on the screen an outer ray from the pencil A would deposit the tiniest tip of its proper pigment; at the same spot a tip of paint of another color comes from B; again, at the same place, a spot of color differing from both is brought from C; and thus for the places E and F; and so on for any spot on the screen within the circle of light. Thus, in fact, the screen receives a dab of color from the entire brush or pencil A, and another in like manner from the brush or pencil B, and in the same way another from the pencil C. And so the colors become indistinguishable.

How, then, can we obtain an image of an object by reflected light rays? By cutting off all unnecessary rays, or even pencils of rays, that leave each reflecting point of the object. The thing that is to be accomplished is to get on the screen just so many representative rays as there are reflecting points of surface on the object whose image is desired. Let us take a common visiting-card and pierce it with a large pin, making a clean smooth hole in the centre of the card. We will now hold the perforated card between a candle and a screen. The result is a true image of the candle on the screen. To understand how this is done let us make a diagram of the card. Let A, B, C represent so many points on the side of the candle toward the screen. From A are thrown a number of rays, just as at A in the figure of dispersed light. But the little hole in the card plays the part of a strict utili-

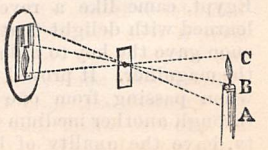
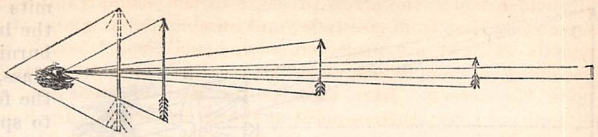


DIAGRAM OF PERFORATED CARD.

tarian, and, as if on principle, rigorously refuses admittance to every irrelevant or superfluous ray, as, for instance, from the point A only a tiny representative ray is admitted. Having passed through, it moves on in a straight line, and takes its proper place on the screen just where that line impinges, which place, from this very regulation, is not contended for by any other ray that enters. Hence the point thus illuminated on the screen exactly represents the point A of the object. And what is true of the point A is also true of the point B and the point C, and, in fact, of every conceivable point on the side of the object toward the screen; so that every point, although it sheds a large number of rays into space, as do the points A, B, C in the figure of dispersed light, can only get in its one representative ray.

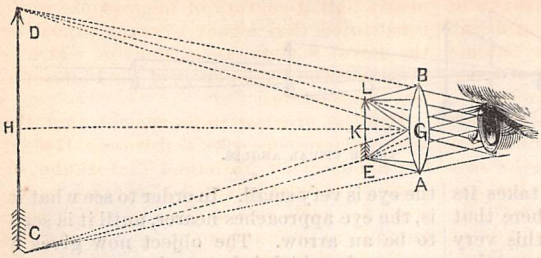


THREE VISUAL ANGLES.

To make this automatic eclecticism of the rays perfectly clear, let reference again be made to the figure of dispersed light. Suppose that for the nonce the line D E F, which represents a screen, shall here represent the card, and that E represents the pin-hole. Then of all the rays from A only the eclectic one shown by the dotted line from *c* can pass through; of all the rays from C only the one indicated by the dotted line from *d* can get in; while B is only allowed to get in its central ray. What a beautiful economy is this exclusiveness of Nature, wherein so many seek to enter, but are not able! In the thronged movement of those dispersed rays, how motiveless the way, and how many there are that go in thereat! but the narrow gate of purpose, how few there be that find it!

Every one knows that when looking at a carriage approaching from the distance, it becomes sensibly larger as the distance is lessened; also that a retreating carriage decreases in size as the distance increases. What is the reason of all this? The optician would say that both phenomena are due respectively to the enlarging and diminishing of the visual angle. Now as we are not supposed to be opticians, this very answer forces upon us two questions: What is a visual angle? and What is meant by its increase or diminishment? A visual angle is the angle made by two rays of light which proceed from the extreme parts of an object and terminate in a point at the eye of the beholder. Hence the size of the object seen, if seen distinctly, is really the measure of the angle of vision. In the cut (three visual angles), suppose the spot at the greatest extremity from the eye to be an arrow so far off that its true form is indistinguishable. It is, to all appearance, a mere spot. The angle which this makes to the eye is very small. In order to see what it is, the eye approaches nearer, until it is seen to be an arrow. The object now gives a new angle, which is larger than before. On a nearer approach the arrow becomes still larger, and now a new and larger angle of vision is obtained. Still the eye approaches the object until the large arrow is seen. The object is now brought as near to the eye as is compatible with distinct vision, and it has now obtained the largest visual angle of which that object is capable. Let the eye approach the object still nearer; the latter now becomes indistinct. The truth is, the object now fills an angle altogether too large for the eye, as its lines, instead of meeting in a point at the eye, actually meet far behind it. All that the eye does really see is just so much of the shaft of the arrow as is contained within the two lines of the largest of the true visual angles. So that we have two angles in the diagram that are not true angles of vision, because the object when embraced in or subtending either one is not distinct to the eye; and we have three angles that are true angles of vision, because the object as measured by any one of them is distinctly seen. Hence the angle of vision can be lost in two ways—either when the object is too near the eye, or too remote from it. It is noticeable also from the above that the nearer an object is to the eye, providing it is within the angle of vision, the larger it will appear.

It was plain in the diagram of the visual angles that an object may be indistinct because it is contained in too small an angle. Suppose some object entirely too minute to be distinguished by the unaided eye or natural sight, however near that object might be brought; it would, in spite of nearness, still be indistinguishable, for the reason that its angle is too small. Suppose a thin plate of glass could be placed between the eye and the object; practically nothing is gained, as the rays of light pass through the glass unchanged. Supposing that object to be a diminutive specimen of the arrow so often used already, remove the thin plate of glass and put a double convex lens in its place; now the arrow is magnified. Look at the two outermost or peripheral rays, namely, the one which starts by reflection from the point of the arrow, and the one which in like manner leaves the tip of the feather. Just as they enter the lens, on the side farther from the eye, they are bent inwardly, that is, toward the central or thickest part

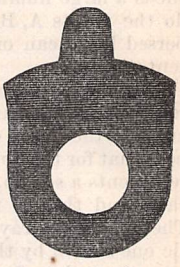


THE MAGNIFIED ARROW.

of the lens, so that when they emerge on the side next to the eye, they converge until they meet at a point in that organ. But here it is evident a new angle is formed by these rays, which is wider or more obtuse than was the angle which they made when they left the object which reflected them. Now, as already mentioned, to make any object seem larger to the eye, it is only necessary to bring it nearer to the eye, or to set it in a larger visual angle. To make it plain that this new angle is wider, let its two sides be prolonged, as by the dotted lines A C and B D, until they inclose the enlarged image C D, which is the magnified image—that is, the virtual image—of the object E L. Now this enlarged angle is really the angle of vision, or the visual angle, produced in this instance by the refraction or bending of the rays which pass from the object through the double convex lens. Opticians call such an image the *virtual* image, in distinction from the *real* image, which is always inverted, in whatever way produced, as seen in the cut of the perforated card. It is the real image which is at last thrown upon that delicate screen or curtain within the eye known as the retina.

How, then, does a lens magnify? It brings the object, that is, its image, nearer to the eye, that is, to distinct vision, than was possible without this aid, and this it does by enlarging the visual angle.

In regard to our home-made microscope, in what way was that wax band advantageous? This requires that a moment be spent in considering what is meant by the expression "the aberration of lenses." Our statements have all along assumed that the rays leaving a single point, after passing through a convex lens, will all meet at a point which we have called the focus. This is not, strictly speaking, true, except of lenses having a very small aperture. We are now quite familiar with the fact that all rays (except the central or axial rays) passing through a convex lens are bent or refracted toward the axial ray. Those passing through the nearest to the edge of the lens are the most refracted, and those passing through the nearest to the axial or central ray are the least refracted, while the axis itself, being a straight or unbent line, admits of no refraction. Now at the luminous point, that is, the burning point in a burning-glass, which is usually called the focus, there are actually, so to speak, two foci, because the outer or peripheral rays all come to a point at a definite distance from the centre of the lens, while those rays near to the axial ray come to a point a little farther distant from the centre of the lens than is the point made by the meeting and crossing of the external rays. To this departure from exact concurrence has been given the name *spherical aberration*. Because of this difference of focus it often happens that the image obtained of an object is sharp at the edge but indistinct at the centre, or distinct at the centre and blurred at the edges. On this account the photographer often uses a diaphragm or stop. It may be simply a card with an annular opening, by which he covers over the edges of the lens, thus shutting off, or "stopping out," as he says, the peripheral or most refrangible rays. It was in this way that the wax binding on our first magnifier reduced the spherical aberration, and so secured a sharper outline to the image.

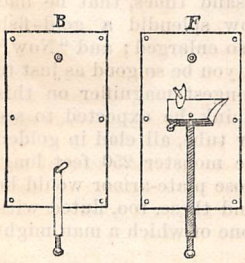


A PHOTOGRAPHER'S STOP.

Doubtless the earliest, and for many ages the only, microscope was the double convex lens. A rock-crystal obtained in the ruins of Nineveh was pronounced by Sir David Brewster to be a lens prepared for optical purposes. There does not seem to be any evidence that the ancient lens was devoted to the acquisition of knowledge; hence science—what there was of it then—was probably in no way indebted to this little instrument. It was far otherwise, however, with art. A seal once belonging to Michael Angelo, "and believed to have been made at a very remote epoch, has fifteen figures engraved in a circle of fourteen millimeters in diameter." Just to think of it! a hard gem containing, in a circular space but a trifle over half an inch in width, fifteen delicately executed figures. Some of these figures are not even visible to the naked eye!

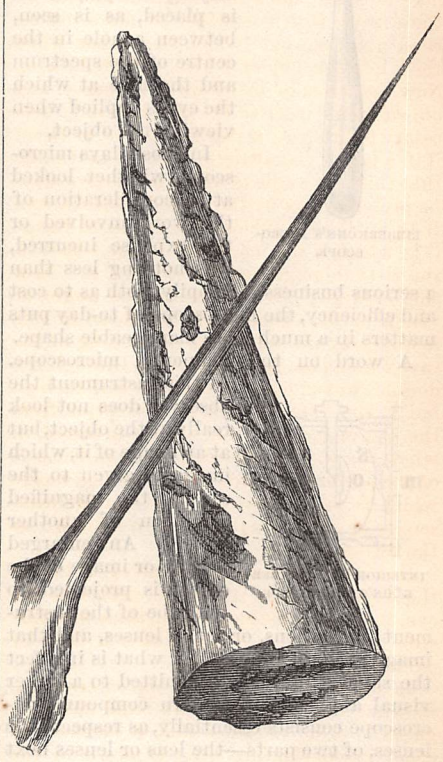
Among our early scientific microscopists the best work was done by the simple microscope, barely consisting of a double convex lens. But it was earnest work, and done by devoted men. The famous Leuwenhoek made his own lenses; and for each object deemed worthy of real study and preservation he made a separate and specially adapted microscope, which, when fo-

cused to his liking, was not permitted to be disturbed, but was carefully set aside, always ready for inspection. His cabinet thus became not only a collection of specimens, but also a collection of microscopes—a formidable matter, truly, and highly expensive, as, except the lens, every one was constructed entirely of silver. As he says in his inelegant but quaint Latin, "*Mihi quidem sunt centum centumque microscopia*" (Indeed, I have hundreds upon hundreds of microscopes). He left by will to the Royal Society twenty-six of these little instruments, with their objects permanently focused. These were all intrusted to the learned microscopist Henry Baker, with instructions to report on them. In 1740, after devoting three months to their examination, he made his report, which was published in the Philosophical Transactions, No. 458. His words elsewhere are, "Of the twenty-six microscopes I examined, one magnifies the diameter of an object 160, one 133, one 114, three 100, three 89, eight 80, two 72, three 66, two 57, one 53, and one 40 times." We give a drawing of a Leuwenhoek's microscope. It consists of two silver plates secured together by six rivets. The two plates are represented in the cut, each being a side of the instrument. Let us mark the two sides respectively F and B, and call them the front and the back of the microscope, meaning by the back the side kept toward the observer. At the bottom of the back is the handle, with a little screw in the upper part to secure it to the plate. High up on the plate, near the top, is a little hole. It is here where the lens is secured between the plates, and where the eye of the observer is applied. On the plate F, representing the front side, the handle is again seen, which now is shown to be a long screw, by turning which between the thumb and finger is adjusted the height of the stage at the upper end of the screw. On the stage is a short, thick, upright pin, not unlike a ten-pin. On this the object to be examined is secured, usually by some adhesive substance. The base of this upright fits snugly into a little hole in the stage, in which it can be turned by the little projecting lever. In front of the stage is a small screw. By turning this the stage can be pressed a little from the plate, if necessary, when focusing. With such instruments, Leuwenhoek made those discoveries which made him famous, and a few of which, after his nearly half a century of microscopic work, constituted that legacy so much prized by the Royal Society, an account of which is given in two of the papers of the Philosophical Transactions.

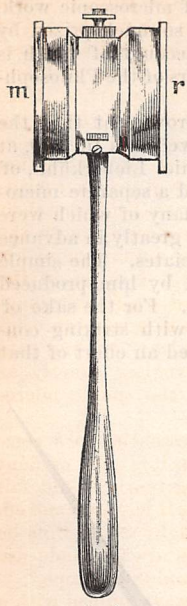


LEUWENHOEK'S MICROSCOPE.

But the greatest improvement that the simple microscope received was in 1740, at the hands of Dr. Nathaniel Lieberkühn, of Berlin. He also adapted a separate microscope for each object, many of which were anatomical preparations greatly in advance of the labors of his associates. The simple microscope, as improved by him, produced some sensational results. For the sake of those who are pleased with striking contrasts, we have reproduced an effort of that


NATURE VERSUS ART—WASP'S STING AND POINT OF A CAMBRIC NEEDLE.

venerable man, in which he attempted to show how greatly more finished Nature is in her works than it is possible for man to be in his. It is Nature *versus* Art—a wasp's sting and the point of a cambric needle. If you look along the sides of this needle point, here shown to be coarser apparently than a sailor's marline-spike, you will see an appearance like that of a margin. If this be correct (for it is taken from a copy), then it would seem as if a delicate film of the steel had been rendered transparent by the excellence of the illumination. And, in fact,

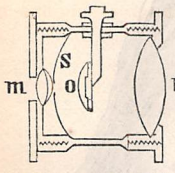


LIEBERKÜHN'S MICROSCOPE.

it was just here wherein Lieberkühn's little microscopes excelled all others in their day. We refer to the small cut showing the interior of Lieberkühn's microscope. At *r* is shown a large convex lens, which condenses the light upon the silver mirror or spectrum, *s*, which throws a brilliant light upon the little object, *o*, which is magnified by the magnifying lens, *m*, which is placed, as is seen, between a hole in the centre of the spectrum and the hole at which the eye is applied when viewing the object.

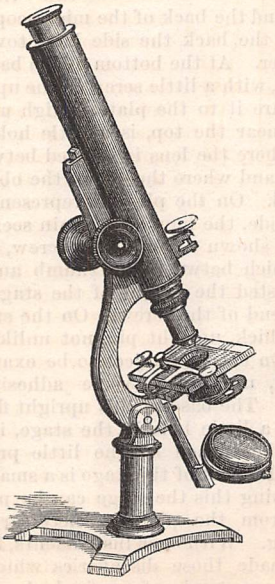
In those days microscopy, whether looked at in consideration of the work involved or the expense incurred, was nothing less than a serious business. Happily, both as to cost and efficiency, the microscope of to-day puts matters in a much more manageable shape.

A word on the compound microscope. In this instrument the observer does not look really at the object, but at an image of it, which image is given to the eye as the magnified condition of another image. An enlarged picture or image of the object is projected up the tube of the instrument from a lens, or set of lenses, and that image is again enlarged, or what is in effect the same thing, it is committed to a larger visual angle. The modern compound microscope consists essentially, as respects the lenses, of two parts—the lens or lenses next the object, and the two lenses next the eye. The lens or, if more than one, the lenses next the object are called the objective. This objective may consist of but one lens. It often, however, consists of three, and is then called a triplet. These three lenses are screwed the one to the other. If the two bottom lenses are taken off, and the upper one used, usually an inch focus is obtained. If now the middle lens be screwed on to this one, perhaps a half-inch focus will be got, which of course is a greatly increased power. If now the third lens be screwed on, and all three used as an objective, likely a quarter-inch focus will be had, and the highest power will then be obtained of which this particular triplet is capable. So that with every increase of power in the objective there is a shortening of the focus and a lessening of the area of the real field of observation. For instance, the one-inch focus objective might take in the whole of a fly at one view. But suppose it is desirable to so enlarge a single organ of that insect as to be able to inspect all its peculiarities, it would have to be done with a higher power, and when done this particular organ would itself fill the field. It is a little curious how general the difficulty seems to be to comprehend this point. Suppose an artist be required to paint in life-size the portrait of a babe, and a spread of canvas just large enough be furnished for that purpose. But the patron has changed his mind, and now requests the artist to paint on the same canvas a life-size likeness of the child's father. It is plain that the thing is impossible. We have a friend who is very skillful with the microscope. A neighbor one day brought in a dead gold-fish, some three inches long. He said he had been so delighted by thinking on that animalcule that was magnified a thousand times, that he had often thought how splendid a gold-fish would look when so enlarged; and "Now," said he, "wouldn't you be so good as just to put your very strongest magnifier on this fish?" Only to think, he expected to see inside that narrow tube, all clad in golden armor, an ichthyic monster 250 feet long, every scale of whose plate-armor would be ten feet broad; and these, too, fluted with grooves into any one of which a man might lay his right arm!



INTERIOR OF A LIEBERKÜHN'S MICROSCOPE.

Nor is all that has been just narrated to

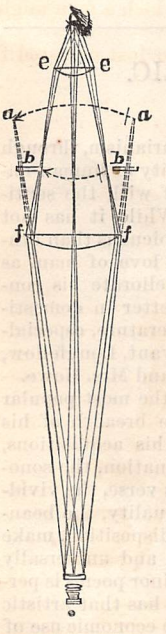


A STUDENT'S MICROSCOPE.

be charged subjectively to pure ignorance. A good deal of it is begotten of the intentional misstatements of persons who have wares to sell, and not a little of the carelessness of statement too often found in popular books. In one of these, devoted to optics, we read: "The surface of the object appears to occupy four million times its natural extent. Under such a power, a hair would appear six inches thick, a fine needle would look like a street post, and a grain of sand like a mass of rocks." Alas, what becomes of that cambric needle enlarged to the respectable dimensions of a marlinespike? O shade of Leuwenhoek! But there is not a shadow of you left!

The upper part of the tube in the compound microscope is occupied by the eyeglasses. These are two plano-convex lenses; that is, lenses that are convex on one side and flat on the other. The flat surfaces are toward the eye. The lens immediately next the eye is called the eyeglass, or ocular; the one more remote is called the field-glass; while the term eye-piece is often used to mean the two glasses and that part of the tube which contains them, and which part can be put into or taken out of the long tube of the microscope, as the better sorts of instruments have usually more than one eye-piece.

Our engraving shows a compound microscope. It is really a portrait of the kind used professionally, that is, in the laboratory, and hence is known as the student's microscope. It is with such an instrument that the main part of professional work is done; and, comparatively speaking, it is seldom that a better instrument is required. Let us now inspect the interior of a compound microscope; that is, let us see what goes on inside such an instrument. With a few words the diagram will make this whole matter plain. From *e e*, where the eye is placed, to the little object at the other end, is the entire length of the tube of the instrument. From *e e* to *f f* is the short tube, called the eye-piece, which is put into the top of the long tube. It contains two glasses; the one, *e e*, is the eyeglass, the other, *f f*, is the field-glass, and both are plano-convex lenses; that is, convex on one side and plane on the other, the flat side being toward the eye. At *b b* is a constricted aperture in the tube, between the two glasses. This is the diaphragm, or annular opening, which shuts out all unnecessary or disturbing light. From each end of the object and from the centre of it are projected three rays of light. By following each outside triplet of rays from the object, we notice that if there were no obstruction they would form an image at *a a*; but meeting the field-glass, *f f*, they are bent from their course, and compelled to pass through the constricted passage of the diaphragm at *b b*. Here they form a magnified image of the object. Now the eyeglass, *e e*, further magnifies this image, just as if it were an original object; for the rays leave *b b*, and pass through the lens or eyeglass exactly as they do in the case of the simple microscope.

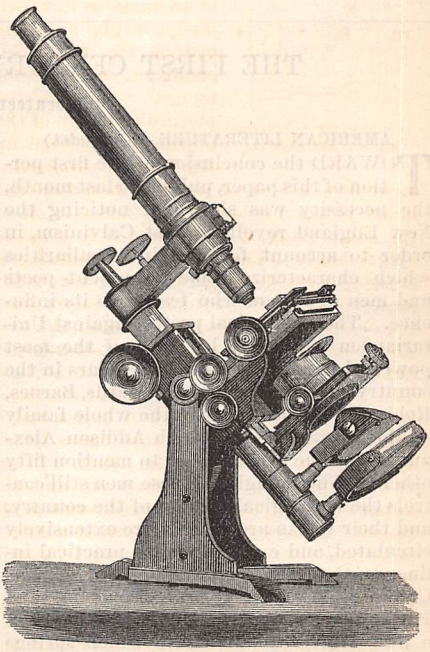


WHAT GOES ON INSIDE A COMPOUND MICROSCOPE.

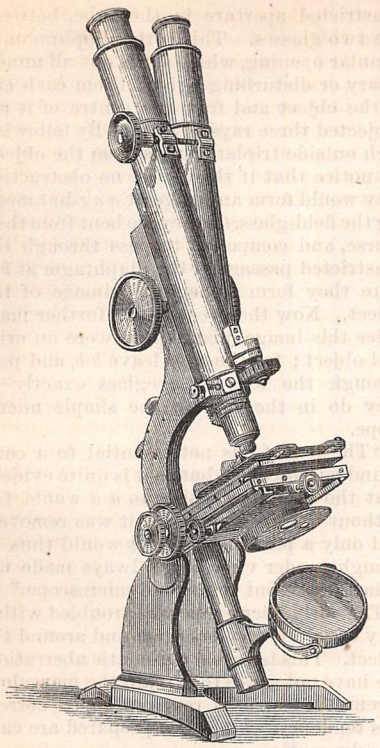
"The lens *f f* is not essential to a compound microscope; but as it is quite evident that the rays proceeding to *a a* would fall without the eyeglass, *e e*, if it was removed, and only a part of the light would thus be brought under view, it is always made use of in the present compound microscope."

The early microscope was troubled with a play of rainbow colors upon and around the object. This is called chromatic aberration. We have not space to explain the marvelous ingenuity which is resorted to to correct this tendency. Lenses so prepared are called achromatic.

So the microscopist of to-day has at his service, in the modern microscope, one of



A HIGH-CLASS MICROSCOPE.



A BINOCULAR MICROSCOPE.

the highest achievements of human genius. What fertility of invention and high skill in execution! How wonderfully blended are the rigid mathematics and the severest optical science and the nicest mechanism of constructive skill! The microscope is really the crystallization of large scientific experience. Nay, we prefer to regard it as an organism of thought, the clustered fruitage of the busy, active thinking of two hundred years. Such is the modern high-class achromatic compound microscope; while the last achievement, the binocular microscope, seems to leave nothing to be desired.

So much for the genesis and growth of the microscope. And shall we not indulge one thought on its conceptional origin? As if destined to the status of a noble organism, it began existence as a mere globule, a spherical cell. And who knows—but is it not likely that the conception took place in the mind of an inchoate optician when observing the effect of the morning sunlight on a drop of dew? There, to his astonishment, appeared in clear enlargement the hitherto indiscernible—the delicate nervures of the wing of a drowned midge. Thus in the beginning, perhaps, was prefigured that *ultima thule* of modern microscopy, the immersion lens.

And now, after such a genesis and such an unfolding, in how much is our world the better for the microscope? To what extent is science its debtor? Does it add to the sum of knowledge? Does it increase human happiness or lessen human misery? In subsequent papers we shall answer these questions.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Seventeenth Paper.]

AMERICAN LITERATURE.—(*Concluded.*)

TOWARD the conclusion of the first portion of this paper, published last month, the necessity was shown of noticing the New England revolt against Calvinism, in order to account for certain peculiarities which characterize some prominent poets and men of letters who testify to its influence. The theological protest against Unitarianism was made by some of the most powerful minds and learned scholars in the country—by Stuart, Park, Edwards, Barnes, Robinson, Lyman Beecher, the whole family of the Alexanders, of which Addison Alexander was the greatest, not to mention fifty others. The thought of these men still controls the theological opinion of the country, and their works are much more extensively circulated, and exert a greater practical influence, than the writings of such men as Channing, Norton, Dewey, Emerson, and Parker; but still they have not affected in a like degree the literature which springs from the heart, the imagination, and the spiritual sentiment. Unitarianism, through its lofty views of the dignity of human nature, naturally allied itself with the sentiment of philanthropy. While it has not been more practically conspicuous than other denominations for the love of man, as expressed in works to ameliorate his condition, it has succeeded better in domesticating philanthropy in literature, especially in poetry. Witness Bryant, Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes, Lowell, and Mrs. Howe.

Longfellow is probably the most popular poet of the country. The breadth of his sympathy, the variety of his acquisitions, the plasticity of his imagination, the sonorousness and weight of his verse, the vividness of his imagery, the equality, the beauty, the beneficence of his disposition, make him universally attractive and universally intelligible. Each of his minor poems is pervaded by one thought, and has that artistic unity which comes from the economic use of rich material. The "Hymn to the Night," "A Psalm of Life," "Footsteps of Angels,"

"The Skeleton in Armor," "The Wreck of the Hesperus," "The Village Blacksmith," "Excelsior," "The Arsenal at Springfield," "Sea-Weed," "Resignation," and other of his minor poems have found a lodgment in the memory of every body, and it will be found that their charm consists in their unity as well as in their beauty, that they are as much poems, complete in themselves, as "Evangeline" or "Hiawatha." In "Maidenhood" and "Endymion," especially in the latter, the poet is revealed in all the exquisiteness, the delicacy, the refinement, of his imaginative faculty; but they are less popular than the poems previously mentioned, because they embody more subtile moods of the poetic mind. Longfellow's power of picturing to the eye and the soul a scene, a place, an event, a person, is almost unrivaled. His command of many metres, each adapted to his special subject, shows also how artistically he uses sound to re-enforce vision, and satisfy the ear while pleasing the eye.

"When descends on the Atlantic
The gigantic
Storm-wind of the equinox,
Landward in his wrath he scourges
The toiling surges,
Laden with sea-weed from the rocks."

The ear least skilled to detect the harmonies of verse feels the obvious effect of lines like these. In his long poems, such as "Evangeline," "The Golden Legend," "Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The New England Tragedies," Longfellow never repeats himself. He occupies a new domain of poetry with each successive poem, and always gives the public the delightful shock of a new surprise. In his prose works, *Outre-Mer*, *Hyperion*, and *Kavanagh*, he is the same man as in his verse—ever sweet, tender, thoughtful, weighty, vigorous, imaginative, and humane. His great translation of Dante is not the least of his claims to the gratitude of his countrymen, for it is a new illustration of his life-long devotion—rare in an American—to the service of literature, considered as one of the highest exercises of patriotism.

Longfellow has enjoyed every advantage that culture can give, and his knowledge of many nations and many languages undoubtedly has given breadth to his mind, and opened to him ever new sources of poetic interest; but John Greenleaf Whittier, who contests with him the palm of popularity as a poet, was one of those God-made men who are in a sense self-made poets. A musing farmer's boy, working in the fields, and ignorant of books, he early felt the poetic instinct moving in his soul, but thought his surroundings were essentially prosaic, and could never be sung. At last one afternoon, while he was gathering in the hay, a peddler dropped a copy of Burns into his hands. Instantly his eyes were unsealed. There in the neighboring field was "Highland Mary;" "The Cotter's Saturday Night" occurred in his own father's pious New England home; and the birds which caroled over his head, the flowers which grew under his feet, were as poetic as those to which the Scottish plowman had given perennial interest. Burns taught him to detect the beautiful in the common, but Burns could not corrupt the singularly pure soul of the lad by his enticing suggestions of idealized physical enjoyment and unregulated passion. The boy grew into a man, cultivating assiduously his gift of song, though shy of showing it. The antislavery storm swept over the land, awakening consciences as well as stimulating intellects. Whittier had always lived in a region of moral ideas, and this antislavery inspiration inflamed his moral ideas into moral passion and moral wrath. If Garrison may be considered the prophet of antislavery, and Phillips its orator, and Mrs. Stowe its novelist, and Sumner its statesman, there can be no doubt that Whittier was its poet. Quaker as he was, his martial lyrics had something of the energy of a primitive bard urging on hosts to battle. Every word was a blow, as uttered by this newly enrolled soldier of the Lord. "The silent, shy, peace-loving man" became a "fiery partisan," and held his intrepid way

"against the public frown,
The ban of church and state, the fierce mob's hounding down."

He roused, condensed, and elevated the public sentiment against slavery. The poetry was as genuine as the wrath was terrific, and many a political time-server, who was proof against Garrison's hottest denunciations and Phillips's most stinging invectives, quailed before Whittier's smiting rhymes. Yet he tells us he was essentially a poetic dreamer, unfit "to ride the winged hippogriff Reform."

"For while he wrought with strenuous will
The work his hands had found to do,
He heard the fitful music still
Of winds that out of dream-land blew.

* * * * * * *

"The common air was thick with dreams—
He told them to the toiling crowd:
Such music as the woods and streams
Sang in his ear he sang aloud.

"In still, shut bays, on windy capes,
He heard the call of beckoning shapes,
And, as the gray old shadows prompted him,
To homely moulds of rhyme he shaped their legends grim."

In these lines he refers to two kinds of poetry in which he has obtained almost equal eminence—his intensely imaginative and meditative poems, and his ringing, legendary ballads, the material of the latter having been gathered, in his wanderings, from the lips of sailors, farmers, and that class of aged women who connect each event

they relate with the superstitions originally ingrafted upon it. It is needless to add that during the war of the rebellion, and the political contests accompanying reconstruction, the voice of Whittier rang through the land to cheer, to animate, to uplift, and also to warn and denounce. Whittier, though creedless, is one of the most religious of our poets. In these days of skepticism as to the possibility of the communication of the Divine Mind with the human, it is consolatory to read his poem on "The Eternal Goodness" —especially this stanza:

> "I know not where His islands lift
> Their fronded palms in air:
> I only know I can not drift
> Beyond His love and care."

Oliver Wendell Holmes—wit, satirist, humorist, novelist, scholar, scientist—is, above every thing, a poet, for the qualities of the poet pervade all the operations of his variously gifted mind. His sense of the ludicrous is not keener than his sense of the beautiful; his wit and humor are but the sportive exercise of a fancy and imagination which he has abundantly exercised on serious topics; and the extensive learning and acute logic of the man of science are none the less solid in substance because in expression they are accompanied by a throng of images and illustrations which endow erudition with life, and give a charm to the most closely linked chain of reasoning. The first thing which strikes a reader of Holmes is the vigor and elasticity of his nature. He is incapable of weakness. He is fresh and manly even when he securely treads the scarcely marked line which separates sentiment from sentimentality. This prevailing vigor proceeds from a strength of individuality which is often pushed to dogmatic self-assertion. It is felt as much in his airy, fleering mockeries of folly and pretension, as in his almost Juvenalian invectives against baseness and fraud—in the pleasant way in which he stretches a coxcomb on the rack of wit, as in the energy with which he grapples an opponent in the tussle of argumentation. He never seems to imagine that he can be inferior to the thinker whose position he assails, any more than to the noodle whose nonsense he jeers at. In argument he is sometimes the victor, in virtue of scornfully excluding what another reasoner would include, and thus seems to make his own intellect the measure of the whole subject in discussion. When in his Autocrat, or his Professor, or his Poet, at the Breakfast Table, he touches theological themes, he is peculiarly exasperating to theological opponents, not only for the effectiveness of his direct hits, but for the easy way in which he gayly overlooks considerations which their whole culture has induced them to deem of vital moment. The truth is that Holmes's dogmatism comes rather from the vividness and rapidity of his perceptions than from the arrogance of his personality. "This," he seems to say, "is not my opinion; it is a demonstrated law which you willfully ignore while pretending to be scholars." The indomitable courage of the man carries him through all the exciting controversies he scornfully invites. Holmes, for the last forty years, has been expressing this inexhaustible vitality of nature in various ways, and to-day he appears as vigorous as he was in his prime, more vigorous than he was in his youth. His early poems sparkled with thought and abounded in energy; but still they can not be compared in wit, in humor, in depth of sentiment, in beauty of diction, in thoughtfulness, in lyrical force, with the poems of the past twenty-five years of his life. It is needless to give even the titles of the many pieces which are fixed in the memory of all cultivated readers among his countrymen. His novels, *Elsie Venner* and *The Guardian Angel*, rank high among original American contributions to the domain of romance. In prose, as in verse, his fecundity and vigor of thought have found adequate expression in a corresponding point and compactness of style.

James Russell Lowell is now in the prime of his genius and at the height of his reputation. His earlier poems, pervaded by the transcendental tone of thought current in New England at the time they were written, were full of promise, but gave little evidence of the wide variety of power he has since displayed. The spirituality of his thinking has deepened with advancing years. Nothing in his first volume, *A Year's Life*, suggests the depth of moral beauty he afterward embodied in "The Vision of Sir Launfal," the throng of subtle thoughts and images which almost confuse us by their multiplicity in "The Cathedral," and the grandeur of "The Commemoration Ode." *The Biglow Papers* are unique in our literature. Lowell adds to his other merits that of being an accomplished philologist; but granting his scholarship as an investigator of the popular idioms of foreign speech, he must be principally esteemed for his knowledge of the Yankee dialect. Hosea Biglow is almost the only writer who uses the dialect properly, and most other pretenders to a knowledge of it must be considered caricaturists as compared with him; for Biglow, like Burns, makes the dialect he employs flexible to every mood of thought and passion, from good sense as solid as granite to the most bewitching descriptions of nature and the loftiest affirmations of conscience. As a prose writer, Lowell is quite as eminent as he is as a poet. His essays, where nature is his theme, are brimful of delicious descriptions, and his critical papers on Chaucer, Shakspeare, Spenser, Dryden, Pope, and Rousseau, not to mention others, are mas-

terpieces of their kind. His defect, both as poet and prose writer, comes from the too lavish use of his seemingly inexhaustible powers of wit, fancy, and imagination. He is apt to sacrifice unity of general effect by overloading his paragraphs with suggestive meaning. That wise reserve of expression to which Longfellow owes so much of his reputation, that subordination of minor thoughts to the leading thought of the poem or essay, are frequently disregarded by Lowell. His mind is too rich to submit even to artistic checks on its fertility.

Julia Ward Howe, one of the most accomplished women in the United States, a scholar, a reasoner, an excellent prose writer, a poet with the power to uplift as well as to please, is also generally known as a champion of the right of women to vote. In the facts, arguments, and appeals which she brings to bear on this debated question, and the felicity of the occasional sarcastic strokes with which she smites an opponent who has offended her reason as well as vexed her patience, we find a woman fully equipped to do battle for the cause of woman; and certainly that man must be exceptionally endowed with brains who can afford to indulge in the luxury of despising her intellect. Her thrilling "Battle Hymn of the Republic" is an artistic variation on the John Brown song. The original is incomparable of its kind. No poet could have written it. Such rudeness and wildness are beyond the conception even of Walt Whitman and the author of "Festus." One would say that it was written by the common soldiers who sang it as they advanced to battle; that it was an elemental tune, suited to the rugged natures that shouted its refrain as they resolutely faced death, with the confident assurance of immortality. The words are verbal equivalents of rifle-bullets and cannon-balls; the tune is a noise, like the shriek of the shell as it ascends to the exact point whence it can most surely descend to blast and kill. Mrs. Howe's hymn has not this elemental character, but it is still wonderfully animating and invigorating; and the constant use of Scripture phrases shows the high level of thought and sentiment to which her soul had mounted, and from which she poured forth her exulting strains. "Our Country," "The Flag," "Our Orders," are also thoughtful or impassioned outbreaks of the same spiritual feeling which gives vitality to the "Battle Hymn."

The authors thus grouped together, differing so widely as they do in the individuality impressed on their genius, are still connected by that peculiar impulse given to American literature by Channing's revolt against the Calvinistic view of human nature, and by the emphasis they all lay on the ethical sentiment, not merely in its practical application to the concerns of actual life, but as highly idealized in its application to that life which is called divine. The new poetical metaphysics and theology had not touched the mind of Charles Sprague. His poem of "Curiosity," delivered in 1829 before the Phi Beta Society of Harvard College, is so excellent in description, in the various pictures it gives of human life, in the pungency of its wit and satire, that it deserves a place among the best productions of the school of Pope and Goldsmith. His odes are more open to criticism, though they contain many thoughtful, impassioned, and resounding lines. His "Shakspeare" ode is the best of these; and he concludes it with a very felicitous image, contrasting the success of the great poet of England in doing that which her statesmen and soldiers could not perform:

> "Our Roman-hearted fathers broke
> Thy parent empire's galling yoke;
> But thou, harmonious monarch of the mind,
> Around their sons a gentler chain shall bind.
> Still o'er our land shall Albion's sceptre wave,
> And what her mighty lion lost her mightier swan shall save."

A more homely illustration of the fact that Shakspeare binds the English race together whithersoever it wanders, is afforded by the remark of a sturdy New England farmer when he heard the rumor that England intended to make the Mason and Slidell affair an occasion for war with the United States, and thus insure success to the Confederates. The farmer paused, reflected, sought out in his mind something which would indicate his complete severance not only from the people of England, but from the English mind, and at last condensed all his wrath in this intense remark, "Well, if that report is true, all I can say is that Lord Lyons is welcome to my copy of Shakspeare."

Perhaps Sprague's most original poems are those in which he consecrated his domestic affections. Wordsworth himself would have hailed these with delight. Any body who can read with unwet eyes "I See Still," "The Family Meeting," "The Brothers," and "Lines on the Death of M. S. C." is a critic who has as little perception of the language of natural emotion as of the reserves and refinements of poetic art.

Sprague had the good fortune, as the cashier of a leading Boston bank, to be independent of his poetic gifts, considered as means of subsistence. But Nathaniel Parker Willis was, perhaps, the first of our poets to prove that literature could be relied upon as a good business. He certainly enjoyed all those advantages which accompany competence, and the only bank he could draw upon was his brain. He thoroughly understood the art of producing what people desired to read, and for which publishers were willing to pay. His early Scripture sketches, written when he was a student of Yale, gave him the reputation of a promising gen-

ius, and though the genius did not afterward take the direction to which its first successes pointed, it gained in strength and breadth with the writer's advancing years. In his best poems he displayed energy both of thought and imagination; but his predominant characteristics were keenness of observation, fertility of fancy, quickness of wit, shrewdness of understanding, a fine perception of beauty, a remarkable felicity in the choice of words, and a subtle sense of harmony in their arrangement, whether his purpose was to produce melodious verse or musical prose. But he doubtless squandered his powers in the attempt to turn them into commodities. To this he was driven by his necessities, and he always frankly acknowledged that he could have done better with his brain had he possessed an income corresponding to that of other eminent American men of letters, who could select their topics without regard to the immediate market value of what they wrote. He became the favorite poet, satirist, and "organ" of the fashionable world. He wrote editorials, letters, essays, novels, which were full of evidences of his rare talent without doing justice to it. He idealized trivialities; he gave a kind of reality to the unreal; and week after week he lifted into importance the unsubstantial matters which for the time occupied the attention of "good society." Some of his phrases, such as "the upper ten thousand," "Fifth-Ave-nudity," are still remembered. The paper which Willis edited, the *Home Journal*, exerted a great deal of influence. However slight might be the subjects, there can be no question that the editor worked hard in bringing the resources of his knowledge, observation, wit, and fancy to place them in their most attractive lights. The trouble was not in the vigor of the faculties, but in the thinness of much of the matter. As an editor, however, Willis had an opportunity to display his grand generosity of heart, and the peculiar power he had of detecting the slightest trace of genius in writers who were the objects of his appreciative eulogy. In the whole history of American literature there is no other example of a prominent man of letters who showed, like Willis, such a passionate desire to make his natural influence effective in dragging into prominence writers who either had no reputation at all, or whose reputation was notoriously less than his.

James G. Percival had not Willis's happy disposition and adaptive talent. Though recognized by friends as a poet of the first (American) class, he never succeeded in interesting the great body of his intelligent countrymen in any but a few of his minor poems. He ranks among the great sorrowing class of neglected geniuses. A man of large though somewhat undigested erudition, knowing many languages and many sciences, he was seemingly ignorant of the art of marrying his knowledge to his imagination. When he wrote in prose, he was full of matter; when he wrote in verse, he was full of glow and aspiration and fancy, but wanting in matter. At present, the poet is required to supply nutriment as well as stimulant. Tennyson's immense popularity, which makes every new poem from his pen a literary event, is to be referred not merely to his imaginative power, but to his keeping himself on a level with the science and scholarship of his age. "In Memoriam" would not have attracted so much attention had it not been felt that the poet who celebrates a dead friend was, at the same time, all alive to the importance of problems, now vehemently discussed by theologians and scientists, which relate to the question of the reality and immortality of the human soul. Emerson, also, is not more noted for his grand reliance on the soul than for his acquaintance with the scientific facts and theories which appear to deny its existence.

Edgar Allan Poe, like Willis and Percival, adopted, or was forced into, literature as a profession. He was a man of rare original capacity, cursed by an incurable perversity of character. It can not be said he failed of success. The immediate recognition as positive additions to our literature of such poems as "The Raven," "Annabel Lee," and "The Bells," and of such prose stories as "The Gold Bug," "The Purloined Letter," "The Murders of Rue Morgue," and "The Fall of the House of Usher," indicates that the public was not responsible for the misfortunes of his life. He also assumed the position of general censor and supervisor of American letters, and in this he also measurably succeeded; for his critical power, when not biased by his caprices, was extraordinarily acute, and during the period of his domination no critic's praise was more coveted than his, and no critic's blame more dreaded. In most of his literary work he displayed that rare combination of reason and imagination to which may be given the name of imaginative analysis. He was so proud of this power that he was never weary of unfolding, even to a chance acquaintance, the genesis of his poems and stories, accounting, on reasonable grounds, for every melodious variation in the verse, every little incident touched upon in the narrative, as steps in a deductive argument from assumed premises. One of two things was necessary to quicken his mind into full activity. The first was animosity against an individual; the second was some chance suggestion which awakened and tasked all the resources of his intellectual ingenuity. The wild, weird, unearthly, *under*-natural, as distinguished from

supernatural, element in his most popular poems and stories is always accompanied by an imagination which not only spiritually discerns but relentlessly dissects. The morbid element, directing his powers, came from his character; the perfection of his analysis came from an intellect as fertile as it was calm, and as delicate in selecting every minute thread of thought as in seizing every evanescent shade of feeling.

Bayard Taylor is justly esteemed as one of the most eminent of American men of letters. A graduate of no university, he has mastered many languages; born in a Pennsylvania village, he may be said to have been every where and to have seen every body; and all that he has achieved is due to his own persistent energy and tranquil self-reliance. Journalist, traveler, essayist, critic, novelist, scholar, and poet, he has ever preserved the simplicity of nature which marked his first book of travels, and the simplicity of style which the knowledge of many lands and many tongues has never tempted him to abandon. His books of voyages and travels are charming, but their charm consists in the austere closeness of the words he uses to the facts he records, the scenery he depicts, and the adventures he narrates. The same simplicity of style characterizes his poems, his few novels, and numerous stories. The richness of his vocabulary never impels him to sacrifice truth of representation to the transient effectiveness which is readily secured by indulgence in declamation. One sometimes wonders that the master of so many languages should be content to express himself with such rigid economy of word and phrase in the one he learned at his mother's knee. Among Taylor's minor poems, it is difficult to select those which exhibit his genius at its topmost point. Perhaps "Camadeva" may be instanced as best showing his power of blending exquisite melody with serene, satisfying, uplifting thought. The song which begins with the invocation, "Daughter of Egypt, veil thine eyes!" is as good as could be selected from his many pieces to indicate the energy and healthiness of his lyric impulse. His longer poems would reward a careful criticism. The best of them is "The Masque of the Gods"—a poem comprehensive in conception, noble in purpose, and admirable in style. Taylor has also done a great work in translating, or rather transfusing, the two parts of Goethe's "Faust" into various English metres corresponding to the original German verse, literal not only in reproducing ideas, but in reproducing melodies. This long labor could only have been undertaken by an American man of letters whose love of lucre was entirely subordinate to his love of literature.

Another American writer who has made literature a profession is George William Curtis. Mr. Curtis opened a new vein of satiric fiction in *The Potiphar Papers*, *Prue and I*, and *Trumps;* but probably the great extent of his popularity is due to his papers in this Magazine, under the general title of the Editor's Easy Chair. In these he has developed every faculty of his mind and every felicity of his disposition; the large variety of the topics he has treated would alone be sufficient to prove the generous breadth of his culture; but it is in the treatment of his topics that his peculiarly attractive genius is displayed in all its abundant resources of sense, knowledge, wit, fancy, reason, and sentiment. His tone is not only manly, but gentlemanly; his persuasiveness is an important element of his influence; and no reformer has equaled him in the art of insinuating sound principles into prejudiced intellects by putting them in the guise of pleasantries. He can on occasion send forth sentences of ringing invective; but in the Easy Chair he generally prefers the attitude of urbanity which the title of his department suggests. His style, in addition to its other merits, is rhythmical; so that his thoughts slide, as it were, into the reader's mind in a strain of music. Not the least remarkable of his characteristics is the undiminished vigor and elasticity of his intelligence, in spite of the incessant draughts he has for years been making upon it.

In the domain of history and biography, American literature, during the past fifty years, can boast of works of standard value. The most indefatigable of all explorers into the unpublished letters and documents illustrating the history of the United States was Jared Sparks. His voluminous editions of *The Life and Writings of Washington and Franklin*, his *Diplomatic Correspondence of the Revolution*, and other books devoted to the task of adding to the authentic materials of American history, are mines of information to the students of history; but Mr. Sparks, though a clear and forcible writer, had not the gift of attractiveness; and the results of his investigations have been more popularly presented by Irving, in his *Life of Washington*, and Parton, in his *Life of Franklin*, than by his own biographies of those eminent men, based on the results of tireless original research extending through many years.

In the political history of the country there only remain two "families," in the English sense of the term. These are the Adamses and the Hamiltons. Charles F. Adams has published a collection of his grandfather's works, in ten volumes, introduced by a life of John Adams, which is one of the most delightful of American biographies, and, at the same time, a positive addition to the early history of the United States under our first two Presidents. An edition of Hamilton's works has

also been published; and one of Hamilton's sons has written a *History of the Republic of the United States*, "as traced in the writings of Alexander Hamilton and of his contemporaries." It is needless to say that the controversies between the two families have added new matter of great value to the mass of documents which shed light on our early history as a united nation.

It would be tedious to enumerate other works, which are valuable contributions to our annals; but, in 1834, George Bancroft appeared as *the* historian of the United States, or rather the historian of the process by which the States became united. He professed to have seized on the underlying Idea which shaped the destinies of the country; in later volumes he indicated his initiation in the councils of Providence; and though his last volume (the tenth), published in 1874, only brings the history down to the conclusion of the Revolutionary war, his labor of forty years has confirmed him in his historical philosophy. Bancroft has been prominent in American politics during all this period; he has been successively Collector of the port of Boston, Secretary of the Navy, American minister in London and Berlin, and has thus enjoyed every possible advantage of correcting his declamation by his experience; but his tendency to rhapsody has not diminished with the increase of his knowledge and his years. He has, to be sure, availed himself of every opportunity to add to the materials which enter into the composition of American history, and has been as indefatigable in research as confident in theorizing. The different volumes of his work are of various literary merit, but they are all stamped by the unmistakable impress of the historian's individuality. There is no dogmatism more exclusive than that of fixed ideas and ideals, and this dogmatism Mr. Bancroft exhibits throughout his history both in its declamatory and speculative form. Indeed, there are chapters in each of his volumes which, considered apart, might lead one to suppose that the work was misnamed, and that it should be entitled, "The Psychological Autobiography of George Bancroft, as Illustrated by Incidents and Characters in the Annals of the United States." Generally, however, his fault is not in suppressing or overlooking facts, but in disturbing the relations of facts —substituting their relation to the peculiar intellectual and moral organization of the historian to their natural relations with each other. Still, he has written the most popular history of the United States (up to 1782) which has yet appeared, and has made a very large addition to the materials on which it rests. Perhaps he would not have been so tireless in research had he not been so passionately earnest in speculation.

The necessarily slow progress of Mr. Bancroft's history, and the various protests against his theories and his judgments, impelled Richard Hildreth, a bold, blunt, hard-headed, and resolute man, caustic in temper, keen in intellect, indefatigable in industry, and blessed with an honest horror of shams, to write a history of the United States, in which our fathers should be presented exactly as they were, "unbedaubed with patriotic rouge." The first volume was published in 1849, the sixth in 1852. The whole work included the events between the discovery and colonization of the continent and the year 1821. As a book of reference, this history still remains as the best in our catalogues of works on American history. The style is concise, the facts happily combined, the judgments generally good; and while justice is done to our great men, there is every where observable an almost vindictive contempt of persons who have made themselves "great" by the arts of the demagogue. Hildreth studied carefully all the means of information within his reach; but his plan did not contemplate original research on the large scale in which it was prosecuted by Bancroft.

The *History of New England*, by John G. Palfrey, is distinguished by thoroughness of investigation, fairness of judgment, and clearness and temperance of style. It is one of the ablest contributions as yet made to our colonial history. The various histories of Francis Parkman, *The Conspiracy of Pontiac, The Pioneers of France in the New World, The Jesuits in North America, The Discovery of the Great West*, exhibit a singular combination of the talents of the historian with those of the novelist. The materials he has laboriously gathered are disposed in their just relations by a sound understanding, while they are vivified by a realizing mind. The result is a series of narratives in which accuracy in the slightest details is found compatible with the most glowing exercise of historical imagination, and the use of a style singularly rapid, energetic, and picturesque.

William H. Prescott had one of those happily constituted natures in which intellectual conscientiousness is in perfect harmony with the moral quality which commonly monopolizes the name of conscience. He was as incapable of lies of the brain as of lies of the heart. When he undertook to write histories, he employed an ample fortune to obtain new materials, sifted them with the utmost care, weighed opposing statements in an understanding which was unbiased by prejudice, and, suppressing the laborious processes by which he had arrived at definite conclusions, presented the results of his toil in a narrative so easy, limpid, vivid, and picturesque that his delighted readers hardly realized that what was so pleasing and instructive to them could have cost much

pain and labor to him. Echoes beyond the Atlantic, coming from England, France, Germany, Italy, and Spain, gradually forced the conviction into the ordinary American mind that the historian of Ferdinand and Isabella, of the conquerors of Mexico and Peru, of Philip the Second, had in his quiet Boston home made large additions to the history of Europe in one of its most important epochs. Humboldt was specially emphatic in his praise. Prescott was enrolled among the members of many foreign academies, whose doors were commonly shut to all who could not show that they had made contributions to human knowledge as well as to human entertainment. Much of his foreign reputation was doubtless due to his lavish expenditure of money to obtain rare books and copies of rare MSS. which contained novel and important facts; but his wide popularity is to be referred to his possession of the faculty of historical imagination; that is, his power of realizing and reproducing the events and characters of past ages, and of becoming mentally a contemporary of the persons whose actions he narrated. His partial blindness, which compelled him to listen rather than to read, and to employ a cunningly contrived apparatus in order to write, was in his case an advantage. He had the eyes of friends and faithful secretaries eager to serve him. What passed into his ear became an image in his mind, and his bodily infirmity quickened his mental sight. His judgment and imagination brooded over the throng of details to which he listened; he formed a mental picture out of the dry facts; and by assiduous thinking he disposed the facts in their right relations without losing his hold on their vitality as pictures of a past age. People who passed him in his daily afternoon walks around Boston Common knew that his thoughts were busy on Ferdinand, or Cortez, or Pizarro, or Philip, and not on the news of the day; and his rapid pace and the peculiar swing of his cane as he trudged on indicated that he was looking not on what was imperfectly present to his bodily eye, but on objects to which physical exercise had given new life and significance as surveyed by the eye of his mind. His intense absorption in the subject-matter of his various histories gave to them a peculiar attractiveness which few novels possess. Any body who, after reading Lew Wallace's recent romance of *The Fair God*, or Dr. Bird's *Calavar*, will then turn to Prescott's *History of the Conquest of Mexico*, can not fail to be impressed with the historian's superiority to the romancer in the mere point of romantic interest.

Another American historian, John Lothrop Motley, the author of *The Rise of the Dutch Republic*, *The History of the United Netherlands*, *The History of John of Barneveld*, and, it is to be hoped, of the great Thirty Years' War, has been, like Prescott, untiring in research, has made large additions to the facts of European history, has decisively settled many debatable questions which have tried the sagacity of French and German historians of the sixteenth century, and has poured forth the results of his researches in a series of impassioned narratives, which warm the blood and kindle the imagination as well as inform the understanding. His histories are, in some degree, epics. As he frequently crosses Prescott's path in his presentation of the ideas, passions, and persons of the sixteenth century, it is curious to note the serenity of Prescott's narrative as contrasted with the swift, chivalric impatience of wrong which animates almost every page of Motley. Both imaginatively reproduce what they have investigated; both have the eye to see and the reason to discriminate; both substantially agree in their judgment as to events and characters; but Prescott quietly allows his readers, as a jury, to render their verdict on the statement of the facts, while Motley somewhat fiercely pushes forward to anticipate it. Prescott calmly represents; Motley intensely feels. Prescott is on a watch-tower surveying the battle; Motley plunges into the thickest of the fight. In temperament no two historians could be more apart; in judgment they are identical. As both historians are equally incapable of lying, Motley finds it necessary to overload his narrative with details which justify his vehemence, while Prescott can afford to omit them, on account of his reputation for a benign impartiality between the opposing parties. A Roman Catholic disputant would find it hard to fasten a quarrel on Prescott; but with Motley he could easily detect an occasion for a duel to the death. It is to be said that Motley's warmth of feeling never betrays him into intentional injustice to any human being; his histories rest on a basis of facts which no critic has shaken; and to the merit of being a historian of wide repute, it is to be added that he has ever been a stanch friend, in the emergencies of the politics of the country, to every cause based on truth, honor, reason, freedom, and justice. The same high chivalrous tone which rings through his histories has been heard in every crisis of his public career.

The European histories of Prescott and Motley required an introduction, and this was furnished by John Foster Kirk, in his *History of Charles the Bold*. Mr. Kirk was one of the ablest, most scholarly, and most enthusiastic of Prescott's secretaries. He had the sagacity to perceive the importance of the period of which he proposed to write the history, and the perseverance to execute the difficult task. Charles and Louis were known to all people who spoke the English tongue by Scott's famous novel

of *Quentin Durward*, and his feebler concluding romance of *Anne of Geierstein;* and Mr. Kirk had a right to suppose that an account of an important era of European history would lose none of its attractiveness by being rigidly conformed to historical facts. As to his research, it is sufficient to say that in his investigations in the archives of Switzerland alone he was probably the first man to disturb the dust which nearly four centuries had heaped on precious manuscript documents. As a thinker he is always ingenious, and as generally sound as he is original. In narrative, the richness of his materials, as in the case of Motley, tempts him sometimes into seemingly needless minuteness of detail.

Among other works which do credit to the historical literature of the country may be named *The Life and Correspondence of Nathaniel Greene*, from original materials, by George W. Greene—a work which, of its kind, is of the first class. The same writer's *Historical View of the American Revolution* is an excellent compend drawn from original sources. The various volumes of Richard Frothingham are admirable for accuracy and research. On the general subject of history, the elaborate work of Dr. John W. Draper, *The History of the Intellectual Development of Europe*, is comprehensive in scope, brilliant in style, and bold in speculation. The first volume of *The History of France*, by Parke Godwin, is so good that it is to be regretted the author has not continued his task. The various biographies written by James Parton—namely, the lives of Burr, Jackson, Franklin, and Jefferson—have the great merit of being entertaining, while they rest on a solid basis of facts which the writer has diligently explored. His love of paradox, though a fault, certainly gives piquancy to his lucid narrative. He starts commonly with a peculiar theory, and if sometimes unjust, the injustice comes from his surveying the subject from an eccentric point of view, and not from any deliberate intention to misstate facts or disturb their relations. *The Life of Josiah Quincy*, by his son, Edmund Quincy, is an admirably executed portrait of one of the stoutest specimens of political manhood in American history. Like Parton, Quincy interests by reproducing the period of which he writes, and, like him, is a painter of "interiors." *The Rise and Fall of the Slave Power in America*, by Henry Wilson, is the work of a man who as Senator of the United States was long in the thick of the fight against slavery, who knew by experience the thoughts, passions, and policies of the parties in the contest, and who wrote the history of the contest with simplicity, earnestness, and impartiality. *The Life of Madison*, by William C. Rives, is a work of interest and value. Among the antiquarians and anecdotists who have illustrated American history, the highest reputation belongs to Benson J. Lossing and the family of the Drakes.

In military history and biography, the most notable work the country has produced is *Memoirs of General W. T. Sherman, Written by Himself*—or, as it might be called, "My Deeds in My Words." The sharpness, conciseness, and arbitrariness of the autobiographer's style are characteristic of the man. He is intensely conscious of his superiority. The word of command is heard ringing in every page of his two octavos. No man could, without being laughed at, have written what he has written unless he had done what he has done. Throughout his autobiography he appears self-centred, self-referring, self-absorbed, and, when opposed, prouder than a score of Spanish hidalgoes. Like George Eliot's innkeeper, he divides human thought into two parts, namely, "my idee," and "humbug;" there is no middle point; but then his intelligence is as solid, quick, broad, and full of resource as his will is defiantly self-reliant. Though there is something bare, bleak, harsh, abrupt, in his style, his blunt egotism every now and then runs into a rude humor. He pats on the back men as brave if not as skillful as himself, and looks down upon them with good-natured toleration as long as they look up to him; but when they do not, disbelief in Sherman denotes incompetency or malignity in the critic. His enmities are hearted, and sometimes vindictive. The grave has closed over a man who in his sphere did at least as much as Sherman to overturn the rebellion, and yet Sherman spares not Secretary Stanton dead any more than he spared Stanton living. Still the book is thoroughly a soldier's book, and must take a rank among the most instructive and entertaining military memoirs ever written.

In that department of history which describes the rise and growth of literatures, the most important work which has been produced by an American scholar is *The History of Spanish Literature*, by George Ticknor. As far as solid and accurate learning is concerned, it is incomparably the best history of Spanish literature in existence, and is so acknowledged in Spain. The author, in his travels in Europe, sought out every book which shed the slightest light on his great subject. The materials of his work are a carefully selected Spanish library, purchased by himself. He deliberately took up the subject as a task which would pleasingly occupy a lifetime. The latest edition, published shortly after his death, showed that the volumes always were on his desk for supervision, revision, and the introduction of new facts, and that he continued pruning and enlarging his work to the day when the pen dropped from his hand. In research he was as indefatigable as he was consci-

entious, and possessing ample leisure and fortune, he tranquilly exerted the powers of his strong understanding and the refinements of his cultivated taste in forming critical judgments, which, if somewhat positive, had the positiveness of knowledge and reflection. Besides, his culture was cosmopolitan; he had enjoyed as wide opportunities for conversing with men as with books, and there was hardly an illustrious European scholar or man of letters of his time with whom he had not been on terms of intimacy; but erudition can not confer insight, nor can genius be communicated by mere companionship with it. Mr. Ticknor's defect was a lack of sympathy and imagination, and, to the historian of literature, nothing can compensate for a deficiency in these. He could not mentally transform himself into a Spaniard, and therefore could not penetrate into the secret of the genius of Spain. He studied its great writers, but he did not look into and behold their souls. There was something cold, hard, resisting, and repellent in his mind. His criticism, therefore, externally judicious, had not for its basis mental facts vividly conceived and vitally interpreted. Had Mr. Ticknor possessed the realizing imagination of his friend Prescott—who was never in Spain—he would have made what is now a valuable work, also a work of fascinating interest and extensive popularity.

In the department of history may be included works on the origin, progress, organization, comparison, and criticism of the religious ideas of various nations. Three works of this kind have been produced in the United States during the past twenty years, each of which indicates a "liberal" bias. The first is *The History of the Doctrine of a Future Life*, by William R. Alger. This is a mine of generalized information, obtained by great labor, and sifted, analyzed, and classified with care and skill. Indeed, it is said that some of the author's acquaintances, knowing the comprehensiveness of the plan, and seeing year after year pass by without any signs of approaching publication, gently hinted to him that the book, as he was writing it, would only be finished in that state of existence which it took for its theme. The second is *Oriental Religions*, by Samuel Johnson, the product of a learned, intelligent, and intrepid "Free Religionist." The third is *Ten Great Religions*, by James Freeman Clarke. The boldness of the thinking in these works is as noticeable as the abundance of the knowledge.

The number of American statesmen who since 1810 have combined literary with political talent is numerous—so numerous, indeed, that, in despair of doing justice to all, we are forced to select three representative men as indicating three separate tendencies in our national life. These are John C. Calhoun, Daniel Webster, and Charles Sumner. Calhoun specially followed the Jefferson who prompted the Resolutions of '98; Sumner, the Jefferson who wrote the Declaration of Independence; Webster, the men who drew up and carried into effect the Constitution of the United States. Calhoun was in politics what Calvin was in theology—a great deductive reasoner from premises assumed. The austerity of his character found a natural outlet in the rigor of his logic. He had the grand audacity of the intellectual athlete, pushed his argumentation to its most extreme results, was willing to peril life and fortune on an inference ten times removed from his original starting-point, and was always a reasoning being in matters where he seemed to be, on practical grounds, an unreasonable one. Despising rhetoric, he became a rhetorician of a high class by pure force of logical statement. Every word he used meant something, and he never indulged in an image or illustration except to condense or enforce a thought. In the discussions in the Senate of the United States regarding the very foundations of the government, raised by what is called "Foote's Resolution," Webster, in 1830, made his celebrated speech in reply to Hayne. In all the resources of the orator—statement, reasoning, wit, humor, imagination, passion—this speech has, like one of the masterpieces of Burke, acquired reputation as a literary work, as well as by its lucid exposition of constitutional law. Webster was so completely victorious over his antagonist in argument as well as eloquence, that only when the question of nullification came up was his triumph seriously questioned. Calhoun, who thought that Hayne had not made the most of the argument for State rights, introduced, in January, 1833, a series of resolutions into the Senate, carefully modeled on the Resolutions of '98, and afterward based an argument upon them as though they were of a validity equal to that of the Constitution itself. The speech was one of the most remarkable efforts of his ingenious, penetrating, and logical mind, and can now be studied with admiration by every body who enjoys following the processes of impassioned deductive reasoning on a question affecting the life of individuals and of States.

Webster's reply, called "The Constitution not a Compact between Sovereign States," was his greatest intellectual effort in the sphere of pure argumentation. Calhoun, a greater reasoner than Jefferson or Madison, had deduced from their propositions—originally thrown out to serve as a convenient cover for a somewhat factious opposition to the administration of John Adams—a theory of the government of the United States for all time to come. Webster resolutely

attacked the premises of Calhoun's speech, and paid little attention to his opponent's deductive reasoning from the premises. Calhoun retorted in a speech in which he complained that Webster had not answered his argument. It was not Webster's policy to discredit Madison, and he simply declared that Madison, in his old age, had repudiated such inferences as Calhoun had drawn from the Resolutions of '98. On constitutional grounds Webster was as triumphant in his contest with Calhoun as he had been in his previous contest with Hayne; but arguments are of small account against interests and passions, and it required the bloodiest and most expensive of civil wars to prove that strictly logical deductions from the Resolutions of '98 did not express the meaning of the Constitution of the United States. The victory intellectually won was eventually decided by "blood and iron." In addition to Webster's extraordinary power of lucid statement, on which he based the successive steps and wide sweep of his argumentation, he was master of an eloquence unrivaled of its kind, because it represented the kindling into unity of all the faculties and emotions of a strong, deep, and broad individual nature. Generally, understanding was his predominant quality; in statement and argument he seemed to be specially desirous to unite thought with facts; he distrusted all rhetoric which disturbed the relations of things; but in the heat of controversy he occasionally mounted to the real elevation of his character, and threw off flashes and sparks of impassioned imagination which had the electric, the smiting, effect of a completely roused nature. It is curious that he never exhibited the higher qualities of imagination in his speeches until the suppressed power flamed unexpectedly out after all his other faculties had been thoroughly kindled, and then it came with formidable effect. That Webster is one of the most eminent of our prose writers is acknowledged both at the North and the South. He was also a magnificent specimen of physical manhood; his mere presence in an assembly was eloquence; and when he spoke, voice and gesture added immensely to the effect of his majestic port and bearing. Fox said of Lord Chancellor Thurlow that he must be an impostor, for no man could be as wise as he looked. Webster was wiser in look than even Thurlow, but his works show that he was no impostor in the matter of political wisdom, laughable as are some of the epithets by which his admirers exaggerated his claims to reverence, as though he had clapped copyright on political thought. In the heathenism of partisan feeling, however, few deities of party were more worthy of apotheosis than "the godlike Dan!"

Up to 1850, when he made his memorable "7th of March speech" in the Senate, Webster was considered the leading champion of the non-extension of slavery; but in that speech he waived the application of the principle to the Territories acquired by the Mexican war, though he contended that he still adhered to the principle itself. He lost, by this concession, his hold on the minds and consciences of the political antislavery men, and the position he vacated was eventually occupied by Charles Sumner, though Sumner had numerous competitors for that station of glory and difficulty. Webster must have foreseen the inevitable conflict between the Slave and Free States, but he labored to postpone a catastrophe he was powerless to prevent, thinking that judicious compromise might soften the shock when the collision of irreconcilable principles and persons could no longer be avoided. Sumner in heart was as earnest an abolitionist as Garrison or Phillips; his soul was on fire with moral enthusiasm; but he also had a vigorous understanding, and a memory stored with a vast amount of historical and legal knowledge. He never forgot any thing he had read, and he passed not a day without reading. Accordingly, when he entered the Senate of the United States, this philanthropic student-statesman was as ready in citing the precedents as he was fiery in declaring the principles of freedom. During the years preceding the civil war the dominant party in the government was bent on establishing a slave power, which, had it succeeded, would have disgraced the country forever. Law, logic, philosophy, even theology, were in the South all subordinated to the permanence and extension of negro slavery, and hundreds of sermons south of Mason and Dixon's line inculcated the refreshing doctrine that if Christ came primarily on earth to save sinners, his secondary, though not less important, object was to enslave "niggers." It is easy to say that it requires no parade of authorities to settle the proposition that two and two make four, but ethically and politically this was the proposition that Charles Sumner had to sustain by quotations from Vico and Leibnitz, from Coke, Mansfield, Camden, and Eldon, from Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Marshall, Story, and Webster. Those who were foiled in their purposes by these quotations from authorities they could not but respect, called him a pedant; but what really vexed them was that in no case in which this pedant encountered an opponent did he fail to justify his course by the extent of his knowledge, as well as by the keenness of his intellect and the warmth of his sentiments. When the civil war broke out, he saw that negro slavery was doomed. In his endeavors to hasten emancipation he always contrived to make himself unacceptable to the more prudent statesmen of his

own party, by inaugurating measures which the course of events eventually compelled them to adopt; and after the war he dragged the Republican party up to his own policy of reconstruction, being in most cases only some six or twelve months ahead of what sober and judicious Republicans found at length to be the wisest course. Throughout his career Sumner was felt as a force as well as an intelligence, and probably the future historian will rank him high among the select class of American public men who have the right to be called creative statesmen. He always courted obloquy, not only when his party was depressed, but when it was triumphant. "Forward!" was ever his motto. When his political friends thought they had at last found a resting-place, his voice was heard crying loudly for a new advance. Many of his addresses belong to that class of speeches which are events. His collected works, carefully revised by himself, have now become a portion of American literature. They quicken the conscience of the reader, but they also teach him the lesson that moral sentiment is of comparatively small account unless it hardens into moral character, and is also accompanied by that thirst for knowledge by which intellect is broadened and enriched, and is trained to the task of supporting by facts and arguments what the insight of moral manliness intuitively discerns. Probably no statesman that the country has produced has exceeded Sumner in his passion for rectitude. In every matter that came up for discussion he vehemently put the question, "Which of the two sides is Right?" He so persistently capitalized this tremendous monosyllable, and poured into its utterance such an amount of moral fervor or moral wrath, that the modest word, which every body used without much regard to its meaning, blazed out in his rhetoric, not as a feeble and faded truism, but as a dazzling and smiting truth.

A word may be said here of two public men, one of whom belongs to literature by cultivation and of set purpose, the other accidentally and in the ordinary discharge of his public duties. Edward Everett was one of the most variously accomplished of the American scholars who have been drawn into public life by ambition and patriotism. Though he attained high positions, his nature was too sensitive and fastidious for the rough contentions of party, and he could not steel himself to bear calumny without wincing. He suffered exquisite mortification and pain at unjust attacks on his principles and character, whereas such attacks awakened in Sumner a kind of exultation, as they proved that his own blows were beginning to tell. As an orator, Everett's special gift was persuasion, not invective. The four volumes of his collected works are, in elegance and energy of style, wealth of information, and fertility of thought, important contributions to American literature; but being mostly in the form of speeches and addresses, they have not produced the impression which less learning, talent, and eloquence, concentrated on a few subjects, would assuredly have made. A very different man was Abraham Lincoln. He was a great rhetorician without knowing it. The statesman was doubtless astonished that messages and letters, written for purely practical purposes, should be hailed by fastidious critics as remarkable specimens of style. The truth was that Lincoln was deficient in fluency; he was compelled to wring his expression out of the very substance of his nature and the inmost life of the matter he had in hand; and the result was seen in sinewy sentences, in which thoughts were close to things, and words were close to thoughts. And finally, in November, 1863, his soul devoutly impressed with the solemnity and grandeur of his theme, he delivered at Gettysburg an address of about twenty lines, which is considered the top and crown of American eloquence.

There are certain writers in American literature who charm by their eccentricity as well as by their genius, who are both original and originals. The most eminent, perhaps, of these was Henry D. Thoreau—a man who may be said to have penetrated nearer to the physical heart of nature than any other American author. Indeed, he "experienced" nature as others are said to experience religion. Lowell says that in reading him it seems as "if all out-doors had kept a diary, and become its own Montaigne." He was so completely a naturalist that the inhabitants of the woods in which he sojourned forgot their well-founded distrust of man, and voted him the freedom of their city. His descriptions excel even those of Wilson, Audubon, and Wilson Flagg, admirable as these are, for he was in closer relations with the birds than they, and carried no gun in his hand. In respect to human society, he pushed his individuality to individualism; he was never happier than when absent from the abodes of civilization; and the toleration he would not extend to a Webster or a Calhoun, he extended freely to a robin or a woodchuck. With all this peculiarity, he was a poet, a scholar, a humorist; also, in his way, a philosopher and philanthropist; and those who knew him best, and entered most thoroughly into the spirit of his character and writings, are the warmest of all the admirers of his genius. Another Concord hermit is W. E. Channing, who has adopted solitude as a profession, and seclusion from his kind as the condition of independent perception of nature. The thin volume of poems in which he has embodied his insights and

experiences contains lines and verses which are remarkable both for their novelty and depth. A serener eccentric, A. Bronson Alcott, is eccentric only in this, that he thinks the object of life is spiritual meditation; that all action leads up to this in the end; and he has spent his life in tranquilly exploring those hidden or elusive facts of the higher consciousness which practical thinkers overlook or ignore. He is a Yankee seer who has suppressed every tendency in his Yankee nature toward "argufying" a point. Very different from all these is Walt Whitman, who originally burst upon the literary world as "one of the roughs," and whose "barbaric yawp" was considered by a particular class of English critics as the first original note which had been struck in American poetry, and as good as an Indian war-whoop. Wordsworth speaks of Chatterton as "the marvelous boy;" Walt Whitman, in his first *Leaves of Grass*, might have been styled the marvelous "b'hoy." Walt protested against all convention, even all forms of conventional verse; he seemed to start up from the ground, an earth-born son of the soil, and put to all cultivated people the startling question, "What do you think of Me?" They generally thought highly of him as an original. Nothing is more acceptable to minds jaded with reading works of culture than the sudden appearance of a strong, rough book, expressing the habits, ideas, and ideals of the uncultivated; but unfortunately Whitman declined to listen to the suggestion that his daring disregard of convention should have one exception, and that he must modify his frank expression of the relations of the sexes. The author refused, and the completed edition of the *Leaves of Grass* fell dead from the press. Since that period he has undergone new experiences; his latest books are not open to objections urged against his earliest; but still the *Leaves of Grass*, if thoroughly cleaned, would even now be considered his ablest and most original work. But when the first astonishment subsides of such an innovation as Walt Whitman's, the innovator pays the penalty of undue admiration by unjust neglect. This is true also of Joaquin Miller, whose first poems seemed to threaten all our established reputations. Each succeeding volume was more coldly received; and though the energy and glow of his verse were the same, the public, in its calmer mood, found that the richness of the matter was not up to the rush of the inspiration.

This eccentric deviation from accredited models is perhaps best indicated in American humorists, whose characteristic is ludicrous absurdity. George H. Derby (or John Phœnix) was perhaps the first who carried the hyperboles of humor to the height of humoristic extravaganzas. The peculiarity of the whole school is to revel in the most fantastic absurdities of an ingenious fancy. There is a Western story told of a man who was so strong that his shadow once falling on a child instantly killed it. This is the kind of humor in which Americans excel. Charles F. Browne (Artemus Ward), indulging at his will in the oddest and wildest caricatures, still contrived to make his showman an original character, and to stamp on the popular imagination an image of the man, as well as to tickle the risibilities of the public by his sayings and doings. Perhaps the most delicious among his many delicious absurdities was his grave statement that it had been better than ten dollars in Jeff Davis's pocket "if he'd never been born." S. L. Clemens (Mark Twain), the most widely popular of this class of humorists, is a man of wide experience, keen intellect, and literary culture. The serious portions of his writings indicate that he could win a reputation in literature even if he had not been blessed with a humorous fancy inexhaustible in resource. He strikes his most effective satirical blows by an assumption of helpless innocence and bewildered forlornness of mind. The reader or the audience is in convulsions of laughter, while he preserves an imperturbable serenity of countenance, as if wondering why his statement is not received as an important contribution to human knowledge. Occasionally he indulges in a sly and subtle stroke of humor, worthy of the great masters, and indicating that his extravagancies are not the limit of his humorous faculty. D. R. Locke (Petroleum V. Nasby) is not only a humorist, but he was a great force in carrying the reconstruction measures of the Republican party, after the war, by his laughable but coarse, broad, and merciless pictures of the lowest elements in the Western States that had been opposed to the policy of equal justice. Charles G. Leland, an accomplished man of letters, the best translator of the most difficult pieces of Heine, has won a large reputation by his "Hans Breitmann Ballads," Hans being a lyrist who sings seemingly from the accumulated inspiration drawn from tuns of lager-beer. B. P. Shillaber, not so prominent as others we have named, has given a new life to Mrs. Partington, and has added Ike to the family. While he participates in the extravagance of the popular American humorists, he has a demure humane humor of his own which is quite charming.

Among those authors who combine humor with a variety of other gifts, the most conspicuous is F. Bret Harte. His subtilty of ethical insight, his depth of sentiment, his power of solid characterization, and his pathetic and tragic force are as evident as his broad perception of the ludicrous side of things. In his California stories, as in

some of his poems, he detects "the soul of goodness in things evil," and represents the exact circumstances in which ruffians and profligates are compelled to feel that they have human hearts and spiritual natures. He is original not only in the ordinary sense of the word, but in the sense of discovering a new domain of literature, and of colonizing it by the creations of his own brain. Perhaps the immense popularity of some of his humorous poems, such as "The Heathen Chinee," has not been favorable to a full recognition of his graver qualities of heart and imagination.

John Hay is, like Bret Harte, a humorist, and his contributions, in *Pike County Ballads*, to what may be called the poetry of ruffianism, if less subtile in sentiment and characterization than those of his model, have a rough raciness and genuine manliness peculiarly his own. His delightful volume called *Castilian Days*, displaying all the graces of style of an accomplished man of letters, shows that it was by a strong effort of imagination that he became for a time a mental denizen of Pike County, and made the acquaintance of Jim Bludso, and other worthies of that kind.

The writings of William D. Howells are masterpieces of literary workmanship, resembling the products of those cunning artificers who add one or two thousand per cent. to the value of their raw material by their incomparable way of working it up. What they are as artisans, he is as artist. His faculties and emotions are in exquisite harmony with each other, and unite to produce one effect of beauty and grace in the singular felicity of his style. He has humor in abundance, but it is thoroughly blended with his observation, fancy, imagination, and good sense. He has revived in some degree the lost art of Addison, Goldsmith, and Irving. Nobody ever "roared" with laughter in reading any thing he ever wrote; but few of our American humorists have excelled him in the power to unseal, as by a magic touch, those secret interior springs of merriment which generally solace the soul without betraying the happiness of the mood they create by any exterior bursts of laughter. His *Venetian Life, Italian Journeys, Suburban Sketches*—his novels, entitled *Our Wedding Journey, A Chance Acquaintance*, and *A Foregone Conclusion*—all indicate the presence of this delicious humorous element, penetrating his picturesque descriptions of scenery, as well as his refined perceptions of character and pleasing narratives of incidents.

Charles Dudley Warner, like Howells, is an author whose humor is intermixed with his sentiment, understanding, and fancy. In *My Summer in a Garden, Back-log Studies*, and other volumes he exhibits a reflective intellect under the guise of a comically sedate humor. Trifles are exalted into importance by the incessant play of his meditative facetiousness.

Thomas Bailey Aldrich first won his reputation as a poet. In the exquisite ballad of "Babie Bell," and in other poems, he has, as it were, so dissolved thought and feeling in melody that rhyme and rhythm seem to be necessary and not selected forms of expression. As a prose writer he combines pungency with elegance of style, and in his stories has exhibited a sly original vein of humor, which, while it steals out in separate sentences, is most effectively manifested in the ludicrous shock of surprise which the reader experiences when he comes to the catastrophe of the plot. In this respect *Marjorie Daw* is one of the best prose tales in our literature.

Among the American novelists who have risen into prominence during the past thirty years, the greatest, though not the most popular, is Nathaniel Hawthorne. His first romance, *The Scarlet Letter*, did not appear until the year 1850, but previously he had published collections of short stories under the titles of *Twice-told Tales* and *Mosses from an Old Manse*. These were recognized by judicious readers all over the country as masterpieces of literary art, but their circulation was ludicrously disproportioned to their merit. For years one of the greatest modern masters of English prose was valued at his true worth only by those who had found by experience in composition how hard it is to be clear and simple in style, and at the same time to be profound in sentiment, exact in thought, and fertile in imagination. Most of these short stories contain the germs of romances, and a literary economist of his materials, like Scott or Dickens, would have expanded Hawthorne's hints of passion and character into thrilling novels. *The Scarlet Letter*, the romance by which Hawthorne first forced himself on the popular mind as a genius of the first class, was but the expansion of an idea expressed in three sentences, written twenty years before its appearance, in the little sketch of "Endicott and the Cross," which is included in the collection of *Twice-told Tales*. But *The Scarlet Letter* exhibited in startling distinctness all the resources of his peculiar mind, and even more than Scott's *Bride of Lammermoor* it touches the lowest depths of tragic woe and passion—so deep, indeed, that the representation becomes at times almost ghastly. If Jonathan Edwards, turned romancer, had dramatized his sermon on "Sinners in the Hand of an Angry God," he could not have written a more terrific story of guilt and retribution than *The Scarlet Letter*. The pitiless intellectual analysis of the emotions of guilty souls is pushed so far that the reader, after being compelled to sympathize with the Puritanic notion of Law, sighs for some

appearance of the consoling Puritanic doctrine of Grace. Hawthorne, in fact, was a patient observer of the operation of spiritual laws, and relentless in recording the results of his observations. Most readers of romances are ravenous for external events; they demand that the heroes and heroines shall be swift in thought, confident in decision, rapid in act. In Hawthorne's novels the events occur in the hearts and minds of his characters, and our attention is fastened on the ecstasies or agonies of individual souls rather than on outward acts and incidents; at least, the latter appear trivial in comparison with the inward mental states they imperfectly express. Carlyle says that real genius in characterization consists in developing character from "within outward." Hawthorne's mental sight in discerning souls is marvelously penetrating and accurate, but he finds it so difficult to give them an adequate physical embodiment that their very flesh is spiritualized, and appears to be brought into the representation only to give a kind of phantasmal form to purely mental conceptions. These souls, while intensely realized as individuals, are, however, mere puppets in the play of the spiritual forces and laws behind them, and while seemingly gifted with will, even to the extent of indulging in all the caprices of willfulness, they drift to their doom with the certainty of fate. In this twofold power of insight into souls, and of the spiritual laws which regulate both the natural action and morbid aberrations of souls, Hawthorne is so incomparably great that in comparison with him all other romancers of the century, whether German, French, English, or American, seem to be superficial. The defect of his method was that he penetrated to such a depth into the human heart, and recorded so mercilessly its realities and possibilities of sin and selfishness as they appeared to his piercing, passionless vision of the movements of passion, that he rather frightened than pleased the ordinary novel-reader. The old woman who sagely concluded that she must be sick, because in reading the daily newspaper she did not, as was her wont, "enjoy her murders," unconsciously hit on the distinction which separates artistic representations of human life which include crime and misery from those representations in which the prominence of crime and misery is so marked as to become unpalatable. Hawthorne did not succeed in making his psychological pictures of sin and woe "enjoyable." The intensity of impassioned imagination which flames through every page of *The Scarlet Letter* was unrelieved by those milder accompaniments which should have been brought in to soften the effect of a tragedy so awful in itself. Little Pearl, one of the most exquisite creations of imaginative genius, is introduced not to console her parents, but, in her wild, innocent willfulness, to symbolize their sin, and add new torments to the slow-consuming agonies of remorse. In *The House of the Seven Gables*, *The Blithedale Romance*, and *The Marble Faun*, Hawthorne deepened the impression made by his previous writings that he did not possess his genius, but was possessed *by* it. The most powerful of his creations of character were inspired not by his sympathies, but his antipathies. Personally he was the most gentle and genial and humane of men. He detested many of the characters in whose delineation he exerted the full force of his intellect and imagination; but he was so mentally conscientious that he never exercised the right of the novelist to kill the personages who displeased him at his own will and pleasure. So intensely did he realize his characters that to run his pen through them, and thus blot them out of existence, would have seemed to him like the commission of willful murder. He watched and noted the operation of spiritual laws on the malignant or feeble souls he portrayed, but never interfered personally to divert their fatal course. In thus emphasizing the tragic element in Hawthorne's genius, we may have too much overlooked his deep and delicate humor, his ingenuity of playful fancy, his felicity in making a landscape visible to the soul as well as the eye by his charming power of description, and the throng of thoughts which accompany every step in the progress of his narrative. Not the least remarkable characteristic of this remarkable man was the prevailing simplicity, clearness, sweetness, purity, and vigor of his style, even when his subjects might have justified him in deviating into some form of *Carlylese*.

The most widely circulated novel ever published in this country, or perhaps in any other, is *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, by Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe. The book has in the United States attained a sale of over 350,000 copies, and after the lapse of twenty-four years the demand for it still continues. It has been translated into almost every known language. Inspired by the insurrection of the public conscience against the Fugitive Slave Law, its popularity has survived the extinction of slavery itself. Its original publication, in 1852, was an important political event. It practically overturned the arguments of statesmen and decisions of jurists by an irresistible appeal to the heart and imagination of the American people. It was one of the most powerful agencies in building up the Republican party, in electing Abraham Lincoln to the Presidency, and in raising earnest volunteers for the great crusade against slavery. This effect was produced not by explosions of moral wrath against the iniquity it assailed, but by a vivid dramatic presentation of the facts of

the case, in which complete justice was done equally to the slave-holder and the slave. And the humor, the pathos, the keen observation, the power of characterization, displayed in the novel were all penetrated by an imagination quickened into activity by a deep and humane religious sentiment. Next to *Uncle Tom*, *The Minister's Wooing* is the best of Mrs. Stowe's novels. Her *Oldtown Folks* and *Sam Lawson's Stories* are full of delightful Yankee humor.

It is impossible for us to spare the space for even an inadequate notice of all the novelists of the United States. At the time (1827) Miss Catharine M. Sedgwick published *Hope Leslie* she easily took a prominent position in our literature, in virtue not only of her own merits, but of the comparative absence of competitors. Since then there has appeared a throng of writers of romantic narratives, and the number is constantly increasing. We are compelled to confine our remarks to a few of the representative novelists. William Ware gained a just reputation by his *Letters from Palmyra* (1836). The style is elegant, the story attractive, and the pictures of the court of Zenobia are represented through a visionary medium which gives to the representation a certain charming poetic remoteness. Charles Fenno Hoffman, a poet as well as prose writer, whose song of "Sparkling and Bright" has probably rung over the emptying of a million of Champagne bottles, was a man who delighted in "wild scenes in forest and prairie," and whose *Greyslaer* shows the energy of his nature, as well as the brilliancy of his intellect. R. B. Kimball is noted for his business novels, and his heart-breaks come not from failures in love, but from failures in traffic. Donald G. Mitchell, in his *Reveries of a Bachelor*, originated a new style, in which a certain delightful daintiness of sentiment was combined with a fertile fancy and touches of humorous good sense. Sylvester Judd, a Unitarian clergyman, went into the great lumber region of Maine, and came out of it to record his observations, experiences, and insights in the novel of *Margaret*, which Lowell once affirmed to be the most intensely *American* book ever written. Thomas W. Higginson, distinguished in many departments of literature for the thoroughness of his culture and the classic simplicity and elegance of his style, is the author of a novel called *Malbone*, quite notable for beauty of description, ingenuity of plot, and subtilty of characterization. Herman Melville, after astonishing the public with a rapid succession of original novels, the scene of which was placed in the islands of the Pacific, suddenly dropped his pen, as if in disgust of his vocation. Mrs. Harriet Prescott Spofford is the author of many thrilling stories, written in a style of perhaps exaggerated splendor, but in which prose is flushed with all the hues of poetry. Maria S. Cummins published in 1854 a novel called *The Lamplighter*, which attained an extraordinary popularity, owing to the simplicity, tenderness, pathos, and naturalness of the first hundred pages. Seventy thousand copies were sold in a year. Miss E. S. Phelps, in her *Gates Ajar*, *Hedged In*, and in a variety of minor tales, has exhibited a power of intense pathos which almost pains the reader it melts. Henry James, Jun.—long may it be before the "Jun." is detached from his name!—has a deep and delicate perception of the internal states of exceptional individuals, and a quiet mastery of the resources of style, which make his stories studies in psychology as well as models of narrative art. J. W. De Forest, the author of *Kate Beaumont* and other novels, is a thorough realist, whose characterization, animated narrative, well-contrived plots, and pitiless satire only want the relief of ideal sentiment to make them as pleasing as they are powerful. Edward Everett Hale, the author of *The Man without a Country*, *My Double, and How he Undid Me*, and *Sybaris and Other Homes*, is fantastically ingenious in the plan and form of his narratives, but he uses his ingenuity in the service of good sense and sound feeling, while he inspires it with the impulses of a hopeful, vigorous, and elastic spirit. Miss Louisa M. Alcott, in her *Little Women* and *Little Men*, has almost revolutionized juvenile literature by the audacity of her innovations. She thoroughly understands that peculiar element in practical youthful character which makes romps of so many girls and "roughs" of so many boys. Real little women and real little men look into her stories as into mirrors in order to get an accurate reflection of their inward selves. She has also a tart, quaint, racy, witty good sense, which acts on the mind like a tonic. Her success has been as great as her rejection of conventionality in depicting lads and lasses deserved. Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney has more sentiment and a softer manner of representation than Miss Alcott; but she has originality, though of a different kind; and her books, like those of Miss Alcott, have penetrated into households in every part of the country, and their characters have been domesticated at thousands of firesides. Faith Gartney especially is a real friend and acquaintance to many a girl who has no other. William G. Simms, the most prolific of American historical novelists, and in tireless intellectual energy worthy of all respect, failed to keep his hold on the popular mind by the absence in his vividly described scenes of adventure of that peculiar something which gives to such scenes a permanent charm. Theodore Winthrop, the author of *Cecil Dreeme*, *John Brent*, and other striking and admirable tales, rose suddenly into popularity, and as suddenly declined—

a conspicuous instance of the instability of the romancer's reputation. J. G. Holland has succeeded in every thing he has undertaken, whether as a sort of lay preacher to the young, as an essayist, as a novelist, or as a poet. It is hardly possible to take up any late edition of any one of his numerous volumes without finding "fortieth thousand" or "sixtieth thousand" smiling complacently and benignly upon you from the title-page. Mrs. Mary J. Holmes, the author of *Lena Rivers*, Mrs. Terhune (Marian Harland), the author of *Hidden Path*, Mrs. Augusta Evans Wilson, the author of *St. Elmo*, are novelists very different from Dr. Holland, yet whose works have obtained a circulation corresponding in extent. We pause here in reading the list, not for want of subjects, but for want of space, and also, it must be confessed, for want of epithets.

It is a great misfortune that the temptation which besets clever people to write mediocre verses, and afterward to collect them in a volume, is irresistible. Time, and short time at that, proves the truth of Mr. Jonathan Oldbuck's remark, that "your fugitive poetry is apt to become stationary with the publisher." Even when a little momentary reputation is acquired, the writers are soon compelled to repeat mournfully the refrain of Pierpont's beautiful and pathetic poem, "Passing away! passing away!" It is not one of the least mysteries of this mismanagement of talent that the want of public recognition does not appease the desire to attain it. As a general rule, books of verses, even good verses, are the most unsalable of human products. There are numerous cases where genuine poetic faculty and inspiration fail to make the slightest impression on the public imagination. The most remarkable instance of this kind in our literature is found in the case of Mrs. Maria Brooks (Maria del Occidente), who printed, some forty years ago, a poem called "Zophiel, or the Bride of Seven," which Southey warmly praised, which was honored with a notice in the *London Quarterly Review*, which deserved most of the eulogy it received, which fell dead from the press, and which not ten living Americans have ever read. Again, some of the most popular and most quoted poems in our literature are purely accidental hits, and their authors are rather nettled than pleased that their other productions should be neglected while such prominence is given to one. Thus it might be somewhat dangerous now to compliment T. W. Parsons for his "Lines on a Bust of Dante," because he has become sick of praise confined to that piece, while the delicate beauty of scores of his other poems, and his noble rhymed translation of "Dante's Inferno," find few readers. Miss Lucy Larcom, when she pictured "Hannah Binding Shoes," did not dream that Hannah was to draw away attention from her other heroines, and concentrate it upon herself. Freneau's "Indian Burying-Ground" is the only piece of that poet which survives. "The Gray Forest Eagle" of A. B. Street has screamed away attention from his "rippling of waters and waving of trees"—from his hundreds of pages of descriptive verse which are almost photographs of natural scenery. People quote the "Summer in the Heart" and "A Life on the Ocean Wave" of Epes Sargent, and overlook many better specimens of his melody and his imagination. There are some poems which almost every body has read, which are commonly considered the only poems of the writers. Such are "The Star-spangled Banner," by F. S. Key; "Woodman, Spare that Tree" (very insipid, by-the-way), by George P. Morris; "A Hymn," by Joseph H. Clinch; "The Baron's Last Banquet" and "Old Grimes is Dead," by A. G. Greene; "My Life is like the Summer Rose," by R. H. Wilde; "Sweet Home," by John Howard Payne; "The Christmas Hymn," by E. H. Sears; "The Old Oaken Bucket," by Samuel Woodworth; "Milton's Prayer of Patience," by Elizabeth Lloyd Howell; "The Relief of Lucknow," by Robert Lowell; "The Old Sergeant," by Forceythe Wilson; "The Vagabonds," by J. T. Trowbridge; and "Gnosis," by C. P. Cranch. There are other pieces, like the "Count Paul," and especially the "Theodora," of Mrs. Drinker (Edith May), which seem to be more deserving of success than some of those which have attained it. But little justice has been done to the poetic and dramatic talent of George H. Boker. "The King's Bell," exquisite for the limpid flow of its verse and the sweetly melancholy tone of its thought, together with other poems by Richard Henry Stoddard, have not received their due meed of praise. T. Buchanan Read wrote volumes of rich descriptive poetry, but the popularity of "Sheridan's Ride" is not sufficient to attract attention to them.

In thus commenting on the instability and uncertainty of the public taste in respect to poets, we have unconsciously indicated quite an excellent body of American poetry, and we may proceed with the enumeration.

W. W. Story, famous as a sculptor, is also a poet, who throws into verse the same energy of inspiration which is so obvious in his statues. Mrs. Frances S. Osgood had a singularly musical nature, and her poems sing of themselves. She did not appear to feel the fetters of rhyme; she danced in them. Her poems, however, have the thinness of substance which often accompanies quickness of sensibility and activity of fancy. As it is, the reader rises from the perusal of her poems with a delicious melody in his ears, a charming feeling in his

heart, and with but few thoughts in his head. Mrs. M. J. Preston has a more robust intellect, greater intensity of feeling, and more force of imagination than Mrs. Osgood, though lacking her lovely grace and bewitching melodiousness; but Mrs. Osgood could not have written a poem so deeply pathetic as "Keeping his Word." Henry Timrod and Paul H. Hayne are, with Mrs. Preston, the most distinguished poets of the South. Timrod's ode sung on the occasion of decorating the graves of the Confederate dead is, in its simple grandeur, the noblest poem ever written by a Southern poet. Hayne exhibits in all his pieces a rich sensuousness of nature, a seemingly exhaustless fertility of fancy, an uncommon felicity of poetic description, and an easy command of the harmonies of verse. John G. Saxe owes his wide acceptance with the public not merely to the elasticity of his verse, the sparkle of his wit, and the familiarity of his topics, but to his power of diffusing the spirit of his own good humor. The unctuous satisfaction he feels in putting his mood of merriment into rhyme is communicated to his reader, so that, as it were, they laugh joyously together. Edmund Clarence Stedman, in addition to his merits as a critic of poetry, has written poems which stir the blood as well as quicken the imagination. Such, among others, are "John Brown of Osawatomie" and "Kearney at Seven Pines." Perhaps the finest recent examples of exquisitely subtile imagination working under the impulse of profound sentiment are to be found in the little volume entitled "Poems by H. H." (Mrs. Helen Hunt).

We have space only to mention the names of Jones Very, Celia Thaxter, Mrs. Lippincott (Grace Greenwood), H. H. Brownell, Will Carleton (author of *Farm Ballads*), Alice and Phœbe Cary, and Mrs. L. C. Moulton, though each would justify a detailed criticism.

The limits of this essay do not admit the mention of every author who is worthy of notice. The reader must be referred for details to the various volumes of Dr. R. W. Griswold, to the *Cyclopedia of American Literature*, by E. A. and G. L. Duyckinck, to the useful *Manual of American Literature*, by Dr. John S. Hart, and the excellent *Hand-Book of American Literature*, by F. H. Underwood. Still, before concluding, it may be well to mention some names without which even so limited a view of American literature as the present would be incomplete. And, first, honor is due to Henry T. Tuckerman, who for nearly forty years was the associate of American authors, and who labored, year after year, to diffuse a taste for literature by his articles in reviews and magazines. He belonged to the class of appreciative critics, and was never more pleased than when he exercised the resources of a cultivated mind to analyze, explain, and celebrate the merits of others. Richard Grant White, a critic of an austerer order, has for some time been engaged literally in a war of words. In the *minutiæ* of English philology he has rarely met an antagonist he has not overthrown. In these encounters he has displayed wit, learning, logic, a perfect command of his subject, an imperfect command of his temper. The positiveness of his statements, however, seems always to come from the certainty of his knowledge. In his admirable edition of Shakspeare, and in his *Life and Genius of Shakspeare*, he has exhibited his rare critical faculty at its best. Henry N. Hudson, also an editor, biographer, and critic of Shakspeare, has specially shown his masterly power of analysis in commenting on the characters of the dramatist. Henry Giles, in two or three volumes of biography and criticism, has proved that clear perceptions, nice distinctions, and sound sense can be united with a rush of eloquence which seems too rapid for the pausing doubt of discriminating judgment. S. A. Allibone's *Dictionary of Authors*, with its 46,000 names, is one of those prodigies of labor which excite not only admiration, but astonishment. George P. Marsh, one of the most widely accomplished of American scholars, is principally known as the author of *Lectures on the English Language* and of *The English Language and Early English Literature*, both critical works of a high class. The greatest comparative philologist the country has produced, William D. Whitney, has, like Max Müller, in England, popularized some of the results of his investigations in an admirable volume on *Language, and the Study of Language*.

The theological literature of the United States covers so wide a field that it would be wild to attempt to characterize here even its eminent representatives. We can give only a few names. Henry Ward Beecher, the most widely renowned pulpit and platform orator of the country, is more remarkable for the general largeness and opulence of his nature than for the possession of any exceptional power of mind or extent of acquisition. As a theological scholar, or, indeed, as a trained and accurate writer, nobody would think of comparing him with Francis Wayland, or Leonard Bacon, or Edwards A. Park, or Frederick H. Hedge. In depth of spiritual insight, though not in depth of spiritual emotion, he is inferior to Horace Bushnell, Cyrus A. Bartol, and many other American divines. He feels spiritual facts intensely; he beholds them with wavering vision. But his distinction is that he is a formidable, almost irresistible, moral force. His influence comes from the conjoint and harmonious action of his whole blood and brain and will and soul, and his magnetism being thus both physical and

mental, he communicates his individuality in the act of radiating his thoughts, and thus *Beecherizes* his readers as he *Beecherizes* his audiences. He overpowers where he fails to convince. The reader, but especially the listener, is brought into direct contact or collision not only with a thinker and a stirrer up of the emotions, but with a strong, resolute, intrepid man. As Emerson would say, he could mob a mob, and compel it to submit. This continual sense of conscious power impels him into many imprudences and indiscretions, and stamps on what he says, and what he writes, and what he does, a character of haste and extemporaneousness. No man could throw off such an amount of intellectual work as he performs, who thought comprehensively or who thought deeply; for the comprehensive thinker hesitates, the deep thinker doubts; but hesitation and doubt are foreign to Mr. Beecher's intellectual constitution, and only intrude into his consciousness in those occasional reactions caused by the moral fatigue resulting now and then from his hurried, headlong intellectual movement. Observation, sense, wit, humor, fancy, sentiment, moral perception, moral might, are all included and fused in the large individuality whose mode of action we have ventured to sketch. Indeed, an impartial student of character, accustomed to penetrate into the souls of those he desires inwardly to know, to look at things from their point of view, and to interpret external evidence by the internal knowledge he has thus obtained, would say that Mr. Beecher was exactly the heedless, indiscreet man of religious genius likely to become the subject of such a scandal as has recently disgusted the country, and yet to be perfectly innocent of the atrocious crimes with which he was charged.

There are some books which it is difficult to class. Thus, Richard H. Dana, Jun., published some thirty years ago a volume called *Two Years Before the Mast*, which became instantly popular, is popular now, and promises to be popular for many years to come. In reading it any body can see that it is more than an ordinary record of a voyage, for there runs through the simple and lucid narrative an element of beauty and power which gives it the artistic charm of romance. Again, *Six Months in Italy*, by George S. Hillard, and *Notes of Travel and Study in Italy*, by Charles E. Norton, would be superficially classed among books of travel, but they are essentially works of literature, and their chief worth consists in descriptions of natural scenery, in pointed reflection, in delicate criticism of works of art. The volume entitled *White Hills*, by Thomas Starr King, apparently intended merely to describe the mountain region of New Hampshire, is all aglow with a glad inspiration drawn from the ardent soul and teeming mind of the writer. Charles T. Brooks would generally be classed as a translator, but being a poet, he has so translated the novels of Richter that he has domesticated them in our language. Such translations are greater efforts of intelligence and imagination than many original works. Horace Mann's reports as secretary of the Massachusetts Board of Education rank with legislative documents, yet they are really eloquent treatises, full of matter, but of matter burning with passion and blazing with imagery. *Substance and Shadow*, by Henry James, might be classed either with theological or metaphysical works, were it not that the writer, while treating on the deepest questions which engage the attention of theologians and metaphysicians, stretches both theologians and metaphysicians on the rack of his pitiless analysis, and showers upon them all the boundless stores of his ridicule. Miss Mary A. Dodge (Gail Hamilton) might be styled an essayist, but that would be but a vague term to denote a writer who takes up all classes of subjects, is tart, tender, shrewish, pathetic, monitory, objurgatory, tolerant, prejudiced, didactic, and dramatic by turns, but always writing with so much point, vigor, and freshness that we can only classify her among "readable" authors. Margaret Fuller Ossoli, scholar, critic, teacher, translator, metaphysician, philanthropist, revolutionist, a pythoness in a transcendental coterie, a nurse in a soldiers' hospital, a martyr heroine on board a wrecked ship—we can only say of her that she was a woman. There is a delightful book entitled *Yesterdays with Authors*, by James T. Fields—a combination of gossip, biography, and criticism, but refusing to be ranked with either, and depending for its interest on the life-like pictures it presents of such men as Hawthorne, Dickens, and Thackeray in their hours of familiar talk and correspondence. There is also one work of such pretension that it should not be omitted here, namely, *Outlines of Cosmic Philosophy, based on the Doctrine of Evolution*, by John Fiske. It is mainly a lucid exposition of the philosophy of Herbert Spencer, with the addition of original and critical matter. The breadth and strength of understanding, the fullness of information, the command of expression, in this book are worthy of all commendation. The curious thing in it is that the author thinks that a new religion is to be established on the co-ordination of the sciences, and of this religion, whose God is the "Unknowable," he is a pious believer.

In conclusion, we can only allude to the intellectual force, the various talents and accomplishments, employed in the leading newspapers of the country. During the past thirty years these journals have swarmed with all kinds of anonymous ability. Though

the articles appeared to die with the day or week on which they were printed, they really passed, for good or evil, into the general mind as vital influences, shaping public opinion and forming public taste. It would be difficult, for example, to estimate the beneficent action on our literature of such a critic and scholar as George Ripley, who for many years directed the literary department of a widely circulated newspaper. The range of his learning was equal to every demand upon its resources; the candor of his judgment answered to the comprehensiveness of his taste; the catholicity of his literary sympathies led him to encourage every kind of literary talent on its first appearance; and he was pure from the stain of that meanest form of egotism which grudges the recognition of merit in others, as if such a recognition was a diminution of its own importance. The great development, during a comparatively recent period, of the magazine literature of the country has had an important effect in stimulating and bringing forward new writers, some of whom promise to more than fill the places which their elders will soon leave vacant. It would be presumptuous to anticipate the verdict of the next generation as to which of these will fulfill the expectations raised by their early efforts. That pleasant duty must be left to the fortunate person who shall note the Centennial Progress of American Literature in *Harper's Magazine* in 1976.

BOSTON. EDWIN P. WHIPPLE.

ALMOST TOO LATE.

ACROSS the road waved the wide bushy tree-tops of the great cemetery, and close by, on the right, ran the railway which enters New Haven by the old canal from the north. Where Mary sat at a front window of the tall factory near the Scientific School, her deft fingers could check, aid, or ease the machine before her, and the portions of a watch formed themselves with clock-work regularity, while her mind traveled out over the trees without a care for the mechanical labor which was going on. Had any one leaned near enough to overcome the roar of the shop, he might have heard her talking to herself—a habit she had got from living too much alone.

"No, no, no," she was saying; "I can not ask Stephen, under any circumstances."

But, in spite of her preoccupation, the moment a bell on a tower near by rang out a quarter past eleven, the vagrant mind had telegraphed the fingers, the fingers had slipped a band, and the machine rested for a moment. Mary looked up, with some of the far-off expression still on her face, but expectant. And not without cause, it would seem, for the figure of a young man in a straight black coat passed along the grassy raised path under the cemetery wall, and when abreast of Mary's window, looked up at it eagerly. Neither made a sign. The young man passed on toward the school with bent head, as he had come, but with a spring in his walk, as if he believed in life, while the young girl smiled to herself as she pulled the India rubber runner, and set her machine going again. It was in spring, and the birds sang.

And so they loved each other, of course. Stephen, who had just graduated, and was now the new tutor at the Scientific, had lately begun to drop any pretense to the contrary with himself. But Mary? Did she like any body—her mother even, with whom Stephen had been boarding for the last year? Was there any one in the world on whom she bestowed more than a passing thought? both Stephen and Mrs. Lagarde would sometimes ask themselves, when a fresh whim of indifference or rebellion seemed to have nullified the work of weeks of mute attention. Perhaps she was like her father, the late Lagarde—inventor and hopeless struggler against the ignorance of manufacturers and the rapacity of capitalists—whom Stephen had never seen. People called her pretty, but dull. Stephen, who taught natural history, knew that she was a chrysalis containing something great, but whether a great moth of night or a butterfly, was to him an all too momentous question.

"Well, I do declare, Mary," said Mrs. Lagarde that day, when her daughter came flinging in the kitchen door, and threw herself into the rocking-chair near the window, "if you don't look all tuckered out! You're always a-thinking, thinking, as if your head would split; but what it's all about, the Lord only knows. Some say it isn't thinking at all, for thinking is good for people; but you are noways helped by it, as far as I can see."

The truth was, a remark of a neighbor, repeated to her, rankled in Mrs. Lagarde's mind. She was reported to have said, "My little six-year-old is a smarter girl than that big Mary of the widow Lagarde's." But Mary stared out into the little garden and answered no word, and the mother went on with her work as if she were used to get no answer.

"Have you seen Mr. Churchill to-day?"

"I can not do it, mother," said Mary, raising her head. "He's nothing to me, but somehow I can't ask him. He's different. Don't you understand?"

"I might if—"

"Oh, I know what you are going to say. Please!"

"Mr. Churchill is a good-looking young man, don't you think so?" said Mrs. Lagarde, after a short silence.

"Good-looking? No, indeed—head poked out like this all the time, and a thin face.

He has a good expression; but the idea of calling him handsome!"

"Well, handsome is as handsome does. He isn't looking as hearty lately as he used to; but give him a nice little wife to take care of him—"

"Now, mother!"

"Like Susy Peck, next door, for instance. She'd give her eye-teeth to get him, I can promise you. Don't she sit in the front parlor every afternoon just to bow to him as he passes?"

"Oh!—Susy. Well, I don't see what he can admire in her. Doll's face!"

"Of course you don't; girls never will learn. Why, don't you know that is just what men like? And yet you turn up your nose in the most high and mighty way when a man like Stephen Churchill takes notice of you."

"I don't turn up my nose, mother," said Mary; "but Stephen always talks to me as if he felt himself so far above me—as if I were another kind of insect that he liked to watch. I believe he would like to put me in a glass case with the rest of his specimens, and look at me occasionally as he does at that big imperial moth he made such a fuss about at one time. Now it's something else. That's about how much he likes me."

"Well, you needn't be so warm about it."

"I'm not warm."

"Well, I'm glad to hear it," said her mother, dryly. "You needn't have any scruples about the money. In the first place, we can pay it back; in the second, I know all about Stephen Churchill's means: there's nothing he don't tell me. You see, he gets twelve hundred a year where he is, and last winter, when his father died, his share was just about two thousand dollars a year. So you see what his income is. Well, now, just consider what he spends. Not a thousand dollars a year, for he told me himself that Professor Grant had kept him from buying all those books and science things he was wild about. He's laying up his money—that is what he is doing—like a sensible young fellow; and perhaps it's because he sees the need of marrying—somebody—that he took the advice."

"Well, but don't you see that would be all the more reason? But of course it is stuff and nonsense to suppose that—"

The mother bent over the range, and waited for a continuation, but none came. Mary had leaned so far out of the window that she could not see her face.

"You don't want to ask him," said Mrs. Lagarde. "That is natural enough; but who proposed to? I didn't want you to. I don't want you to now. I would rather do it myself, although it isn't the pleasantest thing in the world."

Mary said something in reply, but her head was so far out of the window that it was lost. It was a childish habit.

"Now it comes to this," said her mother, standing in the middle of the floor, with her hands against her hips, and speaking in a dictatorial voice. "I am going to say to Stephen Churchill: 'Let me have so much a month to pay the installments on that mortgage; you can have all the security you want, and we will pay you as soon as we begin to make a little more money.' He knows it has been a bad year; he has plenty of means, a regular salary, and by helping us just a little that way every month, can tide us over. All it needs is that he should know it."

Mary still said no word. Mrs. Lagarde stepped to her side, and laid her hand on her shoulder. Then the girl drew in her head, and her mother saw that tears were running over her face. Such a thing had not happened for many a year. Mary was one of those persons who cry inwardly. Before she could say a word, and as if the girl was stung with disgrace at being caught in tears, Mary sprang up with flashing eyes.

"I say you shall not! We had better starve than beg, and better die than beg of Stephen Churchill. You are selfish, cruel!"

But Mrs. Lagarde had been too much moved by the unheard-of sight of Mary in tears; the hard words quite broke her down. "Oh, Mary, Mary," she cried, hiding her face, "it is for your sake. You are the only one I have in the world, and now you say such words as those!"

The girl, who had been struggling with her pride, and had spoken so harshly as much from an impulse to save herself from emotion as any thing else, now gave up likewise. She made a motion to throw herself into her mother's arms, but at that moment a low knock came at the door. She stopped, grew rigid, and turning, flitted out by a door which led to the upper part of the house. Stephen Churchill, their boarder, followed the knock closely; but when he closed the door and turned to speak, she was gone.

"Mary ran up stairs to change her dress," said the widow, in answer to Stephen's inquiring frown, as she turned away to the fire-place to hide the trouble on her face. "I am late with supper, I'm afraid. I hope the young gentlemen are not getting impatient."

"Oh no," said Stephen, abstractedly, walking across the kitchen. "Do you mind if I sit here till supper is ready? It is so pleasant here."

"Perhaps it is to those that doesn't have to stay in it," said the widow. "Dear, dear! if poor Lagarde had only lived long enough to introduce that patent, I should have a better place to offer you, Mr. Churchill; but then I've told you all about that often. I guess Mary'll be down soon."

Stephen was glad to seat himself where he had so often seen Mary's profile against the window—the profile of thick dark brows and lashes, of tender lines that melted about mouth and chin, and of delicate straight nose. When she was lost in thought, and had forgot the presence of every one—especially of him, Stephen—the brown-gray eyes yearned with a perplexed stare that explained well enough what the neighbors called her foolish look. Singularly enough, it endeared her to him more than ever, for he fancied it meant the inquiring spirit which he was used to look for and reward among his pupils at the school.

In spite of his preoccupation, Stephen had not failed to note the signs of a domestic scene in the kitchen. He had got more than one inkling of the general state of affairs, but, for many reasons, had done nothing. It was dangerous ground to tread upon, this assisting of a girl as proud as Mary was. Thus, although he had not let Mrs. Lagarde see that he knew of her troubles or proposed to help her, he had made a shrewd guess at the cause of her sadness and Mary's abrupt departure a moment before, when he ventured into the kitchen. Instead of talking somewhat volubly, as was her custom, Mrs. Lagarde continued her work in silence, and Stephen as silently gazed out into the garden and over at the apple blossoms thick in the orchard of a house beyond. The last of the sunset struck through upon them past the side of the house, and tinged them of the delicate, deep-lying pink he had noticed in certain sea-shells—yes, and in Mary's cheek once or twice: not on the round of her cheek, but curiously creeping up the pale olive-shaded space between cheek and ear. She was so unlike other girls he had seen that he thought she could not even color like other girls.

Presently the widow sighed over her work, with the long sigh of a person who has forgotten the presence of a stranger. Stephen heard it.

"After all," he said to himself, "a few sighs more or less will not matter. It will teach her the value of money, as my father used to say, when he kept me on such a short allowance; and next year—next year all will be well. I shall have settled her little debt, and perhaps—perhaps— Ah, well, she is only a child." And here Stephen sighed also.

He had drifted off into the old groove again, and saw, with the same lover's eyes, the old flush that was Mary's fading from the apple-trees, when a solid form interposed reality between him and the nearest approach to poetry he had yet been guilty of. The person was a heavily built man of forty, with square jaws and double chin and a thick bent nose. He was comfortably, perhaps richly, dressed in broadcloth, carried a gold-headed cane, and wore a tall white hat. He stood with his feet well apart, surveying the little domain with the air of an owner of many acres, and this particular acre among them.

"Well, Sir?" said Stephen, seeing that his face was a strange one, and already beginning to act as if he had a right to the position of master of the household.

The man faced about, and looked quizzically at him. "All right, thank you. And how is *your* health?" said the new-comer.

This sort of an answer did not please the young tutor at all, and his face probably showed it, for the man hastened to assure him he meant no offense.

"I come around here to find the widow Lagarde, and was just admiring that there little garden. She keeps it very neat here, now don't she?"

By this Mrs. Lagarde had wiped her hands and gone to the kitchen door. "Why, I declare, if it isn't you, Mr. Tuttle! Who would have thought it? Do come in. Mr. Tuttle, this is Mr. Churchill, professor up to the Scientific."

"Glad to see you, Sir," said Mr. Tuttle, shaking Stephen's fingers vigorously with a cold soft hand, while Mrs. Lagarde bustled about nervously to find a seat.

"Not professor, Mrs. Lagarde," protested Stephen; "only a tutor."

"Well, I thought you looked kinder young like," said Mr. Tuttle, measuring Stephen critically.

Stephen bowed coldly, and arose again. "Supper is nearly ready, and I think I'll go in. I suppose Mr. Tuttle and you have business to talk."

"Oh, you need not go, Mr. Churchill, really!" cried the widow.

"No, no. I did come on business," said the person called Tuttle, "but as I see you are a friend of Mrs. Lagarde's, there is no objection to your hearing all there is to say."

But Stephen would not hear of interrupting them, and withdrew in spite of Mrs. Lagarde's entreaties.

Mr. Tuttle's business would seem to have been easy to dispatch, for when supper was ready, a few moments afterward, he followed Mrs. Lagarde into the small dining-room from the kitchen, and took his seat at her bidding. Two young Freshmen, to whom he was introduced, he regarded with a fatherly benevolence that did not raise him in their esteem; but as they never talked, except to each other, and at table preserved an absolute silence, the impression made by Mr. Tuttle can not be put on record. He was the only speaker, and threw himself into the business with the same hearty zest he showed in devouring his supper. He had reached a period in a discourse about education —of which he denied having had much, but

seemed to know all about—when Stephen noticed one of the silent Freshmen nudge the other with his elbow, and, turning his eyes to the door, saw Mary with her gaze fixed on Mr. Tuttle. She was white, and the shadows about her eyes looked darker than ever, while these blazed angrily on the new-comer.

"Mr. Tuttle, this is my daughter Mary," said Mrs. Lagarde. "She has grown some since you saw her."

Mr. Tuttle looked up with his benevolent face, and was evidently startled at Mary's appearance. Startled would hardly be the term for the fixedness of regard which he exhibited; it was evident he had not expected any thing much in a child of the widow Lagarde. Presently, as Mary was gliding into her seat, he rose heavily, and insisted on shaking her by the hand.

"Be nice as you can, Mary, do," said the mother, in a whisper, as she leaned over to take her daughter's plate. But Mary could not at once assume a pleasant face directly upon the scowl that had distorted her sweet features when she first caught sight of Mr. Tuttle. Nothing was said for some time, and presently the silent Freshmen, who had looked furtively at the young woman from time to time, nodded to each other and withdrew; their short exclamations immediately after, penetrating through the closed lattice, told that they had become absorbed in a little training of pitch-ball against some coming match.

"I understand she's to work at the watch factory," said Mr. Tuttle, suddenly, addressing Mrs. Lagarde, awkwardly enough, and giving a nod of his head in the direction of Mary.

"Yes, I am," said Mary.

"Well, now, I suppose you find it pretty hard work and poor pay?" said he, in a relieved voice, turning to Mary. "Things are pretty bad this year, anyway."

"I suppose they are. How does your business get on?" said the girl, trying to follow her mother's admonition.

"Oh, middling, middling. My business is always pretty good, you see. And if they can't get any thing else, people will buy pies. Why, I send out twenty-five carts every day, against twenty last year. You see, the city is opening up in every direction, and the demand is fine. But then every thing costs so! Flour is gone up, feed for the horses too, and the stabling generally is mighty expensive. Then, you see, I'm hampered in other ways, real estate and so on. I don't want you to think I'm a-going to be personal, but my mortgages are most of them a loss, sooner or later."

Mary gave an appealing look at her mother, but the latter refused to see it.

"That brings us right where we were before supper, Mr. Tuttle," said the widow, courageously. "There's no one but friends here, and we may as well have our talk out."

"Very good, ma'am," said Tuttle, unctuously; "business is business, and the sooner finished, the better."

"Mr. Churchill," said Mary, rising, "let us go into the other room. I have a book to show you that Susy lent me. She asked particularly to know your opinion on it."

Stephen rose quickly and followed her from the room before Mrs. Lagarde and the stranger could demur. Once outside, her cool self-possession left Mary suddenly, while from a pale rose she turned white, and held to the table for support. She turned her back on Stephen and hung her head. When she swayed a little, he watched her in an agony, hoping she would fall, that he might have an excuse for putting his arms about her. But she merely sank down on the stiff horse-hair sofa, while her foot tapped the floor angrily.

"Miss Mary," said he, awkwardly, "if you are in any trouble, I hope you will consider me a friend—at least a friend," said poor Stephen, little suspecting that these were the very words Mary would least like to hear.

"Oh, certainly, Mr. Churchill," said the girl, coldly. "It is very kind of you, I am sure. This person in the other room is very disagreeable to me, that is all, and I have the bad manners to show it."

Again Mary looked out of the window, and a long pause ensued. Stephen took a seat on the sofa, and gazed at her with a rising cry of love in his heart. She was so courageous and so beautiful, he thought, so fresh, and yet at times so wise, a person with such magnificent possibilities of womanhood. How could he hope that he would ever be able to fill the niche in her mind, which doubtless contained some tender, chivalrous hero, large of limb and dauntless in the fight? Could that wonderful masterpiece of humanity, he thought, ever be brought to put her arms around the neck of a pale bent student like him? Let people talk of distinctions as they would, was he, with a profession and means, a fair mate for the daughter of a poor boarding-house keeper, a girl who worked in a factory? His lover's humility answered no.

"Mary," said Stephen.

The girl turned her head with intention to look surprised at the liberty taken by a man to whom she had long ago taught the quick revolutions of her pride, but her eyes did not reach him before she faltered. She could not get her eyes to his face, but turned away, with a poor attempt at haughtiness.

"You know I am your friend," continued Stephen, in a trembling voice, and reaching forward, took the hand nearest him. But the girl snatched it from him and sprang up.

"Do not talk to me in that tone," she burst out. "I can not stand it, and won't have it;" then she paused.

Her mother's voice fell into the silence, calling her. She darted to the door, and stood irresolute on the sill.

"Please forgive me," she said, penitently, without looking at Stephen; "but somehow I couldn't bear the tone you used." Then she slipped away.

Stephen got up and walked slowly out through the lines of box into the shady triangle, where the quiet of the evening might bring some order to his troubled mind. Mr. Tuttle's heavy walk on the gravel roused him from a long fit of abstraction, and before he could avoid him, that worthy had taken a seat on the bench beside him.

"Your pardon, young gentleman," said he, perceiving Stephen's instinctive motion, "but I have a word to say along of the widow Lagarde over there."

Stephen gazed at Mr. Tuttle's thick soft knees, and thought, in his professional way, of how great naturalists compose a whole unknown animal from a single bone discovered. Mr. Tuttle's knees seemed to his prejudiced view exact symbols of the man.

"I'm a plain man," said Mr. Tuttle, "and the fact is, I've got a mortgage on this little place of the widow's, and from being behindhand, she's got worse and worse. Now, from the way she speaks of you, I suppose you are her friend, and perhaps might like to help her out."

"I suppose I could," stuttered the young tutor, confused by many other things besides the aversion Tuttle inspired in him; "but I do not see any particular reason why I should. You must know I never knew her before last year."

"Ha! ha!" laughed the other. "If you don't see a reason, any other man in your place would. I should say that girl of the widow's would make a very particular reason. Sort of queen-like. She's no common stuff, she ain't."

"Sir!" cried Stephen, forgetting himself, rising, and his fingers curving with a desire to catch at Tuttle's thick neck.

"Oh, no offense! no offense!" cried Tuttle, getting up and backing two or three steps.

"A-a-all right," stammered Stephen, recollecting the folly of his position. "Perhaps I can do something. Don't act till you hear from me;" and he hurried into the house.

At the door he met a boy with a telegraphic message, which read as follows:

"NEW YORK, *May* 25.

"Agent gone with securities and papers. Come on at once. Bring all memorandums you have."

He had just time enough to catch the train. From the station he sent word to Mrs. Lagarde not to expect him for some days, and took his seat full of foreboding of the wretchedness which might be in store for him in the future.

"I wouldn't have thought it of Stephen Churchill," said Mrs. Lagarde, about a week after. "I did think he cared enough for us to ask how we were."

"Perhaps he's sick," said Mary, a little indistinctly.

"No, he ain't; for I met young Mr. Robinson not an hour ago, and asked him how Mr. Churchill was getting on, and he called out, 'Oh, he's all right.'"

Mary made no answer, but set her teeth hard. They were in a small house far out on the eastern edge of the town—a house of Mr. Tuttle's, which he had kindly offered them at low rent when he was forced to foreclose the mortgage on their own place a few days before. This was not his only kindness: every day he sent them some little present, which began to tell sensibly on Mrs. Lagarde's feelings.

"It appears to me, Mary," said she, coming to her daughter's side at the open door, "that you act very strange to Mr. Tuttle. At one time I did him wrong in my mind. I saw he was all struck of a heap by you the first time he laid eyes on you, and afterward I did think he was getting familiar like. But, Lord! you're so high and mighty you frighten even me sometimes. Now you must see what it all means: he means marry. Did you never notice how he looks at you?"

"Yes," said Mary, between her shut teeth, gazing fixedly over the meadows at East Rock. The windows of a lonely house on the summit blazed like fiery eyes, and mocked her agony as she compared his way with the wistful homage of Stephen's eyes.

"Now I don't see how you could do better. Mr. Tuttle is a good, kind man; not very young, but not old neither. He's formed, and knows his own mind, and he's a first-rate business man. It's a dog's life keeping boarders, and never did and never will pay."

"Yes," said Mary, bitterly, "it's a dog's life you have been leading, and on my account, too." She stroked her mother's hair, not unkindly, but there was more despair than affection in the motion. The tide of rebellion against her lot in life was overwhelming her. She thought how other girls could go on improving themselves in comfortable homes, where the mother was not compelled to the unending daily household drudgery.

"Mary," whispered Mrs. Lagarde, suddenly breaking off a roll of words that had been issuing from her lips, "here comes Mr. Tuttle, earlier by an hour, and in his best buggy. Come in. Now do not look so gloomy, please, and remember that there's others in the world besides yourself."

Mr. Tuttle was not the only person whose face was set toward the dilapidated little

house in the suburbs. Stephen Churchill had arrived that day, and finding his boarding-house closed, and Mr. Tuttle, to whom he had written on business, not to be found at his shop, had set out to find Mary by such meagre directions as he could procure. The sight of Mr. Tuttle passing in holiday attire at a fine rate of speed had not quieted his mind, but at least gave him the direction in which to search. The flaming windows of the house on East Rock seemed, however, a good omen; it pleased him to think them a bonfire of happy augury, until the sight of Tuttle's wagon before a small cottage gave the upper hand once more to sad and angry thoughts. As he approached, a disagreeable voice was heard through the closed shutters; so, hesitating to go in, he passed to the right around the house. On that side, in the narrow sill of a miniature bay-window projecting a few feet from the wall, sat Mary, with her back to him, and pressed out from the room, as if to get away as far as possible from the speakers. Stephen stepped noiselessly forward until he stood within arm's-length of the figure always present to his mind, and leaned against the house. As she sat he might have stirred her hair by bending forward and breathing hard.

"There is men in my position would hesitate before they asked a factory girl to marry them," said Mr. Tuttle, in a loud, complacent voice; "but I am a plain man, and what I say I mean, Mrs. Lagarde. That there daughter of yours shall dress like the best of them—as good as any body up to Hill-house Avenue. It's true I'm no boy; but we know, Mrs. Lagarde, what comes of two green young things a-marrying. All very well as long as the money lasts for the honey-moon; but when that's spent, the fighting begins. What do you say, little Mary?"

Mary laid her clinched fist against the upright of the window, and pressed hard, but answered no word. She leaned out and looked around the upright at the moon, between half and quarter, which burned like a steady candle flame high in the sky. There was nothing mocking in that yellow flame, as there had been in the reflected sun; it was pure and benignant, and seemed to pity Mary so tenderly that tears came into the girl's eyes.

"Mary," said her mother; and she drew in her head, ashamed that she should have been pitying herself, and resolved to do what was her duty—"Mary, I suppose you have heard what Mr. Tuttle has said. What have you got to say?"

"Nothing," said Mary, in a tired voice.

"Nothing? What do you mean? Is that the way to talk before a gentleman?"

Mary found some difficulty in getting her words out. "Mr. Tuttle is very good to ask me, mother; but he doesn't know something I will tell him. I love some one else."

"Oh," said Mr. Tuttle, with a complacent voice, "is that all? Pshaw! pshaw! that is merely greenness. If that is the only thing to hinder, don't you bother yourself about that. When we get married, you'll find that all right. It's nothing but moonshine—nothing but moonshine."

Mary had leaned out again, and looked at the pure moon sailing above. But there was an evil smile on her lips as she heard Mr. Tuttle's remark—a disdainful smile. "Moonshine is the only real thing in life, I believe," she muttered. "All else is villainy or hard work. What difference does it make?—mother will be happy."

"Come, Mary, give Mr. Tuttle an answer," said her mother. "Do have some regard for your poor mother, who has slaved for you so long."

"What was it Mr. Tuttle asked?" said Mary, haughtily, for she had made up her mind, and felt like playing with her own misery.

"Why, to be my wife, Mary my dear," cried Mr. Tuttle, with an effort to be lover-like.

Mary quaked at the coarse tone that was meant for love, and turned again for strength to the brilliant lamp of night; but a pair of warm trembling hands were laid about her shoulders, and a longed-for voice pleaded, scarcely above a breath:

"Mary, Mary, for God's sake, don't marry that man! You need not marry me if I am not worth it, but do not wreck your happiness with him. Give me a chance. I can not live without you."

With no more surprise than one feels in the changes of a dream, Mary turned half around, and saw the pure light in Stephen's eyes, felt his warm breath.

"It was too horrible!" she whispered, as her arms stole about his neck, and she nestled against him. "I knew you must come at the last moment—before it was too late."

Mr. Tuttle was alarmed at the long silence which was not a silence. He struggled to his feet, and stepped to the bay-window. There he saw something that made him gasp out an oath, seize his hat, and leave the house. Another moment, and the wheels of his wagon were heard no more. But the half-moon, like the flame of a great candle, burned steadily overhead.

LOVE IS KING.

If at thy kingly gate,
Dear, thou dost bid me wait,
And take such dole of love
As thy calm heart may move,
In truth I have no way
Nor will to say thee nay.

If from my living heart,
Love, thou dost bid me part,
And leaving it with thee
Keep only memory,
Alas! I have no way
Nor will to say thee nay.

THE BABY.

ILLUSTRATED BY PORTE CRAYON.

Order—Mammalia. *Genus*—Homo. *Species*—Various.

THE PEERLESS.

THIS charming and interesting little animal is found thriving in all countries and in all climates, from the meridian of Salt Lake City east and west to that of Pekin, and from the equator north and south to the opposing poles. The sculptured traditions that antedate all written history, the tender and touching imagery of the earliest poets the mysterious conceits of the most ancient philosophers, furnish proof that it has flourished since the remotest ages, occupying much the same position that it does in modern times—the cynosure of the dearest hopes and affections of our race, the mystery which six thousand years of study and observation have failed to solve. Indeed, we are inclined to think the old-time folks had better ideas on the subject than those now current, and that the discoveries of modern science have only served to muddle the mystery.

Fifty years ago our nurse told us these peerless little beings were found in the potato patch, and smiling mamma said that angels brought them in a basket and left them on the door-step, and in those days most of us had implicit faith in one of those theories. But modern science asserts they are developed by evolution and natural selection, remotely from zoophytes and proximately from monkeys. These conclusions are supported by a concatenation of facts whose logic is unanswerable. Zoo-oo is one of the earliest articulate utterances of infancy, especially when the baby happens to be trying to talk and suck his fist at the same time, which he is very apt to do.

We may next note the fact of the tenaciously doubled fists themselves, instinctively squared for action, and pugnaciously sparring at the empty air, as if seeking an adversary, and failing to find one, viciously thumping his own little pink face until he bawls again with pain and rage. This indicates that inherent and ineradicable propensity for "fight" which has been the prominent characteristic of humanity since the days of Adam, and logically establishes the direct derivation of our race from the great original zoophyte.

The startling and rather humiliating resemblance between the physiognomy of a recent infant and the simian genus, and the still closer affinity in manners and propensities, which in some specimens never entirely disappears, are so apparent, and have been so universally remarked, that any further logic may be deemed superfluous. Still we abhor sponges, and have always entertained an especial contempt for monkeys, perhaps because of the very unfortunate resemblances we have noted. We are, moreover, somewhat aristocratic in our social sentiments. Presuming, therefore, to follow the law of natural selection, we must contemptuously repudiate our scientific progenitors, and prefer to choose our great-grandfather from the peerless potato patch, or date our ancestry from the royal carrot.

LE ROI CAROTTE.

"EVERY CROW," ETC.

With these suggestions, we leave this question to those who have so long and fiercely battled over it, and proceed at once to consider our subject as we find it among us—a living, crying, and aggressive fact. To do this intelligently, we should first endeavor to exhibit to our audience the most perfect specimen in existence. Ring your bells, sound your trumpets, and proclaim your wishes. Heavens! what a cloud of exhibitors! The national Centennial at Philadelphia is a mere village cake and candy shop compared with this enormous baby show. It seems as if one-tenth of the population of the whole earth were claimants for the honor—all eager and pressing as office-seekers around a new President.

Knowing that "every crow thinks her own young one white," how could we dare to choose? it would offend so many—we couldn't afford it just at this time. We must temporize, and invent some scheme to extricate us from our embarrassment. Refer it to the popular vote? No; there would be a universal tie, and a general rebellion among the mothers. Decide by lot, and distribute chromos to the disappointed parties? Impracticable. All the printing-presses that have been set up since Gutenberg wouldn't work off the edition within a reasonable time.

Couldn't we classify so as to reduce the competing multitude within reasonable bounds? Say, close out baldheads and brunettes? No; our constitution prohibits distinctions on the color line, and any fling at baldpates might excite a sympathy in influential circles. Ah! we have it: we may rule out the heathen without offending either constitutional or humanitarian susceptibilities. 'Tis true, we have diplomatically embraced the Mikado of Japan, and are undertaking to civilize his people for what we can make out of them. Then their tawny, black-eyed younglings are the quaintest, liveliest, prettiest little creatures imaginable. But—

Here wife plucks our sleeve, and whispers: "Why all these foolish schemes and subterfuges, when you have the very specimen you want just at your elbow? Is not our Johnny the paragon of all created beings?"

"Woman," we answer, in a tone of solemn rebuke, "philosophy teaches us that the great globe itself is but as a grain of sand in the universal plan; that upon the surface of this minute speck crawl twelve hundred millions of the ephemeral parasite called man. Conceive, then, if you can, the infinitesimal insignificance of this animated molecule, this monad—"

"Oh, Professor, much learning has addled your brain, or you are drunk on the frothy lager of German philosophy. To call Johnny such frightful names—darling Johnny, whose smiles are nestled in quivering dimples, whose grief is expressed in a puckered rose-bud, whose bright and curious eyes already ask questions which the wisdom of your whole academy can not answer, whose soft caress reveals a love so deep that all your profundities linked together can not fathom, a joy so infinite that all your leaden books and aggregated conceit can not smother—little Johnny of no moment in the immensity of God's creation!"

"There, then; be calm, be quiet. Mamma is right, after all. We'll accept Johnny as our model, and go on with the subject."

Once fairly established among us, the Baby naturally takes position on the apex of our social and political organization. The hierarchal pyramid is built, beginning at the top (as most of our political and social theories are), as follows: First, the Baby, the supreme head, the autocratic essence, from whom all subordinate honor and authority emanate; next, the mother, as chief Min-

ister of State, holding place nearest to the throne; then the family, as relatives and assistants, completes the primary or monadic group. Then we have the commune or county, a neighborhood of families; the State, an agglomeration of communities; and finally the nation, as a confederation of States.

Now, according to the system devised by certain grown-up babies who have figured among the statesmen of the present century, governmental authority is enfeebled and limited in proportion to its distance from the centre, and increases in breadth and vitality as it approaches its primary sources. The State, comprised within the outer circle of the nation, is superior to and should govern the nation, and logically the county should rule the State, the family must lord it over the county, and the Baby tyrannize over the family, as he undoubtedly does. This presentation, based (or climaxed, as we may take it) upon a universally acknowledged fact, is calculated seriously to alarm those honest souls whose sleep has been lately disturbed by the terrors of centralization.

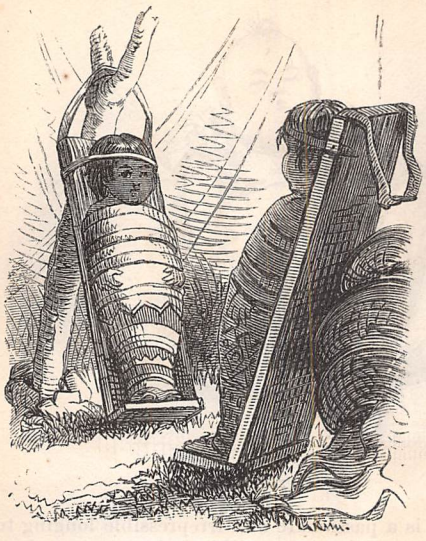
OUR JOHNNY.

But we may find consolation in another view of the subject. Our broad nationality includes several millions (more or less) of these vigorous, willful, domineering little apexes, each logically representing more of power and reserved rights than the general government itself, but so diverse in their individual aptitudes and desires that we never see two together for five minutes without a disagreement ending in a fight. The only sentiment common to the whole class, in the United States and elsewhere, is a passionate and irrepressible longing to catch the moon. This desire can never lead to unity or combination, for in our system we have but one moon, and a great many candidates therefor.

Yet if it should happen some day that one, more agile and ambitious than the rest, actually should grab and swallow that luminary, we may look out for centralization and a *régime* more despotic and remorseless than that of the Roman Cæsars.

To the credit of mankind it may be observed that this arrogant and unlimited empire of babyhood has not been submitted to tamely and without partial effort to control or modify its oppressive authority. The noble red man ties his new-born chief to a board, bound hand and foot, not so much to keep him out of mischief as to inure him to that stoicism in suffering and limited sphere of action which belong to his future career, and also to afford his esteemed mother the

RULED OUT.



THE STOICS.

needful recreation of hoeing her row in the corn field. Your tradition-ridden European swaddles his nascent subject, body and mind, in the bands of conformity, that he may learn to play his part civilly, without jostling or astonishing his fellows, in the crowded marts and thoroughfares of despotism. In America, where "no pent-up Utica contracts our powers," our little regulators are allowed to go it sprawling, acquiring even in babyhood those invaluable lessons of self-control, self-reliance, and self-helpfulness which are to make the coming man the admiration of himself and the terror of the world.

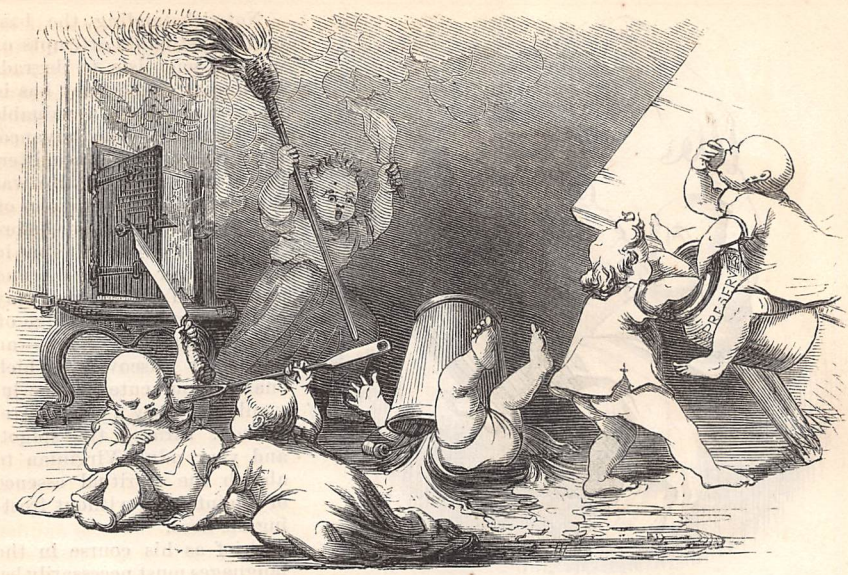
In comparing results, we may further observe that the most carefully swaddled Baby, when he grows up, and occasionally breaks loose for a season, through inexperience and a blind resentment of his former unnatural suppression, becomes the most dangerous and frightful mischief-maker both in society and government; while our sprawling freeman, if he has the luck to survive the risks of his infantile career, subsides into self-reliant conservatism, with discretion and experience enough to manage his affairs creditably thereafter. It is true that when our pet babies fall into fits from surfeiting, or set the house on fire in their wanton frolics, we feebly but temporarily regret the *régime* of swaddling-clothes; but when "our party" carries an election triumphantly, we are reassured of the future of the republic, and shout the praises of freedom with renovated zeal.

Some may be disposed to regard our theories of Baby's connection with political affairs as rather whimsical and far-fetched; but for our justification we have only to recall the immense excitement caused by the appearance of *Ginx's Baby*, and that red-headed infant, *Lord Bantam*, in the political circles of Great Britain.

Whatever doubts or differences of opinion may exist in regard to this phase of our subject, there can be no disputing the Baby's paramount influence in social and domestic life.

Although statisticians assure us that bounteous nature multiplies our kind at the rate of about one hundred per minute, yet each particular appearance is hailed with a de-

SWADDLED.



EARLY LESSONS IN SELF-GOVERNMENT.

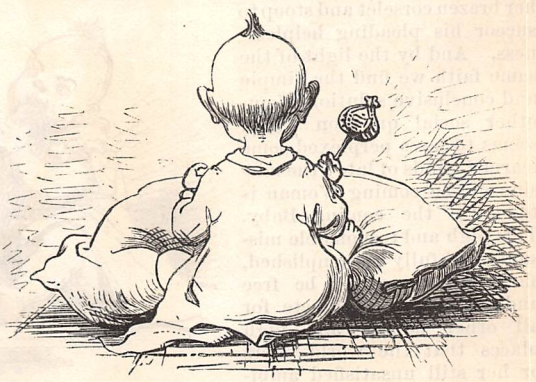
gree of astonishment, admiration, and delight as if the like had never been seen on earth before. From his first entrance into life Baby is surrounded with courtiers and ministers vying with each other in servile flattery and superfluous attentions—a very autocrat in appearance, but helpless and irresponsible, as autocrats usually are, in reality. For a while, indeed, he seems disposed to take a melancholy view of his position, and rather resents the mundane luxuries so officiously thrust upon him. Catnip tea is little to his taste, and flattery he receives with a yawning indifference, a supercilious gravity that is supposed to distinguish the haughty "caste of Vere de Vere;" and it requires about seven weeks of the most ingenious and persistent honeyfugling to win from him even the doubtful recognition of a smile.

With time, however, and abundance of his proper diet, his cheeks begin to dimple and the joyousness of his nature to develop. Now if he could only be let alone, his babyhood might, indeed, be an era of Arcadian existence. But with all the quacks, tinkers, inventors, meddlers, and reformers to whom society owes a living, our ruling powers can never be sufficiently let alone. Just in proportion to his recognized importance, his amiable helplessness, and the credulity of his ministers, is King Baby victimized by these pretended friends of humanity, when Heaven knows how simple and easily provided for are all his natural and healthful desires and necessities!

"Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw,"

a well-raised Baby will laugh himself into ecstasies at the gyrations of a feather, and find hours of sweet contentment geologizing in a pile of dirt.

In the outset of his progressive career he prefers to exercise his own unaided strength and genius. The only legitimate baby-jumper is papa's boot, a rollicking "ride a cock-horse," which has the advantage of being equally entertaining to both parties. For silver whistles and gum rings to cut his teeth on, it is more natural as well as economical to substitute nurse's finger, or even pussy's tail in an emergency, although it may be objected that the enjoyment is not mutual, as in the former case. Then, as for the three thousand and three recipes for



THE RATTLE.

"RIDE A COCK-HORSE."

condensed lacteals, farinas, gelatines, and carminatives, for common charity's sake let poor Baby eat and sleep as nature has ordained.

With these brief suggestions we prudently close our commentary on this heading, having no mind to revive the effete and exploded office of "Intendant des menus Plaisirs du Roi," nor rashly to undertake the commissariat and medical direction of the "Grand Army of the Republic."

This, we feel assured, is not our especial mission, but we rejoice in the faith that it has been satisfactorily arranged by higher and more competent authority, and, moreover, that King Baby himself has been invested with plenary powers to enforce the decree — so ample that if Minerva herself might be inveigled within the sphere of his influence, the haughty goddess would be constrained to unlace her brazen corselet and stoop to succor his pleading helplessness. And by the light of the same faith we find the simple and conclusive solution of another social question which seems to have perplexed some learned minds of late: the mission of the coming Woman is to nurse the coming Baby. This high and responsible mission faithfully accomplished, she shall thereafter be free and welcome to compete for all other honors and high places that the world offers or her still unsatisfied ambition craves.

Notwithstanding the base and unjustifiable attempts of modern scientists to degrade his ancestry, the Baby has in many ways been a valuable contributor to the advancement of natural science, literature, and the arts. He was familiar with the principles of the suction-pump long before Archimedes or Ctesibius put in his claim for the patent, and antedates Torricelli by many centuries in his knowledge of the exhausted receiver — an important discovery, which enables your cute Yankee juvenile to empty a cider barrel without turning the spigot, and your adult Virginian to absorb the spiritual essence of a mint-julep without frosting his nose.

Brief as his course in the languages must necessarily be, with the additional disadvantage of never hearing his native tongue spoken intelligibly in his presence, the Baby has yet contributed to philological science a number of words of almost universal use and significance. The word *mamma*, for example, is one of the most pleasing, musical, and expressive vocals in all languages, a derivative of which has been adopted by science to classify monkeys, whales, bats, bears, zebras, porpoises, and babies, and half the beasts, birds, fishes, reptiles, and human wonders in Barnum's menagerie.

The word *papa* is only second to the first in universal utility and range of significance. In Italy it signifies the head of the Roman Church. In Greek, Chaldaic, and Syriac, a clerical magnate of more limited pretensions. In the nursery, a nourishing pabulum for the crescent infant is called

MAKING USE OF A FRIEND.

pap. In domestic circles, papa indicates the ostensible and generally accredited head of the family — a position endowed with some prestige and dignity in aristocratic societies, but in democracies synonymous with daddy, pap, him, ole feller, or any thing he can get in the universal scramble. But *verbum sat.*

The Baby's natural love for literature is exhibited by the eagerness with which he tries to devour any book that may fall into his hands. It was his well-known taste in this direction that inspired the book of books, now usually printed on starched muslin. The mighty Homer has drifted so far away into dream-land that our scholars have of late begun to doubt whether any such personality as the blind harper of Ilium ever existed: Dante, like a grim Cerberus, can only be dragged from the obscurity of his imperial gloom into the light of modern centre tables by the Herculean labors of Doré; by the power of the same artistic enchanter Cervantes is called forth from among the mouldering Moorish palaces and crumbling Christian churches of old chivalric, ruined Spain; the most glorious poet and grandest philosopher of haughty England's golden age have become so indistinct and jumbled by the jolting of Time's wagon that our critics are even now disputing whether it was Lord Verulam who wrote Shakspeare's dramas, or Sweet William who did Bacon's essays; the fiery Byron lay quenched and forgotten until momentarily revivified by a scalding cup of New England tea, then sinks again into eternal ashes: but while flowers shall bloom to

AS NATURE HAS ORDAINED.

greet the rising sun, while spring-time and harvest shall return to bless the earth, while generation shall follow generation like waves upon the sea-shore, so long shall flourish in perennial editions, "ever charming, ever new," the unfailing hope of artists, editors, and publishers, the Baby's author—*Mother Goose.*

Thus having, as we think, satisfactorily established our hero's supremacy in the affairs of state, society, science, and literature, we will endeavor, modestly and briefly, to exhibit his pre-eminence in the fine arts. Far back in the dim prehistoric ages, before these arts had achieved for themselves a recognized individuality or separate existence, the Baby figures prominently among the carved and painted emblems of Oriental theology. Then among the artistic Greeks how beautifully do all the loves, jollities, and beatitudes of their poetic mythology find expression in the idealized forms of babyhood! How grandly do the wolf-suckled babies of Rhea Silvia, done in antique bronze, typify the career of that fierce and virile race which domineered the world for so many centuries! And during the long dark ages which followed the decadence of old Rome, how fondly did the hopes and tenderer sympathies of humanity cluster and cling around the ideal of the Virgin Mother and her godlike Child! How gloriously did mediæval art, germinated and nourished by this single central thought, grow and develop from those crude effigies, formed with staring pigments and gilt backgrounds, painfully wrought by faithful but skill-less worshipers, up to the

AN EXHAUSTED RECEIVER.

THE MADONNA OF SAINT SIXTUS.

culminating effort of Raphael in the Madonna of Saint Sixtus!—perhaps the highest reach of human art in its endeavors to represent the divinity of babyhood.

But while these ages of fervid faith have passed away, and the high-wrought types inspired by elevated sentiment may be no more reproduced, still, art in our modern times, with all its scientific enlightenment, superior technical facilities, and its materialistic shams and shoddies, continues to harp upon the everlasting Baby.

From the illustrated periodicals and gay-colored chromos which are showered over our free and happy land,

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strow the brooks
> In Vallombrosa,"

sweet baby faces still beam forth as the principal attraction. In our photographers' show-cases and parlor albums, amidst princes, presidents, candidates for Congress, *prime donne*, professors, generals, and all sorts of celebrities—the evanescent shadows of fashionable fetich-worship—the innocent and unconscious smile of babyhood alone maintains its permanent place, assured against the changes of time and the oblivion of the waste-basket.

How pleasing, also, amidst the vanities, vices, and corruptions of our trade-stained city streets, to recognize the same loving, humanizing sentiment radiating from frequent shop windows that teem with baby effigies in Parian, bisque, bronze, gutta-percha, wood, pink kid stuffed with bran; waxen beauties that open and shut their pretty eyes to order; some that can squeak most charmingly on being squeezed, and, better still, remain silent when let alone. Others, yet more amazing, which, on being duly wound up, will creep about and bob their little heads as naturally almost as the "living fact" that requires no winding up, and in whom the weary, watchful mamma sometimes thinks she has discovered the principle of perpetual motion.

But High Art may curl her classic nose in scorn at our recognition of these dollar-store shams and shoddies; and yet, O noble dame, did you ever see any thing more ridiculous in a Broadway toy shop than those

THE LIVING FACT.

coveys of cherubic heads we see fluttering, without apparent aim or end, over so many of your world-renowned canvases?—inconsequential dogmas, which neither the conceited perversity of genius nor the simple credulity of faith can justify, whose absurdity is so aptly illustrated in a little French anecdote that we are constrained to repeat it.

While that divine musician, Saint Cecilia, played one of her ravishing voluntaries on the organ, the charm of her music attracted a swarm of these vespertilian *dilettanti*, proving that they at least have ears. Dis-

AN ARTISTIC FICTION.

turbed, perhaps, by the humming of their wings, she politely said, "Asseyez vous, mes enfants, asseyez vous." They replied, fluttering in some confusion, "Grand merci, madame! grand merci, mais nous n'avons pas de quoi."

But we already feel a twinge of conscience at having appeared to countenance the criticism of this cynical rationalist. Beneficent spirit of the divine Plato, we invoke thy forgiveness!

Let materialistic science go on fumbling among dry bones and mouldy fossils, playing with pneumatic squirts and fizzling chemicals, muddling over statistics and mathematical corollaries, prognosticating potato bugs and measuring the length of comets' tails, insulting our sentiments and throwing dirt on our ancestors, bubbling up systems as baseless and unstable as the mirages of the desert or these bob-tailed cherubs; but the inspirations of genius soar beyond the range of reason, and only in the empyrean of poetic faith can we find satisfactory assurance that we are something better than the beasts that perish.

"ASSEYEZ VOUS, MES ENFANTS."

Thorwaldsen's antique genius has left us two exquisite ideals of babyhood in his famous medallions of "Night" and "Morning." Charming they may be, quoth our cynic realist, but delusive; and incontinently he daubs beneath each sweet artistic conception a pendant of inexorable facts.

But what are facts? Does not high philosophy declare that facts have no positive existence, that all our conceptions of material things are but impressions received through the medium of the senses, colored and characterized by the mind which reflects them?

Then what do your wretched pictures signify further than to show the mean and distorted medium through which life is revealed to you individually, while the nobler mind of the artist has reflected and symbolized a sentiment which thrills through all humanity, and in vindication of its recognized truthfulness we see his thoughts copied and reproduced in every imaginable style of art, alike adorning the halls of the proud and the cottage home of the lowly, drawing them nearer together by a common æsthetic sympathy.

King Baby has learned to read *Mother Goose* by the pictures, but not yet to interpret the deep and hidden meaning of her rhymes. His motto has been "*Carpe diem*," and every thing else that comes under his hands. He can now locomote perpendicularly without assistance, and lisp his arbitrary orders intelligibly to those around

MORNING.

NIGHT.

him; he has just begun fully to comprehend and enjoy the advantages of his position, when suddenly one morning he awakes with a strange ceiling over his head, and misses the accustomed faces about his crib. There is a mysterious whispering about the house, and folks pass in and out without paying the slightest regard to him. A vague terror creeps over him, but he arouses himself, and shouts, with the air of one whose will has never been disputed, "I want my mamma." Nurse looks in with a cup of warm catnip tea in her hand (a beverage he has not tasted for a year or more). In a tone very different from her usual coaxing obsequiousness, she bids him be quiet, or he will disturb somebody.

Fretted and indignant, he reiterates his demand in a louder and more resolute tone: "I want my mamma!"

From pure pity, or to prevent the threatening storm, some slipshod underling at length comes in and sets young master on his feet, forgetting, perhaps, to wash his face or curl his golden locks. Now he can toddle to the well-known door, where, after sundry rebuffs and warnings, he succeeds in forcing an entrance. There he sees mamma's dear face again, pallid but smiling. With a triumphant laugh, he runs to the bedside and tries to scramble into his accustomed place. But he is nervously thrust back and chilled into silent astonishment. As he stands there wondering, the covers are carefully unfolded, and he beholds a tiny waxen figure, squirming, grimacing, and doubling its fists as if challenging him to combat.

King Baby comes of fighting stock — a race always ready to assert its rights and maintain them with a high hand. His own fists are instinctively clinched, his cheeks flush, his eyes sparkle, and his lisping tongue essays to expostulate.

"Hush, little boy, or you will disturb the Baby."

This is too much, and with a sudden shout he goes for the usurper. He is fortunately forestalled in his fell purpose, but gets his hands slapped, and is hastily removed from the royal presence, snubbed, superseded, dethroned. He is no longer "the Baby." The place next mamma's heart is no longer his; that sweet refuge from weariness, that soft pillow for his sleepy head, is closed against him; that throne from whence he dictated the law to all the house is occupied by a stranger. Then his anger melts into grief, which exhales in "a great and exceeding bitter cry," like the cry of Esau —a cry that shall echo through life for evermore.

The youth who sees the rosy cheek that beguiled his heart warmed by the kiss of a rival understands what it means. The faithful and patient worker who sees the coveted prizes of fortune chance-gathered by the unworthy; the ex-queen of society, sere and faded, as she moves among the fresh-budding beauties of the new generation; the aged actor, whose name no longer heads the posters in flaming capitals, whose entries and exits are unmarked by an audience which waits in breathless expectancy to hail the new-risen star; the superfluous veteran, jostled into the gutter by the crowd straining to catch a sight of the young hero of more recent wars; the gray-haired statesman, whose life has dried up

in the public service, when he finds himself written "an old fogy" in the newspapers—all these know something of the exceeding bitterness of that cry which announces King Baby's downfall from his high estate.

But our hero is no longer a milksop. His grief is sharp, but short, and he never thinks of committing *harikari* because he has lost his place. Being young and progressive, he soon begins to recognize the propriety of the democratic doctrine of rotation in office, and gives place gracefully to his successor, even boasting and rejoicing as loud as any over the perfections of the little brother, waiving his birthright until this new ruler shall himself be superseded and reduced to the rank of boyhood.

Entering eagerly upon a life of broader horizons and loftier aims, the Boy soon ceases to regret the privileges of his Baby royalty, and aspires with a swelling ambition to a future of breeches, boots, and heroic manhood.

THE COMING MAN.

WANTED—A SOUL.

"AND if you should ever come our way," said the Western merchant, waving his hand in rather a lofty and comprehensive manner in the direction of the setting sun, "we shall be delighted to see you. I must own," he added, turning to the head of the firm, who stood blandly by, "that we are largely indebted to our young friend for our pleasant sojourn in the metropolis; and if there is any thing worth seeing out yonder, when he finds it convenient to go that way we will endeavor to make his visit interesting."

The tone of the trader seemed to imply that there might possibly be found something very much worth seeing indeed, and young Hastings declared warmly that he should probably run in upon the firm of Armstrong and Co. sooner than that gentleman would perhaps expect. "It's only a matter of a thousand miles or so," he added, in an under-tone.

"And you couldn't do a better thing," said the senior member, when he had opened and shut the door, and bowed very low, and smiled until the muscles of his lower jaw had ached with blandness, and had at last seen the broadcloth back of this extensive buyer become lost in the tidal wave of heterogeneously clad backs that stream up Broadway toward night-fall—"you couldn't do a better thing, Hastings. You've succeeded in making a favorable impression there, and—ahem—a pretty heavy sale, eh? A little low in domestics, probably—a little low, Mr. Hastings; but you managed to balance it, eh? Hum. I haven't the least doubt, with your usual prudence, you squared the thing nicely, eh?"

"That's all right, Mr. Grimshaw," said the young salesman; but the senior member smoothed his whiskers doubtfully, as he watched the graceful form of his favorite salesman disappear behind a pile of goods.

"Whatever was the reason, Hastings cut there like the very—jinks!" said Mr. Grimshaw.

As for the handsome young recipient of all these favors and criticisms, he had speedily left the ground-floor of the establishment, and disdaining all modern improvements in getting up and down stairs, had leaped three at a time, and finally descended into a grim and practical region dug out of the bowels of the earth, lighted perpetually with gas, heated with steam, and given over to the exclusive use of muscle and brain. In this part of the business house of Grimshaw, Grind, and Co. a fine appearance built upon any other advantages than those of bodily strength and mental quickness was rather a detriment than otherwise to its possessor, and the young Apollo was hailed as he went along with a familiarity that held a certain indifference, if not contempt, for the successful salesman. The head of the packing-room still held Howard Hastings as a boy, and the engineer remembered the little model he had finished under his supervision.

"Now look out the way, will ye, Howdy?" said an Irish porter, grown gray in the service of Grimshaw, Grind, and Co.; and Hastings sprang aside with alacrity. He went on with a quick step and somewhat absorbed air, until the side door of a room clanged behind him with a clang that was lost in a multitudinous clangor of so infinite and various a description that the senses were momentarily stunned upon the threshold. The tramp of the porters with their barrows of goods, the nailing, banging, and pushing of cases, the loud, monotonous, trip-hammered voices of the callers off, and the shrill, nervous call back of the entry clerks—all these

mingled and commingled and swelled upon the ear of an intruder, until he could well fancy he was in the tower of Babel before the tower was built. Hastings dextrously made his way through this apparent chaos to a desk at the farthest end of the room, where was throned Jack Springer, the champion entry clerk of the metropolis. He was mounted upon a very high stool, with three jets of gas making a halo of light and heat about his head, with his coat off, his wristbands turned up, his cheeks hot and flushed, his lips parched, his right hand of a wonderful shapeliness, small and white as a woman's, the blue veins swollen and raised from overwork, slaughtering dozens of pens, absorbing gallons of ink, covering reams of paper with delicate, graceful, perfectly legible letters, and even, symmetrical, perfectly reliable figures, his brain calculating, concluding, and rounding all these into results speedy and accurate enough to render him the wonder and admiration of Grimshaw, Grind, and Co. Howard was tall enough to stand upon the steps of this throne and reach Jack's ear. "Drop this, Jack," he said, "and come out with me to dinner."

Jack smiled down upon this handsome face in a way that softened wonderfully his own cynical features, but went on with his magical pen. In the mean time a person made his way to Hastings's side who seemed dressed in some sort of brief authority, although coatless and cuffless like the rest.

"See here, Hastings, I must insist upon your letting my men alone," he said; "nobody can leave here till these bills are made out."

"You don't pretend to say," said Hastings, contemptuously, "that you can keep Jack any longer than he wants to stay, do you?"

"I have Jack's promise that he'll stick by these bills," said the head of the department, "and his promise is worth something, which can't be said for every body's."

Jack smiled again, never pausing half a second with his pen-destroying and ink-absorbing.

"Go on, Howard," he said, "I will be with you in half an hour."

"At Delmonico's—"

"No; around the corner."

And around the corner Hastings went. He didn't like the locality; he had grown out of it; it did very well some years back, when both time and money were to be considered in dining. But now the place was unnecessary as well as distasteful—unnecessary, because in the matter of time Jack Springer was even more independent than himself: if he chose to throw down his pen for a while, it was very inconvenient for the department; but they had to wait till he picked it up again, for it had been learned by repeated and bitter experiments that nobody could wield that pen, or any other, as Jack Springer did. As for the money, Hastings would attend to that, of course.

He waited the half hour, his eyes resting dreamily upon the mutilated caster, or watching the diamond glisten upon his little finger as it tapped upon the tarnished cloth. As the moments went by, more and more dreamy grew the handsome eyes; his whole face softened. It was evident he had lost sight of the mutilated caster, the tarnished cloth, even of the diamond, and was deep in a reverie. When Jack Springer's hand fell upon his shoulder, he started and blushed like a girl.

"Hallo!" said Jack, who was a psychologist in his way.

"I wanted to see you about Armstrong's figures," said Hastings, speedily scrambling out of his reverie and down into the practical depths of commercial chicanery. "I dipped down like the deuce on the domestics, you know, and every thing was just as close as I could shave it, Jack. I wanted to make a big sale, as profitable for us as I could, of course, but comfortable for Armstrong and Co. I had a reason, Jack." And here Hastings blushed again.

Now Jack very well knew that Hastings's blush was not commercial in its character; in fact, he could scarcely account for it at all. He and Hastings had been boys together, lived upon the same block, sat upon the same bench at school. Jack had done Hastings's figuring there, as he had since at the store; written his few compositions. Hastings, on his part, had done some fighting for Jack, who was mockingly aggressive, but physically weak; and so they had shared life together. When Jack's father, who was rich, had sent Jack to college, Howard's father, who was poor, had put Howard into a store, and there had been a separation between them—but of short duration: Jack's father failed and died, his mother shortly followed, and Jack was thrown penniless and friendless upon the world. Hastings never rested till he got him in the store. Hastings was out among the goods then, and considered a rising boy. Jack naturally fell among the books; it was his misfortune that he never could tell one fabric from the other, but could enumerate their names and value, even in foreign measurements, with lightning-like celerity. This aptness on his part stamped his future with irremediable poverty and overwork. Hastings could scarcely write his own name decently, and never mastered the multiplication table, but at twenty-five he had a trade worth a hundred thousand dollars in sales to the firm.

Jack admired his friend and respected him, but he had no precedent upon which to base that blush.

"You had a reason," repeated Jack.

"Yes, Jack, a deep reason, a mighty pretty and profound reason, a confoundedly graceful and fascinating reason. I never thought I could find such a one in the world. I've seen them, Jack, fine and superfine; but this is a stunner—a proud-stepping, high little beauty, with a head like a deer, and eyes, Jack, that slaughter a fellow's wits, and a voice with a queer musical ring in it, and eyelashes that curl and curl. And she knows how to dress, you understand. Plenty of money, of course; but that ain't every thing: it's a good deal to know how to use it. Upon my oath and soul, Jack, I'm done for. I love her to that extent that if I thought there could be such a thing as to lose her, I'd go quietly out somewhere and blow out my brains. I haven't been able to think, or eat, or sleep for the last two weeks, and I've made up my mind to ask you, Jack, for God's sake, to help me out—"

"I!" said Jack, who had been interested in his friend's confidence to the extent of allowing his hunger to cool with his plate.

"Yes, you. The fact is, Jack, I never envied you before, but I do now, from the bottom of my heart, I do. I'd give half my trade for that trick you have of stringing out rhymes and things, catching up those writers' stuff, you know, and talking like a book, and that sort of thing. I used to think it was a bore, and beg of you to shut up, but I wish to Heaven I'd listened now and got some of it by heart. I say, Jack, old fellow, you don't think you could teach me a little of that balderdash, do you? You see, it's in her line, Jack, and it seems to fit her like a glove. She don't seem to care for society talk. It's easy enough to lean up against the wall, and look interested, and smile, and make up little compliments; but it won't do there, Jack; she's a different article altogether. You'd know what I mean if you were with her, Jack, for she's as like you, old boy, as two peas in a pod—just such pretty fancies and whimsical flights. Oh, Jack, I'm unworthy of her! I never ought to think of her again."

And here Howard put his head down upon the tarnished cloth with a gesture of despondency that went to his friend's heart.

"Why, Howard, old man," said Jack, "take heart; the woman doesn't live that you're unworthy of. You shall have her, I promise you. Who is she? Where does she live? Is there much of an obstacle, in the way of money?"

"She's the only child of Armstrong, of the big Western firm. She lives away out on the border. There is about half a million of dollars of an obstacle."

"Phew!" whistled Jack, rather appalled.

It began to be noticeable, after this little confidence in the chop-house around the corner, that Hastings became more quiet and preoccupied in his manner. His broad smooth brow wore two little wrinkles of care; an air of determination, yet of severe trial, lent a new dignity to his handsome features. He would disappear behind a pile of goods, take a couple of sheets of paper out of his pocket, covered, even between the lines, with a neat legible chirography, and read them over and over with rather a rueful cast of countenance, and becoming puzzled at the end in a (to him) mystical hyperbole, he would waylay Jack at the door of the entry-room, and carry him off up town.

"It's splendid, Jack, of course," he would say, "but so long! You don't know what labor it is. See here, and here, and here. Confound it, Jack, I'll have to send the thing out by Adams's express."

And Howard would unfold before his friend page after page of his own manuscript, each letter big and round and complete in itself. For one of the neat little pages of Jack Springer's, Howard had covered six of a larger size. Jack shrank from this brazen and premeditated pillory of thoughts and dreams that had filled the most secret and sacred recesses of his heart.

"Can't you copy it out a little smaller?" would remonstrate Jack.

"I wish I could," groaned Howard; "but you know what tricks a pen plays with me if I take any liberties with it—turning itself into a spider drunken with ink. My only salvation lies in big round letters that old Armstrong can read from his side of the table. And, Jack, it's splendid, no doubt, but so long! Here's this thing about the stream in the wood: can't you cut it short, Jack?"

Jack flushed a little. "It's a simile, Howard," he said. "To cut it is to spoil it. But leave the whole thing out. The letter will do without it, I suppose."

"You see, Jack," groaned the poor lover, "there must be another at the house now. She's beginning to write every other day. It's dreadful, Jack. You don't know how it wears on me. I begin to hate the sight of a letter. What with duns and things, my table is always littered up with envelopes. I wish to Heaven writing had never been invented!"

"Don't you wish you'd been born in the Middle Ages," said Jack, with a quiet irony in his words and manner that escaped his friend, "when a handsome face and figure, a fine horse and nice outfit in the way of armor, were all a man needed in love and war—the only occupations worth striving for at that time? If there was any little contemptible clerkly business to be settled by the way, it was handed over to some squire in waiting like myself, you know; but as for the knight, reading and writing were servile affairs entirely beneath his notice."

"You don't say!" said Howard, enviously.

"What a comfortable time that must have been!" And having reached Hastings's hotel, they soon found themselves in his luxurious room, and had no sooner entered than a servant brought in the mail.

"O Lord!" sighed Howard, as Jack's eyes fastened upon one modest little gray envelope that had been tossed and tumbled in a leather mail-bag for a whole week. Jack's eyes seemed to be brimful of pity, interest, and care for the travel-worn waif, but Howard's were almost tearful with vexatious woe.

"O Lord!" he repeated, "here's another, and the last reply not half copied out. I tell you what it is, Jack," he added, solemnly, "it 'll end in an attack of brain-fever or something if this thing goes on. I begin now, whenever I see that gray envelope at night, to feel the top of my head coming off."

"Hadn't you better read it, and let me take it along with me?" said Jack.

"Oh, I don't think I need read it, do I? Take it along; I've got work enough here to last me all night. And just sweep those other letters into the drawer, will you, Jack? The very sight of them makes me nervous; they're notices, or invitations, or something in that line, and I can't go out any more: it takes all my time to copy your letters out. You'd leave out that rigmarole about the brook, then, would you, Jack? And yet I don't know as it 'll do. She tells me she has learned to love me through my letters, that these have won her to be mine. I guess I'll leave the pond in, Jack. But why in thunder *did* you make it wind in and out that way? By Jove, I wouldn't want to get lost in that wood of yours, and have to follow your stream to get out! Do stay and dine, Jack."

But Jack was already speeding up the street at a break-neck pace, his hat pulled down over his eyes, an abstracted, dreamy expression on his face. On he went through the jostling throng, and never had life seemed so unreal to Jack Springer as upon that whistling March night. It was all like a big grim pantomime among death's-heads, and he the most grinning, tricky, disreputable phantom of them all. The only grip he held upon reality at all seemed to consist in this little quiet envelope of gray in his vest pocket, upon which his hand rested all the way home. And yet with all the joy it gave him—the best and brightest he had ever known—there was a secret gnawing agony at his heart. The sweetest poison ever held to the lips of a despairing mortal was the breaking of that original seal and the reading of that letter by the flickering light of his guttering twopenny candle.

"I wonder," it began, "if you love my letters as I do yours; if they are to you what yours are to me; if this dear little sheet goes to you brimful of the magnetic power of love, and when you open it you tremble and grow pale—you are blind for the moment with tears of rapture—O my love, my love!"

And Jack Springer groans, and dashes his hand to his eyes to put away those same blinding tears, but not all of rapture, and throws himself upon the shabby cot in the corner of his room, and calls himself a wretch, a villain, a scoundrel of the deepest dye. But two hours after, he still sits there and writes, although the crazy old window-shutters rattle and bang, a small hurricane plays about his half-frozen legs, his hand is numb with cold, and the miserable overworked candle spits and remonstrates, and finally goes out in a huff, leaving poor Jack in the middle of a passage so beautifully fine and intricate, so delicately bred and rounded, that it is fit to raise the ambrosial locks of Howard Hastings upon his comely head.

"Her letters!" he murmurs, as he throws himself into the disheveled heap of bedclothes on the cot. "I wonder how I lived without them! And after all, why grudge myself this abstract happiness? Why find fault with a negative joy held out to me by a niggardly destiny? Not one other soul on earth could answer to mine but this, and why should I cavil and decry the mode with which it has pleased fate to bring these two starved spirits in communication with each other? A little while and the whole thing will go out for me in darkness, like yonder bit of tallow; then the play will go on for the rest, the puppets come and go; but what does it matter?"

But it did matter materially.

When the cold March winds had ceased to make a howling wilderness of Jack's lodgings and a romping-place of his weak lungs and asthmatic chest, when little crocuses and primroses and all the pallid delicacies of spring were pushed aside for the voluptuous bloom of summer, when the splendid roses of Dijon were at Miss Clara Armstrong's breast and in her hair, and out on that Western border nature was in a bewilderment of richness and perfume, and Howard Hastings, at the close of his long-yearned-for holiday, riding along in the handsomest team that could be got out that way for love or money, dressed in that perfect taste that only a New York salesman who has made the thing a study and a success can dress, looking his brightest and best, feeling his happiest and most hopeful, with this beautiful brilliant woman at his side his promised wife, with his future father-in-law's magnificent mansion looming there in the distance, and the welcoming form of the millionaire full of significant encouragement on the balcony—with all this beautiful present to enjoy and the grand

future to look forward to, Miss Armstrong had just made a little remark that turned all his delight to gall and bitterness, and made the whole landscape out of tune and harsh.

"I ought to have put a duster in my trunk," Howard had said, when he found the red clay flecking his fine toilet. "I don't know how I forgot a duster."

Then Miss Armstrong had turned to him, and that soft, low, yet striking contralto of hers was full of a suppressed agitation.

"You forgot something of infinitely more importance than that, Howard," she said. "You forgot your soul. Why in the world, when you came to me, did you leave your soul behind you?"

"What—what did you say?" stammered Howard, half hoping it might be another word in their amusing Western dialect. "Soul! what is that, Clara?"

Miss Armstrong's laugh was always musical, but at this time there was something bitter in it that jarred on Howard's ear.

"A soul," she said, "is an intangible, idealistic part of the human mechanism, with which we think and dream, appreciate, and sometimes love. There are different grades of souls, Howard, but I happen to know that yours is of souls the most exquisite and beautiful. Oh, why did you leave it behind you, Howard? You have not been able during your whole stay to think or dream, appreciate or—or love. Oh, Howard!" said Miss Armstrong—and she put her kid glove upon his arm with pleading vehemence; her eyes overflowed with tears; the roses at her bosom trembled; it seemed to poor Howard that they almost grew pale—"oh, Howard, where is that beautiful soul that has taught me the mystery of love, that has opened for me the portals of paradise? Howard, Howard, I beseech of you, throw off this cruel mask! Bid that soul come to you. It is not like a duster: you can have it here this moment if you will. Oh, for my sake and your own, have it now, at once!"

Howard's thoughts flew like a telegram direct to the hot, murky, deleterious atmosphere of the packing-room of Grimshaw, Grind, and Co. A halo of gas and heat almost shut him out from that soul which Miss Armstrong coveted, but it was there. Under the mask of the sour and cynical smile, the pale haggard face, the negligent attire, its servant, that right hand, was working away, not at its best, for this was the idle season, but leisurely completing the ordinary servitude for two. The soul of Jack Springer was there, most certainly, and could Howard Hastings have summoned it, as Miss Armstrong seemed to think he could, at will, he would have then and there given five—yes, ten—of the best years of his life, and he hadn't the least doubt that Jack would have lent it to him without a murmur. "Why, my dear boy, certainly," Jack would have said, and boxed it up and dispatched it forthwith, with the greater willingness that he had then no present need for it. But it was not a commodity of this kind, unfortunately. Howard tugged at the reins, flushed, and grew pale.

"Why—why, Clara," he stammered, "I've done my best"—he nearly, in his excitement, said level best—"to please you. It's confoundedly hard to expect too much, you know. What with your presence, the—the extraordinary kindness of your father, and the happiness of it all, I haven't been up to the mark, I know; but I have really done the best I could."

And he had, poor fellow—there was no doubt about that; but, under the circumstances, we couldn't expect Miss Armstrong to be satisfied.

"I want to take a last look at that waterfall," said Howard, turning his horses a little from home to rally from this sudden blow. "I'll have to start to-morrow, and that water-fall is a thing to talk about. I wish a friend of mine, Jack Springer, could see it. He'd have it down with a pencil in less than no time."

"I have a sketch of it at home," said Miss Armstrong, coldly. "You may take it to your friend Jack—Jack—what do you call him?"

"Springer," said Howard. "He's a capital fellow."

Then he launched into a panegyric of Jack that lasted till they reached the mad, leaping, foaming cascade. The very whirl and dash of it took the heart out of Howard. The probability was that Jack Springer himself would not have held its grandeur and beauty in higher respect, but Howard could only stammer out that "it was very fine indeed," and feel that he might better have turned his horses in another direction, and wish finally that he either had a little of Jack Springer's eloquence, or was dead. Then he drove madly home, and Clara went to dress for dinner. That night he had a long talk with his proposed father-in-law on trade, Eastern and Western markets, financial prospects, and the commercial outlook; and he really talked very well indeed, with a modest assurance, an easy yet deprecating sense of his own standing in the market, the profits that might accrue from a change in his position, and every word characterized with that grave, weighty, and profound importance that attaches itself to the most trivial of confidences among dry-goods magnates. The old gentleman was delighted with him. He made up his mind that night to start a new jobbing house, and put half a million of money in it, along with young Hastings's trade. But Miss Clara Armstrong sat coldly by, the

classic outline of her features becoming more and more rigid.

"She might, by Jove, as well have been chiseled out of marble along with all the other figures in the drawing-room," said Howard to his friend, when he reached New York again. "The fact is, Jack, she's spoiled for any thing that money can buy—a fine establishment, diamonds, silks, velvets, laces—pooh!—as useless to amuse or interest her as the dust under her feet. Nothing would do for that girl but a first-class A1 soul, shipped in good condition and at once."

Then he went on to tell Jack of that last ride, of Clara's sweet pleading vehemence, of his own wretched inability to procure for her the only thing she coveted in the world.

"I loved her to that extent, Jack," said poor Howard, "that when I saw actual tears in those splendid eyes of hers, those roses in her bosom tremble, I'd have cut my heart out and laid it under her little feet. But a heart—pooh! she'd have kicked it out into the dust. Nothing would do, I tell you, but a soul three hundred leagues away! Just imagine it, Jack, if you can!"

And Jack did imagine it over and over again, till it became a dangerous, intoxicating amusement with him. When Howard gave him the little sketch of the water-fall that Miss Armstrong had sent him, it shook so in Jack's trembling hand that Howard declared he must be ill.

"Our confounded old tread-mill is using you up, Jack," he said. "When that new jobbing house is started that Armstrong has in his head, you must take a position there that 'll give you rest—a sinecure, by Jove, Jack—till you can pull up a little. I don't forget, you know, that I owe my happiness to you."

Jack felt like a Judas; a blush of shame leaped into his cheek.

"Thirty pieces of silver will make it all right," he said, in the mocking way that always mystified Howard.

Nevertheless, a yearning impulse led Jack to attend the grand ball given in the holiday season by Mr. Grimshaw. This gentleman was a little exercised in mind by a few state secrets that had reached his ears, connected commercially with the matrimonial project between his favorite salesman and the great Western trader. His shrewd perspicacity led him to the conclusion that half a million dollars would be much better added to the capital of Grimshaw, Grind, and Co. than the profit of a hundred thousand dollars in trade taken therefrom. But all these things must be managed delicately; therefore, upon the arrival of Mr. Armstrong and his daughter, Mr. Grimshaw issued these invitations in their honor. He threw open his palatial residence on the Avenue; he caused the corridors to be lined with exotics, the dining-hall to be bedded with the most delicate of blossoms for the banquet; he invited untold wealth, beauty, and style, and even a little intellect to scintillate here and there.

The crystal chandeliers shed rivers of light upon silks and laces, velvets and diamonds; every face was radiant but that of the beautiful Miss Armstrong, and Mr. Grimshaw, who had not been taken into Howard Hastings's confidence, and could not be expected to know how utterly in contempt this Western princess held these sordid treasures. Mr. Grimshaw wondered how it was that Miss Armstrong looked so cold and bored and wearied, as, leaning upon her father's arm, she walked the expensive and unusual length of the parlors. He was afraid there was something wrong in the entertainment, and tormented his poor wife and magnificent daughters till they were upon the verge of distraction.

Mrs. Grimshaw couldn't think of any thing amiss. There were all sorts of nice people there; even the blue-blooded Van Tassels and Vandervoorts had just entered the parlors; the stringed instruments discoursed a divine waltz of Strauss's; all was luxury, melody, light; and presently even Miss Armstrong, to the great relief of Mrs. Grimshaw, yielded to the allurements of the scene. That poor lady saw her seated upon a low ottoman in one of the bay-windows, listening to the conversation of a dark, pale, distinguished-looking young man, her face flushing and paling by turns, her eyes glowing, now and then a low musical laugh from her lips falling upon Mrs. Grimshaw's delighted ear.

"She's found some one good enough for her at last," sighed the hostess. "Who is that scornful-looking young man?" she asked of her daughter. "A foreigner, I guess; some count or other."

"I don't know him," said Geraldine Grimshaw. "Who is that young man, papa, talking to Miss Armstrong?"

"Why, God bless my soul!" said the merchant, "it can't be—it is Jack Springer. But it must be all right; I invited him at the request of Hastings; besides, he's of a good family."

In the mean while Jack endeavored to materialize this divine joy, given to him, as he firmly believed, by a mysterious mocking destiny. The perfumed air came to him from the pale, pretty blossoms in the dining-hall, a vague mystery of music beset him from that divine waltz of Strauss's. The bliss was at last his own of actual companionship with this woman whom Howard had brought to his side—this woman of the whole wide world whose soul had been one with his for a brief eternity of happiness. They had met without constraint. It seemed to him and to her they had known each other for a thousand years. And uncon-

sciously blending dreams and fancies that sprung intuitively to meet each other, they drifted fatally on. At last Jack paused, impelled by a vague fear, and the one, two, three—four, five, six—pulse of the waltz fell temptingly upon his ear. It throbbed and throbbed upon his aching heart. The little satin slipper near him tapped dreamily to the coaxing measure.

"Do you—do you waltz?" And for the first time in his life he stammered.

"No—yes—sometimes," she faltered. "I will with you."

And so culminated the joy and the misery of this poor entry clerk. For even with this one woman of the world to him resting upon his heart, her breath exhaling and mingling with his own, amidst the voluptuous swell of the stringed instruments, the glare of light and dazzle of dress, he felt more than ever like a phantom—a mocking Mephistophelean phantom, with which grace and youth and innocence and beauty could never have aught to do.

For the next three days Howard was so busy in dancing attendance upon his betrothed and her rather fussy and exacting father that he lost sight of Jack completely. On the fourth he watched the tips of Miss Armstrong's feathers and a handkerchief waving from the top of her father's cane disappear finally down the bay on their way to a Southern port.

"Write to me to-day," Miss Armstrong had said at parting, with a slight warmth of manner, for which Howard was duly grateful, and off he sped in search of Jack.

"After purgatory comes paradise," said Howard to himself. Having acquired a little ease with practice, he had followed Jack's whims and vagaries upon quires of delicately devised note-paper with patience and forbearance, looking beyond to that happy future smoothly running in a half-million-dollar groove, and to the easy, *nonchalant* marital relation, comfortably bereft of the boredom of love-letters. Howard went whistling down the metal-clad stairs of Grimshaw, Grind, and Co., invading the dingy and driving subterranean department with the air of one upon whom Fortune smiled. His eyes sought out the high stool and prominent desk of the champion accountant, but, lo! it was vacant.

"Hallo! where's Jack?" he said to the head of the department.

"Why, didn't you know?" said that functionary, with the melancholy eagerness that portends bad news. "The other morning, after the blow-out at Grimshaw's, he came down a little late, and I noticed he looked shaky—thought perhaps substituting Champagne for whisky hadn't agreed with him, but didn't say any thing: you know how testy he is. And he's my right bower: can't get along without him. Don't know what I'll do down here. Every thing's at sixes and sevens—"

"Go on, will you?" said Howard, fiercely.

"Well, all at once, right in the middle of a bill, he coughed a little, as you or I or any other man would cough, took out his handkerchief, wiped his mouth, and then got off his stool and said he thought he'd go home. I began to beg of him to stay through the forenoon. He showed me his handkerchief. 'Don't you think I'd better go?' he said, with that bitter grin of his; and I said 'Yes,' for it was filled with blood. Then he coughed again, and he did stay the forenoon, after all. He had like to have died here that morning with hemorrhage of the lungs."

Howard turned on his heel and walked straight out into the street. To do him justice, he never once thought of his own inconvenience, but was absorbed in anxiety for Jack, his comrade, his life-long friend. He stumbled up the stairs of Jack's lodging-house, and found him helpless upon the cot in the corner; but the smile with which he welcomed Howard was bright with the brightness "dying suns diffuse." One of the boys from the store watched there, and the poor shuffling landlady wiped her eyes with her grimy apron as she went out the door. On the pine table were white grapes, jellies, nuts, flowers, candies—all the abortive efforts of Jack's co-laborers in the old working room at Grimshaw, Grind, and Co.'s to appease a gnawing anxiety in behalf of their champion.

"We must get him out of this beastly hole," said Howard to the doctor, when he came. "I want him up at my rooms. He can have every thing there that can be got for love or money."

But the doctor shook his head gravely. "Not just at present," he said; "we'll see later on."

And later on he still shook his head. So a good half of the fine salesman's life was spent in that "beastly hole," with no present hope for better cheer or luxury than could be procured with the few conveniences there. Howard never gave up hope for a moment; but day after day, as he mounted the dilapidated stairs that led to Jack, he was conscious of a vital tugging at his heart-strings.

And somehow, as the days went by, both these men of Grimshaw, Grind, and Co. began to talk and wonder and speculate upon strange things—things with which that commercial establishment and the big world it catered for and toadied to had nothing whatever to do.

There was a good deal of groping in the dark and stretching out of fainting hands to the big mystery that was fit to baffle stronger hearts than those of these two boys of nearly thirty, who had never looked

upward except to prognosticate about the weather.

"It 'll all come right, Jack, old boy," Howard would generally say, in conclusion. "There's no especial hurry. When you get well we'll look into this matter. Upon my oath and soul I believe there's something in it."

In the mean while it will be supposed that Miss Armstrong was not forgotten. All through their doubts and dreams she was the significant thread in the wretched tangle. Distracted by her accumulating and unanswered letters, Howard had essayed to reply to them, simply, briefly, and blunderingly no doubt. The correspondence on her part became colder and shorter in every letter that she wrote. At last it ceased altogether, with the announcement that she would shortly be in New York, where she would confer with him upon matters of importance to them both.

"There's only one way out of it," said Jack, when Howard told him of her coming. "Be honest at last, Howard; confess in full the great and unpardonable sin done to this purest and best of God's creatures. I wish all the agony and wretchedness could be mine, as mine alone was the sin. And tell her I was all to blame; I tempted you to the whole proceeding. You never would have been base enough to think of it, nor have you ever, my good lad, realized the infamy of it. But paint me as black as you will, the sketch will be too faint for the original."

But Howard was not in the heart to paint Jack in any colors but those intended to do him honor. He loved him from the core of his being, and that love tinctured every word connected with his name. Desperation gave him a grim courage. He went up to the hotel on their arrival, with a brow as calm, a hand as cold, as Miss Armstrong's own; and after dinner, when Mr. Armstrong put on his great-coat and went out of the private parlor, hinting, with significant jocularity, that perhaps they could get along without his company, and Howard was left alone with his betrothed, he turned to that beautiful woman with the pluck that is necessary to many a brave soldier in facing a cannon, with his heart cold within him, his pulse still with a nameless dread, but an invincible will spurring him on.

"Clara," he began, with a sadness that lent dignity to his blundering tenderness, "I have wronged you, I know; but, before God, in losing you I suffer all that a man can for committing the worst of crimes."

And truly these three hearts—Clara's, Howard's, and poor Jack's—had been sufficiently wrung. Jack Springer was faint and weak, torn with contending emotions; but it must have been shortly after Howard left the hotel that an altogether new sensation of relief in expiation came to him. It seemed to him that suddenly he was pardoned for all, and then began a happiness born of this redemption; it was a mingling of the past and the future, all the sharp remorseful bliss of the past freed and purified with the sweet wan promise of the future. A soft rapture beat with his languid pulse, and all at once his pale lips began to murmur a queer old rhyme:

"'I fill to-morrow and yesterday;
I am warm with the suns that have long since set;
I am warm with the summers that are not yet;
I am like one who dreams and dozes,
Softly afloat on a summer's sea.'"

"Poor lamb!" said the landlady; "it's good somebody's warm, for I'm a'most froze to death."

"'Two worlds are whispering over me,
And there blows a wind of roses
From the backward shore to the shore before,
From the shore before to the backward shore,
And like two clouds that meet and pour
Each through each, till core in core
A single self reposes,
The nevermore with the evermore
Above me mingles and closes.'"

"Dear lad!" said the landlady. "I expect it's them shutters bangin' back'ards and for'ards that sets him off that way. It's a bitter wind, and no mistake." And whether the poor lady was chilled to the extent of a frozen trance or not, she distinctly averred that she heard a footstep on the stairs, and saw a woman enter the room, all ablaze with jewels and light, the most beautiful the sun ever shone upon, and that she went over to Jack Springer's bed, and took the poor lad's shaking hands in her own, and hot tears rained out of her eyes upon his shrunken face, and Jack cried out, "O most merciful Heaven! you do, then, indeed forgive me?" and she said, low and soft like, but clear enough for the landlady to hear—she said, "I forgive you, and I love you," and then she vanished out the door again and down the stairs, and then came the sound of carriage wheels. "And I'm free to say," persisted the landlady, "that it might ha' been a phantom, and it might not; but see it I did with these two eyes, and hear it I did with these two ears."

But the only one who credited her story was poor Howard Hastings, who came in about midnight to watch with his friend, but found him gone beyond his reach, into that strange country whither Howard, in all his grief and desolation, with the only ones near and dear to him dead or lost to him forever, would fain have followed.

So died Jack Springer, sincerely regretted by Grimshaw, Grind, and Co., where his loss was a terrible inconvenience and unmitigated bore, irreparably mourned by Howard Hastings; and all faulty, blind, and reckless as the soul of Jack Springer dared to be, it is still yearned after by one free from stain.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XII.

THE Danvers' cottage, on the outskirts of the village, though old-fashioned and rather small, was well built and comfortable, and as clean as any in Holland. Mrs. Danver, though chronically ailing in one way or another, was morbidly neat in her ways and ideas, and since the death of her husband, who, whatever his inventive genius, had made no claims to nicety either in temperament or habits, she had ridden her hobby with free rein. The rooms glistened with cleanliness, and the household furniture of all kinds was maintained at a nervous tension of immaculateness almost oppressive to contemplate. Mrs. Danver's infirmities, though they prevented her from doing much of the work herself, did not hinder her from rigorously overseeing the "help" which she employed, and which, thanks to the steady income yielded by the mysterious "patent," and regularly paid in by Mr. Cuthbert Urmson as executor, she was well able to afford. As for Madge, it was undesirable, for many reasons, that she should be bound to any drudgery whatever. Her position as Garth's betrothed wife required a gentleness of breeding and a refinement of occupation which fortunately the patent proceeds did not suffer her to lack. And it would have been a pity, in any case, to have dimmed her beauty and dulled her spirits by subjection to ignoble toil.

It must not be inferred, however, because she allowed herself the enjoyment of help and of a few other luxuries, that Mrs. Danver was a bad economist. The late Mr. Danver had, indeed, been rather an extravagant man, ever ready to borrow largely of the future; but this trait of his had probably served to confirm his spouse in the opposite tendency, and now that he was gone, she improved the opportunity to recoup herself in some degree for the lavishness of the past. She was understood to be well off, comparatively speaking: the more that she made no display of wealth—indeed, rather affected a genteel-poverty style of conversation. She had never been able to understand, she was in the habit of saying, why her income, being derived from a patent, did not augment from year to year, as by all law and precedent it should. Her mind sometimes misgave her whether Mr. Urmson was doing the best possible by it. She had made bold to hint as much to him once in a while, but he had only smiled, and said that when the country grew richer, it was to be hoped she would too. Well, she hoped so; but of course, her poor dead husband having left all the management in Mr. Urmson's hands, there was nothing to be done—no, and, she dared say, nothing to complain of either. Only it was queer, and a small increase, year to year, would have been very encouraging. Mr. Urmson was a literary man, and not overrobust at all lately, since poor Mrs. Urmson was buried, and of course it was but natural he should accept the reports of the agents just as they were given in, not making any inquiries such as a pushing, active, business man might have made—not without results, who could say? But she was not one to complain, unless for poor Maggie's sake, who had shown a patience in waiting all these years which, with such a face and figure as hers, not the best man in New England was worth. And she might have the best quick enough if she wanted him. But no, none but Mr. Garth; and when Mr. Garth was ready, and had sold pictures enough, why, Mrs. Danver supposed that if poor Maggie was not grown old and dead by that time, there might be a wedding. And she did not complain, only if that was the way it was going to be, why, that was all about it.

Thus Mrs. Danver. But poor Maggie, despite the proffered facilities for being dispirited, had got along remarkably well. Partly by good luck, partly through her connection with the Urmsons, but more than all by dint of the genuine force, acuteness, and tact of her character, she had gained a sort of ascendency in the village. The foolish gossip that had been current about her a few years previous had gradually died away; though no one could boast of being in her confidence, yet she repelled no one, and no one could prove any harm against her; and mere surmise, however plausible, can never in the long-run make head against palpable good report. During Garth's long absence abroad her name had grown to be almost a household word among the dwellers in Urmsworth, and a flavor of romance attached to her, as if she were a merrier sort of Evangeline. She charmed mankind; and her betrothal and demure discretion heated the jealousies of her own sex. She had great mental as well as physical activity, and was forever busy about something. She acquired solid repute by teaching a Sunday-school twice a week, under favor of old Parson Graeme,

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

who had never wavered from his early allegiance to her; and she insensibly took the lead in all dances, picnics, boating expeditions, sleighing and skating parties, that came off in the Urmsworth neighborhood. On such occasions she overflowed with life, laughter, and happy suggestion. The people were proud of her; and if she was something of an enigma, the more of such enigmas the better for the world's weal.

Therefore Garth, when he returned home at last, was rather begrudged the possession of her, especially as he was found to hold aloof from village merry-makings, withdrawing himself, and Madge of course with him, into the seclusion of his studio or of the forest. Nor was his unpopularity amended by the continued delay in the anticipated nuptials, to which every Urmsworthian had been looking forward with almost as much interest as if the ceremony had personally concerned each one of them. The affair was much canvassed among the astute and honest villagers, and great sympathy was felt for the Danvers. Of course no one was called on to interfere, and people must manage their own business; but that a girl like Madge Danver should be kept on tenter-hooks, merely because Garth Urmson had got back from Europe with some grand notions in his head, was simply a sin and a shame. If he thought himself too good for her, why didn't he step out of the way and give some honest fellow a chance? Why, there was that chap Sam Kineo, whom nobody had seen for ten years, but who was believed to be doing well somewhere—he would have married her and had half a dozen children by this time if the Urmsons hadn't clubbed together to get him out of the neighborhood. It was a high-handed business altogether.

Thus the villagers. The sudden appearance in their midst, however, of Golightley Urmson and the two ladies turned the current of discourse in a new direction. Golightley was generally approved of from the beginning. It was remembered that he had been an intelligent and affable youth, and that his father, the old captain, had been very harsh and severe with him, and inordinately indulgent toward his half-brother Cuthbert. He had finally obtained leave to go abroad, where he had evidently amassed an enormous fortune, and was now come home to spend it for the benefit of his old towns-people, whom he had not in all these years once forgotten. Golightley Urmson was a philanthropist, with the means to carry his philanthropy into effect. He would build them a new grand hotel, he would erect the long-talked-of mills and mill-dams, he would endow the poor-house, establish a library, and drain the great meadows below the lake. It was to be hoped that he would assume his proper position as master of Urmhurst—a position which was now suspected to have been his from the first, though he had consented to forego it in favor of his half-brother. Cuthbert Urmson was very well in his way, but he was getting old and infirm, was a recluse and a student, out of accord with the spirit of his countrymen and of the times, and, in short, by no means the person to occupy the most prominent position in the county. Garth, with his artistic follies, was, of course, out of the question entirely; whereas Golightley, with his knowledge of the world, affluence, and energy, might easily aspire to the State Legislature, and even to Congress, where he might impress upon the country the merits of Urmsworth, its wants and its wrongs. Or, if he preferred it, it would be an easy matter to raise so prominent a personage to the position of most honor and authority in his own State; and as Governor Urmson, of New Hampshire, his name, with that of his birth-place, would go down with ever-increasing glory to remote posterity. It was a splendid dream, although inspired by somewhat less than a full knowledge of the past life, opinions, position, prospects, and desires of the individual principally concerned, and therefore not certain to be prophetic. Meanwhile, as I have said, it created a new subject for gossip.

As for the two ladies, opinion concerning them was suspended for the present, but they were watched with curiosity, and when they took up their abode with Mrs. Danver, a great deal of casuistry was brought to bear upon the problem why they had chosen her house in preference to any other. Mrs. Danver herself was sounded by her friends upon the subject, but inasmuch as the only reason she could have given was that Parson Graeme had recommended her to the ladies, she very wisely shook her head and shut her mouth, thereby intimating that there was a mystery in the affair which nothing should induce her to reveal. This reticence on her part had one good effect, for which the ladies, had they known any thing about it, would probably have been thankful. It got Mrs. Danver in the habit of keeping to herself such information with regard to her boarders as chance from time to time threw in her way; and thus it happened that the curiosity of Urmsworth society as to a purely imaginary question created a barrier against itself in matters of actual import.

Mrs. Tenterden and Miss Golightley occupied two snug and cozy rooms on the upper floor of the little cottage, on opposite sides of the passageway, and they also had undisputed monopoly of the parlor whenever they wished it. Mrs. Danver's parlor, boudoir, and dining saloon were and had always been comprised within the four walls of her kitchen, the "best room" having been

locked up, as a rule, and only opened on high days and holidays, when the ancient newness of its smell and aspect, the immitigable stiffness of its chairs and sofa, the gilded glitter of its mantel ornaments, and the unsunned brilliance of its carpet were enough, without the aid of the hair picture of a tomb and a weeping-willow which hung over the fire-place, to frighten away any ordinary intruder. When the ladies were first introduced to this virgin grandeur, and informed that it was at their disposal, Mrs. Tenterden burst into a hearty laugh, to the great astonishment of Mrs. Danver; while Miss Golightley, with a perfectly grave face, walked across the room and back once, and said that it was very nice, but that they had not been accustomed to that sort of thing, and would probably confine themselves to their bed-chambers. "But you must let us dine with you in the kitchen," said Mrs. Tenterden, who had now recovered her composure, and was wiping her eyes; "we must dine with you and Margaret in that lovely clean kitchen;" and Mrs. Danver, who had been in doubt whether or not to be offended about her parlor, decided not to be, and replied, with one of her hungry, melancholy, stiff-moving smiles, that she should be quite pleased to have the ladies take their meals with her and Maggie, if they pleased to do so; and thus harmony was established. Mrs. Tenterden, however, had an incorrigible habit of laughing at the most inopportune moments, merely because something happened to tickle her sense of the ludicrous; and, as Miss Golightley often told her, it was impossible, under such circumstances, to count upon any one's good-will for ten minutes together. But Mrs. Tenterden, as a sort of counterpoise to this bad habit, could never be persuaded that her laughing hurt the feelings of any body; and the genuineness of this her conviction probably impressed itself as often as not on those she laughed at, and made them grin and bear it more good-humoredly than they themselves would have believed possible.

A few days after the visit to the studio, Mrs. Tenterden, in her morning-gown, and with her little bag of tatting in her hand, entered Miss Elinor's room. That young lady was sitting in a large, horse-hair-covered rocking-chair by the window, her violin and bow lying idle in her lap, her mouth very resolute, and her eyes very open, as was her way in reverie. When the door opened she set the chair in motion with her foot, and handled her violin.

"Daughter," began the elder lady (for they mothered and daughtered each other, though in reality owning no such relationship), "I have some news at last. Margaret tells me they're going to have a picnic somewhere up in the woods to-morrow, and wants us to come. This lovely weather—they call it Indian summer, you know. Golightley and all of them seem to be going," continued she, sitting sumptuously down, and proceeding to open her tatting bag.

Miss Elinor put on a very cold and uninterested expression, and only said, "Well, what did you tell her?"

"Oh, I just said I'd speak to you, of course—it's nothing to me," replied Mrs. Tenterden, who was entirely unsuspicious of the fact that it and all similar junketings were a great deal to her. "Margaret says that before young Mr. Garth went to college there used to be a picnic regularly every Michaelmas, and that old Mr. Graeme, the minister (think of that man being ninety-five years old, dear; I declare he looks as if he'd outlive poor Mr. Urmson now)—that he used to manage them, you know. But lately they have been falling off, and I think she said this was the first one young Mr. Garth would have been to for ten or twelve years. He was in college, you see, and afterward in Europe."

Miss Elinor took up her bow, and let it wander lightly over the strings. "Young Mr. Garth is going, then, I suppose?"

"Why, yes, indeed, since Margaret's to be there," returned Mrs. Tenterden, with a genial little laugh. "He may be going to paint a picture of us all. Nellie, did you know that Golightley had bought that picture—that shooting scene of his? Five thousand dollars. Splendid, isn't it, for the young man? I declare, though—such a thing as that—it would give me the nightmare! I can't think what Golightley bought it for—he has such a fine taste for all that sort of things, you know; but I tell him," she went on, again laughing—"I tell him I believe he only wants that portrait in it of Margaret; and he says he does—confesses it. I told him I didn't know what you'd say to that, or Mr. Garth either. I must say, though," added Mrs. Tenterden, more soberly, "the portrait's the best thing in the picture—in fact, it looks to me like it didn't belong there, somehow."

"It isn't supposed to belong there," said Miss Elinor, with a scornful expression; "but young Mr. Garth is not such a fool as to let art stand in the way of money; he's like all other Yankees, I suppose. Only I do wish he'd leave out the art altogether: not add insult to injury!"

"Why, how uncharitable you are, daughter!" exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden, reproachfully. "I'm sure—this wild idea of yours about playing and singing in public, and I don't know what all!—why shouldn't the poor young man sell his pictures as well?"

Miss Elinor executed a spasm of refined contempt upon her violin. "Certainly the poor young man may do as he likes; only if I find him disagreeable— How would you like me to do my playing and singing in ballet costume?"

"Well, I think in my heart, daughter!" cried Mrs. Tenterden, scandalized, but laughing in spite of herself. "Nellie, how can you?"

"If it brought me five thousand dollars, who could blame me? I can tell young Mr. Garth one thing, though," added she, sitting erect in her chair, and growing pink and haughty; "when I dress as a ballet girl I'll throw away my violin and my voice, and dance as a ballet girl too. I reverence my art; but he—may do what he pleases with his, of course;" and she set herself rocking again, pale as before.

Mrs. Tenterden was not enough conversant either with the principles of art in the abstract or with the merits of this particular case to understand the suggested analogy; nevertheless, and though she had been unable to appreciate Garth's picture or to make much out of himself, she was never without a word for the down-trodden.

"Besides, daughter," she began, after some meditative tatting, "you know they're so poor. Here was Margaret telling me that she and Mr. Garth couldn't be married all these years because they had no money, but that since he was to have five thousand dollars for his picture, they would be immediately, and go to Europe; and the dear child seemed to think it was boundless wealth. I declare, it was quite touching."

"Oh!" murmured Elinor, abstractedly, gazing out of window; "oh!"

"I must say, though," resumed Mrs. Tenterden, after a pause, "I can't think where all the money goes to. I'm sure Golightley, when we first came acquainted with him, was always saying how poor he was—though there was plenty of money in the family—because he was giving away three-fourths of his share of the income every year to support his nephew and his brother Cuthbert, and keep up the honor of the house, as he called it. But, for all I see, Cuthbert has been poorer than Golightley. One would suppose they would be—Mr. Urmson and his son would be—very well off now, at any rate, because, since Golightley has made this large fortune of his own, of course he would give up the whole of the other fortune to them. Seems like the money just vanished away, doesn't it?"

"It's none of our business," returned Elinor, coldly: "it's enough to know that your brother has supported them for twenty-five years."

"Oh no; I don't mean that they haven't done all right about it," exclaimed charitable Mrs. Tenterden, "only it seems so queer. That young Mr. Garth doesn't look at all dissipated, or any thing of that kind; that can't be the matter. Indeed, from what Margaret said, I should think he had rather too little—spirit, you know. However, it's none of our business, true enough."

A considerable silence followed, during which Elinor drew some airy arabesques of melody from her tempered instrument. The elder lady, who cherished good-natured sentiments toward music, serenely listened for a while, but at length interposed between two bars.

"Golightley has certainly been very generous, hasn't he? Seems to show the old Golightley blood in that," she said, with complacent pride. "But what a fine face Mr. Cuthbert Urmson has, Nellie! He doesn't look to me at all the sort of man would consent to be dependent on any body, nor his son either. But I suppose the fact is, the poor man has no health and strength, and can't go into enterprises and speculations like Golightley. He looks like he suffered a great deal of pain, though his manner, you know, is so cheerful. I wish he'd let me give him some of my medicine."

"I've learned not to depend on faces," observed Miss Golightley. "I never saw a man's face I liked more than Mr. Urmson's, and I liked even his son's pretty well after—a little talk we had that day in the studio. So far as appearance goes, I should certainly have thought it was they who supported your brother, rather than he them. But the more we find out about them, the more contemptible they seem to be—at least Mr. Garth Urmson. I wish we had never come to this place."

"Mercy, child! they are very pleasant people, I'm sure, and related to us, besides. And I must say I'm quite captivated with Margaret. That young man is certainly very fortunate in having such a beautiful creature attached to him."

"She is too beautiful and too good for him," said Miss Elinor, whose distrust of faces did not seem to extend to those of her own sex. "I wish she would marry some one else."

"Well, Nellie, what will you say next, I'm sure!" exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden, laughing. "Whom else should she marry, dear?"

"Mother," said Elinor, after some moments' pause, the transparent pink again stealing into her grave face, "one reason why I have learned to distrust people's looks is because of your brother. When I first saw him, I couldn't help believing him false and mean; and even now, though I know how good and noble he really is, I can not trust him when I'm face to face with him or hearing him speak, but only when he's out of the way. I can't reconcile what he seems with what he is and does. If he could exchange heads with his brother Cuthbert, it would be just right for both of them."

"Well, Nellie, what a scandalous way to talk of poor Golightley!" remonstrated Mrs. Tenterden, with an imperfect effort to be serious. "Why, I always thought he was

very good-looking, and I'm sure he thinks so. Well, my dear, what made you let him ask you to marry him if you can't bear the sight of him, poor man?"

"I couldn't help his asking me. I would have prevented it if I could. I don't think he asked me because he loved me," said Elinor, in a low voice. "And I told him I didn't love him."

"For mercy's sake, daughter, if he didn't love you, why should he ask you? It wasn't till after Mr. Tenterden lost all his money that he made you the offer; so it couldn't have been for your fortune."

"Do you suppose I think him capable of so paltry a trick as that?" said Elinor, stately with indignation. "You do not know half how noble he is yourself. He asked me to marry him because we had lost our fortune, and Mr. Tenterden had helped him when he was poor, and he saw that to marry me would be the best way to repay his obligations. He doesn't love me. How should he? I know how disagreeable I am, and, besides, I'm young enough to be his daughter. I ought to care for him. I despise myself for not caring for him, and that only makes it worse. I hardly know sometimes whether I am angry with myself or with him. I hoped I should get used to him in time by thinking how generous he was; but I believe his being so generous is one reason why I—can't." Here Elinor's mouth quivered a little.

"Ah, let me tell you, my dear," said Mrs. Tenterden, shaking her head and laughing wisely, "men don't marry penniless girls whom they don't love just to make them rich: don't you believe it! not Golightley nor the best of them. What makes you imagine he don't care for you? You should hear the way he speaks of you to other people! Marry you to make you rich? not a bit of it! He waited till he was rich before asking you to marry him. As to gratitude or obligations, I, for my part, don't know of any. John let him have a thousand pounds —I think it was about a fortnight before our robbery—and Golightley paid it back in a week; that's all about that. It may have happened to turn the scale of the speculation, or whatever it was, that Golightley made his fortune by; but that was just as it happened, you know. But you are such a strange girl, Nellie Golightley. I declare it seems sometimes like you hadn't a bit of heart, or didn't believe any body else had any. Young ladies weren't so in my time—mercy!"

Miss Elinor drew down the corners of her mouth in a cynical smile, picking at the strings of her violin with her finger-tips. "At least you can't say I ever pretended to have a heart," she remarked at length. "I don't pretend to have one, and I don't want any one to think I have. If your brother ever asks me to marry him again, I shall tell him that; and then if he wants to have me, since I never can love any one, it would be better (for me at least) to marry him than any one else. He might have a bad time of it, but it would be all the same to me, not having any heart: I should be as happy as head could wish. Very amusing, neither of us loving the other, and yet marrying on general principles, as it were!"

"Oh, well, if you choose to talk that way!" returned Mrs. Tenterden, a little provoked at the younger lady's young-lady-like perverseness. "As to a heart, I believe nothing would make you confess you had one, not if you were dying of it that minute. Of course I, for my part, don't want you married, my dear. But I am an old woman, and shall probably die soon; and what's to become of you then I don't see!"

"When you are angry with me, you always revenge yourself by talking about dying; but now I'm going to tell you a secret that will put you in good humor. There is one beloved object in the world—not your brother—that makes me feel I have a heart, that I love, that I want to marry, and that will bring me a fortune, and that I should be broken-hearted to be parted from—even I."

"My good fathers, Nellie!" exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden, dropping her tatting in her lap. "Whom do you mean, child? tell me quick! Not surely that—that young Mr. Selwyn?"

"Young Mr. Selwyn! I mean my violin —my own sweet little violin," said Elinor, laying the graceful instrument against her cheek, with a little laugh. "My violin and I can be happy together in spite of every body—can't we, dear?" she added, addressing it with a sad, tender playfulness.

Mrs. Tenterden was fairly surprised and defeated, and driven back on her good nature perforce. "You do beat all I ever saw, Nellie Golightley," she declared, with a sigh. "I can't make you out. I don't know at this minute whether, if Golightley asked you to marry him again to-morrow, you'd say yes or no."

"Well, now I'll tell you another secret," said Elinor, smiling faintly, her cheek still pressed against the violin. "I think he might marry Margaret. I've thought so, and hoped so, ever since we first met her. I'm sure he admires her, and would love her if he didn't think I stood in his way. They would get on together delightfully. She is just the girl who would enjoy society and wealth and all that, and he would enjoy showing her off. If he would give a thousand pounds merely to have her portrait, he would give his whole fortune and every thing else to have her. I would certainly give any thing, except my violin, to see them married. She likes him a thousand times better than I ever could, already."

"Well, I do think in my heart!" assev-

erated the old lady, quite outdone. "Did you know, my dear, that Margaret is engaged to marry Mr. Urmson, and that they're head and ears in love with each other, and will be married this winter? To hear you run on, any one would think—well!"

"Such a person as Mr. Garth Urmson has showed himself to be will never be head and ears in love with any body but himself," rejoined Miss Golightley, with contemptuous emphasis; "and there might be a chance of his becoming a better artist if he didn't marry. And Margaret wouldn't care for him, I know, if she realized what he was. I should think his having kept her waiting these six or seven years past was proof enough he cared nothing about her. And then—I might be alone with my violin—and you!" and rising quickly, the girl caught Mrs. Tenterden and the violin in one embrace, and hid her face on the former's soft ample shoulder.

This method of winding up discussions and enforcing arguments has advantages which can never attach to the dry propoundings of mere logic; and Mrs. Tenterden accordingly attempted no further expostulation. She returned Elinor's caress with all her heart, and then, having picked her tatting from the floor and smoothed her collar, she resumed her placidity.

"There's no reason, of course, my dear, why you should be either married or trained for a concert performer just yet. What with the money we got by selling our furniture and things, and those investments of yours in Boston, that have never been touched, you know, for ten years, there must be enough to live along on, at least as well as we're doing now. By-and-by, perhaps, we may be able to move down to Virginia and be comfortable. Then there's Mr. Selwyn: he may succeed in finding out who robbed us, and getting some of it back. It would be a good joke, wouldn't it?" said the good lady, shaking gently with subdued chuckling—"Golightley's astonishment. He hasn't an idea that any thing's being done about it."

"I never could understand," observed Elinor, meditatively, "why Mr. Selwyn, who seemed to be quite rich, should have interested himself in that affair, or why your brother objected so strongly to his having any thing to do with it. It almost seemed as if he suspected Mr. Selwyn of knowing more about the loss of the money than he had any right to know."

"Good gracious, daughter, what an idea! A gentleman like Mr. Selwyn! I should as soon think of suspecting Golightley himself. No, the truth is, my dear—what I for my part think—Golightley was just a little bit jealous. Mr. Selwyn is rather too handsome and clever to be a safe acquaintance of the young lady one is in love with. And what's more, I think Mr. Selwyn was jealous of Golightley—so that was a pair of them; and if you must know every thing, I think that had something to do with Mr. Selwyn's being so obliging about managing our business for us, and so anxious that Golightley shouldn't be told. So now, miss, you see what you are responsible for! I declare I had quite a turn just now, when you began with that nonsense about your violin—I was really afraid for a minute that he had made an impression."

A smile had drifted across Miss Elinor's face while the other was speaking, but it ended in a half sigh. "I am getting very callous and bold, seems to me," she said. "I can listen to talk about falling in love and marrying as if I were—I don't know what. Heartless people must be more or less indelicate, I suppose. Heigho! Well, why shouldn't he have made an impression? He was handsome and clever, with fearless, straightforward manners that I liked; I even liked the way I heard him swear once. Dear me! he is profane and very dissipated, I suppose; and there's Mr. Garth Urmson, with a face like Beethoven's, who never drinks or swears, and is false and mercenary to the core; and there is your poor brother, whose soul Heaven has made so good and noble that there was nothing left to keep his body from appearing as small and contemptible as Mr. Garth's character. There's no such thing as a Man in the whole great world!"

"Mercy! there are only too many of them, I'm sure," exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden.

"If you will show me one, I'll worship him," said Elinor, in a low voice. She turned as she said it, and gazed out of the window at the horizon line; but in a moment rested her arms upon the window-sill and laid her face upon them, while Mrs. Tenterden went on with her tatting in sumptuous serenity. What a good, lovable, sensible woman she was! taking life as easily as pale, vexed Elinor took it hard. But Elinor had as yet known no hardships, and there can be no true cheerfulness in this world save by their countenance and permission.

"By-the-way, my dear," said Mrs. Tenterden, replacing her work in the bag, and rising—for the primitive Urmsworth dinner hour was one o'clock, and it was time to dress—"about the picnic. You'll go, I suppose?"

"It makes no difference to me whether I go or not," replied Elinor, sitting up in her chair, and setting it monotonously a-rocking as before. "It will be disagreeable to meet those persons; but since we must be here all winter, that can't be helped, and it will be better out-doors than in."

Mrs. Tenterden laughed in her jolly, reproachful way. She always laughed where other people would have compromised for a smile. "I declare, you ought to be ashamed

to talk that way, daughter. Well, then, if you want to go, I suppose we must. I told Margaret that would probably be the way, though of course I don't care any thing about it myself. You'd better be getting ready for dinner, dear." And so she took her stately, comfortable departure.

The next morning was even warmer than is usual in the Indian summer weather. The atmosphere, especially near the horizon, was dim with tender haze, and the southwesterly breeze, mild from the fortunate courts of the great Indian deity Cantantowwit, stirred the crimson and gold woods with indolent breathings. So impressive was the dreamy splendor of the valley, as seen from the southern windows of Urmhurst, that Golightley was more than once, in the intervals of his toilet, beguiled from his looking-glass to behold it, and he could scarcely have paid it a higher compliment. The toilet was with him a religious ceremony. He was in sad earnest about it always. The aspect of the man when newly risen from repose—if the disturbed grapplings with slumber which for many months past had been his nightly portion could properly be called by that name—would scarcely have prepared us for the gracious transformation brought about in him by these devotional exercises. Could orthodox religion effect such palpable improvement in its votaries, we might look forward to a significant deepening of the general piety. This toilet conscience of Golightley's was a typical trait in him. So far was he from being a reckless person, or indifferent to appearances, that he might be suspected of sometimes sacrificing the plain reality of good to the good-looking semblance thereof. And the nervous disquiet which in temperaments like his is apt to wait on such transactions may have had something to do with those uneasy nights of his.

His hair having been duly anointed, parted, combed, and brushed; his triple beard thoroughly groomed; his teeth, hands, and nails duly purified, perfumed, and polished; the ample folds of his neckcloth artistically composed, and a suitable waistcoat of figured satin selected, Golightley next turned his attention to the question of boots. There were at least a dozen pair to choose from, all exquisitely made and in perfect repair, and it was a noticeable peculiarity that most of them were fitted with brightly polished steel spurs. The natural inference would be that the owner of such gear must be proud of his feet and fond of riding; nevertheless, the facts were quite otherwise. If Golightley's boots were his strong point, it was because he knew his weak point to be his feet, and summoned every resource of the cobbler's art to solve the problem how to make what is flat and shapeless appear high-arched and shapely. The result was very creditable, and probably deceived every body except the maker and the wearer; the latter unfortunate gentleman, however, was never at ease (either literally or figuratively) in even his newest boots, but constantly tormented himself with the fancy that the fatal secret of his instep had been found out. The devil could not have been more solicitous about his cloven hoof, than was Golightley to disguise the plebeian ugliness of these wretched extremities. As to the spurs, they were but an additional device to distract the observer's eye, and at the same time to lend a sort of martial dignity to the tread. It was a pathetic circumstance that, among so large an assemblage of boots and shoes, there should not have been so much as a single pair of slippers. The worst of acting a false part before the world is the dread it begets of ever dropping the mask for a moment to take breath. I will not assert that Golightley Urmson absolutely slept in his boots lest he should be found dead some morning with the secret revealed; but it is not too much to say that he suffered as much mentally from having them off as he did physically from having them on; and I submit whether moral corns are not, in the long-run, to the full as unendurable as material ones.

The boots having been drawn on, he walked up and down the room in them twice or thrice, scrutinizing their fit and general appearance. All this time he had been without his eyeglasses; he now paused in front of the mirror to put them on, and the change for the better which this small addition made in him was almost startling. It was like a magic touch, smoothing away premature wrinkles, brightening the sallow complexion, lending vivacity and pungency to the expression, and an aspect of refinement and prosperity to the whole man. Golightley stuck to his eyeglasses with almost as much constancy as to his boots, and with quite as much reason. We have already had a glimpse of that unlucky squint of his; but even had this sinister deformity been absent, the glasses could hardly have been spared. Not that his eyesight was infirm; but his eyes, heavy-lidded, haggard, with curious little furrows surrounding them like a net-work, produced an effect altogether at variance with that which their owner thought desirable. There was no life in them, and yet they told tales. But the glasses—although, as a matter of fact, there could have been no more real life in them than in the eyes—had nevertheless a sparkling semblance of vitality which age could not dim nor emotion disconcert, and which, if superficial, possessed the redeeming quality of being impenetrable. They could never droop, swerve, or falter; neither, it must be admitted, could they con-

vey love, anger, or command; but only a very confident nature, perhaps, would deliberately exchange a condition of inactive security for the risky freedom of unprotected activity.

When Golightley was quite ready, he drew a long breath, straightened his shoulders, stamped sharply with his foot, smiled, bowed, and lightly kissed his finger-tips to the image in the mirror, and turned to go down stairs. His glance, however, happened to light upon the collection of time-stained trophies which in this, as in most of the other rooms, hung above the fire-place, and he staid a moment to look at them. An old horse-pistol, nearly two feet in length, seemed chiefly to attract his curiosity, and he was on the point of taking it down to examine it more particularly, when a knock was heard at the door, and Cuthbert's voice summoned him to breakfast.

"By George, old chap, how delightful all this is, eh?" cried he, as arm in arm with his brother he entered the kitchen, where breakfast was set out. "This country hush, these exquisite autumn tints, this air of balm! Ah, what earthly gold is so precious to the soul as the yellow glory of that old elm? Old Urmhurst, too—the quaint old rooms and furniture and customs! I begin to think my exile's life has been a sad mistake, after all. Yes, you're a happier man than I am, old chap, because you're a wiser man and a better man: not that I mean to accuse myself of any very great crimes either—ha! ha!—and I mean to do some good, what's more, before I go to chaos.—Good-morning, Nikomis. By the Great Spirit, madam, these buckwheat cakes are light enough for the happy hunting grounds!—By-the-way, Cuthbert, isn't that venerable machine over my fire-place the identical deadly weapon which our forefathers used to annihilate their best friends with?"

"Yes," replied Cuthbert; "and its portrait is among the others in that proposed purchase of yours in the studio. Five thousand dollars, I understand?"

"The boy has genius," said Golightley, with a deprecatory wave of the hand. "Five thousand dollars won't do him any harm: oil the wheels a bit, and get his name up. By-the-bye, where is he?"

"Strangers always did upset him," answered Cuthbert, eying his brother calmly; "and he has seemed particularly upset the last few days. I don't know where he is. But as to this five thousand dollars: I don't see how you can avoid making it ten."

Golightley laughed, and exclaimed, "Incorrigible! incorrigible!" but he was evidently puzzled.

"Because," continued the other, gravely, "whichever it is you are buying, you can't separate it from the other without spoiling both; and to carry off both at the price you have offered for one would be rather sharp practice, seems to me."

"Carry off both?" repeated Golightley, as he poured molasses over his buckwheat cakes in delicate spirals.

"Brother, thou wast not wont to be so dull," said Cuthbert, in a tone of gentle remonstrance. "You have committed yourself to the opinion that the picture is worth a thousand pounds, unless I am misinformed?"

"Well, as to that, you know, if Rembrandt had painted it, no doubt it might sell for a dozen times that; but there is no absolute value to a work of art; it's all relative—a matter of fashion, competition, scarcity, taste, whim, and so on. Now, you see, I really consider the picture, looking at its merits of color and composition alone, to be worth the price I named; but, for all that, I shouldn't be buying it if it hadn't been that—"

"That there was a portrait of our pretty friend Margaret in it," interposed Cuthbert, quietly. "Well, that was what I was driving at. That portrait, which fate has misled on to the canvas, though every body knows it has no business there, is worth to you a thousand pounds. The picture, with which the portrait has only a material connection, you say is worth another thousand. But, as I remarked just now, you can't cut out the portrait without ruining the picture; so you go to Garth, and, without saying a word about *your* thousand pounds' worth—of which he could suspect nothing—you carry off both that and the other at the price of one, which seems to me pretty sharp practice."

Golightley was too well acquainted with his brother's humors to take this extraordinary argument much to heart; but it came upon him very unexpectedly, and he could not for the life of him divine its drift. Cuthbert seldom expressed disapprobation or approval in the ordinary way; he was wont to move about his subject in eccentric orbits, coming upon it at last no one knew exactly how or when. Golightley had certainly thought that his proposal to Garth would be generally accepted as eminently creditable to both parties; if, at the same time, he remembered that it would be recognizable as a magnificent compliment to Madge, why, so much the better all round. Madge, in his opinion, was one of the beauties of the age; and what man worthy of the name would lose an opportunity of ingratiating himself with a great beauty? That she was soon to be married was a circumstance which Golightley was too old a man of the world to let annoy him. Ever since the time of Helen of Troy, beautiful women had been married; and Helen, at all events, had not allowed it to spoil her for the rest of the world. Madge, very likely, only needed to appear in society to create a *furor* there;

and Golightley, who, like Ulysses, regarded himself as a part, and not the least part, of all that he had met, found pleasure in picturing forth to his imagination an unexceptionable gentleman, just past the prime of youth, who stroked his cheeks self-admiringly while replying to a respectful *coterie:*

"Little Margaret? Ah, yes; lovely creature! Do you know, I found that girl away in the backwoods? and she might have been there yet if it hadn't been for me. I found her out, and saw in a moment what might be made of her, so I just set to work and did the best I could. By George! the dear girl got so fond of me that— But I married her to my nephew, and set the young people going, you know, and I think they do me credit. Yes. Well, I had her portrait painted, and for a quiet man like me that does nearly as well as the original, perhaps a little better."

If this were not a correct presentation of Golightley's attitude in the matter, at all events he did not think it worth while at present to formulate it otherwise to his own mind. There might, of course, be unacknowledged depths beneath the surface which would claim consideration in due season. There was a great deal to Madge besides her beauty: she was very shrewd and intelligent, ambitious, and possessed of a subtle kind of audacity. Moreover, unless Golightley's diagnosis were at fault, she had, or believed herself to have, a secret and particular lien upon himself. It was not easy, therefore, to foretell how they might ultimately stand toward each other; and meanwhile, thought he, let things take their course up to a certain point, so that he might be freer to act on the spur of the moment, and less apt to compromise himself meanwhile.

But he had not been prepared for Cuthbert's criticism, and it puzzled him; he could only conjecture its probable upshot. He would have liked to retort upon his brother with some neat epigram, but he could think of none at the moment, and, indeed, he seldom did himself justice in that quiet, penetrating presence; his genius was rebuked, as, it is said, Mark Antony's was by Cæsar.

"Ah, Cuthbert," said he, "I sometimes think it's a pity you're not more ill-natured and cynical than you are; you'd make such a devilish good satirist. Now what are you up to? The only safe thing with you is to treat your utterances like those of the old oracles, and give them any signification but the most ostensible one."

"Well, expound what is hidden, if you suspect any thing."

"Seriously, you know, my dear old boy, I might be a bit hurt. You forget that I'm the lad's uncle. I explained to you the other night that since my late business enterprises had done so well, I want the family to enjoy the good of it. You're not as frank as I've always been with you. When my affairs were in suspense, I knew you felt the same interest in keeping me up as if the need had been your own, and I took what I required, as a brother should, frankly and freely. I don't say—I never did say—that either one of us had a better right to the property than the other. Blessed be the Great Spirit, that's a question that need never be entered on now. I simply acted, as I always wish to act, like a gentleman—a—and a brother."

"Is your meaning a hidden or an ostensible one?" inquired Cuthbert at this point.

"It isn't doing me quite justice, you know," continued Golightley, shaking his head, with a somewhat melancholy smile, but not otherwise noticing this interruption. "You'll never know—no one can ever know—I speak frankly to you, dear boy, as I could to no one else—ever know what a life of self-abnegation mine has been. You don't know how constantly you've been in my thoughts. Damn it, you know, Cuthbert, I give religion and all religious virtues a wide berth—a man like myself necessarily outgrows that sort of thing; but I have a code, and, frankly, I consider it none the worse that it's not dependent on superstitious nonsense: well, what I mean to say is, a man of my principles could not but have the welfare of you two in view in whatever he did. I was obliged to draw heavily sometimes, I dare say; sometimes, perhaps, I didn't realize, in the absorption and excitement of the moment, how comparatively small the income of the estate really was; but I never hesitated, because I knew your interests were as mine, and—"

"Nikomis," said Cuthbert, with the deference which he invariably observed in his intercourse with that dusky personage, "be kind enough to give Mr. Golightley some more buckwheats."

"It amounts to just this," resumed Golightley, taking this second interruption in very good part, and giving his long forefinger an expository up-and-down movement—"just this: I've had my innings, and now I want you to take yours. I suppose you won't deny that there's Urmson blood in all of us? If I'm rich, I've a right to make you and Garth rich too—and Mildred and Elinor into the bargain. And it did me good to hear that Garth was a painter, because that gave me an avenue, you know—"

Perceiving that he was understood, Golightley threw up his finger and continued his breakfast.

"But," observed Cuthbert, after a pause, "all this does not touch my riddle."

"See here: it isn't possible—you know too much of the world, my dear brother, if not of me—to suspect me of any rivalry? It would be entirely out of the question.

Of course I'm not so insincere as to deny that were I to enter the lists against a boy like Garth, he could have no chance; but it's out of the question, for twenty reasons. The girl is devilishly attractive, but for a man of great social experience like myself, the position of husband, of all things— To tell you the truth, Cuthbert," continued Golightley, resuming his finger confidentially, "Madge Danver—Madge Danver is nothing but a country girl to-day; but unless all signs fail, and I am greatly mistaken, the opportunities—you understand—of fashionable life and the world will develop that country girl into a—Circe! and a man like myself—a social Ulysses, so to say—doesn't entangle himself with Circes. I tell you frankly, my dear Cuthbert, I consider my nephew a bold man; he shows all the intrepidity of youth; but, by George, if I were in his shoes, I'd tie Circe to the door-post. She's clever enough as it is, and if ever she comes to know her own power—look out!"

"What you say doesn't make me any less in love with her than I was before," returned Cuthbert, as he pensively stirred his tea; "and I can not suppose Garth to be any more open to reason on such a matter than I am. However, I don't presume to question the accuracy of your insight any more than the reality of your self-abnegation. But if you happen to wish to put both beyond the possibility of cavil, I can tell you how to do it."

Golightley stroked his mustache with the tips of his fingers, and brought forward his temple locks over his ears, but would not further commit himself.

"Pay your addresses to Miss Margaret and take her to Europe, and hand Garth over to Miss Elinor."

Golightley paid the dryness of his brother's humor the tribute of an arch "Ha! ha!" Then, still caressing gently various parts of his countenance, he spoke, dreamily: "Nellie, sweet Nellie—ah, there's the woman for a wife, if a wife there must be! Gentle blood, high breeding, culture, accomplishments. Nature full of tenderness and passion, if you can only arouse it; that coldness, pride, high-mightiness, merely superficial, you know—the feminine shield to screen the feelings she dare not discover. Dear child, she idolizes me: too good for me, of course; but I owe a duty to her and to Mildred. I owe them a duty—I owe them a duty. An exquisite reserve and refinement about Nellie."

"Her manner toward you shows it. How long have you been betrothed?"

"Eh? Well, that's a matter—that shows the kind of girl Nellie is. I speak to you, my dear old chap, with perfect unreserve. I proposed to her, you see; I proposed to her the week after poor old John Tenterden's death. The circumstances were a bit peculiar. John had just lost his fortune—or rather he had just lost Mildred's: the money was all hers. And, very singularly, I had just been successful in—a—a large speculation, which put me in possession of funds enough, as I just said, to make the whole of us comfortable for the rest of our lives. Well, of course, that turned the tables completely for Nellie and me, and she, with her refined sensitiveness, you know, felt it. She'd have taken me at half a word while I was poor and she was rich, but as soon as it was the other way, she drew back. She said to herself, 'He's acting from a feeling of charity; he sees we're poor and alone, and he asks me to marry him as being the only way of securing us his wealth and protection.' So what does she do but refuse me. By George! I was really—really touched. Such refinement, such high breeding: risking the loss of me, you know, rather than compromise the integrity of her independence. Oh, it was very fine! And she went on and talked about earning her own living as a concert player, and all that, and of course, understanding just what was in her mind, I humored her, and proposed coming over here until business matters can be arranged, and allowed the whole question of our marriage to hang fire. It suited me better, too; for I shall have to look about for a residence, and find out what climate suits her best, and, between you and me, school my mind to bid farewell to bachelorhood—ha! ha!"

"Insight is power," observed Cuthbert, quietly. "If all men were like you, the course of true love would run smooth. But I fancy Miss Elinor has her share of insight likewise. Did she not come pretty near the truth in her conception of your motives?"

"Well, *you* have insight too!" admitted Golightley, with a smile. "But I do care for the dear girl, and she's of a kind that wears well. Do you know," he added, after a moment, "I was really delighted when poor John's fortune left him, and came, as it were, into my pocket. I'll tell you why. You see, he was a man totally devoid of administrative and business ability. By George, Cuthbert, that child Nellie understood ten times as much about business as he did. Well, he had the greatest dependence on my judgment, and so on, and wanted me to manage every thing for him, and insisted on telling me what he had done or thought of doing, and asking my advice; and I would say to him, 'John, I can't take the responsibility of managing all this infernal great property of yours: I'm a man of no wealth myself, and if you were to lose any thing by my advice, how could I replace it?' 'Replace it!' says he; 'if you'll assume the position of my steward, I shall no more think of calling you to account than if the money was your own.' I used to joke with

him about that, and one day, about a month before the crash came, said I, 'Look here, John, the money belongs to Mildred, and she and I are brother and sister; what do you say to deeding the whole of it over to me, and then all of you coming to live with me as my guests?' 'Say?' cries dear old John, in that hearty way of his, 'I say come on! get ready the deed, and Mildred and I will sign.' Well, I had a great laugh at him, you may be sure; but I thought then it would have been better all round if it could have been so. I never saw a man so worried about financial questions; he was so devilishly conscientious about his duty, and always afraid he wasn't doing the right thing by Mildred's legacy, as he called it. Probably we didn't imagine, at that time, how soon our mutual position would be reversed in earnest. I've forgotten whether I ever told you the circumstances, dear brother."

"I have forgotten it, if you have," returned Cuthbert, fixing his eyes on the other's face.

"The coincidence was so curious. From some confused statements of poor John's I fancy most of his investments were in South American stock, which was thought to be very good at that time. In fact, it stood so high that I was tempted to dabble a little in it myself. I happened to hear of a good opening, and in I went with every penny I had. This was not long after that talk with John. One morning I went on Change and found there was a corner. Unless I could buy a thousand pounds' worth within two hours, I would lose all I had; if I could buy, I stood a chance of making seventy-five to eighty thousand sterling. There never had been such a grand opportunity known. Well, I hadn't ten pounds ready money to my name. I thought a minute, and then I went straight to John. 'Lend me a thousand pounds,' said I. You see, I was certain of not losing, and I knew how glad dear John would be at having been the means of making me a millionaire. He wrote a check on the spot. By George, Cuthbert," exclaimed Golightley at this point, "he was as good and kind a fellow as ever lived on this earth, and if there is a heaven, he's in it now."

"We will assume there is a heaven," said Cuthbert. "Go ahead."

"Well, not to make a long story of it, I used that check just where it was needed, and a week afterward I paid back to John the thousand I owed him, and had left to my credit, all told, just eighty-three thousand pounds sterling. I didn't tell him then; merely said I'd made a good thing, thanks to him, and turned the conversation. I meant to surprise him afterward. Poor John! five days after that, we knew that every thing he had was gone; and what was devilish strange, considered as a coincidence, I mean, was the fact that it had gone in the same crisis that had made me. I tell you, Cuthbert, it made me feel very queerly. Who can tell, you know—who can tell whether some of poor John's property may not actually have passed into my possession? I assure you, my dear Cuthbert, I almost felt as though some infernal fatality had brought to pass, in this way, precisely that 'transfer' that we had been joking about a few weeks before. Poor John! he never suspected; but that notion crossed my mind, and has bothered me ever since. Who knows? Somebody must have lost what I gained, of course, and why not poor John as well as any body else? Well, it decided me on one point—I made a vow that day that I would never gamble in stocks again as long as I live."

"You're as wise after success as before. Such good luck could hardly be repeated, certainly. But do I understand you to say that the amount of Mr. Tenterden's loss was the same as what you won?"

"Oh, much greater; John must have lost a great deal over one hundred thousand, at least. But the reason I've bored you with all this, dear boy, was so you might comprehend my attitude and feeling toward Mildred and Elinor. I felt, by George, as if all I had belonged to them; and the thought that that thousand pounds which John lent me may have been the means of losing him every thing he had—well, you can imagine, better than I can tell you, the way it was with me."

"But Mrs. Tenterden seems to think there was a robbery, or some sort of foul play."

"Dear good Mildred! I've sometimes had half a mind to tell her, right out, that if any body is to be apprehended on that count, it might just as well be me as the next man! Poor dear Mildred! She's a clever woman in many ways, too, and delicious all through; but you know how unreasonable women will get now and then; no doing any thing with them. Yes, she had some wild idea that there had been a conspiracy and fraud and forgery, and I don't know what not; and it was all I could do to prevent her setting a detective at work, at ten pounds per diem, to hunt down the guilty ones. Dear good soul that she is! Well, I hope to make her more comfortable than she could ever have made herself."

Cuthbert sat staring at his brother in silence, and seemingly in a fit of abstraction, until at last the latter, having finished his breakfast, rose from the table and turned toward the fire-place. There sat old Nikomis in her corner, apparently fast asleep: as well she might be, under stress of so much powwow that concerned her not. Golightley, who had perhaps quite forgotten her existence for the time being, stood scrutinizing her for a moment, and then strolled to the window.

"It is nearly time to be under way for the picnic," he remarked. "What can have become of that boy of yours, old chap?"

"Before he comes," said Cuthbert, rousing himself and passing his hand up over his forehead with a sigh, "I want you to listen to a few more enigmas about the picture."

"Make haste, then, for here he is!" Golightley exclaimed, from the window-seat.

In a minute Garth's forcible step was heard through the house. He flung open the kitchen door abruptly, and seeing his father seated alone at the table, came forward with his cap still on his head, and his face flushed and frowning. He sat down opposite his father, and pulled a letter out of his pocket, the envelope of which bore a foreign postmark.

PARTIES AND PREACHERS OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

IT would seem, at a first glance, that any history of a nation or of an institution which should consist almost exclusively of biographical sketches and anecdotal reminiscences of its most eminent official characters would not be very close or very philosophical. So many elements, operating from beneath as well from above, and proceeding from without as well as from within, combine to form the warp and woof of history; there are so many influences, some of them pressing silently and unobtrusively through long periods of time, but yet with steady and even obstinate force, which weave circumstances and shape events; the people are ever such important though often unrecognized factors in every problem affecting the growth of a nation or of a system, or even of the evolution of a religion or of a philosophy: so numerous and reciprocal, so inextricably implicated and deftly interwoven, are these various forces, that any record which ignores either of them, or fails to assign them their due influence—whether to retard or to hasten, to hold in equilibrium or to push on in advance, to develop to perfection or to ripen into decay and dissolution—can not claim, in any true and exalted sense, to be history—the art which assumes to present to us "the very age and body of the time, his form and pressure."

And yet if we recall the productions of those who have pursued this branch of literary art, it will be found that, for the most part, this method of writing history, though on an expanded scale, has been the usual one; and that historians who have been the most popular of late years have been so in the proportion that their canvas was crowded with figures, each one of which was depicted with the most minute detail. As we commonly know it, history confines the attention exclusively to those who have been active, or perhaps great, as soldiers, civilians, scholars, and churchmen, while the people are as completely unnoted as though they were literally

> "a mass
> Of bones and muscles, framed to till the soil
> A few brief years, then rot unnamed beneath it."

It is either a lengthened and grand roll of famous characters, or a brilliant picture in which a crowd of inferior but not obscure or ignoble actors are made to revolve around a single central and conspicuous one.

Nevertheless, inferior as its place may be in true art, history of this kind has its uses. At the least, it is full of entertainment. Men crave a hero, whether in a romance or a history; and there is dramatic piquancy in a regular succession of rounded events, distributed with scenic effect, participated in by leading actors, and resulting in their glorious success or tragic overthrow. And so it comes that, although we may not say with Sir Thomas Browne, "Mummy has become merchandise," we may declare that Clio has been transformed into nearly each one of her sister Muses.

A book has been recently written by Rev. F. Arnold, late of Christ-church, Oxford, England, which applies this method of presenting history to the Church of England, and has the merit of narrowing the canvas within the scantiest limits and of crowding it with an endless array of attractive figures, some painted with elaborate finish, and others sketched with a few light and graceful touches. Eliminating not only the entire body of the inferior clergy and laity, but also all the great civilians, statesmen, and others whose influence upon the Church of England has been powerful and unremitting, under the title of *Our Bishops and Deans*,* he undertakes to give a view of the present state of the "Establishment" by a series of biographical sketches of dignitaries, none of whom are under the rank of an archbishop, a bishop, or a dean. And although a work on such a plan can not possibly rise to the level of history in any severe and scientific sense, it may yet, as Mr. Arnold's volumes really do, sparkle with interesting and entertaining facts, many of which relate to particulars of the Church of England which are very imperfectly understood in this country.

Especially interesting to the large body of intelligent Americans who are outside the Episcopal fold, but who are eager to become familiar with religious movements in

* *Our Bishops and Deans.* By the Rev. F. Arnold, B.A., late of Christ-church, Oxford. In 2 volumes. London: Hurst and Blackett. 1875.

the whole field of Christian organization, is the survey which Mr. Arnold makes of the great ecclesiastical parties of the Anglican Church. It is, perhaps, true that neither of the great parties which he describes would accept his portraitures as strictly correct, and doubtless they are colored to some extent by his own theoretical views. Nevertheless, they are candid, free from acerbity, and betray so little evidence of partisanship as to make it difficult to decide to which party he himself belongs. What follows is in part a summary, in part a paraphrase, and in part a literal reproduction of Mr. Arnold's narrative.

Mr. Arnold says there have been three principal movements in the Church of England during the Victorian era—that is, since the accession of Queen Victoria—which he classifies as the High-Church movement, the Broad-Church, and the Ritualistic. These he again classifies as High, Low, and Broad; and he further accepts the following subdivisions suggested by Mr. Conybeare: 1. Low-Church: normal type, "Evangelical;" exaggerated type, Recondite; stagnant type, Low and Slow. 2. High-Church: normal type, Anglican; exaggerated type, Tractarian; stagnant type, High and Dry. 3. Broad-Church: normal type, liberal; exaggerated type, concealed infidels; stagnant type, only about a score in number.

In point of time, the Oxford era, which gave an impetus to the High-Church party, was earlier than the accession of Queen Victoria; but its outcome in perversions to Rome was manifested a few years after the accession, when, to use an expressive figure of Julius Hare's, "men had ogled and flirted with the Church of Rome while submitting with a sigh to the bond which tied them to the Church of England, and the ogling and flirtation had now gone to the extent of an actual elopement." One good effect of the movement was that it gave rise to more numerous and more valuable writings in theology than had been known for many years. Another effect was an enormous extension of the episcopate; and the multiplication of churches, chapels, services, and clergy is also to be ascribed to the High-Church party mainly. To give a formal date to the origin of the modern Anglican or High-Church party, and its offshoot the Ritualistic party, it may be said to have been inaugurated in 1833, by an able knot of scholars, chiefly of Oriel College, Oxford, who met and solemnly pledged themselves to revive Anglican principles; and for this purpose they began the famous "Tracts for the Times." This little knot—Newman, Pusey, Ward, Manning, Maskell, Palmer, and others—who then debated on high spiritual themes in the college common-room, or lingered in converse or meditation in the leafy cloister of the Broad Walks, or in the parks by the banks of the Cherwell and the Isis, have gone far silently to revolutionize the ecclesiastical character of England, and have left a marked impression on the religious thought of the entire Christian world. At its outset the movement appears to have had a political rather than a religious cause. The ecclesiastical atmosphere of the Church of England was in a state of calm. The old Jacobite and Non-juror troubles were stilled, and, there being little else to dispute about, controversy had settled down to debates concerning Arminianism and Calvinism. Even young ladies exchanged essays and letters on this entertaining subject. The calm was now to be broken, and this unsettled and insoluble problem was to give way to an agitation of a more vigorous character. The subject that now prominently emerged, under the masterly pilotage of the writers of the "Tracts for the Times," was a recommencement in a new form and under new conditions of the old conflicts of Elizabethan and Carolinian days, in which the High-Churchman exhibited many of the characteristics of Laud's "Anglican" and Charles's "Cavalier," until he pushed his views to that extravagant extreme in which his faith and liberty were handed over alike to ultramontanism.

The first of these celebrated tracts appeared on the 9th of September, 1833. It is a singular fact that while none of the great religious and intellectual movements of the era have derived much originative impulse from prelatical dignitaries, the first note that was sounded in the "Tracts" was that of "Apostolical Succession." In this first tract the hypothesis of disestablishment was strongly put forward. It argued that the church is distinct from the state, anterior to the state, separable from the state, and that the separation would be a good thing. "Give us our own and let us go!" was the exclamation of the Anglican. Nor have they swerved from these principles; and many a sound Dissenter, who detests prelacy as much as he does popery, has been astonished to find himself in strong political alliance with men whose theology he detests, and whose office and work he vilipends. It is thought there was at this time an unconscious understanding between the Tractarians and the ultramontanes. It is certain there was a simultaneous movement in Great Britain and France, bearing in the latter country a strong resemblance to the Oxford movement, and participated in by such men as Montalembert and Lamennais; but the effect on those engaged in the movement was widely different in the two countries. In France it resulted in making Catholics more Catholic, throwing them into the zealous advocacy of the extremest ultramontane views; in England its effect was to pervert those who began

as Protestants from the faith and practice which they sought to purify to the same creed which the French Catholic revivalists reached by a natural development.

It would be an error to suppose that the High-Church party of England is homogeneous, and that all its members share the ideas which were advanced by the originators of the Oxford movement. A considerable portion of it undoubtedly does so, and has passed into Ritualism on the way Romeward; but far the larger portion of the party is stanchly opposed to both Romanism and Ritualism; and while some of the High-Church bishops tolerate Ritualism on the score of its harmlessness, it is asserted by no less an authority than the Archbishop of Canterbury that "there is not one who is in favor of it." Those bishops who tolerate or deal gently with it are of the opinion that it is only æsthetic and sensational, proceeding from a zealous desire to do outward honor to God by some extraordinary manifestations; and that if left alone it will exhibit itself in some other and useful form.

The Low-Church or Evangelical party of the Church of England, as it is now constituted, took its rise early in the present century, and it has not gone through the disturbing and alarming changes and developments that have characterized the High and the Broad Church parties. Originating in a simpler and more distinctive purpose, it has adhered tenaciously to it, and has maintained its homogeneousness far more successfully than either of the related branches. The immediate originators of this active branch of the Church were a few clergymen and laymen, who, profoundly impressed by the spiritual darkness and rampant wickedness of the times, met in the first year of this century to concert plans for arousing the religious life of the country, and for scattering the Scriptures broadcast upon the world. Leaving the intellectual side of religion, together with sacerdotal and sacramental theories or dogmas, to the Anglican branch of the High-Church party, and yet more resolutely ignoring and even abhorring the æsthetic devices and ceremonial symbolism of the Ritualistic branch, while it regarded with grave distrust the rationalistic tendency of the Broad-Church branch, the Evangelical party addressed itself in the most direct and practical way to the hearts and consciences of men, dealing plainly and severely with the temptations and difficulties of life, and urging upon the natural man the child-like reception of supernatural truth. Especially is it Protestant, in the sense of opposition to Romish dogmas and pretensions; and it is earnest in its advocacy of the great body of religious truth as defined in articles and formularies by the reformers of the sixteenth century. Those who constitute it regard the Reformation with a love and pride that are only equaled in intensity by the aversion which is felt toward it by the more advanced High-Church party and all the Ritualists.

Largely composing the Evangelical party are the Moderate Churchmen, who, indeed, attach importance to forms, ceremonies, and ecclesiastical order, but are yet true to the fundamental principles of the Evangelicals. They all look upon questions of ritual with a view to their relation to questions of dogma, and are adamantine in resistance to rites when their whole significance depends on the doctrine which they are supposed to teach. So long as rites are subordinate to and conservative of doctrine, they admit them; but when they assume to convey, or color, or originate doctrine, they reject them. As a body they not only contend earnestly for purity of faith, but they are eminently zealous in good works. Their work in the thorough organization and associated effort of their parishes is admirable, especially in the sphere of house-to-house visitation. Their teaching is uniformly earnest, simple, practical. Their zeal and activity in missions are intense, and their contributions in furtherance of them enormous, having been a million and a quarter of dollars in a single year. The machinery they employ is more extensive than that of any other body, and the results of their efforts at home and abroad are the highest known in the Church. Their preachers excel in oratory, and the public meetings at Exeter Hall and elsewhere, upon which they rely for spreading their principles and extending their influence, are remarkable for their size and enthusiasm. Vigorous exhortation is the characteristic of their school of preaching, and it is generally seconded by an earnest and energetic spiritual life. So powerful has been their example in the matter of pulpit oratory, and so wide its influence, that it has been imitated by both the High and the Broad Church branches, which now rival the Evangelicals in this important method of infusing religious life and awakening religious activities. In like manner the great attention which they gave to hymnology, and the development and improvement which they effected in it, as also their extraordinary efforts for missions, have reacted upon both the other branches of the Establishment, and have caused them also to push forward both these great agencies with zeal and success.

The Broad-Church is largely indebted to the poet Coleridge. Although he may not strictly be called its founder, he was the source of inspiration of several of its ablest and most zealous architects. Julius Hare and John Frederick Denison Maurice, both men of brilliant intellectual gifts, rare powers of reasoning, rich learning, and an enthu-

siasm that never chilled or became languid, were his disciples, and the characteristics of the master remained impressed upon them with unmistakable distinctness throughout all their after-lives. The more immediate founders of the Liberal Theology, which distinguished the Broad-Church from its sister branches, were Dr. Arnold, the celebrated master of Rugby, his pupil, Julius Hare, and Hare's friend and ally, Maurice. Arnold was earnest, fair-minded, catholic in the noblest sense. Saturated with the learning of Germany, he was yet thoroughly orthodox. He was learned, he was eloquent, and his intense hatred of moral evil gave heat and light to all within the sphere of his influence. Like Arnold, Julius Hare never degenerated into latitudinarianism. He was a student, a thinker, and an orator. A profound reasoner and subtle analyst, he despised mere partisan controversy. His personal example of Christian living was a perpetual and noble testimony for the religion he professed. An advanced liberal, he was rigidly orthodox, and his teaching was at once catholic and evangelical. Maurice, the other of the original founders of the Liberal Theology, was a philosopher who gave a theological coloring to his philosophy, and a theologian who gave a philosophical tone to his theology. He was a profound and accomplished thinker, and was unsurpassed for culture and breadth of intellect. He delighted in the intellectual process of inquiry, and had an extraordinary power in concentrating abstract thought on contemporary history. Hence all his speculations were directed to some form of action—for the benefit of working-men, for the advancement of truth and freedom, for the cause of woman's education, for the establishment of working-men's colleges, and for efforts to throw light on questions which should affect the condition and prospects of all men who earned their bread by the sweat of their brow. The school which these able and earnest men founded has in the main preserved the character which they first impressed upon it; but it sits uneasily beneath definite confessions of faith; it handles the Divine Word somewhat freely, perhaps hardly reverently; it prefers to trace the ethical meanings of the Scripture narrative rather than to dwell upon their prophetical and spiritual import; it confines its views to the human and historical side of things, and with regard to the supernatural it leans to rationalistic theories; its tendency is to push its catholicity to latitudinarianism, instead of contracting it within definite and strict articles of faith and a narrow exclusiveness as to church order and government.

Among the clergy and prelates of these three great schools or parties of the Church of England are many men who are eminent as poets, historians, travelers, philosophers, scientists, statesmen, pastors, preachers, and orators. The roll is a brilliant one, and is imposing by its numbers. We can only glance at a few of its more prominent figures.

The Bishop of Peterborough—Dr. Magee—is perhaps the greatest orator of the Church of England, and by many is thought to be the greatest orator in England. First, as to his style, he is never in the slightest degree slipshod or hesitating, his words are always arranged with perfect symmetry, and his language is equally rich and faultless, and, it may be added, equally effective also, whether he is in the pulpit, or addressing thousands at a Church Congress or in a public meeting, or in his seat in the House of Lords. Each of his oratorical efforts has a unity of design and an elaborateness of construction which exhibit that highest art, the art which conceals art. His language has been likened to a clear, bright, fresh-flowing river, rushing forth with the light and sparkle of a mountain stream; and his speeches are replete not only with natural wit, but with severe logical power, and a depth of reasoning such as belongs only to profound thinkers. A person who has listened to him says, "We have seen him hold up imploring hands to check the diapason of cheers which would rob him of his precious minutes." He has the fire and spontaneity of the born orator, and is a complete master of that spoken speech which is essential to the full idea of an orator. Mr. Arnold thinks the Bishop of Peterborough formed his style originally by carefully writing out his speeches, but that now they have attained to the ultimate excellence of combining all the strength of preparation with the charm and readiness of unpremeditated speech. The bishop is an active debater, one of the most active in the House of Lords. He rejoices in the fray of debate, rejoices "to drink delight of battle with his peers." He is much given to elaborate perorations, and some of them are splendid specimens of polished rhetoric. All his efforts are marked by intrepidity, genius, and close and searching analysis; and those which he has put forth in Parliament are remarkable for their temper, prudence, and large statesmanship.

Canon Liddon, if inferior to the Bishop of Peterborough as an orator, has been pronounced by Dean Stanley, a most competent judge, "the greatest *preacher* of the age." His sermons are seldom less than an hour long, and oftentimes exceed an hour in their delivery. An eminent Non-conformist preacher writes that on one occasion he listened to Dr. Liddon "with unabated interest for an hour and twenty minutes." His sermons are not merely hortatory, though he is a splendid declaimer, but are marvels

of compression and condensation, notwithstanding their length, and they are so attractive that he invariably draws immense audiences. The announcement that he is to preach any where in the kingdom is one that always widely excites curiosity and interest, and long before the hour of service commences the cathedral or church is sure to be densely packed. In instances where the admission has been by ticket, the tickets have been disposed of days before, and hardly any amount of interest is sufficient to obtain one. Canon Liddon's audiences are usually largely made up of clergymen, including the most eminent of the clergy and prelates. They also attract men who are eminent in politics, literature, science, and art, while the people are always present in thousands. When about to preach, he makes his way with a quiet, rapid tread to the pulpit, while an indefinable thrill of emotion—a contagion belonging to the hour and the scene—is felt by the vast audience. With a natural, earnest gesture, he at once buries his face in his hands to pray. When he faces you, you are impressed with his striking and somewhat monastic appearance, and by his remarkable likeness to St. Augustine in Ary Scheffer's celebrated picture of Augustine and Monica. The impression deepens, if you have ever been a student of Augustine, as you follow the chain of his discourse. You might fancy there was a monk before you, and the impression is helped by the rapid and almost imperceptible act of adoration with which Dr. Liddon accompanies every mention of The Name. It is stated on high authority that this great preacher has spent years in studying preaching as it is practiced on the Continent, and has formed himself on the best models in France and Italy, with the greatest of which he need not shrink from comparison. He reproduces what is best in the most celebrated Catholic orators, disregarding mere externals, and appealing to the deepest sense of humanity—the passion, the tragedy, the will, and the emotions of men. Almost in his first sentence you see the essential character of his oratory. His manuscript is by his side, but he is liberated from its chains; he almost knows it by heart, and he declaims it in a way that is as grand as it is peculiar.

It is impossible, the human mind being constituted as it is, that any sermon such as Dr. Liddon's could be spoken extemporaneously. You might as well expect a man to extemporize in lyrics or epigrams. His sermons have evidently been polished and repolished to the last degree of finish and point; it is easy to see that he has lavished all his power of thought and elaboration upon them. The leading characteristic of his oratory is the uniform high pressure of his impassioned speech. It has no eminences or depressions. It is the monotony of eloquence, the equable speed and rush of an express train. His eye kindles; his head is thrown back as that of a war-horse; you detect the nervous, sinewy grasp and clutch of his fingers. No sooner have you been startled and attracted by his vivid and original manner than some modern name of familiar allusion, some clear and trenchant thought, is presented to your attention, and at once brings you fairly abreast some religious aspect of the time. As he clinches some argument or summarizes some analysis with keen and remorseless logic, his face is momentarily illumined with a smile of triumph. The electric link that connects the orator and his hearers is touched, and the orator himself feels that he is carrying with him the convictions and the hearts of those before him. There is a pause—only too slight—before he branches into another division of his subject; and your mind is kept at the extremest tension as you attempt to follow the course of the argument through his terse, glittering, incisive sentences, which follow keenly and swiftly, like the closely articulated steps of a mathematical demonstration. Hitherto he has been logical; now he becomes rhetorical; as he turns to the practical part of his subject and its peroration, the closed fist is relaxed into the open palm. If up to this point he has sought to convince the reason, he now concentrates his efforts on piercing the heart by some touch of exquisite pathos or some note of heart-stirring appeal; and probably the final peroration takes the form of simple, earnest prayer to the Deity, with an effect of awe and sublimity almost impossible to be described.

Arthur Penrhyn Stanley, Dean of Westminster, is one of the greatest living masters of the English tongue, and the possessor of varied and extensive attainments. He is eminent as a poet, scholar, critic, traveler, and controversialist, but it is chiefly to his qualifications as a preacher that we would now direct attention.

His sermons have a distinctive character. They have a large infusion of the leading article, and frequently address themselves to the prevailing thought or the great events of the day. This tendency is illustrated by an anecdote that is told of a dignitary of the Church, who went one Sunday morning to service at Westminster Abbey, it having been announced that the dean would preach. "How did you like the sermon?" asked the lady with whom he was staying. "Oh," was the reply, "it was very good: there was nothing to object to; but it was not what I went to hear; I went to hear about the way to heaven, and I only heard about Palestine." He seeks to make his sermons vivid and interesting by bringing anecdotes and letters and history under contri-

bution; and in the effort his imagery is often colored by local allusions, and even his subject is suggested by local circumstances. Thus, at Venice he preached on the text, "How shall we sing the Lord's song in a strange land?" at Rome, on the subject of "St. Paul at Rome;" at the Convent of St. Catherine, from the appropriate text, "This Agar is Mount Sinai in Arabia;" at Jerusalem the subject was "Christ on earth and Christ in heaven." His sermons are remarkable for their brevity, seldom exceeding ten or fifteen minutes in the delivery. He has no action, and his voice is monotonous and thin and weak. His *physique* is not imposing. Frequently, when he has preached in the Abbey or in St. Paul's Cathedral, he could hardly be heard beyond the immediate circle that surrounded him. He rarely preaches the same sermon twice, is ever ready to advocate from the pulpit any cause which receives his approval, and although he certainly lacks the highest qualities of an orator, the eloquence of his language is very ornate and winning. To listen to his sermons is highly enjoyable. They contain many a vein of literary and historical allusion as rich as any in Macaulay. Occasionally he introduces in a translation a suggestive sentence from a Greek or Latin author, or from some foreign modern classic. Now he will give an extract from a play of Sophocles, now from a dialogue of Plato, and again from the Confessions of St. Augustine. His versatility, his imagination, and his pictorial power are amazing and fascinating.

Dean Goulburn, so widely and favorably known in America by his *Thoughts on Personal Religion*, his *Pursuit of Holiness*, and his *Sermons*, has for many years been among the most active and influential of the great preachers of the Church of England. At Oxford and in London his career was notable for its usefulness, and in both places he commanded a wide popularity; nor has his usefulness or popularity abated with his removal to the quiet of the Deanery of Norwich. His real vocation is pastoral and public work; and because he has uniformly addressed himself to the spiritual wants of men, wherever he has ministered large and attached congregations have gathered around him, besides whom he has always what is called a large personal following. As a preacher, Dr. Goulburn is singularly pleasing and impressive. His silvery elocution is perfect in its way. He reads his sermon from the manuscript, but the sermon thus written has all the freedom and grace of an extemporaneous composition. He is not a great orator, but his language and intonation, which are always calm, measured, musical, and earnest, frequently rise to a high level of external eloquence. The distinctness and propriety of his enunciation are exquisite. Tranquillity and solemnity kindling into eloquence are the characteristics of his preaching. But great as is the charm of his manner, it is the superior quality of his matter which is the chief excellence of his sermons. There is always substance in them. They present us with the best results of scholarship and criticism, without the least ostentation of either. At times the argument is elaborate, worked out with great skill and in minute detail, and illustrated by apt and familiar allusions, so as to be easily intelligible to every thoughtful listener. At other times there is a careful exposition of some passage of Scripture, in which the text is unfolded and applied with great force and amplitude, and withal with a gentle tenderness that is very attractive. But whatever may be the diversity of thought, or the extent of learning, or the wealth of illustration in his sermons, Dr. Goulburn's hearers are always sure of a large proportion of direct practical teaching. What may be considered as the key-note of his sermons is devotion.

To these sketches of a few of the great living ornaments of the Church of England there remains to be added a brief portrait of an imposing figure, the most celebrated and, in many respects, the greatest English prelate of the last two centuries, who made a more powerful impression on religious thought and action in England than any other, and whose recent sudden death is yet fresh and vivid in the memory of all men.

Samuel Wilberforce, Bishop of Winchester, was one of the most remarkable characters of modern times, and exhibited a versatility and a fertility of resources that have been seldom equaled. In his active and crowded career several distinct careers were virtually comprised. In the management of two important dioceses he exhibited an administrative ability and an energy of character that have been rarely paralleled. In the House of Lords he gave an attention to politics—using the word in its highest and best sense—which was exceeded by few hereditary legislators, and by not many who were trained and veteran statesmen. In literature his active and versatile pen was constantly challenging public attention and influencing public thought. In society, as one of the most prominent and refined of its members, he was a power, whether on the public platform or in the private drawing-room of its most influential rulers. He published; he preached; he governed as a bishop; he debated and legislated in Parliament; his presence was continually felt and recognized in all the multiplied departments of current public life. Now he was speaking at great public entertainments, such as the dinners of the Literary Fund or of the Royal Academy. Then, as a rural squire, he was pleasantly

haranguing the rustics on the green or in the tent. Now he would address on a week-day crowds of laborers in a church or under a railway shed; and presently he was away off in the north consecrating some gorgeous fane. Again, he was down in Kent, preaching twice on a Sunday at the opening of some humble district church; and still again, he was busy, with superhuman energy, in his diocese, studying the character and aptitudes of every clergyman, learning the details of every parish, devising practical plans for the physical or intellectual or spiritual welfare of his people, entertaining his clergy with open hospitality at his own mansion, or meeting them in conference at Oxford or elsewhere. He was tireless. He was the lion of the great dinner party; he was the leading speaker at public meetings; he was the ruling member of a Church Congress; he was the most active figure of the Convocation. Now he was holding a confirmation in Paris, now consecrating a church in Brussels; and again, we meet him perpetually in the principal newspapers, in the reports of learned, or literary, or benevolent societies, in correspondence, in pamphlets, in contemporary history. His comprehensive mind seemed equally familiar with the greatest principles and the minutest details. At one time he was aiding in the attempt to uphold or destroy a ministry, or stamping the impress of his character on the debates and legislation of his country; at another, he was objurgating dull-headed churchwardens or demolishing a libelous alderman. His correspondence was immense: all kinds of people wrote to him, and to every one he gave a full and careful answer; he would dictate seven letters at a time to as many different amanuenses. Few men ever lived more in the open air, speaking metaphorically; he was essentially a public man. Wherever Christian work was most animated and intense, wherever the conflict of opinions was keenest, wherever debate was most excited, wherever bold and burning speech and prompt action were most needed, there the form of this brilliant prelate was ever most prominently to be descried.

Bishop Wilberforce has been called the leader of the High-Church party, but he was not necessarily a zealous partisan. His course was often marked by catholicity, tolerance, and charity; and although in his time he sometimes exhibited as much spirit and passion as most men in the strife of parties and opinions, yet in his latter and best years, in his most deliberate moments and in his most careful publications, he manifested a wider charity of wisdom and an increasing tenderness of love. He had, perhaps, a greater toleration for the Evangelicals than they had for him. He undoubtedly restrained a great many young men, infected by the example of Dr. Newman, Mr. Oakley, and others, from going over to Rome, not so much by reasoning as by giving them plenty to do. He astutely induced his lively curates to stick to parish work, arguing that when the mind is occupied with theological problems there is nothing like hard work for clarifying thought and getting rid of mental fumes. He did as much in these and other matters by his personal tact as by his wise rule and splendid eloquence. Though firm and unflinching in carrying out a policy, he was moderate, cautious, and sensible in devising it. He never appeared to greater advantage than when associating with young clergymen and candidates for the ministry, to whom his kindly counsel and friendly countenance were invaluable, and for whose instruction, intellectual and spiritual, he was unsparing of his exertions.

Bishop Wilberforce's oral efforts frequently reach the highest point of literary excellence, and many of them are magnificent specimens of Christian oratory. One of these, delivered at Manchester in behalf of missions, in which he urged the clergy to "accompany the march of the nation's civilization with the blessed seed of the Word and the sacraments of the Church of God," was described at the time by the London *Times* as "such eloquence as in former days roused nations to a sense of their independence, or sent myriads across the habitable world to the rescue of a shrine." And in many of them there are an abundant imagery, a wealth of energy and phrase, an energetic logic, and an impassioned rhetoric which may compare favorably with the efforts of the greatest masters of ancient or modern eloquence. In a popular point of view Bishop Wilberforce was, perhaps, seen to the greatest effect as one of the most accomplished, versatile, and eloquent speakers of the day by his efforts in Parliament and on the platform. But his Christian oratory probably attained its highest culmination in the pulpit, where a very eminent measure of success in England is at the same time most difficult and most rare. It is noticeable in his greatest pulpit efforts that they do not abound in *bursts* of eloquence or carefully constructed paragraphs which are the different centres of a discourse, and whither all the other portions converge. From first to last, on the other hand, they are intensely emotional, and are marked by a depth of passionate energy and feeling which are suggestive of indefinite resources of energy and feeling beyond that which is manifested, and which are only held in leash by strong self-command and a desire to allow to argument a predominance over feeling. The wonder is how Bishop Wilberforce was able so perfectly to adapt his oratory to his widely various audiences. In Parliament his orations were replete with the most

plain-spoken language of reproof, the most emphatic warnings against sensuality and selfishness and indolence and pride, and of all that fungous growth of sin which is the accompaniment of a high state of civilization. At the university, where he was also a favorite, there is visible in his sermons that wonderful power of suasion which is the true secret of genuine rhetoric, together with sound learning and sound sense, and there are also sustained passages magnificent for their simplicity and energy. Finally, Bishop Wilberforce was emphatically the poor man's preacher, and occasionally displayed his noblest powers before immense masses of the working-men, who would cram the church to repletion, coming to hear the great preacher, rough and ready from their daily toil, in their working dresses. On such occasions his eloquence was real, simple, and hearty, his language as plain as could be, without a word which the most uneducated could have misunderstood, the whole invested with a charm that was irresistible—the charm proceeding from the evident earnestness, the manifest heartiness, the perfect sincerity, with which the preacher delivered the message he was commissioned to bear.

Bishop Wilberforce's suggestions as to the methods to be pursued to make an effective preacher will be interesting to those who are willing to listen to the instructions of so great a master of the sacred art. He considered "foolish preaching" and the "foolishness of preaching" to be two things essentially different, and was wont to contrast to his clergy the too frequent dullness and monotony of the pulpit with the care and freshness and vigor which characterize the leading articles of the newspaper. He declared simple idleness to be the principal cause of poor sermons, and often quoted the caustic saying, "The sermon which has cost little is worth just what it cost." Idle preachers and idle hearers, he would say, go together. He had the greatest leaning toward extempore preaching, if that can be called extempore which should exact the most careful preparation, but still dwells strongly on the importance of writing one's sermon. For many years, he thought, one sermon a week ought to be written; and he further thought it well to write out a sermon carefully, and then preach from mere notes. As preliminary to the preparation of a sermon, Bishop Wilberforce dwells emphatically on those chief necessities, prayer and study: prayer for the blessing of God on the work to be done; study, in order to the clear statement of any truth or theological formula involved, and to drive it home with the force of reality and earnestness. He teaches a precious truth in an image of poetic beauty that occurs in one of his own sermons: "In secret meditation and prayer that love which is the life of ministerial power must evermore be nourished, as on the mossy mountain-top where the seething mists distill their precious burdens are fed the hidden springheads of the perennial stream which fertilizes the lower vale." If any thoughts strike you with peculiar power, he would say, secure them at once. Do not wait till, having written or composed all the rest, you come in order to them: *such burning thoughts burn out.* Fix them while you can. Never, if you can help it, compose except with a fervent spirit, for whatever is languidly composed is lifelessly received. Rather stop and try whether reading and meditation and prayer will not quicken the spirit, than drive on heavily when the chariot wheels are taken off. So the mighty masters of our art have ever done. Bossuet never set himself to compose his great sermons without first reading chapters of Isaiah and portions of Gregory Nazianzen to kindle his own spirit. Study with especial care all statements of doctrine, so that you may be clear, particular, and accurate. Do not labor too much to give great ornament or polish to your sermons; they often lose their strength in such refining processes. Finally, do not be the slave of your manuscript, but make it your servant.

Bishop Wilberforce worked for the present, and not for future applause. Every thing that he did was intended to have an immediate effect, and the result is seen in what was accomplished by him during the twenty-three years of his episcopate. The amount raised in this period for churches, church endowments, schools, houses of mercy, and parsonages amounted to a total of ten and three-quarter millions of dollars. The total number of churches restored during the same time was two hundred and fifty, the number of churches new or rebuilt was one hundred and twenty-one. Thus do his works live after him, and also in the hearts of those who were brought within the magic of his eloquence, his courtesy, his wonderful charm of address—in all of which he combines the wisdom of innumerable serpents and the gentleness of innumerable doves. A still nobler and more enduring effect of his ceaseless labors will be found among those crowds who were brought within the range of his spiritual influences, whose hearts were warmed, elevated, purified, and their lives amended by his utterances when most sacred and unselfish, at his highest and best. These will endure when any alloy caused by his incessant contest with the world is forgotten. His career is a page of the current history of England—a page glowing with intense reality and activity and great practical good, and on which are left manifold traces of his untiring energy, his devotedness, his great legislative and administrative ability, his power and eloquence and love.

CONFEDERATE MAKE-SHIFTS.

By MRS. M. P. HANDY.

FOR four years the Federal army and the Federal fleet, with their lines of bayonets and open-mouthed Columbiads, shut in the Southern Confederacy from the rest of the world.

The Federal gun-boats fought their way up the Mississippi, dividing the country in two, and sea-port after sea-port was captured, till at last only Charleston and Wilmington were left as inlets for the outer world—narrow gates which the grim war dogs watched unceasingly.

Think of it, ladies! No hats nor dresses from Paris, no chocolate caramels nor French bonbons, and, alas! no new fashions, save when some daring female went back and forth under flag of truce—a privilege not easily obtained—bringing on her return a limited wardrobe wherewith to excite the admiration and envy of her friends. Sometimes a soldier sent home a magazine found in a captured or deserted camp, and the fashion plates which it perhaps contained gave the recipient some idea of what the world beyond was wearing.

Now and then, under cover of a dark or stormy night, the stealthy blockade-runner, manned by men familiar with every nook and creek along the coast, stole out, carrying cotton and tobacco for Nassau, and crept in again laden with the foreign commodities so sorely needed by the blockaded people. But these vessels were of necessity small, and the stores they brought as nothing to the demand. Moreover, medicines and munitions of war formed large part of their cargoes, and the dry-goods and luxuries offered by their consignees to the general public were held at prices beyond the means of all save cotton and tobacco brokers, or rich government contractors. In the last days of the Confederacy a yard of calico brought forty dollars in Confederate currency, a spool of sewing cotton twenty dollars, and other dry-goods were proportionately dear. Flour rose to twelve hundred dollars a barrel; a ham of bacon cost a hundred and fifty dollars; sugar was seventy-five dollars a pound, and black pepper three hundred dollars.

Money was plenty, it is true, but it took so much to buy so little! The caricature in a Southern illustrated journal of 1863 which represented a lady going to market attended by a servant with her money in a wheelbarrow, and returning with the barrow empty and her purchases in a small hand-bag on her arm, was less exaggerated than are many of the best cartoons in the comic papers of to-day.

Inflation was tried to the fullest extent, with the result that Confederate money became comparatively worthless. This, however, did not occasion the general scarcity. There was not much to be had even for those who could pay war prices.

Thrown thus on their own resources, the Southern people were forced to provide for themselves. To appreciate this difficulty, it must be remembered that prior to 1861 the Southern States were purely an agricultural community, depending on their staples of tobacco, cotton, and sugar for the means of purchasing every thing else. The West was in large measure their granary and meat-house, while New England supplied them with most manufactured articles. Now the blockade shut them in from these and all other markets, and it was as though some Jersey market-gardener should wake some morning to find around his little farm a stockade through which he could not break, and over which he could not climb without risking his life. Ingenuity, economy, and what New Englanders call "faculty" were taxed to the utmost. Every household became a nest of domestic manufactures, every farm had its cotton patch and its sorghum field. Spinning-wheels and looms, which in former days had been used for clothing the slaves on large plantations, but which during the era of cheap dry-goods were comparatively idle, were again set going. Ladies whose white hands were all unused to such labor learned to card, to spin, and to weave. Knitting became as fashionable in Southern parlors as it is in German homes. Homespun dresses were worn by the first ladies in the land, and she who was cleverest to contrive and deftest to execute had highest praise from her associates. Foreign dyes were well-nigh unattainable, and the woods at home were ransacked for the means of coloring the home-grown flax, wool, and cotton. Black-walnut bark furnished a rich brown, varying in intensity with the strength of the dye; swamp-maple, a clear purple; pokeberries, a solferino, bright, but not durable; wild indigo gave a tolerable blue, and elderberries an unsatisfactory black. Indeed, no experiment with bark, root, leaf, or berry ever resulted in any substitute for logwood; and as black was the dye most needed for Southern garments in those dark days, the blockade-runners learned to make it part of their regular cargo.

At one time in some sections of the South there was fearful destitution of salt. Speculators held it at enormous prices. Even the rich were forced to use it sparingly. The poor seemed likely to suffer for lack of it, and live stock were in many cases denied it altogether.

Barrels and boxes which had been used for packing salt fish or pork were soaked in water afterward, which was boiled down and evaporated for the sake of the salt thus extracted. The earthen floors of smoke-houses, into which the precious mineral had

been trodden year after year, were dug up, and the earth given to cattle, or treated with water after the same manner as the salt-seasoned boards.

The government at Richmond came to the rescue, and seizing the salt-works throughout the country, issued regular rations to each family at nominal prices for the rest of the war. By this high-handed measure the people were saved from a salt famine.

Coffee was a luxury seldom enjoyed, and for which rye or wheat, toasted and ground, was the usual miserable substitute. Some quick-witted person conceived the idea of using sweet-potato chips instead. These made a more palatable drink, but were, after all, only a hollow mockery. Dried raspberry leaves were used for tea, and some people fell back upon sassafras, the North Carolinian beverage, grimly assuring those who scorned it that it was good for the blood and would save doctors' bills. Not a few eschewed all these transparent deceptions—if that may be called deception which deceived nobody—and when unable to afford milk, drank cold water with patient heroism.

Children there were in the Confederacy, born of well-to-do parents, who at the close of the conflict did not know the taste of candy. After the fall of New Orleans, sugar became a luxury, never wholly unattainable, it is true, but enormously dear even for Confederate money values. Previous to the war, the United States government had made an effort to introduce the Chinese sugar-cane, or sorghum, throughout the South and West, principally with reference to its use as food for live stock. It was extensively cultivated in some of the Western States, but Southern planters did not take kindly to the new forage. Politicians denounced its introduction as an attempt to injure the sugar-growing interest of the far South. Amateur farmers who experimented with the seed distributed by the Patent-office preferred Indian corn and clover or oats as food for their cattle, and very few even attempted the manufacture of sorghum molasses. Now, in the general destitution, the despised sorghum became an inestimable boon to the besieged country. Far less exacting than its West Indian congener, it flourishes wherever maize can be grown, and soon it became part of every planter's crop. Every large plantation had its sorghum mill for crushing the cane, and smaller planters brought their little crops to the mills of those who were willing to grind for their neighbors. These mills were for the most part primitive affairs, consisting of three upright wooden cylinders, of which the centre one, turned by horse-power, moved the other two by means of cog-wheels. A tub set underneath the machine caught the juice which flowed from the crushed cane, and this juice, boiled down in huge kettles, and clarified with lime, soda, or even with lye from hickory ashes, produced the molasses which became a staple article of food throughout the Confederacy. Efforts to reduce the sirup to sugar were, I believe, abortive, and in a copy of General Orders from the Adjutant and Inspector General's Office, C. S. A., for 1862–63, now in possession of the writer, no mention is made of sorghum sugar in the price-list established for military stores.

Prominent among the problems with which Confederate families were forced to grapple was that of lights. The gas-works in the principal cities were kept in operation, but the gas furnished was of the poorest quality and exorbitantly dear. Many private families were unable to afford its use, and the few who could pay for it were not always sure of getting it. On more than one occasion, in crowded churches, pastor and people were given a practical illustration of Egyptian darkness; and on one memorable night the gas in Richmond gave out simultaneously all over the city, in all buildings, public and private, leaving those who depended upon its illuminating powers in total darkness. Pine torches—in Southern parlance, light-wood knots—were to be had in plenty, and in winter their ruddy glow was comfortable and picturesque. But work or reading done by their flickering light was a terrible strain on the eyes, and the heat from the blazing wood was uncomfortable in summer. Moreover, the pitch smoke was objectionable, and blackened the walls.

Tallow-candles were the usual resort, and were often surprisingly hard and white. Old-fashioned lard lamps came again into use for parlors and state occasions, giving a soft, clear lustre, much like that of the favorite French lamp. But lard was costly and scarce.

For sick-rooms and nurseries, and for mills where the machinery ran all night, but where a bright light was not constantly required, the bolls of the sycamore or button-wood tree were dried and used as a wick in a cup of melted grease. During a tedious case of typhoid in the family of the writer, a friend introduced a taper so safe and satisfactory as to merit use in other than war times. A small triangular scrap of soft paper is twisted into a species of miniature fool's cap, the hypothenuse of the triangle forming its base. This, with the knob on top oiled and lighted, and the lower part spread out like a fan, is inserted as a wick in a small saucer of lard. There is no unpleasant odor, and it gives a dim light by which objects in the room are barely distinguishable, but from which a lamp may be instantly lighted. Near the taper its light is sufficient to tell the hour by a watch, to read the label on a vial, and to measure medicine with ease.

But the Confederate candle was, beyond

all else, the light of those days. Wax and resin were melted together in the proportion of two ounces of resin to a pound of wax, and through this mixture a long string of candle-wick was drawn once and again, until thoroughly coated. Making one was always a frolic for the younger members of a household, and occasionally furnished excuse for an afternoon party. It was a matter of pride to have the candle as long as possible, and the work was always done out-of-doors. The saucepan or "skillet" containing the wax rested on a shovelful of hot coals; the ball of wick was unrolled and passed through the liquid, and from hand to hand, until every inch of it had been immersed three times, and the long, irregular string became a smooth waxen rope about the thickness of an ordinary lead-pencil. This was then wound on a wooden stand—the "Confederate candlestick"—first around, then up and down. The free end was drawn through a hole in a strip of tin nailed for the purpose on the upper part of the candlestick, and when the candle was in use was lighted, the long rope unwinding like a reel of yarn as it was gradually consumed. The light was, perhaps, not more than equal to that of a toy candle, yet it was not trying to the eyes, and was sufficient for ordinary purposes. The place next the saucepan was the post of honor and of danger. The wick was held down in the wax by means of a small crotched stick; but, in spite of this precaution, burned fingers were not unfrequently the result of the candle-making.

In view of the scarcity of breadstuffs, the use of edible grains in the manufacture of spirituous liquors was forbidden, under heavy penalties of fine and imprisonment, in addition to the confiscation of such liquors and the implements used in their distillation. Fruit brandies, apple, peach, and blackberry, and the rum distilled from the juice of the sorghum cane, became almost the sole intoxicating beverages of the Confederacy. These brought high prices, and much of the fruit crop was converted into brandy. From this, also, the alcohol for medicinal purposes was distilled. The wine of the scuppernong and of the common wild grape was also extensively manufactured.

Drugs and medicines were extremely scarce, and many lives were lost for lack of them. Prohibited as contraband of war, they were never suffered to form part of the one hundred pounds of baggage allowed each of the few persons granted permits to go South under flag of truce. Much smuggling was carried on along the border, and quinine and opium were standard articles in this dangerous traffic. The Medical Department at Richmond appealed to the women of the South to engage in the culture of opium, and distributed quantities of poppy seed for that purpose. After the flower dropped its petals, the green capsules were to be pricked with a needle, and the gum which exuded collected and sent to the Medical Director. Large quantities of poppies were raised, but very little opium was gathered. Dried blackberries were a leading article among hospital stores contributed by Soldiers' Aid Societies in country neighborhoods. Flaxseed and the inner bark of the sweet-gum (*Liquidambar styraciflua*) and of the slippery-elm (*Ulmus fulva*) were also prominent among such supplies.

The natural resources of the Southern States are immense, and stood the people in good stead. Factories of different kinds were established in districts remote from the seat of war, but the machinery was necessarily imperfect, and the results such as would now be accounted far from satisfactory. It was almost impossible to procure rare chemicals, and where their use was important, the work was of course incomplete.

Confederate paper, in even the finer grades, resembled whity-brown wrapping paper. Confederate ink was pale and sick-looking. Confederate matches came in tiny blocks, from which they were broken as needed: boxes were too costly to be afforded them.

A volume might be written on the ingenious contrivances of the ladies to replenish their wardrobes. Homespun dresses were among the least of these. They made every thing they wore, from hats to shoes, and some of the work was exquisitely done. Such articles as were beyond their skill—and they were few—were substituted some way or another. Large thorns, with the heads tipped with sealing-wax, did duty as hair-pins. Common brass pins, imported from Nassau, sold near the close of the war for forty dollars a paper, and needles and thread were used instead wherever such use was practicable. Economy was an obligatory virtue in those days, and nothing was wasted which could possibly be turned to account. Mr. Hale's ingenious story of the old hoop-skirts which ruined the Confederacy was more far-fetched than even he supposed, for nothing so valuable was ever thrown away—though I must confess that they were often stored in a closet while awaiting the numerous uses to which they were put.

Luxuries were not many, and self-denial of the sternest sort was frequently practiced. Starvation parties, at which no refreshments were furnished, were ordinary entertainments in Richmond during 1864. Housekeepers who wished to give suppers to their friends, but who could not afford to call in the costly aid of a confectioner, resorted to various expedients. Calves'-foot jelly was made without wine or lemons, peach brandy and vinegar being the substitutes, and was not an unpalatable dish. Milk was always procurable, and ice-cream,

in consequence, not unknown. Such desserts as could be made with sorghum molasses were those most frequent. Indeed, there was a surfeit of sorghum to those who used it in lieu of something better, and the word became a slang term for flattery—the equivalent of the Yankee "soft sawder." Preserves put up with sorghum molasses had always a twang which betrayed their origin—a twang barely mitigated by the use of soda. Yet few people could afford the use of sugar for the purpose, and those who could not, gladly availed themselves of the cheaper make-shift.

People whose vanity lay in their feet, and who were in consequence particular about their shoes, had a hard time of it in those days. Ladies not unfrequently made the upper part of their own cloth gaiters, using for pattern an old shoe ripped in pieces, and had them soled by a shoe-maker. Country tanneries were kept busy, and country shoemakers found themselves in request of those who had hitherto scorned their handiwork. Fine leather was scarce, and beef brought such high prices that calves were usually kept as a growing investment. Now and then one of tender age was sacrificed on the shrine of vanity, and then tanner and shoemaker had little peace until their work was done to the satisfaction of the fortunate owner. Goats had short lease of their lives, and dogs shook in their skins after somebody discovered that from those skins leather of the finest and softest quality might be manufactured. This known, they were ruthlessly slaughtered. Even the meanest cur was of value for once, and "nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it." Sheep-skins tanned with the wool on were highly prized for saddle blankets; shorn, they made excellent riding gloves; and to these purposes they were usually applied. Remembering the *sabots* of the French peasantry, some one introduced shoes with wooden soles, to which the upper leather was secured by tacks. These were cheap and durable, and became popular for stout walking shoes. Shaped to the foot like a Roman sandal, and with low broad heels, they were not uncomfortable; and the fact that they were almost water-proof compensated in some degree for the difficulty of procuring rubber overshoes. In-doors their clatter on bare floors was objectionable, and many persons kept them in the hall, with hat and wrappings, for use in wet weather alone.

Straw plaiting became a usual accomplishment with Southern girls, and the bundle of wet straws and the constantly lengthening braid were of frequent appearance in the family circles gathered around the Confederate candle. The plait most common was that known as the "rough and ready"—a pointed braid woven with four straws. Ladies wishing for something more stylish preferred the seven plait of split straw, identical with the popular English straw. An inventive genius produced and, I think, patented, a little machine for splitting the straw. This was a small block of wood with a fragment of steel from an old hoop-skirt inserted at one end and filed into tiny teeth for dividing the straw. A longer scrap of the same steel served as a lever for keeping the straw in place as it was drawn across the teeth of the splitter. Wheat straw was the kind most plentiful, and therefore most used. Rye straw, longer and whiter, was often cultivated expressly for the purpose of plaiting. Oat straw, soft and light, made a pleasant hat to wear, but the straws were short and coarse, and generally so dark that the work had always to be dyed.

The inner shuck of the Indian corn was woven into hats for children. These were as white and as soft as the chip hats of to-day. Trimmings for them were made from the same materials, intermixed with raveled silk. Ropes and tassels, flowers and leaves, and an exceedingly fine braid for trimming, were all made of straw. Feather bands for trimming sacques and wraps, with aigrettes and feather flowers for hats and bonnets, were exquisitely manufactured by the deft fingers of Confederate women. The feather fans, made by a family of sisters whose name is one of the oldest in Virginia, became famous throughout that State and North Carolina. Many of them are no doubt still preserved as relics of war times by those who were fortunate enough to obtain them.

Never, perhaps, was there more need for ingenuity; rarely has so much been exercised. Many of these make-shifts were contrivances of which the users were honestly proud, or over which they could at least cheerfully laugh; and, after all, it was comparatively easy to dispense with luxuries when all one's neighbors did the same. But there came a day when men told one another the story of the straw-adulterated bread of the Russian serfs, and wondered whether such food could be eaten by those used to better things, looking forward to the time when they might be forced to try the experiment themselves; when every ounce of meat, every spoonful of meal, was precious; when wheaten bread was thought a luxury; when butter was rarely seen except on the tables of the rich; when eggs were treasured as a delicacy for the sick; and when people endured privations so constantly that they ceased to consider them such.

When Lee's army surrendered, it had dwindled to a handful of ragged, starving veterans. The people at home had, in response to an appeal from their idolized general, vainly put themselves on half rations to send him supplies, and one of the first duties of the Federal troops on taking pos-

session of Richmond was to feed the country they had conquered. The war had written its record in blood on well-nigh every Southern hearth-stone, and many of those who had sacrificed most in the fight for secession drew a breath of relief that the struggle was ended, even though they had failed; for watching and waiting were done with, cannon and rifle shot would dig no more graves.

NUMBER 13.

By ELIZABETH STUART PHELPS.

MY dear, it's my opinion that if all folks that thought of getting married were compelled by State law to spend six months with some respectable family, under the same roof, before they did it, there wouldn't be more than one wedding sift through that sieve to where there's twenty now.

Since you *asked* me why I never got married, that's why. Bless you, no! I don't say you put it in so many words, but that's what you've been a-saying, every look and motion and tone of you since you sat here, turning your pretty eyes about my room and over me, my dear, quite gentle and uninquisitive, but full of a kind of wonder and a kind of sadness too. I've seen that look in young folks's eyes times and times. But it isn't often Number 13 sees such eyes as yours, my dear, though there's been enough that was kind and enough that was sorrowful in it, for that matter, too. I took a fancy to the look of you, I tell you plainly, the first day you come—three weeks ago come Thursday—with those half dozen lawn petticoats for a fine tuck, you remember, and the insertin that was wore to be taken out from above. I'm set in my fancies, as I am in my ways. It isn't every body one feels a drawin' to. You know you feel a drawin' in you sometimes to folks, when all the folds of your heart seem gathered up toward them like fine gathers—so close you'd hardly see to stroke 'em down. There's folks I've cut and basted this dozen year, and those I've done for by the fortnight, and even those I've made and finished, that I couldn't set and talk to as I'm going on to you, my dear—not for a steady engagement on their trussows or their mournin' for a year to come; and if you thought it was because you made it a dollar a day when I was askin' only eighty-five, I should be sorry; and you did it such a pretty way, how could I help it? And when I heard how Miss Jabez Smithson run on about you for settin' me up to ask more than your neighbors was able to pay me, I'd have—I'd have asked her one thirty-seven and a half, my dear, if I could have got it.

Stand a mite this way, if you will, my dear, nigher to the glass. There! Will you have the walnut silk cut bias for the shirr? I cut one on the square for Miss Colonel Adams's navy blue repellant. I'll pin it up a scrap, and let you see it for yourself—so!

You see, my dear, he was my cousin, and he come to our house the winter mother was failin'—when we lived down East in Franklin—to help do for us, father being dead and the boys gone. There was two boys, Ned and 'Li'kim. Ned was the one that died, I never did know what of. Our old doctor said he had wind in his brain. My little brother 'Li'kim—there! I needn't keep you standin' any longer in the blazin' light—I always said that 'Li'kim meant well, my dear, and I always, always will, and I'd rather not talk about it just now; but he got into bad company, poor little chap! and after father died he—ran—away. One night I come home from the sewin' circle, and I found his common close and his little skates and things he'd left in a heap, and a little note atop to mother. And mother she just threw up her arms and ran to meet me, screechin' through the entry; and, my dear, it left her ravin' wild from that hour till she died. For she'd had a fever, and been a scrap weakly in her head since father's funeral.

But that doesn't matter now, only it will explain some things to you, and how my cousin Peter Doggett come to live with us. And that doesn't matter, only that when I got through with that job, I didn't want him for a husband, nor no man else. The ways they have with their boots, my dear, and the smell of blacking, I don't like; and the pipes, and laying them against your clean mantel-piece after you have dusted, and the bein' so particular about the pudden sauce when you're wore with watching sick folks all the night, and the sitting still and seeing you bring kindlen and draw water, and the getting used to you, my dear, and snapping of you up. And then the way of speaking to your mother!

My dear, when it all began, I was that fond of Peter Doggett I'd have carried kindlen, or bore with pipes, or fussed with pudden sauces, or run my feet off for him to all eternity, and thought myself well off. And when it all was over, I wouldn't have lifted a winker, much less an eyelash, for him, come what might. For when we come to set down day by day and meal by meal and worry by worry together, then all the temper and all the selfishness and all the meanness there was in us come up. And I don't know what he thought of *mine*, my dear. Temper enough, the Lord knows, but I *couldn't* have snapped him up, my dear, as he did me; and if I'd spoke to his mother as he spoke one afternoon to mine—she very troublesome in the head that day, poor old lady, and requirin' all the patient love of son and daughter both to keep her strong and still—if I had, I'd have looked to be

turned into a pillow of salt, like Lot's poor wife, my dear, and kept a-standin' in the settin'-room for a shame to the family forever after. So after that I says to him, "Peter Doggett, we're never fitted to make each other happy as married folks if we can't get along as common folks." And so that was the end of *that*. And mother died the next week, and Peter went home after the funeral; and so I was left to myself, my dear, for my aunt Hannah, Peter's mother, was offended, very natural, and there was no other of my blood in all the world. I wouldn't have thought that meant much once. Young folks don't understand such things. You've no more idea, my pretty, setting there with your great eyes, what the drawin' of kith and kin is like, when you're left to shift without it, than an unhatched bobolink, and please God, you never, never may! Nor I'd no more idea till after the house was sold to pay off old mortgages of father's, and I come to this place, my dear, on the recommendation of a friend of mine, to take in, or go out if desired, but much preferring to take in, and only advertising, to begin with, for plain sewing, on account of a little weakness in my eyes. Her name was Susannah Greenwich, and the first month I rented Number 13 she was a comfort to me, my dear; for she had the second rear, and ran a Wheeler and Wilson, with a dreadful backache, and I used to make a drop of tea for her of evenings, and I got a new tea-pot big enough for two on purpose; and that was a pleasure you'd never guess, my dear, unless you'd drunk out of the smallest size a while, and cried into it a good deal of stormy nights alone. But Susannah Greenwich she got married. She married the first floor, that I cured of the toothache; and it was coming up after the drops that he took the notion to her, when I'd got her fixed comfortable, with a Scotch plaid blanket shawl across the chair and that red cricket to her feet and the mug a-steaming in her hand; for I hadn't any tea-cups at that time, and the wash-stand mug has more comfort in it than you'd think, my dear, when tea-cups are out of the question for lack of steady work.

Now I'll tell you that this minute I never told Susannah nor a living soul. He asked me first, the first floor did. His name was Thrasher. But I wouldn't have a man named Thrasher if he was first cousin to the Angel Gabriel. And he took it very kind indeed, and made up to Susannah that day come a fortnight, for he was in a taking for a home as ever I saw; and she moved her Wheeler and Wilson away, and they went across the river to live, for he kept a lard factory, and it was more convenient for the hogs.

It wasn't till Susannah 'd gone that it all came over me, my dear. Long as you have a cup of tea to make or a toothache to cure for folks, it ain't so bad, but when you've settled down in a big houseful of those that you haven't the right to lift a finger for, nor one of them the heart to do for you, and all going their own ways, and living their own lives, and sorrowin' their own sorrows, and lockin' their souls against each other as they do their drawers and trunks, and if you was to die in your bed of some lonesome night, my dear, not a soul of 'em would know nor care until the landlady noticed, maybe, by next evening that you didn't make a noise about your room, and sent up the Loon to see. I call her the Loon, my dear, for she's the chamber-maid, and nigh as crazy; besides, the color of her eyes the same, if you noticed it upon the stairs. I've lost my collection of ideas, my dear, but I was going to say, it is a way of living that folks can't dream nor guess at till they've lived it. It seems to me, as I set and think it over, as if we had to live such large whiles in this world, my dear, to understand the least, least little things!

Hard? Yes, my dear, I thought so then. When first I knuckled to it down in Number 13 I thought it was a little hard. But, bless you! that was before I knew what hardness was, or where the comfort of it was coming in. It's like the soft side of a pine board, boardin' is. There! I didn't *mean* that for a conundrum, but it's a pretty good one; don't you think so?

Turn a scrap this way, while I pin the gore against the loop. Yes.

Comfort? I've had enough of comfort in this scrimpy little wee worn room, my dear, to warm a cold heart through for forty harder lives than mine. No, I don't know as I could tell you *how* it comes. Comfort is like sunshine of an afternoon: you can't reason how it comes, but only know the blessed comin', and set and curl up in it, a-warmin' through and through, my dear. And it ain't so much then as it is afterward that you know how warm you are. I've taken a surprising deal of pleasure in the course of my experience in thinking how well off I was once, after it was over. Some folks can't, I know. Eggs ain't speckled all alike, nor there don't no two kittens in a batch run after their tails with just the same degree of sperit. I've seen cats that would do it in a melancholy manner, as if they were doing you a personal favor, and cats that would do it in a superior manner, as if they'd show the other cats how much it was beneath 'em. There's cats and cats.

If you'd rather set and wait for me to baste the kilt plaitin' together, I'll try and tell you something about it; but it's a scrimpy story, like the room, my dear, and wee and worn too, like the room. Every thing's been scrimpy in my life, my pretty, but the comfort.

After Susannah, it all began with Miss Ma-

jor Cracklejaw, upon the same floor front. I'd seen her going in and out—a little creetur with big eyes and stylish hair; but I'd never taken notice to speak to most the folks, for the third floor rear, with one window and a gas stove and do for yourself, ain't just abreast of the full soots or front parlors and board besides, you see. So, after Susannah Thrasher went, I fought mostly shy of 'em, unless it was a little plain sewing, and once or twice the week's mendin' for Miss M'Henry Dumps (as true as you stand in your bustle, that was her blessed name!)—the first floor she was, with three babies, and a nurse with neuralgy twice a week in the frouziest head I ever saw, that dropped the baby down the steps, if you'll believe it, twice that winter.

And so, because I kept so mostly to myself, and because Number 13 *was* cold, my dear, when the gas was contrary, and I hadn't that chair in there made out of the barrel, with the patchwork cover—poor Miss Flynn and Tommy Harkness, they gave me that chair, but I haven't come to them yet—nor the Turkey-red valance on the curtain, my dear: and you can't guess the comfort there is in a mite of Turkey red, nor how my poor dear Helen Goldenough looked blushing in the day she knocked and said, Might she give herself a *great* comfort by putting of it up? And I hadn't got the tea-set then, nor that little shelf old Mr. Hopkinson put up to hold the cups I bought next quarter, nor the pretty shade across the gas, for your poor eyes, of the lace and paper with the maple leaves between, sent by the attic rear, my dear, with the sweetest poor face, and, oh! *she* got into such a trouble! nor the little book-case either from Miss Cracklejaw herself, one Christmas-eve, with John G. Whittier's poems a-standing all alone and looking such a comfort! Nor I hadn't got this blessed stove in then that I saved a year to run the pipe through, and to get the landlady quite willing; for any body's temper would be wore a little thin, my dear, with folks that didn't pay, to say nothing of the Loon. And make the best you might, my dear, there is *no* comfort in the Loon.

So I was setting all alone, my dear, one night, without a light, and shivering over the gas stove, and moping by myself, for I was out of work; and, setting there, I began to think. All at once I began to seem to be setting in the keeping-room at home with my little brother 'Li'kim. What I said about the drawin' that you feel for folks, you know, and you know how some drawin's is as much tighter than other drawin's as is the difference between the sunlight and the moonlight, or between the fire and the freeze! I don't know how it was—I can't talk much about it even, after all—but in all my life I never had such a drawin' of all that in you that makes you love and live for folks, and be blessed when they're by you, and be wretched when they ain't, and most of all that feelin' that makes you glad to do and suffer for 'em and spare 'em pain, and shelter of them up as hens brood over their poor chicks, or like young mothers cuddlin' their first babies, as the feelin's that I had for my little brother 'Li'kim. What I thought of Peter Doggett before he come to live with us come nighest to it; but it never, never was the same.

'Li'kim was a pretty boy, my dear, and his hair curled. I used to curl it across my fingers for him every morning; and he brought his little lessons to me, and he always liked to get by me, and he'd rather I'd go up to hear his prayers. And oh, my dear, from the night he left us till—till long afterward—till this very living night—I'll own to you, when I've kneeled to say my own, there's never, never been a night, not one, that I haven't said over "Now I lay me" through for *him*, my dear, fearin' he'd grown too wild and wayward to say it for himself.

But I've wandered far from Miss Cracklejaw, you must excuse me. I haven't often spoke of 'Li'kim—not for many years. He was the light of my eyes, my dear—poor boy!—just the living light of my young eyes. I used to tell him so sometimes when we sat alone; but *then* I didn't even know what I was a-saying when I was a-saying that.

But when I was setting there that evening it all come back, and all I could think of was that little fellow; and the strange old mystery of kith or kin, and how I was left battlin' without it, come over me; and how dreary the room looked, and how cold it was, and I without a friend in all that big drear house, and the tea-pot only lukewarm upon the stove! And I seemed to see my life go stretching out, out, like an awful seam to which there is no end, and me sitting taking stitches to shorten of it up, just so, pent up alone with my tea-pot in that little room, and never a face to kiss nor a hand to get hold of when your head aches like to split, my dear, and never a voice to speak nor to talk back to, and in all the wide old world no speck of comfort to your name, my dear.

Then all at once within the little lonely room I seemed to see my little brother 'Li'kim kneeling down to say his prayers; and I put down my tea-cup—for it was dark, and my eyes never very strong, and I often saw queer things—and I kneeled down where I seemed to see him, and went through "Now I lay me" by myself, till the tea was cold. But I felt better for it, somehow, that I did, my dear, and before I was off my knees Miss Cracklejaw knocked sudden, and I jumped as if I'd been struck in a heap to let her in.

She wanted a little sewin' done, she said, and would I just step into her room and see if I could do it for her? So I went in with her, and we set down and began to talk about the work. They was little things, my dear, a little blanket and a little shirt, and what not, and she'd given out on finishing 'em off, for she wasn't very well; and I was sorry for her as we set and talked, for now and then the tears come and trickled down, and she in a sadder way, my dear, than she'd ought to be, till I knew there was a trouble on her mind; and at last, while we were talking, it come over me, with a great stirring in my heart, to find out what it was that wore on her, and be a comfort if I could. So, though I *was* the third rear and a gas stove, I up and says:

"Miss Cracklejaw, something worries you. I'm a poor woman, but your neighbor, and if ever I can do for you, just let me know, and there I am; for it's lonesome boardin' with your worries, as I know, my dear."

Well, she thanked me pretty enough—very prettily for a woman with such a stylish head of hair, and cried again, and said she'd see, and said there *was* a worry, and it broke her heart.

Now it was that very night, my dear, I sittin' in my dressin'-gownd to read my chapter, that I heard the noise outside my door, a stumblin', scrapin' noise, and then a bangin' like the last trumpet up against my door, and I went to see, for it was half after eleven o'clock, and the hours in the house are half past ten, excepting latch-keys to gentlemen of good habits at eleven, and there, my dear, I come plump on Major Cracklejaw, drunk as drunk.

His poor wife come out as I come out, in a pretty white wrapper, with shirred pink merino up the front, you know, and her hair all streaming and her face as white! And we helped him into bed together, he never knowin', and neither of us spoke a word till it was done. Then says I, "I know your worry now, Miss Cracklejaw, and Heaven help you!"

And she says: "Oh, what shall I do? what shall I *do*? It was so last week and the week before, and twice last month, and some other times. And I've let him in quite quiet, nobody knowin' his disgrace; for he's a young man, my husband is, and never was like this before, and promised me he never, never would. But he's got into a bad set," she says, and he's troubled in his business—we had to excuse so much in men, she said, on account of business—and now, when she was taken ill, oh! who would let him in at nights, and save the house from knowin' of the shame? she says. And she was in such a taking as you never saw. So of course I said I'd let him in, my dear, and so I did. And I let him in with a vengeance, I tell you; for when it happened twice, I gave him such a talkin' to, she lying weak and miser'ble up stairs, poor creetur, that, for very shame, it was a fortnight before he dared to try it again, my dear. And I talked when he was sober, and I talked when he was drunk, and I set up always till that man was in, as if he'd been a boy a dozen years old; and after the baby was born he got ashamed of it, or else I made it too much trouble, and he pulled through and come out all right, my dear; and such a grateful creetur, when I sat of evenings now and then to help about the baby! for she was a long time getting up. And never a soul but them two and myself knew of his disgrace, my dear, for I never let on a word of it; and if they hadn't been unknownst to you, and gone to California besides, I wouldn't let on now. I don't know why she took on so about it, as if I'd done her some tremenjous favor. Any woman would have done it she'd seen fit to let.

Now when I saw that young thing well and spry, and him as well-behaved as need be, and the baby with the whooping-cough, and him so tender to it, and home of evenings, I got such comfort in it as you'd never guess. It was 'most as good as having a husband and baby of your own, without the bother or the blacking. And there was that in the way them two looked at me, and the tones of their voice when they spoke to me, my dear, forever after, that made my scrimpy little room a sort of home to me—if you can understand the feelin'—even when I set alone.

And oh! the tones, my dear, and oh! the voices and the looks these walls have seen, I don't know why! And the folks that have made this house a comfort to me, I don't know how! I think I got the most out of poor Miss Flynn and Tommy Harkness for a while, though why they ever should have come to *me!* You see, it had been going on a long while: she very young and pretty, and her mother dead, and working in a dollar store all day; and Tommy Harkness, he was young and thoughtless, and he had the second opposite, but he was in the retail grocery; and I don't suppose they thought of marrying. But she was lonesome, and the boy was good-natured, and this had been goin' on for nigh two years, till, my dear, she was the talk of the house.

One evening, up comes Miss Barker—she's the landlady, you know—and says she, "I can't have this any longer," says she; "there's such goin's-on, and in her room at reasonable and onreasonable hours, and caught a kissin' of her a Tuesday last! All my folks are talkin' about it. Maggie Flynn must suit herself with a less respectable house," says Miss Barker.

Now, my dear, I was in that distress I couldn't bear myself for a half an hour, for I liked Miss Flynn, though very imprudent;

but I'd as soon think evil of myself, my dear, as of that child. And in she comes while I was turning of it over, all her hair tumbled, and her eyes as red as the Loon's herself, and wringing of her hands and wringing of her hands. Oh! what would ever become of her? What had she done? What should she do? And she clings to me, and begs me to save her from such a shameful, awful thing. In all the house, she said, I was the only friend she had to tell. I don't know why, for more than taking in a hot brick or so when she had an influenza, and watching for a word, and wishing she'd confide in me about the boy—for I'd felt uneasy—I'd never done.

I think, my dear, that was the hardest three days' work I ever did, for it took three days to straighten of it out. And such a time! Miss Cracklejaw did most of that, though set against the girl to start with. But we talked it over, and we had Miss Barker up, and Miss Flynn, all red and crying, and Tommy too; and Miss Cracklejaw she said if we could carry it out, she'd invite me down to supper on Christmas evening—for it was Christmas time. She'd invited me before, my dear; but when it's only a dried herring and a cup of tea *and* a gas stove you can ask back to, you feel a delicacy. So Miss Cracklejaw invited me to supper, and Miss Barker, we prevailed upon her to say she'd abide by the decision of the house if it was laid before the house. So then I goes to Tommy Harkness, and I says, "Thomas, you and Maggie Flynn must be engaged to be married before six o'clock to-night. And then, Thomas, you'll have to go across to old Miss Phipps's to board, and call on Maggie in the parlor."

Says Thomas, groaning out between his hands, "Oh, is it so bad as that? Oh, I wish she'd never seen me! I wouldn't have had this happen, not for the worth of State Street," says Tommy Harkness; for he was fond of Maggie, and never meant to harm her. Then he holds up his head, with his cheeks hot. "Maggie's a lady!" says he, fast and mad. "She's been a lady to me. It's I that wasn't the gentleman," says he, "for I ought to have thought of her. Maggie is a good girl," says Tommy, mighty proud. Then he melted down quite piteous, and cries, "I didn't think! I didn't think! And we haven't any thing to marry on, and how *could* a fellow get engaged?"

So I made quick work of Tommy Harkness, but it was three blessed days before Miss Flynn would show her poor face to any soul but me, or barely eat a morsel, and crying her eyes out, my dear, till she was almost blind. But when the Christmas come, I told Miss Cracklejaw I'd accept her invitation to supper, seeing it would run on forever if I didn't take a step decided; and I took her just as she was, all pale and blinded with the tears, one hand in mine, and Tommy Harkness with the other on his arm. My! how that boy did tremble! And Miss Cracklejaw she was very polite and pretty, and so I took my first tea, my dear, at Miss Barker's table.

All the house was there, and the room as bright as bright. And you never saw how the silver seemed to me to shine, or the pleasant look about the cake-basket, my dear. And I stood up before them all, and I says, for I knew them mostly by that time,

"My friends," I says, "I've come to ask you to congratulate these two young people for being promised to each other to be man and wife." I says it very solemn, 'most like a marriage service, and the people's faces, though black enough, my dear, took on a solemn look. "They're very young," I further says, "without father or mother to guide them or advise them—very young," I says; and when I felt her poor hand shake in mine, there come that trembling in my voice I hardly could get out the words. "And I think," says I, "that you'll all agree with me as it's easier in this world to do foolish things than prudent ones, and sweeter to think well of folks than ill of folks, and nobler to remember that we none of us ain't sure till we are in our graves that the time mayn't come we'll need folks to believe in us too against appearances, and to forgive us too the little follies we may commit despite ourselves. My friends," says I, "it's my belief no man nor no woman of us will ever grow so old as to be sure we mightn't make a blunder and be sorry for it, and yet have hearts as innocent as two young hearts I've looked into and know all about. And so, because it's the blessed Christmas time, in which we all love to think kindly and believe much in one another, I'm sure you'll join with me in the little supper of congratulation I've come down to take with you and my two dear young friends to-night."

And, my dear, they did—yes, they did. Even Miss Barker she cleared up, and they helped Miss Flynn six times to marmalade among 'em, and wished her merry Christmas, and talked politics most beautiful, when she began to cry afresh, to change the subject. And when that supper was over, first I knew that whole tableful of folks, they rose up, and Major Cracklejaw, says he:

"A hundred merry Christmases and three cheers for her that has the Christmas soul among us!" says Major Cracklejaw. And so, as I sat looking round, quite pleased and happy, and wondering who it was of whom the major thought that pretty thought, my dear, would you believe it? All those folks they got up and they cheered *me!* ME!

My dear, I like to have fell through the floor, not so much because the Loon dropped the preserved ginger down my neck that minute, as she truly did, and very cold I

found it for so hot a tasting thing, and my best alpaca too—but you can't scold a creetur with no more gumption than that creetur has—but because of the fright of it and the surprise. But afterward, when I come to think it over, there come such a comfort to it, I could hardly close my eyes that blessed night.

Ah, my dear, and so it's been this thing and been that; but I wish you'd seen my poor Miss Goldenough before the small-pox winter. Not so very pretty, but gentle and well-looking, though I never can abide loops brought round behind and puffed across the bustle. And when she was taken down up there in that attic, and not a relative nigher than Kentucky, when she come on to sing in the Beatoven chorus, there was I, with a full week on Miss Jabez Smithson, for she was going to New York to make a little visit; and when Miss Barker come up all of a zeal about sending of the poor creetur to the hospital, I says, "What shall I do?" Indeed I did! But then I thought of being down with small-pox in that attic, and no kith nor kin to stand by you, and of the terror that she had about the hospital, for she'd often told me, and it was something of a cousin that was neglected in one once, and died most horrible. And I says, my dear, what has Heaven left me without own folks for, if it ain't to be own folks to those that are similar? and I says:

"Miss Barker, let the poor thing stay, and shut us up together in the attic, and the Loon will bring the meals and my good-by to all the house," says I, "and tell no one to come nigh us."

And so she did it, for she's a grateful creetur; and ever after not scolding her about the ginger, she was most willing *for* a Loon: a little used to sharp words, I guess, for most things.

So I staid three weeks in that attic, and the doctor and the Loon come every day—at least the tips of her fingers with the dishes—and I never saw her eyes so blazin' red before nor since. And we did the best we could; but one night, Tuesday three week, as I was dropping into a scrappy nap upon the comfortables I'd laid upon the floor, Helen Goldenough she called me in a ringing voice.

I spring, and am by her in a minute, and there she sits, bolt-upright and awful, in the bed. Says she:

"Why, mother!" says she—"why, mother, how good of you to come!"

My dear, she took me for her mother; and when I saw the change upon her, I can't tell you the solemn feelings of my heart to hear that word.

But they weren't as solemn as the feelings that I had a minute after, when that poor thing did what she did. My dear, upon my living word, she rose upon her knees and folded of her hands and begun to say her prayers to me. I'm 'most afraid to tell you what she said. Says she:

"*Our mother who art in heaven!*" that's what she says—"*our mother who art in heaven, hallowed be thy name!*" says Helen Goldenough. And then, whether she took me for mother on earth or mother in heaven I can't say, not knowin', but she puts her poor hands about my neck, for I wouldn't have deceived her not to move an eyelash if I'd died for it that minute; and, my dear, I was so much own folks to her, and whether those of earth or heaven doesn't matter as I know, that she fell into my arms, all dreadful as she was, and there she died.

Her mother did come on two days after, and I told her how it was. I don't think, if I'd live to the next Centennial and the ballots, I'd forget that woman's look nor the words she said to me. I can't tell them to you, my dear, for they were far, far above my best deserving; and she gave the Loon a dollar bill, and slept with me and cried upon my neck till she went home.

No, I never had it, after all; only three days' touch of varyloid, that the Loon brought the meals to, and Miss Cracklejaw she sent up grapes; and after you have found out it isn't it, my dear, it ain't so bad to be alone. First two days I didn't know, and I thought a great deal about my little brother 'Li'kim, and of bein' glad I had no own folks, after all, to take into mortal danger for my sake, till there fairly was a comfort in it, don't you see?

And now, my dear, if I had time to tell you about Mr. Hopkinson and his broken arm, or about Miss M'Henry Dumps's baby, or about that matter in the first floor rear, or about Miss Barker herself and the invitation down to dinner, or a thousand thousand things that took place to bless me! but I see you're getting tired, and if I'm going to tell a story all about myself, I must tell it, I suppose, and you'll excuse me for the impoliteness, and I'll make it short as possible.

But, oh! I wish you'd seen the attic rear poor thing of which I spoke. Mercy Maynard was her name, and saleswoman in a fancy store, and a little wild and fond of dress, but a modest woman, in spite of him, my dear; for he owned the store, and he kept the wages down on purpose. And she used to come of evenings, and set on that cricket at my feet, and tell me; and it was a cursed story, that it was, my dear—may I be forgiven for a little swearing when I think of him!—and often and often it happens in this town to them poor girls. And there was a time I thought I'd lost her, for I'd talked till I was wore out, and she got as wild as wild with desperation, not knowing any place to go to; and poor girls must earn their bread, my dear, in spite of cursed men. And it wasn't much to do, I'm sure, but all I

could; so I persuaded her and I begged her till she came. Says I: "Just quit, and stop with me a while, and help me at my work, till you find more, two in a room being nigh half as much a week, and two to a tea-pot nothing more to speak of, and twice the comfort," as was true, my dear. And so she come and staid till Mr. M'Henry Dumps he found her something in a corset store that a woman owned it, and only peace and women all around her. I was a little short of work just then, it's true; but, bless you! somehow we seemed to get along. I've often thought of a thing she said one night, and stroking of my hair in a little way she had. "You poor old dear!" says she. "You love your boardin'-house neighbor as yourself," says she. I'm just so mean, my dear, I suppose I did for her twice as happily for hearing that. It's the very Alderney cream of comfort when folks think kinder of you than you deserve.

But it was about this time there come slowly growin' on me that trouble and that terror that drove all other folks's troubles half out my crazy, selfish heart.

It come slowly, and yet it come sudden too. I'll put it in few words now if I can, for there's nothing in it worth the telling to make a fuss about.

It was about my eyes, my dear—never very strong, and sewin' so constant, and perhaps a little with watching with Miss Barker when she had the fever; but, first I knew, the black work had to lay by till morning; and then it couldn't be black work at all; and then I noticed that the sewing in the evening had to slip; and sudden one afternoon, as I sat hurrying to get the narrow velvet on Miss M'Henry Dumps's polonaise, there come to me a dreadful thing.

My dear, I couldn't thread my needle.

Thinkin' to mercy it might be a headache, I let it go till next day, and the next; and when it got no different, I put my bonnet on and went out, sayin' nothing to nobody, and asked the doctor.

My dear, I think I know how folks feel when they jump into rivers in their nightgownds, and swallow poison (which must be a most unpleasant manner to select), and even a pistol or a razor—any dreadful, desperate, wild, mad way that you can think of of getting rid of the life the Lord has laid upon your breaking shoulders. When he told me it was cataract, and very doubtful, but they would try it at the hospital if I could get in, I never even said a Thank you, Sir. I tied on my bonnet and come home, and I crawled up stairs to my little room—my precious little room, my dear, where it wasn't the dyin' light that made things look so dim and strange to me—and down I sat and locked the door, and there I staid.

I can't tell you how long it was—maybe till next evening, maybe days and more; I never could exactly tell. Folks come and come. I sent them all away. They knocked and questioned, but I turned 'em off. I had to turn it over in my mind alone.

I turned it over in a curious way. I seemed to see myself a-setting there, much as I'd seen 'Li'kim on his knees beside the bed, distinct—a miserable woman, half dazed and crazed. I seemed to set and talk about myself as if I'd been one of the poor creeturs in some other room I'd gone to do for. And as I set, I talked like this:

"Dependent on her needle. Poor. A woman. Living by herself. Beginning to grow old. No home. No folks. And growing blind. Oh, poor thing!"

Then I'd have it over a little different:

"Growing blind. No home. No folks. Poor. Living all alone. A woman. Takes in sewing for a living. How sorry I am for her!"

Then I'd try it once again:

"An old woman. Took in sewing for a living. Long gone blind. No home. No folks. Sent her to the poor-house. There she sits. Stone-blind. May live to be eighty. Poor thing! What can I do for her? Oh, what can I do?"

It was when this had been going on a while that, sudden, as I sat there, Helen Goldenough, that was dead and buried, come walking up across the room to my poor eyes that saw all things so queer. And she took me by the hand, and down she pushed me gently on my knees. And I saw her kneel beside me, and seem to take my hands and lift 'em up—so! And I saw her talking—so! And, my dear, she says:

"Our mother who art in heaven—" and seems to wait for me to say it after. And after thinkin' of it a little while, I says:

"Our Father and mother who art in heaven," and then I stopped. I felt easier, my dear—I truly did. I *sensed* it, as we used to say to home, that there was another kith and kin than that I hadn't got, and lovin'er own folks than the own folks I had lost, and I felt ashamed, my dear—I was ashamed to have forgot it, for I was brought up religious always, though never quite settled in my mind on justification by faith and the election doctrine, with a leanin' to immersion, I will confess.

So when I'd said those words, and Helen Goldenough she'd seemed to go, I let in Maggie Flynn, most uneasy and crying at the door, and told her all about it.

My dear, it was just three days since the people in the house had known, and I never, never was deservin' of it, when up it come! I sitting all forlorn and at my wits' end in the dark, and the Loon one mortal grin—I don't, indeed, believe no other creetur could, *unless* the bird itself. And in she brought the round robin on a stone-china plate, with a red doyley and two apples.

Miss Barker's compliments and the house's love, she says; and they begs you to accept, she says.

I'll get you the paper, my dear, and let you read it for yourself. Rather not? Well, I will try; but it always makes my voice a little shaky, and Mr. Hopkinson, I think it must have been, that drew it, for he's a school-teacher, my dear; and never was there a mortal thing but helping when the arm was set, and now and then a stockin' or so; he'd got no women-folks to do for him.

"Miss Barker's boarders"—(it begins)—"Miss Barker's boarders beg leave to send their profound sympathy and sorrow to Number 13, in the unexpected trial that has fallen on that room. And in token of their grateful remembrance of unnumbered large and little kindnesses"—(my dear, those are the very words, though blush I do to say it)—"of unnumbered large and little kindnesses that they, Miss Barker's boarders, have received from the occupant of that room in this and other times, and in memory of her endeavors to bring the spirit of a home among so many homeless people, and of their great indebtedness to her for much neighborly, unselfish service, offered in a sweet and modest manner peculiar to herself, Miss Barker's boarders hereby request her to favor them by accepting the inclosed trifle, hoping it may help to defray the expenses of that affliction which it has pleased Heaven mysteriously to send upon her, and wishing it might testify one-half of both the sadness and the hope that is felt throughout this house for her.

"(*Signed*): M'Henry Dumps, Althea Dumps, E. G. Hopkinson, Maggie Flynn, T. Harkness, John Cracklejaw, May Cracklejaw, O. L. Smith, P. Jones, Susannah G. Thrasher, Caleb Thrasher, Mercy Maynard, E. P. Green, Sarah Barker, Elizabeth Tudor, Mary Ann Shamway."

And, my dear, it was eighty-five dollars and forty-two cents.

But I never would have thought the forty-two cents of them two girls; and Mary Ann Shamway's neuralgy, I never could help her much, poor thing, do or not do; and before I could get it into my head that Elizabeth Tudor was the Loon! To say nothing of Mrs. Barker's receipt for three months' rent, my dear. And those strange gentlemen, that more than a civil "Pleasant morning, Sir!" never did I have the pleasure.

And so I went to the hospital, my pretty, quite brave and happy. And a paid bed *is* a comfort, my dear, if go you must. And for all the courage and all the happiness that bore me through, like wings, I have to thank their generous way of saying so. For, oh! there's no tonic and no ether to bear pain and weakness on like joy, my dear; and the feeling that you're cared for and thought kindly of comes nighest to the name of joy of any that I know.

So I left my little room, my dear, saying good-by to all the things, to wonder if I'd ever see them more; the Turkey-red valance, and the tea-pot, and the cricket in especial, and Mercy Maynard's ivy growing in the bottle over there. Eyes looked out of them plain and scrimpy things, my dear, to my eyes, and voices spoke from them to answer me, and grace and blessin's seemed to stand in 'em and reach to me, and seem to say:

"Goin' to the hospital. Goin' to be cured. Pretty well off. Hosts of friends. And a round robin. Needn't worry. Coming back to us. Not so much a happy woman as a quiet. Plenty of folks. Our Father and our mother who art—"

And then I shut the door, my dear, and, as I told you, went and bore it through.

Well! well! well! it was, oh! the loveliest spring night, my dear, when I come home. And, oh! so much beyond my grumpiness and deserving when first they told me all was going well. Never did I half believe nor understand it till the very night they drove me home. It was of an April evening, and the grass was springing greenish here and there in spots upon the Common, and pleasant to the eyes, if weak, my dear, in driving by. And the same I thought with the dyin' light, a pink and gentle one, and many thin, high clouds. So many little boys a-whistling in the street, and standin' on their heads to scare the wits of you, I never saw. And I counted twenty little girls a-laughing, happy as the angels, between that hospital and home. And warm, too; and so mild! One of the hospital doctors he come with me, for they were kind as kind, and him and the driver they got me out the carriage as if I'd been the Queen.

My dear, for all the fits of blues and undeserving may I hope to be forgiven! But I was kind of hustled into the parlors, and in a sort of soft, low light, and very thoughtful of my eyes in 'em, all smilin' to their eyebrows, there stood the house—the whole of 'em, all in a row, my dear, to greet me home, they said. And up they come, and like to been the end of me, and Susannah Greenwich too. Some they shook my hands and some they kissed me, but they were women, only poor old Mr. Hopkinson, that you must excuse; and some they cried and some they laughed, and Miss Barker in the middle, with a tea-table spread out, and a little speech, with ice-cream that the Loon she tripped and stuck her elbow through; but if you didn't happen to see it, it tasted just as well.

But there was a strange gentleman among 'em that I'd never seen, and he didn't come to shake hands quite natural with the rest, not ever having had the pleasure; but he stood apart, a little sober; and Mary Ann Shamway, with her poor head tied up, she said it was his way, and there about a fortnight, and a little sickly, when I went to kiss the Dumpses' baby. I'm a little bashful with strange gentlemen, and though he kinder looked at me, I didn't trouble with him not to notice him particular; and the doctor said too much excitement and the

pleasure wouldn't do, for he staid to the ice-cream, as Miss Barker invited him most prettily; and I thought the Loon would be the death of him, in spite of tryin' to be most polite and handin' Mercy Maynard out.

So by-and-by I creep up softly to my own old little room, not to disturb their pleasure, and unbeknownst to most.

There it was, my dear. And the pretty shade against the gas, and a pink geranium in the window, with Mercy Maynard's love, and the towel rack from Maggie Flynn; and I never did know who put the English breakfast tea into the tea-caddy, but, by the spillin' round, I knew it was the Loon that tried to set the tea-pot boilin' ready. And as for that chromio upon the wall, I *suspect* Miss Cracklejaw, but never did I know; nor the five roses and smilax, with a bit of heliotrope, upon the table, and the little vase.

It wasn't till next mornin' that I found the note upon the bureau from Aunt Hannah, sayin' how she'd but just heard of my condition, and that Peter he had married Sarah Amelia Bolingbroke—her that was Miss Patterson before her first—an excellent woman, but fully equal to it if there was any snappin' of you up, and havin' had her hand in once besides. And she said would I come on and make a visit, by-gones bein' by-gones, and her health but poorly?

That wasn't till next mornin', as I tell you. And, oh! my dear, as I set down alone, so grateful and so happy, no cur that runs is meaner than was I to take exception to my lot. But after all their kindness, they *wasn't* own folks, was they? And across my feelings there ran a little chilly longing, something as if your soul had taken cold. I couldn't get my little brother 'Li'kim out of my head, do what I could. And all his little ways come up to me, and the feel of his fingers, don't you know, and wonderin' what it would be like if he had grown like other folks's brothers, faithful and considerate, and been by me through my troubles, and been there to set down in your pretty room and call you by your Christian name you'd most forgotten, being mostly Miss in that great house.

And as I set, I seemed to see him, though fainter than it was before the operation, kneeling by the bed. But the most peculiar prayer, my dear! Like this:

"Cured. Come home. Every body glad to see her. Better blessed than she deserves. Grumblin' over what she hasn't got. Ought to be ashamed. Got a cataract upon her heart. Ought to have it operated on. Hopeless case."

It was then, my dear, that there come a knock upon the door, and up I jumps to wipe the mean, ungrateful tears and let it in.

My dear, it was a gentleman—the strange gentleman I saw lookin' at me now and then down stairs.

Says I, "Sir, most happy, if I had the honor, but the wrong room, perhaps," says I.

Says he, "No; the right room—the right room, I am sure, thank God!" says he.

For something in his voice, I don't know what, I began to tremble very sudden; and for something in his way, I can't explain, I thought I should have lost my wits. And there was that drawin' drew me to that unknown man—I can't begin to tell you—till up he steps and shuts the door. And, oh! my pretty, I see it in your eyes—you understand it all!

He never was a boy of many words, my dear, and all he says was this:

"If your little brother 'Li'kim come back, sick and sorry, would you care to live with him?" says he. "I can go away again," says he, "if you think you'd rather not."

And, oh, the way the stars shone through the window hours and hours! And the people laughing down below as if all the world had got its own folks back, my dear! And the tea-pot that the Loon had spilled, it bubbled up and bubbled up, and the flowers on the table and all the dear old things set looking on. And like a little child that hears a fairy tale I set and heard 'em say:

"Happy woman! No cataract. Cured! cured! cured! *The light of her eyes has come back!* Oh, happy, undeservin', blessed woman! Cured! cured! cured!"

And if you think I asked him many questions to pry into his poor past life, my dear, you're wrong, that's all. And if folks tell you how he's ailing and works irregular and a burden, never do you listen to 'em—not a word of *that*, my dear, for the tenderest and the lovin'est, there never was a brother more so.

And up the Loon comes, when the people wondered, and Miss Barker red and white, for there sat I in his lap a sight to see. Says Miss Barker:

"If it had been a physician," says Miss Barker, "at such hours, or even a clergyman, if in spiritual need. But even if it was—and he told me he was flour and grain—*such* a state of things is most unnecessary, and I never would have thought it of you if I died!" says Miss Barker, mad as mad.

So when I tell her, like to die of laughing, down we go. And all the house is there, and Mercy Maynard in pink ribbons, and the gas as bright! And away at the other end I could see the Loon a-singein' her hair against it while I spoke. And I went in upon his arm, and says, for Miss Barker 'd let a whisper of it round:

"Dear friends, you've come to wish me joy on my great happiness to-night, and I thank you kindly. There are eyes of the body," says I, "and eyes of the soul, and

there's blindness comes to both, and cures sometimes. And the light of the eyes of my body and the light of the eyes of my soul have come back both at once: and may yours be as bright forever, and bless you all!" says I.

THE SOUTHERN INDUSTRIAL PROSPECT.

HAVING on a recent occasion* spoken hopefully of the "Future of the South," we purpose now to examine more critically the views then advanced. We shall confine ourselves in this article to the industrial aspect of the subject.

It is now conceded as a fact, whatever the cause may have been, that heretofore the South failed to reap annually her due measure of the general progress and prosperity of the country; and it has become a matter of deep interest, therefore, to inquire whether, under her new "social environment," the conditions are more favorable to her material development. We believe that they are; we believe that the South is now in a position to command her full share of progress and prosperity; and we believe that the industrial prospect is brighter to-day than ever before in her history. We expect to demonstrate the soundness of these hopeful views on the following grounds: because hereafter, in addition to other advantages (1), her industries will become more diversified; (2) her people will become more industrious; and (3) her wealth will become more generally diffused. We will now consider these reasons *seriatim*.

I. *Diversified Industries.*—No argument is needed to show that the prosperity of a large section of country can not be as great under a system of industry confined exclusively to agriculture as under one embracing also other occupations; but some reflection is needed to realize fully that a diversified industry is a prerequisite to the normal development of a country's capacities and resources, being as essential to success in the struggle for political power as in the race for material progress. While the principle of the division of labor always operates to advantage as between individuals in the same community, and in some respects as between communities of the same country, yet, as regards the great departments of industry, it can not be applied between different countries, or even between sections of the same country. Although theoretically the law applies as fully in the one case as in the other, yet practically, in the relations between nations and sections, counteracting influences and conditions interpose and supersede or neutralize its action. While no nation could prudently rely on other countries to supply those staple products and materials which are essential to its existence and defense, so also no section of country, under existing conditions of society, can depend exclusively on any single industry to attain its full productive capacity. Lands of greater or less value represent capital which must not be left unremunerative; and a similar remark applies in some respects to natural facilities for commerce and manufactures. By growing those products, by manufacturing those articles, and by trading in those commodities for which it has respectively the greatest facilities, each community utilizes all its resources and opportunities, while at the same time all of its labor may thus be made available by giving occupation in one branch of industry to many who from age, sex, or natural incapacity might be unfitted for employment in another. As far as the home consumption can be supplied by home production, so far is the community a gainer—other things being equal—to the extent at least of the cost of transportation and the additional mercantile profit; and this margin always exists, unless it is overbalanced by reduced cost of production in the competing community. Until, therefore, further advances are made toward annihilating space as regards both time and cost of transportation, the great law of division of labor can not be fully applied as between nations, states, or large sections of country; but each must have, as far as practicable, diversified industries.

It has been most unfortunate for the material welfare of the South that she has been almost exclusively an agricultural country. Indeed, even in agriculture, by the adoption of a policy fatally wrong in practice, for the reasons we have suggested, although strictly correct in theory, her people followed Adam Smith's great law to its logical extreme. They cultivated only those staple crops for which the soil was best adapted, and with the proceeds of their sales purchased from Northern farmers meat and bread for Southern laborers. Her development in consequence was dwarfed and one-sided, and hence her small annual increase in wealth and population as compared with the North. And yet this system of industry, confined exclusively to agriculture—whether unavoidable or not under the circumstances matters not now—was advocated as most advantageous for the South.

The tendency at the South since the war has been to change from the system of planting only staple crops to that of raising a variety of crops, and it has become an object to produce on the farm as far as practicable what will be needed for the farm. At the same time, a strong disposition is shown in each community to encourage and develop local productions of every kind, and

* Address at the reunion of the Hampton Legion in Columbia, South Carolina, July 21, 1875.

home manufactures begin to some extent to supply the home wants. Before the war the planter ordered directly from the North, through his commission merchant, all the clothing, shoes, and blankets which were needed for his laborers; but there is now a country store at every cross-road, by which the new wants of the freedmen are supplied, and at which his wages are spent. The clothing of the laborer is now, to a great extent at least, manufactured at Southern mills; and while formerly that part of the cost of labor represented by meat and bread was also in many districts paid directly to Northern producers or merchants, at present a large proportion is supplied by Southern production, and this proportion will steadily increase hereafter.

The facts indicate that the tendency is now to a greater diversity of industries, and we would be led, *a priori*, to the same conclusion. The legislation of the South under the old system having been adverse to manufacturing and commercial enterprises, little inducement was offered to capital, foreign or domestic, to invest in either, and agriculture was thus the favored occupation, no other being profitable under the circumstances. The habits and predilections of the whites were unfavorable to commerce and manufactures, while the character and capacity of the laborers were adapted only to agriculture; and as long as slave labor existed, free labor avoided the limits of the South. Other influences will readily suggest themselves which before the war concurred in precluding a diversity of industries in the South, but the opposing causes being removed, the normal and regular development of all her resources and capacities must follow.

II. *The Law of Labor.*—Wherever slavery exists, manual labor is regarded as degrading, and will be avoided by the people as much as practicable. Such was the case in the South. But this influence has been removed, while, on the other hand, commerce and manufactures, accompanying a greater diversity of industries, will now exert their well-known effect of making all labor more respectable; the people of the South under new influences, all tending to encourage and elevate labor, will naturally become more industrious, and with the next generation of whites the proportion of active producers to her population should be increased. Labor, however, must be elevated and honored if the South would have an industrious population, and she must have an industrious population if she expects to prosper.

Our civilization is based on the triumph of man over nature, and labor only, mental and physical, can retain the conquered domain. While from the accumulated knowledge of ages the superiority of mind over matter, of man over nature, is greater than ever before, the demands of the age and the tendency of civilization loudly proclaim the inexorable law of labor as applying to nationalities and peoples as well as to individuals. With every advance the wants of humanity have increased, so that, notwithstanding the discoveries of science and the accumulated wealth of centuries, it is as essential as ever that man shall labor for his supply of bread, the bread that he finds necessary for his existence having steadily improved in quality as he has advanced in civilization.

The wants and needs of our laborer, including the calls on his time for self-improvement and for domestic and social duties, have increased *pari passu* with the increase of his productive power; and it is true generally of all classes of society that their habits of life to-day render labor as imperative as in previous epochs to provide respectively that mode of living which they severally find requisite for their bearable existence.

With the revolutions of time the sceptre of dominion has passed from the heart to the head. Intellect now commands the forces of the world, and science leads the van. This fact, be it right or be it wrong, can not be ignored. Knowledge, accordingly, is really power; but knowledge can neither be accumulated nor made available without labor, and without a surplus of wealth, the product of labor, to insure bread and shelter. Art, literature, refinement, and morality are to be cultivated, but they can receive attention only after bread is supplied, and on the average they will be cultivated in proportion to the surplus of capital which labor has acquired.

We are no apologists for that materialistic spirit of the age which we often have so deservedly condemned; for we all have something more to live for than to be "dollar hunters and the breeders of dollar hunters." The means must not be confounded with the end. Labor with its fruits is the means; the end is man's advancement. In urging, therefore, the importance of that material prosperity which labor alone can secure, we should not be understood as ignoring man's moral improvement. Material development, however, promotes moral development, and is needed to protect and preserve it. Southern society was overthrown in consequence of the failure to develop its resources; but in rebuilding now the social fabric, this defect can and must be avoided. Bitter experiences have taught the Southern people their weakness; self-preservation now urges them to remove the cause. Stern facts have demonstrated that when, in addition to that moral power which, as the world concedes, the South exhibited in the war between the States, her sons shall insure her, by new habits of industry, a due portion

also of physical power, then and then only will her development proceed on a sound basis; then and then only will her people become really a great people. Labor, then, should be the corner-stone of the new South. It is, indeed, the foundation on which the social fabric must rest, the law of labor being to society the first law of nature.

III. *More Equal Distribution of Wealth.*—It is an axiom of social science that an unequal distribution of wealth will be followed by an unequal distribution of social and political power, and that the effect of such unequal distribution of social and political power will be stagnation and decline, and ultimately decay and ruin. The principle can be readily explained and illustrated by referring to a fact of Roman history which has been noticed by several writers. In Italy, under the Roman republic, the corn laws reduced the price of grain to such an extent that the "small holdings" could not be farmed profitably by the yeomanry of the country, an industrious, frugal, and hitherto prosperous class; and as the growth of grain ceased to be remunerative, pastoral husbandry was introduced in connection with the wine culture. As large land-owners under this system enjoyed advantages over the small farmers, capitalists soon began to purchase and merge together the small farms, and the tendency increased until the lands generally passed under their control. The result of this unequal distribution of landed wealth was the debasement and ruin of the yeoman class, and there followed in consequence deterioration and loss of population. The finally disastrous result is thus depicted by a celebrated historian: "And so desolation advanced with gigantic steps over the flourishing land of Italy, where countless numbers of freemen had lately rejoiced in moderate and merited prosperity." This was the result of a policy which caused a concentration of capital in the place of its general diffusion.

The South furnished no exception to the rule that an unequal distribution of wealth is unfavorable to the material prosperity of a country. In the Northern States, where circumstances favored a diffusion of capital, the yearly increase of population and wealth steadily exceeded that in the Southern States, where circumstances favored a concentration of capital, so that when the irrepressible conflict came, the South was unable to sustain herself, although eminent courage, devotion, and zeal were exhibited by her people, and the highest order of military genius was developed to direct them.

We hope to demonstrate that there will be hereafter a more equal distribution of wealth, not only in the South as between individuals, but also in the country as between sections. The circumstances and influences which formerly in the South produced a concentration of wealth (being principally those which prevented a diversity of industries) having been removed, we might well argue that the tendency to unequal distribution must have ceased. Indeed, it will be conceded that the capital of the South is already more generally diffused, and it might be sufficient to rest our argument on this recognized fact; but it will aid in making our subject better understood to cite some of those influences which now tend directly to produce a more equal distribution of wealth in the South as between individuals.

As the wants of the agricultural population in the South were formerly supplied by wholesale through the cities, business in the country was extremely limited; but there being at present a general local demand for goods and merchandise, there exists a large class of prosperous and responsible country merchants, who now receive, from the wages of the freedman, a part of what was formerly the profits of the master; and all other classes who supply any wants of the laborers receive in like manner some benefit from their wages. This, of course, tends to promote a more equal distribution of wealth.

Formerly in the South the incentive to industry and energy was small, because, except in the larger cities, their reward was uncertain, and the field for their exercise extremely limited; and even in the cities enterprise was discouraged by adverse legislation. Capital was restricted almost exclusively to agriculture as the favored and profitable employment; but even agriculture was only profitable to those who owned or could purchase slaves. Under existing conditions, however, new influences are at work to develop commerce and manufactures and varied trades and occupations in all the communities of the South, and the greater the diversity of industries, the greater will be the diffusion of wealth. As the labor market, too, is now open to all, agriculture is no longer monopolized by capitalists; and a new field has thus been offered to energy and enterprise, which has not been neglected. The most successful planters and farmers at present in the South are those who have been heretofore accustomed to labor, and the young men who, after the war, at once realized their condition and went to work in earnest. The farmers who had been used to work themselves have invariably prospered since the war, and are accumulating property, while the large land-owners, on the contrary, are becoming poorer every year, except those who happen to have youth, energy, and industry, and as these advantages fully account for their success, the exceptions only "prove the rule." It has become, in fact, a proverb in the South that the times are favoring the poor man.

We will next consider the new influences which are now promoting a more equal distribution of wealth as between the sections. One of the principal sources of the more rapid accumulation of wealth heretofore by the North as compared with the South was the immense immigration, which yearly diffused new life, energy, and vigor through the Northern States. Like the waters of the Nile, this stream annually enriched the land over which it spread; but there was an impassable barrier which prevented its flow southward. Free labor will always avoid competition with slave labor, and hence all this immigration, with its accompanying benefits, was diverted from the South. For obvious reasons the surplus capital of the money centres formerly avoided the South, and accordingly this stream, like that of immigration, flowed exclusively Westward. There was, further, a certain accumulation of wealth to be derived annually from commerce and manufactures, and heretofore the North monopolized it. As commerce and manufactures, however, are developed in the South, a more equal distribution of the wealth from these sources will result.

In addition to these particular influences, and those already cited in other connections, which now tend to equalize the distribution of wealth as between the sections, there are reasons for believing that under this tendency to equalization there will be an increase of population and wealth in the South at even a greater rate temporarily than that in the North.

There is a law in social science by which population and wealth always tend to diffuse themselves, analogous to the law in physical science by which liquids always tend to distribute themselves. Under the operation of this law, whenever a particular section of a country from any special causes is prevented from prospering to the same extent as other sections possessing no greater advantages, there results an effort at equalization as soon as the opposing causes are removed. In such an event there would be the same tendency for population and wealth to diffuse themselves through districts from which their flow had been excluded by the supposed obstacles as there would be for water to seek its level whenever any physical barrier which had obstructed it should be removed. In the physical world, however, every thing can be seen with the natural eye, and when the flow of the liquid ceases, the particular obstructions are apparent; but in the economic world the obstructing causes are secret and obscure, and when the operation of the law is prevented, the opposing influences are hidden from view. Neither population nor wealth, it is true, is equally diffused, concentration being the general rule; but the same may be said of the distribution of water. The law is not that population and wealth *will be* equally diffused, any more than it is the law that water will be equally distributed over the earth's surface, but the *tendency* is the same in both cases; for population and wealth will be equally distributed whenever the attractions, inducements, and advantages are the same, just as, under the analogous law, water, although generally accumulated by irregularities of the earth's surface, will always spread over level plains.

Under the operation, then, of this economic law, whenever any obstacles or hinderances in the form of opposing influences are removed, a diffusion should follow to the extent of the obstructions they caused, and population and wealth should accordingly commence flowing through those channels which had been previously closed or choked. Now the causes and influences heretofore cited as having retarded her material progress presented just such obstacles and barriers to the natural and regular flow of population and wealth into the South, and to that extent the action of this law of equal distribution was obstructed; but these causes and influences having ceased to operate, population and wealth must now flow into the South through the channels so opened, and it will not be unreasonable to expect a comparatively rapid development in the near future.

So far, on this branch of our subject, we have cited those circumstances and influences which formerly retarded the development of the South, presenting as they did obstacles or barriers to the natural course of immigration and capital; and we have explained, on general principles, that the obstructions having been removed, an economic diffusion would follow, tending to equalize the distribution of population and wealth; but now we shall go further, and trace in the present condition of the country certain active influences that are at work, tending also to promote equalization between the sections.

Whenever location, social and political rights and privileges, confidence in the stability of government, and natural advantages are the same—whenever, in short, "other things are equal"—labor and capital will seek employment in those sections of the country in which the demand for them is greatest. They will go wherever wages and profits are highest, and these will be highest wherever competition for labor and capital is greatest.

The South being to-day in a condition in which, as compared with the North, labor and capital are in active demand, there will be a tendency of both to flow Southward until the equilibrium is re-established. It is an admitted fact that the demand for labor and capital at the South is greater than it is at the North, and the reasons are ap-

parent. The staple products of the South command the markets of the world; and the increase of crops, even in the event of an inflow of labor and capital to the South, will not probably exceed the increase of general consumption. Hence there will be an active demand for both labor and capital for many years; and to this extent, after all, cotton is king.

The manufacturing interests of the South, for the reasons already suggested, will also create for many years an active demand for both capital and labor. On the other hand, the foreign markets of the North are comparatively limited, while her Southern market has been greatly curtailed; and, at all events, the North has established thus far no permanent industry which will always insure active and profitable employment for surplus capital and labor.

This comparative condition of the two sections tends directly, of course, to a transfer of both capital and labor from the North to the South; and it illustrates the economic law of equal distribution, and at the same time furnishes the rationale of its operation. The existence of some abnormal condition, some obstacle or obstruction, alone rendered possible such an unequal demand for labor and capital between the two sections. Had there been no obstructing causes, capital and labor would have been attracted, and a larger area in the South would have been placed under cultivation, and manufactures would have been established to the extent certainly of supplying the home demand for all articles that could be produced advantageously in the South.

Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that while capital at the North is lying idle in the banks, it commands in the South the highest rates of interest; and that while at the North labor can not find employment, and the country, in consequence, is filled with tramps and vagrants, at the South the demand for labor can not be supplied, particularly in the cotton districts, and planters are offering the highest premiums for laborers. Hence it is, also, that in comparing the present condition of the two sections, as affected respectively by the existing depression of business, the advantage is decidedly with the South. She is poor and depressed; but that was her condition before the panic of 1873, and therefore the shrinkage of her values and business has been less, proportionately, than it has been in the North.

The South, indeed, presents now unusual attractions to immigrants and to capitalists. With the advantages of a settled country, she offers many of the inducements of a new colony. Her lands represent a very large proportion of her capital, and they are still as cheap as those of new settlements, while at the same time she needs and can sustain manufacturing enterprises of various kinds.

It must be borne in mind that a few years develop small results from even radical changes in the economic conditions of society, and that currents of immigration and capital, in particular, can not be suddenly diverted from old into new channels. In the present case there are many retarding influences, particularly those resulting from the presence of the colored race in the South, and the views we have advanced in this article, therefore, can not yet be fairly tested by a reference to facts; but, while we do not hope to see at once the results expected, there should be some indications that the causes are at work to produce them. It is, accordingly, very satisfactory to find that there are many facts in the present condition of the South which confirm our deductions, and that there are, so far, no facts apparently contradictory which can not be otherwise explained. Besides the confirmatory circumstances heretofore alluded to, there is one which merits special notice.

It is well known, and has frequently been the subject of comment from observant visitors, that the greatest prosperity prevails in those districts of the South in which the small farm system prevails. Mr. Nordhoff, of the New York *Herald*, in his recent letters from the South, referred repeatedly to this fact, and we do not know that it has been questioned. What is the real explanation? It is not that farming on a small scale is profitable while planting on a large scale is necessarily unprofitable, nor is it that the small farmer has abandoned the old system of large areas and poor tillage, and now gives greater care and attention to a smaller acreage. The explanation is, that the small farm system *accompanies and is an evidence of a different social and industrial condition* from that prevailing in other districts. Wherever you find small farms, you find a class of farmers who had been accustomed to work, and hence their prosperity and that of their communities. Owning fewer slaves formerly than the large planters, they worked themselves, and they raised their children to work, while at the same time the wealth of the community was more generally diffused. If this is the correct interpretation, it is apparent that this fact conforms to and confirms much that we have said on this subject.

With such an industrial outlook for the South, it is time that childish despondency makes way for manly energy; it is time that vain lamentations over the past yield to hopeful anticipations of the future; it is time that false forebodings of coming evil give place to honest efforts for the common good.

T. M. LOGAN.

RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

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DANIEL DERONDA.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

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BOOK II.—MEETING STREAMS.

CHAPTER XI.

The beginning of an acquaintance, whether with persons or things, is to get a definite outline for our ignorance.

MR. GRANDCOURT'S wish to be introduced had no suddenness for Gwendolen; but when Lord Brackenshaw moved aside a little for the prefigured stranger to come forward, and she felt herself face to face with the real man, there was a little shock which flushed her cheeks and vexatiously deepened with her consciousness of it. The shock came from the reversal of her expectations: Grandcourt could hardly have been more unlike all her imaginary portraits of him. He was slightly taller than herself, and their eyes seemed to be on a level; there was not the faintest smile on his face as he looked at her, not a trace of self-consciousness or anxiety in his bearing; when he raised his hat he showed an extensive baldness surrounded with a mere fringe of reddish blonde hair, but he also showed a perfect hand; the line of feature from brow to chin undisguised by beard was decidedly handsome, with only moderate departures from the perpendicular, and the slight whisker too was perpendicular. It was not possible for a human aspect to be freer from grimace or solicitous wrigglings; also it was perhaps not possible for a breathing man wide awake to look less animated. The correct Englishman, drawing himself up from his bow into rigidity, assenting severely, and seeming to be in a state of internal drill, suggests a suppressed vivacity, and may be suspected of letting go with some violence when he is released from parade; but Grandcourt's bearing had no rigidity; it inclined rather to the flaccid. His complexion had a faded fairness resembling that of an actress when bare of the artificial white and red; his long narrow gray eyes expressed nothing but indifference. Attempts at description are stupid: who can all at once describe a human being? even when he is presented to us we only begin that knowledge of his appearance which must be completed by innumerable impressions under differing circumstances. We recognize the alphabet; we are not sure of the language. I am only mentioning the points that Gwendolen saw by the light of a prepared contrast in the first minutes of her meeting with Grandcourt: they were summed up in the words, "He is not ridiculous." But forthwith Lord Brackenshaw was gone, and what is called conversation had begun, the first and constant element in it being that Grandcourt looked at Gwendolen persistently with a slightly exploring gaze, but without change of expression, while she only occasionally looked at him with a flash of observation a little softened by coquetry. Also, after her answers there was a longer or shorter pause before he spoke again.

"I used to think archery was a great bore," Grandcourt began. He spoke with a fine accent, but with a certain broken drawl, as of a distinguished personage with a distinguished cold on his chest.

"Are you converted to-day?" said Gwendolen.

(Pause, during which she imagined various degrees and modes of opinion about herself that might be entertained by Grandcourt.)

"Yes, since I saw you shooting. In things of this sort one generally sees people missing and simpering."

"I suppose you are a first-rate shot with a rifle."

(Pause, during which Gwendolen, having taken a rapid observation of Grandcourt, made a brief graphic description of him to an indefinite hearer.)

"I have left off shooting."

"Oh, then you are a formidable person. People who have done things once and left them off make one feel very contemptible, as if one were using cast-off fashions. I hope you have not left off all follies, because I practice a great many."

(Pause, during which Gwendolen made several interpretations of her own speech.)

"What do you call follies?"

"Well, in general, I think whatever is agreeable is called a folly. But you have not left off hunting, I hear."

(Pause, wherein Gwendolen recalled what she had heard about Grandcourt's position, and decided that he was the most aristocratic-looking man she had ever seen.)

"One must do something."

"And do you care about the turf?—or is that among the things you have left off?"

(Pause, during which Gwendolen thought that a man of extremely calm, cold manners might be less disagreeable as a husband than other men, and not likely to interfere with his wife's preferences.)

"I run a horse now and then; but I don't go in for the thing as some men do. Are you fond of horses?"

"Yes, indeed: I never like my life so well as when I am on horseback, having a great gallop. I think of nothing. I only feel myself strong and happy."

(Pause, wherein Gwendolen wondered whether Grandcourt would like what she said, but assured herself that she was not going to disguise her tastes.)

"Do you like danger?"

"I don't know. When I am on horseback I never think of danger. It seems to me that if I broke my bones I should not feel it. I should go at any thing that came in my way."

(Pause, during which Gwendolen had run through a whole hunting season with two chosen hunters to ride at will.)

"You would perhaps like tiger-hunting or pig-sticking. I saw some of that for a season or two in the East. Every thing here is poor stuff after that."

"*You* are fond of danger, then?"

(Pause, wherein Gwendolen speculated on the probability that the men of coldest manners were the most adventurous, and felt the strength of her own insight, supposing the question had to be decided.)

"One must have something or other. But one gets used to it."

"I begin to think I am very fortunate, because every thing is new to me: it is only that I can't get enough of it. I am not used to any thing but being dull, which I should like to leave off as you have left off shooting."

(Pause, during which it occurred to Gwendolen that a man of cold and distinguished manners might possibly be a dull companion; but, on the other hand, she thought that most persons were dull, that she had not observed husbands to be companions, and that, after all, she was not going to accept Grandcourt.)

"Why are you dull?"

"This is a dreadful neighborhood. There is nothing to be done in it. That is why I practiced my archery."

(Pause, during which Gwendolen reflected that the life of an unmarried woman who could not go about and had no command of any thing must necessarily be dull through all the degrees of comparison as time went on.)

"You have made yourself queen of it. I imagine you will carry the first prize."

"I don't know that. I have great rivals. Did you not observe how well Miss Arrowpoint shot?"

(Pause, wherein Gwendolen was thinking that men had been known to choose some one else than the woman they most admired, and recalled several experiences of that kind in novels.)

"Miss Arrowpoint? No—that is, yes."

"Shall we go now and hear what the scoring says? Every one is going to the other end now—shall we join them? I think my uncle is looking toward me. He perhaps wants me."

Gwendolen found a relief for herself by thus changing the situation: not that the *tête-à-tête* was quite disagreeable to her; but while it lasted she apparently could not get rid of the unwonted flush in her cheeks and the sense of surprise which made her feel less mistress of herself than usual. And this Mr. Grandcourt, who seemed to feel his own importance more than he did hers—a sort of unreasonableness few of us can tolerate—must not take for granted that he was of great moment to her, or that because others speculated on him as a desirable match, she held herself altogether at his beck. How Grandcourt had filled up the pauses will be more evident hereafter.

"You have just missed the gold arrow, Gwendolen," said Mr. Gascoigne. "Miss Juliet Fenn scores eight above you."

"I am very glad to hear it. I should have felt that I was making myself too disagreeable—taking the best of every thing," said Gwendolen, quite easily.

It was impossible to be jealous of Juliet Fenn—a girl as middling as mid-day market in every thing but her archery and her plainness, in which last she was noticeably like her father: underhung and with receding brow resembling that of the more intelligent fishes. (Surely, considering the importance which is given to such an accident in female offspring, marriageable men, or what the new English calls "intending bridegrooms," should look at themselves dispassionately in the glass, since their natural selection of a mate prettier than themselves is not certain to bar the effect of their own ugliness.)

There was now a lively movement in the mingling groups, which carried the talk along with it. Every one spoke to every one else by turns, and Gwendolen, who chose to see what was going on around her now, observed that Grandcourt was having Klesmer presented to him by some one unknown to her—a middle-aged man with dark full face and fat hands, who seemed to be on the easiest terms with both, and presently led the way in joining the Arrowpoints, whose acquaintance had already been made by both him and Grandcourt. Who this stranger was she did not care much to know; but she wished to observe what was Grandcourt's manner toward others than herself. Precisely the same; except that he did not look much at Miss Arrowpoint, but rather at Klesmer, who was speaking with animation—now stretching out his long fingers horizontally, now pointing downward with his forefinger, now folding his arms and tossing his mane, while he addressed himself first to one and then the other, including Grandcourt, who listened with an impassive face and narrow eyes, his left forefinger in his waistcoat pocket, and his right slightly touching his thin whisker.

"I wonder which style Miss Arrowpoint admires most," was a thought that glanced through Gwendolen's mind, while her eyes and lips gathered rather a mocking expression. But she would not indulge her sense of amusement by watching as if she were curious, and she gave all her animation to those immediately around her, resolved not to care whether Mr. Grandcourt came near her again or not.

He did come, however, and at a moment when he could propose to conduct Mrs. Davilow to her carriage. "Shall we meet again in the ball-room?" she said, as he raised his hat at parting. The "yes" in reply had the usual slight drawl and perfect gravity.

"You were wrong for once, Gwendolen," said Mrs. Davilow during their few minutes' drive to the castle.

"In what, mamma?"

"About Mr. Grandcourt's appearance and manners. You can't find any thing ridiculous in him."

"I suppose I could if I tried, but I don't want to do it," said Gwendolen, rather pettishly; and her mamma was afraid to say more.

It was the rule on these occasions for the ladies and gentlemen to dine apart, so that the dinner might make a time of comparative ease and rest for both. Indeed, the gentlemen had a set of archery stories about the epicurism of the ladies, who had somehow been reported to show a revoltingly masculine judgment in venison, even asking for the fat—a proof of the frightful rate at which corruption might go on in women but for severe social restraint. And every year the amiable Lord Brackenshaw, who was something of a *gourmet*, mentioned Byron's opinion that a woman should never be seen eating—introducing it with a confidential "The fact is," as if he were for the first time admitting his concurrence in that sentiment of the refined poet.

In the ladies' dining-room it was evident that Gwendolen was not a general favorite with her own sex; there were no beginnings of intimacy between her and other girls, and in conversation they rather noticed what she said than spoke to her in free exchange. Perhaps it was that she was not much interested in them, and when left alone in their company had a sense of empty benches. Mrs. Vulcany once remarked that Miss Harleth was too fond of the gentlemen; but we know that she was not in the least fond of them —she was only fond of their homage—and women did not give her homage. The exception to this willing aloofness from her was Miss Arrowpoint, who often managed unostentatiously to be by her side, and talked to her with quiet friendliness.

"She knows, as I do, that our friends are ready to quarrel over a husband for us," thought Gwendolen, "and she is determined not to enter into the quarrel."

"I think Miss Arrowpoint has the best manners I ever saw," said Mrs. Davilow, when she and Gwendolen were in a dressing-room with Mrs. Gascoigne and Anna, but at a distance where they could have their talk apart.

"I wish I were like her," said Gwendolen.

"Why? Are you getting discontented with yourself, Gwen?"

"No; but I am discontented with things. She seems contented."

"I am sure you ought to be satisfied to-day. You must have enjoyed the shooting. I saw you did."

"Oh, that is over now, and I don't know what will come next," said Gwendolen, stretching herself with a sort of moan, and throwing up her arms. They were bare now: it was the fashion to dance in the archery dress, throwing off the jacket; and the simplicity of her white cashmere with its border of pale green set off her form to the utmost. A thin line of gold round her neck, and the gold star on her breast, were her only ornaments. Her smooth soft hair piled up into a grand crown made a clear line about her brow. Sir Joshua would have been glad to take her portrait; and he would have had an easier task than the historian at least in this, that he would not have had to represent the truth of change—only to give stability to one beautiful moment.

"The dancing will come next," said Mrs. Davilow. "You are sure to enjoy that."

"I shall only dance in the quadrille. I told Mr. Clintock so. I shall not waltz or polk with any one."

"Why in the world do you say that all on a sudden?"

"I can't bear having ugly people so near me."

"Whom do you mean by ugly people?"

"Oh, plenty."

"Mr. Clintock, for example, is not ugly." Mrs. Davilow dared not mention Grandcourt.

"Well, I hate woolen cloth touching me."

"Fancy!" said Mrs. Davilow to her sister, who now came up from the other end of the room. "Gwendolen says she will not waltz or polk."

"She is rather given to whims, I think," said Mrs. Gascoigne, gravely. "It would be more becoming in her to behave as other young ladies do on such an occasion as this; especially when she has had the advantage of first-rate dancing lessons."

"Why should I waltz if I don't like it, aunt? It is not in the Catechism."

"My *dear!*" said Mrs. Gascoigne, in a tone of severe check, and Anna looked frightened at Gwendolen's daring. But they all passed on without saying more.

Apparently something had changed Gwendolen's mood since the hour of exulting enjoyment in the archery ground. But she did not look the worse under the chandeliers in the ball-room, where the soft splendor of the scene and the pleasant odors from the conservatory could not but be soothing to the temper, when accompanied with the consciousness of being pre-eminently sought for. Hardly a dancing man but was anxious to have her for a partner, and each whom she accepted was in a state of melancholy remonstrance that she would not waltz or polk.

"Are you under a vow, Miss Harleth?"—"Why are you so cruel to us all?"—"You waltzed with me in February"—"And you who waltz so perfectly!"—were exclamations not without piquancy for her. The ladies who waltzed naturally thought that Miss Harleth only wanted to make herself particular; but her uncle, when he overheard her refusal, supported her by saying,

"Gwendolen has usually good reasons." He thought she was certainly more distinguished in not waltzing, and he wished her to be distinguished. The archery ball was intended to be kept at the subdued pitch that suited all dignities, clerical and secular: it was not an escapement for youthful high spirits, and he himself was of opinion that the fashionable dances were too much of a romp.

Among the remonstrant dancing men, however, Mr. Grandcourt was not numbered. After standing up for a quadrille with Miss Arrowpoint, it seemed that he meant to ask for no other partner. Gwendolen observed him frequently with the Arrowpoints, but he never took an opportunity of approaching her. Mr. Gascoigne was sometimes speaking to him; but Mr. Gascoigne was every where. It was in her mind now that she would probably, after all, not have the least trouble about him: perhaps he had looked at her without any particular admiration, and was too much used to every thing in the world to think of her as more than one of the girls who were invited in that part of the country. Of course! It was ridiculous of elders to entertain notions about what a man would do, without having seen him even through a telescope. Probably he meant to marry Miss Arrowpoint. Whatever might come, she, Gwendolen, was not going to be disappointed: the affair was a joke whichever way it turned, for she had never committed herself even by a silent confidence in any thing Mr. Grandcourt would do. Still, she noticed that he did sometimes quietly and gradually change his position according to hers, so that he could see her whenever she was dancing, and if he did not admire her—so much the worse for him.

This movement for the sake of being in sight of her was more direct than usual rather late in the evening, when Gwendolen had accepted Klesmer as a partner; and that wide-glancing personage, who saw every thing and nothing by turns, said to her when they were walking, "Mr. Grandcourt is a man of taste. He likes to see you dancing."

"Perhaps he likes to look at what is against

his taste," said Gwendolen, with a light laugh: she was quite courageous with Klesmer now. "He may be so tired of admiring that he likes disgust for a variety."

"Those words are not suitable to your lips," said Klesmer, quickly, with one of his grand frowns, while he shook his hand as if to banish the discordant sounds.

"Are you as critical of words as of music?"

"Certainly I am. I should require your words to be what your face and form are—always among the meanings of a noble music."

"That is a compliment as well as a correction. I am obliged for both. But do you know I am bold enough to wish to correct *you*, and require you to understand a joke?"

"One may understand jokes without liking them," said the terrible Klesmer. "I have had opera books sent me full of jokes; it was just because I understood them that I did not like them. The comic people are ready to challenge a man because he looks grave. 'You don't see the witticism, Sir?' 'No, Sir; but I see what you meant.' Then I am what we call ticketed as a fellow without *esprit*. But in fact," said Klesmer, suddenly dropping from his quick narrative to a reflective tone, with an impressive frown, "I am very sensible to wit and humor."

"I am glad you tell me that," said Gwendolen, not without some wickedness of intention. But Klesmer's thoughts had flown off on the wings of his own statement, as their habit was, and she had the wickedness all to herself. "Pray who is that standing near the card-room door?" she went on, seeing there the same stranger with whom Klesmer had been in animated talk on the archery ground. "He is a friend of yours, I think."

"No, no; an amateur I have seen in town: Lush, a Mr. Lush—too fond of Meyerbeer and Scribe—too fond of the mechanical-dramatic."

"Thanks. I wanted to know whether you thought his face and form required that his words should be among the meanings of noble music." Klesmer was conquered, and flashed at her a delightful smile which made them quite friendly until she begged to be deposited by the side of her mamma.

Three minutes afterward her preparations for Grandcourt's indifference were all canceled. Turning her head after some remark to her mother, she found that he had made his way up to her.

"May I ask if you are tired of dancing, Miss Harleth?" he began, looking down with his former unperturbed expression.

"Not in the least."

"Will you do me the honor—the next—or another quadrille?"

"I should have been very happy," said Gwendolen, looking at her card, "but I am engaged for the next to Mr. Clintock—and indeed I perceive that I am doomed for every quadrille: I have not one to dispose of." She was not sorry to punish Mr. Grandcourt's tardiness, yet at the same time she would have liked to dance with him. She gave him a charming smile as she looked up to deliver her answer, and he stood still looking down at her with no smile at all.

"I am unfortunate in being too late," he said, after a moment's pause.

"It seemed to me that you did not care for dancing," said Gwendolen. "I thought it might be one of the things you had left off."

"Yes, but I have not begun to dance with you," said Grandcourt. Always there was the same pause before he took up his cue. "You make dancing a new thing—as you make archery."

"Is novelty always agreeable?"

"No, no—not always."

"Then I don't know whether to feel flattered or not. When you had once danced with me there would be no more novelty in it."

"On the contrary. There would probably be much more."

"That is deep. I don't understand."

"Is it difficult to make Miss Harleth understand her power?" Here Grandcourt had turned to Mrs. Davilow, who, smiling gently at her daughter, said,

"I think she does not generally strike people as slow to understand."

"Mamma," said Gwendolen, in a deprecating tone, "I am adorably stupid, and want every thing explained to me—when the meaning is pleasant."

"If you are stupid, I admit that stupidity is adorable," returned Grandcourt, after the usual pause, and without change of tone. But clearly he knew what to say.

"I begin to think that my cavalier has forgotten me," Gwendolen observed, after a little while. "I see the quadrille is being formed."

"He deserves to be renounced," said Grandcourt.

"I think he is very pardonable," said Gwendolen.

"There must have been some misunderstanding," said Mrs. Davilow. "Mr. Clintock was too anxious about the engagement to have forgotten it."

But now Lady Brackenshaw came up and said: "Miss Harleth, Mr. Clintock has charged me to express to you his deep regret that he was obliged to leave without having the pleasure of dancing with you again. An express came from his father the archdeacon: something important: he was obliged to go. He was *au désespoir*."

"Oh, he was very good to remember the engagement under the circumstances," said Gwendolen. "I am sorry he was called away." It was easy to be politely sorrowful on so felicitous an occasion.

"Then I can profit by Mr. Clintock's misfortune?" said Grandcourt. "May I hope that you will let me take his place?"

"I shall be very happy to dance the next quadrille with you."

The appropriateness of the event seemed an augury, and as Gwendolen stood up for the quadrille with Grandcourt, there was a revival in her of the exultation—the sense of carrying every thing before her—which she had felt earlier in the day. No man could have walked through the quadrille with more irreproachable ease than Grandcourt; and the absence of all eagerness in his attention to her suited his partner's taste. She was now convinced that he meant to distinguish her, to mark his admiration of her in a noticeable way; and it began to appear probable that she would have it in her power to reject him, whence there was a pleasure in reckoning up the advantages which would make her rejection splendid, and in giving Mr. Grandcourt his utmost value. It was also agreeable to divine that his especial

selection of her to dance with, from among all the unmarried ladies present, would attract observation; though she studiously avoided seeing this, and at the end of the quadrille walked away on Grandcourt's arm as if she had been one of the shortest-sighted instead of the longest and widest sighted of mortals. They encountered Miss Arrowpoint, who was standing with Lady Brackenshaw and a group of gentlemen. The heiress looked at Gwendolen invitingly, and said, "I hope you will vote with us, Miss Harleth, and Mr. Grandcourt too, though he is not an archer." Gwendolen and Grandcourt paused to join the group, and found that the voting turned on the project of a picnic archery meeting to be held in Cardell Chase, where the evening entertainment would be more poetic than a ball under chandeliers—a feast of sunset lights along the glades and through the branches and over the solemn tree-tops.

Gwendolen thought the scheme delightful—equal to playing Robin Hood and Maid Marian; and Mr. Grandcourt, when appealed to a second time, said it was a thing to be done; whereupon Mr. Lush, who stood behind Lady Brackenshaw's elbow, drew Gwendolen's notice by saying, with a familiar look and tone, to Grandcourt, "Diplow would be a good place for the meeting, and more convenient: there's a fine bit between the oaks toward the north gate."

Impossible to look more unconscious of being addressed than Grandcourt; but Gwendolen took a new survey of the speaker, deciding, first, that he must be on terms of intimacy with the tenant of Diplow, and secondly, that she would never, if she could help it, let him come within a yard of her. She was subject to physical antipathies, and Mr. Lush's prominent eyes, fat though not clumsy figure, and strong black gray-besprinkled hair of frizzy thickness, which, with the rest of his prosperous person, was enviable to many, created one of the strongest of her antipathies. To be safe from his looking at her, she murmured to Grandcourt, "I should like to continue walking."

He obeyed immediately; but when they were thus away from any audience, he spoke no word for several minutes, and she, out of a half-amused, half-serious inclination for experiment, would not speak first. They turned into the large conservatory, beautifully lit up with Chinese lamps. The other couples there were at a distance which would not have interfered with any dialogue, but still they walked in silence until they had reached the farther end, where there was a flush of pink light, and the second wide opening into the ball-room. Grandcourt, when they had half turned round, paused and said, languidly,

"Do you like this kind of thing?"

If the situation had been described to Gwendolen half an hour before, she would have laughed heartily at it, and could only have imagined herself returning a playful, satirical answer. But for some mysterious reason—it was a mystery of which she had a faint wondering consciousness—she dared not be satirical: she had begun to feel a wand over her that made her afraid of offending Grandcourt.

"Yes," she said, quietly, without considering what "kind of thing" was meant—whether the flowers, the scents, the ball in general, or this episode of walking with Mr. Grandcourt in particular. And they returned along the conservatory without farther interpretation. She then proposed to go and sit down in her old place, and they walked among scattered couples preparing for the waltz to the spot where Mrs. Davilow had been seated all the evening. As they approached it her seat was vacant, but she was coming toward it again, and, to Gwendolen's shuddering annoyance, with Mr. Lush at her elbow. There was no avoiding the confrontation: her mamma came close to her before they had reached the seats, and, after a quiet greeting smile, said, innocently, "Gwendolen dear, let me present Mr. Lush to you." Having just made the acquaintance of this personage as an intimate and constant companion of Mr. Grandcourt's, Mrs. Davilow imagined it altogether desirable that her daughter also should make the acquaintance.

It was hardly a bow that Gwendolen gave—rather, it was the slightest forward sweep of the head away from the physiognomy that inclined itself toward her, and she immediately moved toward her seat, saying, "I want to put on my burnous." No sooner had she reached it than Mr. Lush was there, and had the burnous in his hand: to annoy this supercilious young lady, he would incur the offense of forestalling Grandcourt; and, holding up the garment close to Gwendolen, he said, "Pray permit me?" But she, wheeling away from him as if he had been a muddy hound, glided on to the ottoman, saying, "No, thank you."

A man who forgave this would have much Christian feeling, supposing he had intended to be agreeable to the young lady; but before he seized the burnous Mr. Lush had ceased to have that intention. Grandcourt quietly took the drapery from him, and Mr. Lush, with a slight bow, moved away.

"You had perhaps better put it on," said Mr. Grandcourt, looking down on her without change of expression.

"Thanks; perhaps it would be wise," said Gwendolen, rising, and submitting very gracefully to take the burnous on her shoulders.

After that Mr. Grandcourt exchanged a few polite speeches with Mrs. Davilow, and, in taking leave, asked permission to call at Offendene the next day. He was evidently not offended by the insult directed toward his friend. Certainly Gwendolen's refusal of the burnous from Mr. Lush was open to the interpretation that she wished to receive it from Mr. Grandcourt. But she, poor child, had had no design in this action, and was simply following her antipathy and inclination, confiding in them as she did in the more reflective judgments into which they entered as sap into leafage. Gwendolen had no sense that these men were dark enigmas to her, or that she needed any help in drawing conclusions about them—Mr. Grandcourt at least. The chief question was, how far his character and ways might answer her wishes; and unless she were satisfied about that, she had said to herself that she would not accept his offer.

Could there be a slenderer, more insignificant thread in human history than this consciousness of a girl, busy with her small inferences of the way in which she could make her life pleasant?—in a time, too, when ideas were with fresh vig-

or making armies of themselves, and the universal kinship was declaring itself fiercely: when women on the other side of the world would not mourn for the husbands and sons who died bravely in a common cause, and men stinted of bread on our side of the world heard of that willing loss and were patient: a time when the soul of man was waking to pulses which had for centuries been beating in him unheard, until their full sum made a new life of terror or of joy.

What in the midst of that mighty drama are girls and their blind visions? They are the Yea or Nay of that good for which men are enduring and fighting. In these delicate vessels is borne onward through the ages the treasure of human affections.

CHAPTER XII.

"O gentlemen, the time of life is short;
To spend that shortness basely were too long,
If life did ride upon a dial's point,
Still ending at the arrival of an hour."
—SHAKSPEARE: *Henry IV.*

On the second day after the Archery Meeting, Mr. Henleigh Mallinger Grandcourt was at his breakfast table with Mr. Lush. Every thing around them was agreeable: the summer air through the open windows, at which the dogs could walk in from the old green turf on the lawn; the soft, purplish coloring of the park beyond, stretching toward a mass of bordering wood; the still life in the room, which seemed the stiller for its sober antiquated elegance, as if it kept a conscious, well-bred silence, unlike the restlessness of vulgar furniture.

Whether the gentlemen were agreeable to each other was less evident. Mr. Grandcourt had drawn his chair aside so as to face the lawn, and, with his left leg over another chair, and his right elbow on the table, was smoking a large cigar, while his companion was still eating. The dogs—half a dozen of various kinds were moving lazily in and out, or taking attitudes of brief attention—gave a vacillating preference first to one gentleman, then to the other; being dogs in such good circumstances that they could play at hunger, and liked to be served with delicacies which they declined to put into their mouths; all except Fetch, the beautiful liver-colored water-spaniel, which sat with its fore-paws firmly planted and its expressive brown face turned upward, watching Grandcourt with unshaken constancy. He held in his lap a tiny Maltese dog with a tiny silver collar and bell, and when he had a hand unused by cigar or coffee-cup, it rested on this small parcel of animal warmth. I fear that Fetch was jealous, and wounded that her master gave her no word or look; at last it seemed that she could bear this neglect no longer, and she gently put her large silky paw on her master's leg. Grandcourt looked at her with unchanged face for half a minute, and then took the trouble to lay down his cigar while he lifted the unimpassioned Fluff close to his chin and gave it caressing pats, all the while gravely watching Fetch, who, poor thing, whimpered interruptedly, as if trying to repress that sign of discontent, and at last rested her head beside the appealing paw, looking up with piteous beseeching. So, at least, a lover of dogs must have interpreted Fetch, and Grandcourt kept so many dogs that he was reputed to love them; at any rate, his impulse to act just in this way started from such an interpretation. But when the amusing anguish burst forth in a howling bark, Grandcourt pushed Fetch down without speaking, and, depositing Fluff carelessly on the table (where his black nose predominated over a salt-cellar), began to look at his cigar, and found, with some annoyance against Fetch as the cause, that the brute of a cigar required relighting. Fetch, having begun to wail, found, like others of her sex, that it was not easy to leave off; indeed, the second howl was a louder one, and the third was like unto it.

"Turn out that brute, will you?" said Grandcourt to Lush, without raising his voice or looking at him—as if he counted on attention to the smallest sign.

And Lush immediately rose, lifted Fetch, though she was rather heavy and he was not fond of stooping, and carried her out, disposing of her in some way that took him a couple of minutes before he returned. He then lit a cigar, placed himself at an angle where he could see Grandcourt's face without turning, and presently said,

"Shall you ride or drive to Quetcham to-day?"

"I am not going to Quetcham."

"You did not go yesterday."

Grandcourt smoked in silence for half a minute, and then said,

"I suppose you sent my card and inquiries?"

"I went myself at four, and said you were sure to be there shortly. They would suppose some accident prevented you from fulfilling the intention. Especially if you go to-day."

Silence for a couple of minutes. Then Grandcourt said, "What men are invited here with their wives?"

Lush drew out a note-book. "The Captain and Mrs. Torrington come next week. Then there are Mr. Hollis, and Lady Flora, and the Cushats, and the Gogoffs."

"Rather a ragged lot," remarked Grandcourt, after a while. "Why did you ask the Gogoffs? When you write invitations in my name, be good enough to give me a list, instead of bringing down a giantess on me without my knowledge. She spoils the look of the room."

"You invited the Gogoffs yourself when you met them in Paris."

"What has my meeting them in Paris to do with it? I told you to give me a list."

Grandcourt, like many others, had two remarkably different voices. Hitherto we have heard him speaking in a superficial interrupted drawl suggestive chiefly of languor and *ennui*. But this last brief speech was uttered in subdued, inward, yet distinct tones, which Lush had long been used to recognize as the expression of a peremptory will.

"Are there any other couples you would like to invite?"

"Yes; think of some decent people, with a daughter or two. And one of your damned musicians. But not a comic fellow."

"I wonder if Klesmer would consent to come to us when he leaves Quetcham. Nothing but first-rate music will go down with Miss Arrowpoint."

Lush spoke carelessly, but he was really seizing an opportunity and fixing an observant look on Grandcourt, who now for the first time turned

his eyes toward his companion, but slowly, and without speaking until he had given two long luxurious puffs, when he said, perhaps in a lower tone than ever, but with a perceptible edge of contempt,

"What in the name of nonsense have I to do with Miss Arrowpoint and her music?"

"Well, something," said Lush, jocosely. "You need not give yourself much trouble, perhaps. But some forms must be gone through before a man can marry a million."

"Very likely. But I am not going to marry a million."

"That's a pity—to fling away an opportunity of this sort, and knock down your own plans."

"*Your* plans, I suppose you mean."

"You have some debts, you know, and things may turn out inconveniently, after all. The heirship is not *absolutely* certain."

Grandcourt did not answer, and Lush went on.

"It really is a fine opportunity. The father and mother ask for nothing better, I can see, and the daughter's looks and manners require no allowances, any more than if she hadn't a sixpence. She is not beautiful; but equal to carrying any rank. And she is not likely to refuse such prospects as you can offer her."

"Perhaps not."

"The father and mother would let you do any thing you liked with them."

"But I should not like to do any thing with them."

Here it was Lush who made a little pause before speaking again, and then he said, in a deep voice of remonstrance, "Good God, Grandcourt! after your experience, will you let a whim interfere with your comfortable settlement in life?"

"Spare your oratory. I know what I am going to do."

"What?" Lush put down his cigar and thrust his hands into his side pockets, as if he had to face something exasperating, but meant to keep his temper.

"I am going to marry the other girl."

"Have you fallen in love?" This question carried a strong sneer.

"I am going to marry her."

"You have made her an offer already, then?"

"No."

"She is a young lady with a will of her own, I fancy. Extremely well fitted to make a rumpus. She would know what she liked."

"She doesn't like you," said Grandcourt, with the ghost of a smile.

"Perfectly true," said Lush; adding again, in a markedly sneering tone, "However, if you and she are devoted to each other, that will be enough."

Grandcourt took no notice of this speech, but sipped his coffee, rose, and strolled out on the lawn, all the dogs following him.

Lush glanced after him a moment, then resumed his cigar and lit it, but smoked slowly, consulting his beard with inspecting eyes and fingers, till he finally stroked it with an air of having arrived at some conclusion, and said, in a subdued voice,

"Check, old boy!"

Lush, being a man of some ability, had not known Grandcourt for fifteen years without learning what sort of measures were useless with him, though what sort might be useful remained often dubious. In the beginning of his career he held a fellowship, and was near taking orders for the sake of a college living, but not being fond of that prospect, accepted instead the office of traveling companion to a marquess, and afterward to young Grandcourt, who had lost his father early, and who found Lush so convenient that he had allowed him to become prime minister in all his more personal affairs. The habit of fifteen years had made Grandcourt more and more in need of Lush's handiness, and Lush more and more in need of the lazy luxury to which his transactions on behalf of Grandcourt made no interruption worth reckoning. I can not say that the same lengthened habit had intensified Grandcourt's want of respect for his companion, since that want had been absolute from the beginning, but it had confirmed his sense that he might kick Lush if he chose—only he never did choose to kick any animal, because the act of kicking is a compromising attitude, and a gentleman's dogs should be kicked for him. He only said things which might have exposed himself to be kicked if his confidant had been a man of independent spirit. But what son of a vicar who has stinted his wife and daughters of calico in order to send his male offspring to Oxford can keep an independent spirit when he is bent on dining with high discrimination, riding good horses, living generally in the most luxuriant honey-blossomed clover—and all without working? Mr. Lush had passed for a scholar once, and had still a sense of scholarship when he was not trying to remember much of it; but the bachelors' and other arts which soften manners are a time-honored preparation for sinecures; and Lush's present comfortable provision was as good as a sinecure in not requiring more than the odor of departed learning. He was not unconscious of being held kickable, but he preferred counting that estimate among the peculiarities of Grandcourt's character, which made one of his incalculable moods or judgments as good as another. Since in his own opinion he had never done a bad action, it did not seem necessary to consider whether he should be likely to commit one if his love of ease required it. Lush's love of ease was well satisfied at present, and if his puddings were rolled toward him in the dust, he took the inside bits and found them relishing.

This morning, for example, though he had encountered more annoyance than usual, he went to his private sitting-room and played a good hour on the violoncello.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Philistia, be thou glad of me!"

Grandcourt having made up his mind to marry Miss Harleth, showed a power of adapting means to ends. During the next fortnight there was hardly a day on which by some arrangement or other he did not see her, or prove by emphatic attentions that she occupied his thoughts. His cousin, Mrs. Torrington, was now doing the honors of his house, so that Mrs. Davilow and Gwendolen could be invited to a large party at Diplow, in which there were many witnesses how the host distinguished the dowerless beauty, and showed no solicitude about the heiress. The world—I mean Mr. Gascoigne and all the families worth

speaking of within visiting distance of Pennicote —felt an assurance on the subject which in the Rector's mind converted itself into a resolution to do his duty by his niece and see that the settlements were adequate. Indeed, the wonder to him and Mrs. Davilow was that the offer for which so many suitable occasions presented themselves had not been already made; and in this wonder Grandcourt himself was not without a share. When he had told his resolution to Lush, he had thought that the affair would be concluded more quickly, and, to his own surprise, he had repeatedly promised himself in a morning that he would to-day give Gwendolen the opportunity of accepting him, and had found in the evening that the necessary formality was still unaccomplished. This remarkable fact served to heighten his determination on another day. He had never admitted to himself that Gwendolen might refuse him, but—Heaven help us all!—we are often unable to act on our certainties; our objection to a contrary issue (were it possible) is so strong that it rises like a spectral illusion between us and our certainty: we are rationally sure that the blind-worm can not bite us mortally, but it would be so intolerable to be bitten, and the creature has a biting look—we decline to handle it.

He had asked leave to have a beautiful horse of his brought for Gwendolen to ride. Mrs. Davilow was to accompany her in the carriage, and they were to go to Diplow to lunch, Grandcourt conducting them. It was a fine mid-harvest time, not too warm for a noonday ride of five miles to be delightful: the poppies glowed on the borders of the fields, there was enough breeze to move gently like a social spirit among the ears of uncut corn, and to wing the shadow of a cloud across the soft gray downs; here the sheaves were standing, there the horses were straining their muscles under the last load from a wide space of stubble, but every where the green pastures made a broader setting for the corn fields, and the cattle took their rest under wide branches. The road lay through a bit of country where the dairy-farms looked much as they did in the days of our forefathers —where peace and permanence seemed to find a home away from the busy change that sent the railway train flying in the distance.

But the spirit of peace and permanence did not penetrate poor Mrs. Davilow's mind so as to overcome her habit of uneasy foreboding. Gwendolen and Grandcourt cantering in front of her, and then slackening their pace to a conversational walk till the carriage came up with them again, made a gratifying sight; but it served chiefly to keep up the conflict of hopes and fears about her daughter's lot. Here was an irresistible opportunity for a lover to speak and put an end to all uncertainties, and Mrs. Davilow could only hope with trembling that Gwendolen's decision would be favorable. Certainly if Rex's love had been repugnant to her, Mr. Grandcourt had the advantage of being in complete contrast with Rex; and that he had produced some quite novel impression on her seemed evident in her marked abstinence from satirical observations, nay, her total silence about his characteristics—a silence which Mrs. Davilow did not dare to break. "Is he a man she would be happy with?" was a question that inevitably arose in the mother's mind. "Well, perhaps as happy as she would be with any one else, or as most other women are," was the answer with which she tried to quiet herself; for she could not imagine Gwendolen under the influence of any feeling which would make her satisfied in what we traditionally call "mean circumstances."

Grandcourt's own thought was looking in the same direction: he wanted to have done with the uncertainty that belonged to his not having spoken. As to any further uncertainty—well, it was something without any reasonable basis, some quality in the air which acted as an irritant to his wishes.

Gwendolen enjoyed the riding, but her pleasure did not break forth in girlish unpremeditated chat and laughter, as it did on that morning with Rex. She spoke a little, and even laughed, but with a lightness as of a far-off echo: for her too there was some peculiar quality in the air—not, she was sure, any subjugation of her will by Mr. Grandcourt, and the splendid prospects he meant to offer her; for Gwendolen desired every one, that dignified gentleman himself included, to understand that she was going to do just as she liked, and that they had better not calculate on her pleasing them. If she chose to take this husband, she would have him know that she was not going to renounce her freedom, or, according to her favorite formula, "not going to do as other women did."

Grandcourt's speeches this morning were, as usual, all of that brief sort which never fails to make a conversational figure when the speaker is held important in his circle. Stopping so soon, they give signs of a suppressed and formidable ability to say more, and have also the meritorious quality of allowing lengthiness to others.

"How do you like Criterion's paces?" he said, after they had entered the park and were slackening from a canter to a walk.

"He is delightful to ride. I should like to have a leap with him, if it would not frighten mamma. There was a good wide channel we passed five minutes ago. I should like to have a gallop back and take it."

"Pray do. We can take it together."

"No, thanks. Mamma is so timid—if she saw me it might make her ill."

"Let me go and explain. Criterion would take it without fail."

"No—indeed—you are very kind—but it would alarm her too much. I dare take any leap when she is not by; but I do it and don't tell her about it."

"We can let the carriage pass, and then set off."

"No, no, pray don't think of it any more; I spoke quite randomly," said Gwendolen. She began to feel a new objection to carrying out her own proposition.

"But Mrs. Davilow knows I shall take care of you."

"Yes, but she would think of you as having to take care of my broken neck."

There was a considerable pause before Grandcourt said, looking toward her, "I should like to have the right always to take care of you."

Gwendolen did not turn her eyes on him: it seemed to her a long while that she was first blushing and then turning pale, but, to Grandcourt's rate of judgment, she answered soon enough, with the lightest flute-tone and a careless movement of the head, "Oh, I am not sure

that I want to be taken care of: if I chose to risk breaking my neck, I should like to be at liberty to do it."

She checked her horse as she spoke, and turned in her saddle, looking toward the advancing carriage. Her eyes swept across Grandcourt as she made this movement, but there was no language in them to correct the carelessness of her reply. At that very moment she was aware that she was risking something—not her neck, but the possibility of finally checking Grandcourt's advances, and she did not feel contented with the possibility.

"Damn her!" thought Grandcourt, as he too checked his horse. He was not a wordy thinker, and this explosive phrase stood for mixed impressions which eloquent interpreters might have expanded into some sentences full of an irritated sense that he was being mystified, and a determination that this girl should not make a fool of him. Did she want him to throw himself at her feet and declare that he was dying for her? It was not by that gate that she would enter on the privileges he could give her. Or did she expect him to write his proposals? Equally a delusion. He would not make his offer in any way that could place him definitely in the position of being rejected. But as to her accepting him, she had done it already in accepting his marked attentions, and any thing which happened to break them off would be understood to her disadvantage. She was merely coquetting, then?

However, the carriage came up, and no further *tête-à-tête* could well occur before their arrival at the house, where there was abundant company, to whom Gwendolen, clad in riding dress, with her hat laid aside, clad also in the repute of being chosen by Mr. Grandcourt, was naturally a centre of observation; and since the objectionable Mr. Lush was not there to look at her, this stimulus of admiring attention heightened her spirits, and dispersed, for the time, the uneasy consciousness of divided impulses which threatened her with repentance of her own acts. Whether Grandcourt had been offended or not there was no judging: his manners were unchanged, but Gwendolen's acuteness had not gone deeper than to discern that his manners were no clew for her, and because these were unchanged she was not the less afraid of him.

She had not been at Diplow before except to dine; and since certain points of view from the windows and the garden were worth showing, Lady Flora Hollis proposed after luncheon, when some of the guests had dispersed, and the sun was sloping toward four o'clock, that the remaining party should make a little exploration. Here came frequent opportunities when Grandcourt might have retained Gwendolen apart and have spoken to her unheard. But no! He indeed spoke to no one else, but what he said was nothing more eager or intimate than it had been in their first interview. He looked at her not less than usual; and some of her defiant spirit having come back, she looked full at him in return, not caring—rather preferring—that his eyes had no expression in them.

But at last it seemed as if he entertained some contrivance. After they had nearly made the tour of the grounds, the whole party paused by the pool to be amused with Fetch's accomplishment of bringing a water-lily to the bank like Cowper's spaniel Beau, and having been disappointed in his first attempt, insisted on his trying again.

Here Grandcourt, who stood with Gwendolen outside the group, turned deliberately, and fixing his eyes on a knoll planted with American shrubs, and having a winding path up it, said, languidly,

"This is a bore. Shall we go up there?"

"Oh, certainly—since we are exploring," said Gwendolen. She was rather pleased, and yet afraid.

The path was too narrow for him to offer his arm, and they walked up in silence. When they were on the bit of platform at the summit, Grandcourt said,

"There is nothing to be seen here: the thing was not worth climbing."

How was it that Gwendolen did not laugh? She was perfectly silent, holding up the folds of her robe like a statue, and giving a harder grasp to the handle of her whip, which she had snatched up automatically with her hat when they had first set off.

"What sort of place do you like?" said Grandcourt.

"Different places are agreeable in their way. On the whole, I think, I prefer places that are open and cheerful. I am not fond of any thing sombre."

"Your place at Offendene is too sombre."

"It is, rather."

"You will not remain there long, I hope."

"Oh yes, I think so. Mamma likes to be near her sister."

Silence for a short space.

"It is not to be supposed that *you* will always live there, though Mrs. Davilow may."

"I don't know. We women can't go in search of adventures—to find out the Northwest Passage or the source of the Nile, or to hunt tigers in the East. We must stay where we grow, or where the gardeners like to transplant us. We are brought up like the flowers, to look as pretty as we can, and be dull without complaining. That is my notion about the plants: they are often bored, and that is the reason why some of them have got poisonous. What do you think?" Gwendolen had run on rather nervously, lightly whipping the rhododendron bush in front of her.

"I quite agree. Most things are bores," said Grandcourt, his mind having been pushed into an easy current, away from its intended track. But after a moment's pause he continued, in his broken, refined drawl,

"But a woman can be married."

"Some women can."

"You certainly, unless you are obstinately cruel."

"I am not sure that I am not both cruel and obstinate." Here Gwendolen suddenly turned her head and looked full at Grandcourt, whose eyes she had felt to be upon her throughout their conversation. She was wondering what the effect of looking at him would be on herself rather than on him.

He stood perfectly still, half a yard or more away from her; and it flashed through her thought that a sort of lotos-eater's stupor had begun in him and was taking possession of her. Then he said,

"Are you as uncertain about yourself as you make others about you?"

"I am quite uncertain about myself; I don't know how uncertain others may be."

"And you wish them to understand that you don't care?" said Grandcourt, with a touch of new hardness in his tone.

"I did not say that," Gwendolen replied, hesitatingly, and turning her eyes away, whipped the rhododendron bush again. She wished she were on horseback, that she might set off on a canter. It was impossible to set off running down the knoll.

"You do care, then," said Grandcourt, not more quickly, but with a softened drawl.

"Ha! my whip!" said Gwendolen, in a little scream of distress. She had let it go—what could be more natural in a slight agitation?—and—but this seemed less natural in a gold-handled whip which had been left altogether to itself—it had gone with some force over the immediate shrubs, and had lodged itself in the branches of an azalea half-way down the knoll. She could run down now, laughing prettily, and Grandcourt was obliged to follow; but she was beforehand with him in rescuing the whip, and continued on her way to the level ground, when she paused and looked at Grandcourt with an exasperating brightness in her glance and a heightened color, as if she had carried a triumph; and these indications were still noticeable to Mrs. Davilow when Gwendolen and Grandcourt joined the rest of the party.

"It is all coquetting," thought Grandcourt; "the next time I beckon, she will come down."

It seemed to him likely that this final beckoning might happen the very next day, when there was to be a picnic archery meeting in Cardell Chase, according to the plan projected on the evening of the ball.

Even in Gwendolen's mind that result was one of two likelihoods that presented themselves alternately, one of two decisions toward which she was being precipitated, as if they were two sides of a boundary line, and she did not know on which she should fall. This subjection to a possible self, a self not to be absolutely predicted about, caused her some astonishment and terror: her favorite key of life—doing as she liked—seemed to fail her, and she could not foresee what at a given moment she might like to do. The prospect of marrying Grandcourt really seemed more attractive to her than she had believed beforehand that any marriage could be: the dignities, the luxuries, the power of doing a great deal of what she liked to do, which had now come close to her, and within her choice to secure or to lose, took hold of her nature as if it had been the strong odor of what she had only imagined and longed for before. And Grandcourt himself? He seemed as little of a flaw in his fortunes as a lover and husband could possibly be. Gwendolen wished to mount the chariot and drive the plunging horses herself, with a spouse by her side who would fold his arms and give her his countenance without looking ridiculous. Certainly, with all her perspicacity, and all the reading which seemed to her mamma dangerously instructive, her judgment was consciously a little at fault before Grandcourt. He was adorably quiet and free from absurdities—he could be a husband *en suite* with the best appearance a woman could make. But what else was he? He had been every where, and seen every thing. *That* was desirable, and especially gratifying as a preamble to his supreme preference for Gwendolen Harleth. He did not appear to enjoy any thing much. That was not necessary: and the less he had of particular tastes or desires, the more freedom his wife was likely to have in following hers. Gwendolen conceived that after marriage she would most probably be able to manage him thoroughly.

How was it that he caused her unusual constraint now?—that she was less daring and playful in her talk with him than with any other admirer she had known? That absence of demonstrativeness which she was glad of, acted as a charm in more senses than one, and was slightly benumbing. Grandcourt, after all, was formidable—a handsome lizard of a hitherto unknown species, not of the lively, darting kind. But Gwendolen knew hardly any thing about lizards, and ignorance gives one a large range of probabilities. This splendid specimen was probably gentle, suitable as a boudoir pet: what may not a lizard be, if you know nothing to the contrary? Her acquaintance with Grandcourt was such that no accomplishment suddenly revealed in him would have surprised her. And he was so little suggestive of drama that it hardly occurred to her to think with any detail how his life of thirty-six years had been passed: in general she imagined him always cold and dignified, not likely ever to have committed himself. He had hunted the tiger—had he ever been in love or made love? The one experience and the other seemed alike remote in Gwendolen's fancy from the Mr. Grandcourt who had come to Diplow in order apparently to make a chief epoch in her destiny—perhaps by introducing her to that state of marriage which she had resolved to make a state of greater freedom than her girlhood. And on the whole she wished to marry him; he suited her purpose; her prevailing, deliberate intention was to accept him.

But was she going to fulfill her deliberate intention? She began to be afraid of herself, and to find out a certain difficulty in doing as she liked. Already her assertion of independence in evading his advances had been carried farther than was necessary, and she was thinking with some anxiety what she might do on the next occasion.

Seated, according to her habit, with her back to the horses on their drive homeward, she was completely under the observation of her mamma, who took the excitement and changefulness in the expression of her eyes, her unwonted absence of mind and total silence, as unmistakable signs that something unprecedented had occurred between her and Grandcourt. Mrs. Davilow's uneasiness determined her to risk some speech on the subject: the Gascoignes were to dine at Offendene, and in what had occurred this morning there might be some reason for consulting the Rector; not that she expected him any more than herself to influence Gwendolen, but that her anxious mind wanted to be disburdened.

"Something has happened, dear?" she began, in a tender tone of question.

Gwendolen looked round, and seeming to be roused to the consciousness of her physical self, took off her gloves and then her hat, that the soft breeze might blow on her head. They were in a retired bit of the road, where the long afternoon

shadows from the bordering trees fell across it, and no observers were within sight. Her eyes continued to meet her mother's, but she did not speak.

"Mr. Grandcourt has been saying something? —Tell me, dear." The last words were uttered beseechingly.

"What am I to tell you, mamma?" was the perverse answer.

"I am sure something has agitated you. You ought to confide in me, Gwen. You ought not to leave me in doubt and anxiety." Mrs. Davilow's eyes filled with tears.

"Mamma dear, please don't be miserable," said Gwendolen, with pettish remonstrance. "It only makes me more so. I am in doubt myself."

"About Mr. Grandcourt's intentions?" said Mrs. Davilow, gathering determination from her alarms.

"No; not at all," said Gwendolen, with some curtness, and a pretty little toss of the head as she put on her hat again.

"About whether you will accept him, then?"

"Precisely."

"Have you given him a doubtful answer?"

"I have given him no answer at all."

"He *has* spoken so that you could not misunderstand him?"

"As far as I would let him speak."

"You expect him to persevere?" Mrs. Davilow put this question rather anxiously, and receiving no answer, asked another. "You don't consider that you have discouraged him?"

"I dare say not."

"I thought you liked him, dear," said Mrs. Davilow, timidly.

"So I do, mamma, as liking goes. There is less to dislike about him than about most men. He is quiet and *distingué*." Gwendolen so far spoke with a pouting sort of gravity; but suddenly she recovered some of her mischievousness, and her face broke into a smile as she added, "Indeed, he has all the qualities that would make a husband tolerable—battlement, veranda, stables, etc.; no grins and no glass in his eye."

"Do be serious with me for a moment, dear. Am I to understand that you mean to accept him?"

"Oh, pray, mamma, leave me to myself," said Gwendolen, with a pettish distress in her voice.

And Mrs. Davilow said no more.

When they got home, Gwendolen declared that she would not dine. She was tired, and would come down in the evening after she had taken some rest. The probability that her uncle would hear what had passed did not trouble her. She was convinced that whatever he might say would be on the side of her accepting Grandcourt, and she wished to accept him if she could. At this moment she would willingly have had weights hung on her own caprice.

Mr. Gascoigne did hear—not Gwendolen's answers repeated verbatim, but a softened generalized account of them. The mother conveyed as vaguely as the keen Rector's questions would let her the impression that Gwendolen was in some uncertainty about her own mind, but inclined on the whole to acceptance. The result was that the uncle felt himself called on to interfere: he did not conceive that he should do his duty in withholding direction from his niece in a momentous crisis of this kind. Mrs. Davilow ventured a hesitating opinion that perhaps it would be safer to say nothing—Gwendolen was so sensitive (she did not like to say willful). But the Rector's was a firm mind, grasping its first judgments tenaciously and acting on them promptly, whence counter-judgments were no more for him than shadows fleeting across the solid ground to which he adjusted himself.

This match with Grandcourt presented itself to him as a sort of public affair; perhaps there were ways in which it might even strengthen the Establishment. To the Rector, whose father (nobody would have suspected it, and nobody was told) had risen to be a provincial corn dealer, aristocratic heirship resembled regal heirship in excepting its possessor from the ordinary standard of moral judgments. Grandcourt, the almost certain baronet, the probable peer, was to be ranged with public personages, and was a match to be accepted on broad general grounds, national and ecclesiastical. Such public personages, it is true, are often in the nature of giants which an ancient community may have felt pride and safety in possessing, though, regarded privately, these born eminences must often have been inconvenient and even noisome. But of the future husband personally Mr. Gascoigne was disposed to think the best. Gossip is a sort of smoke that comes from the dirty tobacco-pipes of those who diffuse it: it proves nothing but the bad taste of the smoker. But if Grandcourt had really made any deeper or more unfortunate experiments in folly than were common in young men of high prospects, he was of an age to have finished them. All accounts can be suitably wound up when a man has not ruined himself, and the expense may be taken as an insurance against future error. This was the view of practical wisdom; with reference to higher views, repentance had a supreme moral and religious value. There was every reason to believe that a woman of well-regulated mind would be happy with Grandcourt.

It was no surprise to Gwendolen on coming down to tea to be told that her uncle wished to see her in the dining-room. He threw aside the paper as she entered and greeted her with his usual kindness. As his wife had remarked, he always "made much" of Gwendolen, and her importance had risen of late. "My dear," he said, in a fatherly way, moving a chair for her as he held her hand, "I want to speak to you on a subject which is more momentous than any other with regard to your welfare. You will guess what I mean. But I shall speak to you with perfect directness: in such matters I consider myself bound to act as your father. You have no objection, I hope?"

"Oh dear no, uncle. You have always been very kind to me," said Gwendolen, frankly. This evening she was willing, if it were possible, to be a little fortified against her troublesome self, and her resistant temper was in abeyance. The Rector's mode of speech always conveyed a thrill of authority, as of a word of command: it seemed to take for granted that there could be no wavering in the audience, and that every one was going to be rationally obedient.

"It is naturally a satisfaction to me that the prospect of a marriage for you—advantageous in the highest degree—has presented itself so early. I do not know exactly what has passed between you and Mr. Grandcourt, but I presume there can

be little doubt, from the way in which he has distinguished you, that he desires to make you his wife."

Gwendolen did not speak immediately, and her uncle said, with more emphasis,

"Have you any doubt of that yourself, my dear?"

"I suppose that is what he has been thinking of. But he may have changed his mind to-morrow," said Gwendolen.

"Why to-morrow? Has he made advances which you have discouraged?"

"I think he meant—he began to make advances—but I did not encourage them. I turned the conversation."

"Will you confide in me so far as to tell me your reasons?"

"I am not sure that I had any reasons, uncle." Gwendolen laughed rather artificially.

"You are quite capable of reflecting, Gwendolen. You are aware that this is not a trivial occasion, and it concerns your establishment for life under circumstances which may not occur again. You have a duty here both to yourself and your family. I wish to understand whether you have any ground for hesitating as to your acceptance of Mr. Grandcourt."

"I suppose I hesitate without grounds." Gwendolen spoke rather poutingly, and her uncle grew suspicious.

"Is he disagreeable to you personally?"

"No."

"Have you heard any thing of him which has affected you disagreeably?" The Rector thought it impossible that Gwendolen could have heard the gossip he had heard, but in any case he must endeavor to put all things in the right light for her.

"I have heard nothing about him except that he is a great match," said Gwendolen, with some sauciness; "and that affects me very agreeably."

"Then, my dear Gwendolen, I have nothing further to say than this: you hold your fortune in your own hands—a fortune such as rarely happens to a girl in your circumstances—a fortune, in fact, which almost takes the question out of the range of mere personal feeling, and makes your acceptance of it a duty. If Providence offers you power and position—especially when unclogged by any conditions that are repugnant to you—your course is one of responsibility, into which caprice must not enter. A man does not like to have his attachment trifled with: he may not be at once repelled—these things are matters of individual disposition. But the trifling may be carried too far. And I must point out to you that in case Mr. Grandcourt were repelled without your having refused him—without your having intended ultimately to refuse him—your situation would be a humiliating and painful one. I, for my part, should regard you with severe disapprobation, as the victim of nothing else than your own coquetry and folly."

Gwendolen became pallid as she listened to this admonitory speech. The ideas it raised had the force of sensations. Her resistant courage would not help her here, because her uncle was not urging her against her own resolve; he was pressing upon her the motives of dread which she already felt; he was making her more conscious of the risks that lay within herself. She was silent, and the Rector observed that he had produced some strong effect.

"I mean this in kindness, my dear." His tone had softened.

"I am aware of that, uncle," said Gwendolen, rising and shaking her head back, as if to rouse herself out of painful passivity. "I am not foolish. I know that I must be married some time—before it is too late. And I don't see how I could do better than marry Mr. Grandcourt. I mean to accept him, if possible." She felt as if she were re-enforcing herself by speaking with this decisiveness to her uncle.

But the Rector was a little startled by so bare a version of his own meaning from those young lips. He wished that in her mind his advice should be taken in an infusion of sentiments proper to a girl, and such as are presupposed in the advice of a clergyman, although he may not consider them always appropriate to be put forward. He wished his niece parks, carriages, a title—every thing that would make this world a pleasant abode; but he wished her not to be cynical—to be, on the contrary, religiously dutiful, and have warm domestic affections.

"My dear Gwendolen," he said, rising also, and speaking with benignant gravity, "I trust that you will find in marriage a new fountain of duty and affection. Marriage is the only true and satisfactory sphere of a woman, and if your marriage with Mr. Grandcourt should be happily decided upon, you will have probably an increasing power, both of rank and wealth, which may be used for the benefit of others. These considerations are something higher than romance. You are fitted by natural gifts for a position which, considering your birth and early prospects, could hardly be looked forward to as in the ordinary course of things; and I trust that you will grace it not only by those personal gifts, but by a good and consistent life."

"I hope mamma will be the happier," said Gwendolen, in a more cheerful way, lifting her hands backward to her neck and moving toward the door. She wanted to waive those higher considerations.

Mr. Gascoigne felt that he had come to a satisfactory understanding with his niece, and had furthered her happy settlement in life by furthering her engagement to Grandcourt. Meanwhile there was another person to whom the contemplation of that issue had been a motive for some activity, and who believed that he too on this particular day had done something toward bringing about a favorable decision in *his* sense—which happened to be the reverse of the Rector's.

Mr. Lush's absence from Diplow during Gwendolen's visit had been due not to any fear on his part of meeting that supercilious young lady, or of being abashed by her frank dislike, but to an engagement from which he expected important consequences. He was gone, in fact, to the Wancester Station to meet a lady accompanied by a maid and two children, whom he put into a fly, and afterward followed to the hotel of the Golden Keys in that town. An impressive woman, whom many would turn to look at again in passing; her figure was slim and sufficiently tall, her face rather emaciated, so that its sculpturesque beauty was the more pronounced, her crisp hair perfectly black, and her large anxious eyes also what we call black. Her dress was soberly correct, her age perhaps physically more advanced than the number of years would imply, but hardly less

than seven-and-thirty. An uneasy-looking woman: her glance seemed to presuppose that people and things were going to be unfavorable to her, while she was nevertheless ready to meet them with resolution. The children were lovely—a dark-haired girl of six or more, a fairer boy of five. When Lush incautiously expressed some surprise at her having brought the children, she said, with a sharp-edged intonation,

"Did you suppose I should come wandering about here by myself? Why should I not bring all four if I liked?"

"Oh, certainly," said Lush, with his usual fluent *nonchalance*.

He staid an hour or so in conference with her, and rode back to Diplow in a state of mind that was at once hopeful and busily anxious as to the execution of the little plan on which his hopefulness was based. Grandcourt's marriage to Gwendolen Harleth would not, he believed, be much of a good to either of them, and it would plainly be fraught with disagreeables to himself. But now he felt confident enough to say, inwardly, "I will take odds that the marriage will never happen."

CHAPTER XIV.

I will not clothe myself in wreck—wear gems
Sawed from cramped finger-bones of women drowned;
Feel chilly vaporous hands of ireful ghosts
Clutching my necklace; trick my maiden breast
With orphans' heritage. Let your dead love
Marry its dead.

GWENDOLEN looked lovely and vigorous as a tall, newly opened lily the next morning: there was a reaction of young energy in her, and yesterday's self-distrust seemed no more than the transient shiver on the surface of a full stream. The roving archery match in Cardell Chase was a delightful prospect for the sport's sake: she felt herself beforehand moving about like a wood-nymph under the beeches (in appreciative company), and the imagined scene lent a charm to further advances on the part of Grandcourt—not an impassioned lyrical Daphnis for the wood-nymph, certainly: but so much the better. To-day Gwendolen foresaw him making slow conversational approaches to a declaration, and foresaw herself awaiting and encouraging it according to the rational conclusion which she had expressed to her uncle.

When she came down to breakfast (after every one had left the table except Mrs. Davilow) there were letters on her plate. One of them she read with a gathering smile, and then handed it to her mamma, who, on returning it, smiled also, finding new cheerfulness in the good spirits her daughter had shown ever since waking, and said,

"You don't feel inclined to go a thousand miles away?"

"Not exactly so far."

"It was a sad omission not to have written again before this. Can't you write now—before we set out this morning?"

"It is not so pressing. To-morrow will do. You see, they leave town to-day. I must write to Dover. They will be there till Monday."

"Shall I write for you, dear—if it teases you?"

Gwendolen did not speak immediately, but after sipping her coffee answered, brusquely, "Oh no, let it be; I will write to-morrow." Then feeling a touch of compunction, she looked up and said, with playful tenderness, "Dear old beautiful mamma!"

"Old, child, truly."

"Please don't, mamma! I meant old for darling. You are hardly twenty-five years older than I am. When you talk in that way, my life shrivels up before me."

"One can have a great deal of happiness in twenty-five years, my dear."

"I must lose no time in beginning," said Gwendolen, merrily. "The sooner I get my palaces and coaches, the better."

"And a good husband who adores you, Gwen," said Mrs. Davilow, encouragingly.

Gwendolen put out her lips saucily and said nothing.

It was a slight drawback on her pleasure in starting that the Rector was detained by magistrate's business, and would probably not be able to get to Cardell Chase at all that day. She cared little that Mrs. Gascoigne and Anna chose not to go without him, but her uncle's presence would have seemed to make it a matter of course that the decision taken would be acted on. For decision in itself began to be formidable. Having come close to accepting Grandcourt, Gwendolen felt this lot of unhoped-for fullness rounding itself too definitely: when we take to wishing a great deal for ourselves, whatever we get soon turns into mere limitation and exclusion. Still there was the re-assuring thought that marriage would be the gate into a larger freedom.

The place of meeting was a grassy spot called Green Arbor, where a bit of hanging wood made a sheltering amphitheatre. It was here that the coachful of servants with provisions had to prepare the picnic meal; and a warden of the Chase was to guide the roving archers so as to keep them within the due distance from this centre, and hinder them from wandering beyond the limit which had been fixed on—a curve that might be drawn through certain well-known points, such as the Double Oak, the Whispering Stones, and the High Cross. The plan was to take only a preliminary stroll before luncheon, keeping the main roving expedition for the more exquisite lights of the afternoon. The muster was rapid enough to save every one from dull moments of waiting, and when the groups began to scatter themselves through the light and shadow made here by closely neighboring beeches and there by rarer oaks, one may suppose that a painter would have been glad to look on. This roving archery was far prettier than the stationary game, but success in shooting at variable marks was less favored by practice, and the hits were distributed among the volunteer archers otherwise than they would have been in target-shooting. From this cause, perhaps, as well as from the twofold distraction of being preoccupied and wishing not to betray her preoccupation, Gwendolen did not greatly distinguish herself in these first experiments, unless it were by the lively grace with which she took ner comparative failure. She was in her white and green, as on the day of the former Archery Meeting, when it made an epoch for her that she was introduced to Grandcourt; he was continually by her side now, yet it would have been hard to tell from mere looks and manners that their relation to each other had at all changed since their first conversation. Still there were other grounds that

made most persons conclude them to be, if not engaged already, on the eve of being so. And she believed this herself. As they were all returning toward Green Arbor in divergent groups, not thinking at all of taking aim, but merely chatting, words passed which seemed really the beginning of that end—the beginning of her acceptance. Grandcourt said, "Do you know how long it is since I first saw you in this dress?"

"The Archery Meeting was on the 25th, and this is the 13th," said Gwendolen, laughingly. "I am not good at calculating, but I will venture to say that it must be nearly three weeks."

A little pause, and then he said, "That is a great loss of time."

"That your knowing me has caused you? Pray don't be uncomplimentary: I don't like it."

Pause again. "It is because of the gain that I feel the loss."

Here Gwendolen herself left a pause. She was thinking, "He is really very ingenious. He never speaks stupidly." Her silence was so unusual that it seemed the strongest of favorable answers, and he continued:

"The gain of knowing you makes me feel the time I lose in uncertainty. Do *you* like uncertainty?"

"I think I do, rather," said Gwendolen, suddenly beaming on him with a playful smile. "There is more in it."

Grandcourt met her laughing eyes with a slow, steady look right into them, which seemed like vision in the abstract, and said, "Do you mean more torment for me?"

There was something so strange to Gwendolen in this moment that she was quite shaken out of her usual self-consciousness. Blushing and turning away her eyes, she said, "No; that would make me sorry."

Grandcourt would have followed up this answer, which the change in her manner made apparently decisive of her favorable intention; but he was not in any way overcome so as to be unaware that they were now, within sight of every body, descending the slope into Green Arbor, and descending it at an ill-chosen point where it began to be inconveniently steep. This was a reason for offering his hand in the literal sense to help her; she took it, and they came down in silence, much observed by those already on the level—among others by Mrs. Arrowpoint, who happened to be standing with Mrs. Davilow. That lady had now made up her mind that Grandcourt's merits were not such as would have induced Catherine to accept him, Catherine having so high a standard as to have refused Lord Slogan. Hence she looked at the tenant of Diplow with dispassionate eyes.

"Mr. Grandcourt is not equal as a man to his uncle, Sir Hugo Mallinger—too languid. To be sure, Mr. Grandcourt is a much younger man, but I shouldn't wonder if Sir Hugo were to outlive him, notwithstanding the difference of years. It is ill calculating on successions," concluded Mrs. Arrowpoint, rather too loudly.

"It is indeed," said Mrs. Davilow, able to assent with quiet cheerfulness, for she was so well satisfied with the actual situation of affairs that her habitual melancholy in their general unsatisfactoriness was altogether in abeyance.

I am not concerned to tell of the food that was eaten in that green refectory, or even to dwell on the glories of the forest scenery that spread themselves out beyond the level front of the hollow, being just now bound to tell a story of life at a stage when the blissful beauty of earth and sky entered only by narrow and oblique inlets into the consciousness, which was busy with a small social drama almost as little penetrated by a feeling of wider relations as if it had been a puppet-show. It will be understood that the food and Champagne were of the best—the talk and laughter too, in the sense of belonging to the best society, where no one makes an invidious display of any thing in particular, and the advantages of the world are taken with that high-bred depreciation which follows from being accustomed to them. Some of the gentlemen strolled a little and indulged in a cigar, there being a sufficient interval before four o'clock—the time for beginning to rove again. Among these, strange to say, was Grandcourt; but not Mr. Lush, who seemed to be taking his pleasure quite generously to-day by making himself particularly serviceable, ordering every thing for every body, and by this activity becoming more than ever a blot on the scene to Gwendolen, though he kept himself amiably aloof from her, and never even looked at her obviously. When there was a general move to prepare for starting, it appeared that the bows had all been put under the charge of Lord Brackenshaw's valet, and Mr. Lush was concerned to save ladies the trouble of fetching theirs from the carriage where they were propped. He did not intend to bring Gwendolen's, but she, fearful lest he should do so, hurried to fetch it herself. The valet, seeing her approach, met her with it, and in giving it into her hand, gave also a letter addressed to her. She asked no question about it, perceived at a glance that the address was in a lady's handwriting (of the delicate kind which used to be esteemed feminine before the present uncial period), and moving away, with her bow in her hand, saw Mr. Lush coming to fetch other bows. To avoid meeting him she turned aside and walked with her back toward the stand of carriages, opening the letter. It contained these words:

"*If Miss Harleth is in doubt whether she should accept Mr. Grandcourt, let her break from her party after they have passed the Whispering Stones and return to that spot. She will then hear something to decide her, but she can only hear it by keeping this letter a strict secret from every one. If she does not act according to this letter, she will repent, as the woman who writes it has repented. The secrecy Miss Harleth will feel herself bound in honor to guard.*"

Gwendolen felt an inward shock, but her immediate thought was, "It is come in time." It lay in her youthfulness that she was absorbed by the idea of the revelation to be made, and had not even a momentary suspicion of contrivance that could justify her in showing the letter. Her mind gathered itself up at once into the resolution that she would manage to go unobserved to the Whispering Stones; and thrusting the letter into her pocket, she turned back to rejoin the company, with that sense of having something to conceal which to her nature had a bracing quality and helped her to be mistress of herself.

It was a surprise to every one that Grandcourt was not, like the other smokers, on the spot in time to set out roving with the rest. "We shall

alight on him by-and-by," said Lord Brackenshaw; "he can't be gone far." At any rate, no man could be waited for. This apparent forgetfulness might be taken for the distraction of a lover so absorbed in thinking of the beloved object as to forget an appointment which would bring him into her actual presence. And the good-natured Earl gave Gwendolen a distant jocose hint to that effect, which she took with suitable quietude. But the thought in her own mind was, "Can he too be starting away from a decision?" It was not exactly a pleasant thought to her; but it was near the truth. "Starting away," however, was not the right expression for the languor of intention that came over Grandcourt, like a fit of diseased numbness, when an end seemed within easy reach: to desist then, when all expectation was to the contrary, became another gratification of mere will, sublimely independent of definite motive. At that moment he had begun a second large cigar in a vague, hazy obstinacy which, if Lush or any other mortal who might be insulted with impunity had interrupted by overtaking him with a request for his return, would have expressed itself by a slow removal of his cigar to say, in an under-tone, "You'll be kind enough to go to the devil, will you?"

But he was not interrupted, and the rovers set off without any visible depression of spirits, leaving behind only a few of the less vigorous ladies, including Mrs. Davilow, who preferred a quiet stroll free from obligation to keep up with others. The enjoyment of the day was soon at its highest pitch, the archery getting more spirited and the changing scenes of the forest from roofed grove to open glade growing lovelier with the lengthening shadows, and the deeply felt but undefinable gradations of the mellowing afternoon. It was agreed that they were playing an extemporized *As You Like It;* and when a pretty compliment had been turned to Gwendolen about her having the part of Rosalind, she felt the more compelled to be surpassing in liveliness. This was not very difficult to her, for the effect of what had happened to-day was an excitement which needed a vent, a sense of adventure rather than alarm, and a straining toward the management of her retreat so as not to be impeded.

The roving had been lasting nearly an hour before the arrival at the Whispering Stones—two tall conical blocks that leaned toward each other like gigantic gray-mantled figures. They were soon surveyed and passed by with the remark that they would be good ghosts on a star-lit night. But a soft sunlight was on them now, and Gwendolen felt daring. The stones were near a fine grove of beeches, where the archers found plenty of marks.

"How far are we from Green Arbor now?" said Gwendolen, having got in front by the side of the warden.

"Oh, not more than half a mile, taking along the avenue we're going to cross up there: but I shall take round a couple of miles, by the High Cross."

She was falling back among the rest, when suddenly they seemed all to be hurrying obliquely forward under the guidance of Mr. Lush, and lingering a little where she was, she perceived her opportunity of slipping away. Soon she was out of sight, and without running she seemed to herself to fly along the ground and count the moments nothing till she found herself back again at the Whispering Stones. They turned their blank gray sides to her: what was there on the other side? If there were nothing, after all? That was her only dread now—to have to turn back again in mystification; and walking round the right-hand stone without pause, she found herself in front of some one whose large dark eyes met hers at a foot's distance. In spite of expectation she was startled and shrank back, but in doing so she could take in the whole figure of this stranger and perceive that she was unmistakably a lady, and one who must once have been exceedingly handsome. She perceived, also, that a few yards from her were two children seated on the grass.

"Miss Harleth?" said the lady.

"Yes." All Gwendolen's consciousness was wonder.

"Have you accepted Mr. Grandcourt?"

"No."

"I have promised to tell you something. And you will promise to keep my secret. However you may decide, you will not tell Mr. Grandcourt, or any one else, that you have seen me?"

"I promise."

"My name is Lydia Glasher. Mr. Grandcourt ought not to marry any one but me. I left my husband and child for him nine years ago. Those two children are his, and we have two others—girls—who are older. My husband is dead now, and Mr. Grandcourt ought to marry me. He ought to make that boy his heir."

She looked toward the boy as she spoke, and Gwendolen's eyes followed hers. The handsome little fellow was puffing out his cheeks in trying to blow a tiny trumpet which remained dumb. His hat hung backward by a string, and his brown curls caught the sun-rays. He was a cherub.

The two women's eyes met again, and Gwendolen said, proudly, "I will not interfere with your wishes." She looked as if she were shivering, and her lips were pale.

"You are very attractive, Miss Harleth. But when he first knew me, I too was young. Since then my life has been broken up and imbittered. It is not fair that he should be happy and I miserable, and my boy thrust out of sight for another."

These words were uttered with a biting accent, but with a determined abstinence from any thing violent in tone or manner. Gwendolen, watching Mrs. Glasher's face while she spoke, felt a sort of terror: it was as if some ghastly vision had come to her in a dream and said, "I am a woman's life."

"Have you any thing more to say to me?" she asked, in a low tone, but still proudly and coldly. The revulsion within her was not tending to soften her. Every one seemed hateful.

"Nothing. You know what I wished you to know. You can inquire about me if you like. My husband was Colonel Glasher."

"Then I will go," said Gwendolen, moving away with a ceremonious inclination, which was returned with equal grace.

In a few minutes Gwendolen was in the beech grove again, but her party had gone out of sight and apparently had not sent in search of her, for all was solitude till she had reached the avenue pointed out by the warden. She determined to take this way back to Green Arbor, which she

reached quickly, rapid movements seeming to her just now a means of suspending the thoughts which might prevent her from behaving with due calm. She had already made up her mind what step she would take.

Mrs. Davilow was of course astonished to see Gwendolen returning alone, and was not without some uneasiness, which the presence of other ladies hindered her from showing. In answer to her words of surprise Gwendolen said:

"Oh, I have been rather silly. I lingered behind to look at the Whispering Stones, and the rest hurried on after something, so I lost sight of them. I thought it best to come home by the short way—the avenue that the warden had told me of. I'm not sorry, after all. I had had enough walking."

"Your party did not meet Mr. Grandcourt, I presume," said Mrs. Arrowpoint, not without intention.

"No," said Gwendolen, with a little flash of defiance and a light laugh. "And we didn't see any carvings on the trees either. Where can he be? I should think he has fallen into the pool, or had an apoplectic fit."

With all Gwendolen's resolve not to betray any agitation, she could not help it that her tone was unusually high and hard, and her mother felt sure that something unpropitious had happened.

Mrs. Arrowpoint thought that the self-confident young lady was much piqued, and that Mr. Grandcourt was probably seeing reason to change his mind.

"If you have no objection, mamma, I will order the carriage," said Gwendolen. "I am tired. And every one will be going soon."

Mrs. Davilow assented; but by the time the carriage was announced as ready—the horses having to be fetched from the stables on the warden's premises—the roving party re-appeared, and with them Mr. Grandcourt.

"Ah, there you are!" said Lord Brackenshaw, going up to Gwendolen, who was arranging her mamma's shawl for the drive. "We thought at first you had alighted on Grandcourt and he had taken you home. Lush said so. But after that we met Grandcourt. However, we didn't suppose you could be in any danger. The warden said he had told you a near way back."

"You are going?" said Grandcourt, coming up with his usual air, as if he did not conceive that there had been any omission on his part. Lord Brackenshaw gave place to him and moved away.

"Yes, we are going," said Gwendolen, looking busily at her scarf, which she was arranging across her shoulders Scotch fashion.

"May I call at Offendene to-morrow?"

"Oh yes, if you like," said Gwendolen, sweeping him from a distance with her eyelashes. Her voice was light and sharp as the first touch of frost.

Mrs. Davilow accepted his arm to lead her to the carriage; but while that was happening, Gwendolen with incredible swiftness had got in advance of them and had sprung into the carriage.

"I got in, mamma, because I wished to be on this side," she said, apologetically. But she had avoided Grandcourt's touch: he only lifted his hat and walked away—with the not unsatisfactory impression that she meant to show herself offended by his neglect.

The mother and daughter drove for five minutes in silence. Then Gwendolen said, "I intend to join the Langens at Dover, mamma. I shall pack up immediately on getting home, and set off by the early train. I shall be at Dover almost as soon as they are; we can let them know by telegraph."

"Good heavens, child! what can be your reason for saying so?"

"My reason for saying it, mamma, is that I mean to do it."

"But why do you mean to do it?"

"I wish to go away."

"Is it because you are offended with Mr. Grandcourt's odd behavior in walking off today?"

"It is useless to enter into such questions. I am not going in any case to marry Mr. Grandcourt. Don't interest yourself further about him."

"What can I say to your uncle, Gwendolen? Consider the position you place me in. You led him to believe only last night that you had made up your mind in favor of Mr. Grandcourt."

"I am very sorry to cause you annoyance, mamma dear, but I can't help it," said Gwendolen, with still harder resistance in her tone. "Whatever you or my uncle may think or do, I shall not alter my resolve, and I shall not tell my reason. I don't care what comes of it. I don't care if I never marry any one. There is nothing worth caring for. I believe all men are bad, and I hate them."

"But need you set off in this way, Gwendolen?" said Mrs. Davilow, miserable and helpless.

"Now, mamma, don't interfere with me. If you have ever had any trouble in your own life, remember it, and don't interfere with me. If I am to be miserable, let it be by own choice."

The mother was reduced to trembling silence. She began to see that the difficulty would be lessened if Gwendolen went away.

And she did go. The packing was all carefully done that evening, and not long after dawn the next day Mrs. Davilow accompanied her daughter to the railway station. The sweet dews of morning, the cows and horses looking over the hedges without any particular reason, the early travelers on foot with their bundles, seemed all very melancholy and purposeless to them both. The dingy torpor of the railway station, before the ticket could be taken, was still worse. Gwendolen had certainly hardened in the last twenty-four hours: her mother's trouble evidently counted for little in her present state of mind, which did not essentially differ from the mood that makes men take to worse conduct when their belief in persons or things is upset. Gwendolen's uncontrolled reading, though consisting chiefly in what are called pictures of life, had somehow not prepared her for this encounter with reality. Is that surprising? It is to be believed that attendance at the *opéra bouffe* in the present day would not leave men's minds entirely without shock, if the manners observed there with some applause were suddenly to start up in their own families. Perspective, as its inventor remarked, is a beautiful thing. What horrors of damp huts, where human beings languish, may not become picturesque through aerial distance! What hymning of cancerous vices may we not languish over as sublimest art in the safe remoteness of a

strange language and artificial phrase! Yet we keep a repugnance to rheumatism and other painful effects when presented in our personal experience.

Mrs. Davilow felt Gwendolen's new phase of indifference keenly, and as she drove back alone, the brightening morning was sadder to her than before.

Mr. Grandcourt called that day at Offendene, but nobody was at home.

Editor's Easy Chair.

IT may be truly said of the country, as it is often said of a clever young student, that it is being pushed rapidly forward in its music. Thanks to our German brethren, the larger towns and cities, at least, are already familiar with the old masters, and the Easy Chair has seen in the city of the Puritans a great audience of the most refined and cultivated persons listening in reverent silence, not in the evening, but before dinner, to the difficult measures of Bach—with which august name no light liberty is permissible—while in Chicago, upon the shore of Lake Michigan, so large is the German element of the population that Beethoven and Mozart are household words. There are men in New York still living, and fond of their city reminiscences, who recall the musical society that used to meet at the old City Hotel, upon whose roof, when building, Grant Thorburn found his first job in America eighty-two years ago. The old City Hotel is long since gone, and the memory of that old music has almost wholly faded. Its school was Italian, and when Malibran came and sang and conquered, those young enthusiasts did not believe that any music could be good which was not Italian. Indeed, nothing is finer now than the air of courteous toleration with which an admirer of Malibran incredulously listens to the raptures over later goddesses. It says plainly that modern times are a delusion, and in nothing more evidently than the unqualified admiration of other singers than Malibran, and the superlatives about German music.

The Chair has not the precise date of the beginning of the Philharmonic Society in New York; but it was not very far from that of the Academy of Music in Boston, which, under the leadership of Schmidt—tall and lithe—played the fifth and second symphonies of Beethoven in the Odeon, or old Federal Street Theatre, at least thirty-five years ago. When the New York Philharmonic Society began its rehearsals in the Apollo Rooms, just below Canal Street, ladies were never present. Indeed, they were rehearsals of the old-fashioned kind—undress rehearsals strictly—at which the musicians smoked and chatted without fear of an audience. At length one brave enthusiast of the unsmoking sex ventured in, and from that day the modern rehearsal, which is really a concert, began to be, and what it has become, the curious inquirer may now see at the Academy. From about that time, also, there was a constant arrival of noted "musical stars" from over the sea. Templeton came, and Braham, but both already in their decline; and Caradori Allan and Cinti Damoreau, and *virtuosi* of all kinds—Knoop and Max Bohrer and Henri Herz and Ole Bull, Vieuxtemps and Sivori. The concert-hall was steadily moving up town, with every thing else but commerce. From the City Hotel it went by the Park to Washington Hall, where Stewart's warehouse now stands, at the corner of Chambers Street—Washington Hall, the rendezvous of the bucks and Knickerbocker macaroni of fifty years ago—the golden youth (how silvered now!) who went behind the scenes when the first French ballet dancers came, and who sat with Simpson in the box office of the old Park, and calculated the house. There are one or two of them still surviving who might have made a most entertaining book of memoirs—one or two of "the bloods" who took gay New York as seriously as the English dandies took London, and who correspond in the history of our society to the Salmagundi papers in our literature. How small the social London of Anne was, yet how large an impression it has made! The New York of the Washington Hall day was but a tolerable town, but it is perhaps better known in literature and tradition than many later periods of the great metropolis.

From Washington Hall the concert-room advanced up Broadway to the old Tabernacle, just below Leonard Street, the queer circular church which was long the most popular hall in the city, where the abolitionists were mobbed, and where Dr. Kane, like Robinson Crusoe, told the story of his strange adventures. At Washington Hall Knoop had played the violoncello and Cinti Damoreau had sung. At the Tabernacle Leopold de Meyer played the piano. What a droll business his playing was! and, to use the word inoffensively, what a good-humored charlatan the player was, with his *Marche Marocaine*, which set the audience into a tumult of delight! The clever fellow saw what pleased his hearers, and he had come for the profit of pleasing, not to declare an unknown God, like Bach or Beethoven. The audience was not very learned in music, was not at all trained in the "classics," and wanted to hear agreeable tunes produced by *tours de force* and seeming sleight of hand. The musical descendants of De Meyer's audiences are those who are esteemed by the Bachites and the Beethovenians as a frivolous and doubtful generation, who listen with pleasure to the "Beautiful Blue Danube," and suppress yawns in the midst of a fugue. The Apollo Rooms, just below Canal Street, was also a favorite hall for concerts, and for many years the seat and head-quarters of the Philharmonic Society. The factotum was Adam Fechter, who annually blew the horn at his benefit concert. There, too, an honest, worthy man held the first violin, who, like so many who have made the happy hours of the happy happier, died wretchedly last year by his own hand.

Still going up town, the concert-room long lingered at Niblo's. The Philharmonic followed, and here New York heard Thalberg in his prime. The self-possessed, polished gentleman, in full evening suit, came quietly out upon the platform, seated himself, and played. There was no claptrap, no grimace, no simulated difficulty; but the

melody followed his clean, crisp, vigorous touch as easily as it trills from the throat of a canary. Cold and impassive, he watched the audience with an indifferent gaze, as if his mind were uninterested and the playing were automatic. But it was rich and full and exquisite, and the fantasia from *Don Giovanni* reproduced the whole spirit and movement of the opera, and was, as it were, a single clear glimpse of the essential Mozart. The playing was delightful, but in no sense subsequently haunting or inspiring. There was no feeling of any thing more than a marvelous technical training and superb facility. He added difficulties to the music of others, and conquered them without an effort. During this time, also, came the gay Alfred Jaell, a nimble player, but not a master. And meanwhile our musical education was pushed apace. Beethoven was becoming to great numbers of musical persons as supreme a name in music as Shakespeare in poetry. His works were the shibboleth and test. If you liked him, you were one of the elect; and consequently how many professed the faith whose hearts secretly yearned for the beautiful blue flesh-pots!

Concerts gradually moved a little further up than Niblo's, and across Broadway to Tripler Hall, where Jenny Lind and Alboni sang. The hall was soon burned, and there was no proper hall for concerts until Steinway's, in Fourteenth Street, was built, which has now been followed by Chickering's, on the Fifth Avenue, at the corner of Eighteenth Street. The former will be memorable to the gossips of to-day as the scene of Rubinstein's playing, and the latter of Von Bülow's. But the Easy Chair can not mention either of these halls without a protest against the inadequate and inconvenient provision for egress, a fault which easily becomes an awful peril. It is not peculiar to the two delinquents now named, but is lamentably true of almost every great hall in the country. Not long ago the Easy Chair listened with a brilliant audience in Chickering Hall to the exquisite concert of English glees by Miss Beebe, Miss Finch, Mr. Aiken, and their companions, whose voices blended more delicately than the divine ravishment of as many lutes. It was an evening of enchantment, of unalloyed pleasure, and the delight of the throng was most sympathetic and appreciative. The thought of such concerts, of such tasteful, refined, and thoroughly trained singing, makes metropolitan life richer. These concerts have what no operatic performance and few other concerts have—symmetry. Moreover, they bring us into most agreeable intimacy and familiarity with the life and taste of an older society, which is full of pleasant association to every man who reads the memoirs of a former day. Yet the full impression of this concert was disturbed by the wretched provision for getting out of the hall. There is, indeed, an unmannerly and selfish portion of every audience which rustles and squeaks out toward the end of a performance; but there was so general a rising just before the last piece upon this occasion that the singers paused for some time after they came upon the platform before beginning. The reason of the disturbance, which was grossly uncourteous, was the reluctance to be detained indefinitely in the long and slow process of going out; and that is due to the miserable construction of the lobby, in which there are two staircases at right angles with the door of the hall, uniting upon one common landing before reaching the bottom. It is an imperfection which deserves exposure, and the Easy Chair, having discharged a duty in bringing this indictment before the jury of public opinion, proceeds to the pleasanter discussion from which this is a digression.

The name of Rubinstein was familiar in this country to all lovers of music long before he came, but any personal impression in regard to him was undefined. Indeed, when he first played in New York, as one of a concert company, he had no previous prestige whatever except to the strictly musical part of his audience. But he had that mighty personal magnetism which is given to some men of genius, and his career in this country was a constantly increasing triumph. The first impression as the huge high-shouldered man, with a head shaggy with thick hair, and a massive Mongolian face profoundly melancholy in its expression, came upon the platform, was that of a singular resemblance to the portraits of Beethoven, and a conviction that here was a man who could play his music with perfect sympathetic intelligence. He was always carelessly dressed; indeed, he seemed to be quite unconscious of such details. He had none of the foppery of ungloving, for he did not wear gloves; and seating himself at the piano, his giant hands moved with a tender might over the keys, preluding with a soft murmuring sound that seemed the low tone of mutual understanding between himself and the spirit of the instrument. Rubinstein played with a passionate absorption in all music that was deepest and most intense, which made the piece he played the absolute expression of himself. The emotion swelled like a flood, and swept him and the hearer away together. But he never looked at the audience, and sat like one rapt, playing from inspiration, not from memory. No possible effect of the piano can be more perfect both in spiritual sentiment and execution than his rendering of some of Liszt's transcriptions of Schubert—the barcarole, "Hark! hark! the Lark," or the "Erl King." They may have seemed slight, but they were slight only as Shakespeare's sonnets are—only like single violets and rose-buds. Indeed, it is not easy to imagine greater emotional power over an audience; and the memory and impression of the pianist are blended and merged in the magnetism of his powerful individuality. The man is remembered before the performance, and the performance is interpreted by the personal spell of the artist.

When on a Saturday afternoon the door at the side of the platform in Chickering Hall opened, and a small, dapper man entered, neatly gloved in colors and carrying his hat, dressed easily and fashionably, as for a morning reception, with the conventional stiffness of movement and manner, but with a calm gravity of aspect that forbade any finical impression, you saw the friendly rival of Rubinstein, the son-in-law of Liszt, Von Bülow. With the self-possession of a gentleman used to every society, he seated himself at the instrument, and having drawn off his gloves, he laid his long, thin-fingered, and slight hands upon his knees, and glanced abstractedly and sideways at the audience. When he lifted his hands and touched the keys, the volume of sound was extraordinary, and the clear, full, defined character of every note was most satisfactory. It was an exclusive Bee-

thoven concert, and the impression above all was that of the profoundest and most appreciating reverence of the master and the music, served by the most marvelous technical skill. The concert throughout was the conclusive evidence of the progress of our musical taste. From De Meyer crouching and sprawling over the piano in the old Tabernacle to the perfect classic refinement and tranquil supremacy of Von Bülow in Chickering Hall the distance and the advance were prodigious. The last was as severely intent upon the best and the highest as the first was devoted to the mere pleasing and popular effect. It was the difference in manhood between a voluptuary and a devotee.

The spectacle was remarkable. The great audience filling the hall was absolutely silent and intent upon the player, who, swaying unconsciously with the current of the strain, constantly regarded the listeners with a remote and serene gaze, looking suddenly wherever a fan or a handkerchief moved abruptly, or there was the least disturbance of the stillness. He had evidently assumed the interest of the audience in the finest music as of course, and his manner was that of assured sympathy, not inviting applause, but conscious that the more perfectly he played, the more intelligently the hearers would approve. Of the playing itself, every one who heard it and has spoken of it bears witness. There was the inevitable comparison with Rubinstein—the old story of the white rose and the red. There were those who called Von Bülow cold, passionless, intellectual, uninteresting. But no one who cares for music or for Beethoven could think the most comprehensive intelligence of him, revealed with matchless skill, uninteresting. The personality of the player was not picturesque and fascinating, like that of his friend, the other master, but it is not to be doubted that the one man in the world who knows how great an artist Von Bülow is, is Rubinstein. As he arose from the piano, the applause showed how genuine was the admiration, and that there was entire sympathy between the artist and the audience. It persisted, while he bowed repeatedly and retired, and it compelled him to return and at length to seat himself again at the instrument. Without flourish, and with respectful deference to the character of the concert and the taste of his hearers, he played for the recall not a pretty waltz or a tickling melody, but the *adagio* from Beethoven's *Sonate Pathetique*, one of his truest and most characteristic movements, sad, yearning, tender, and full of restrained passion. Then he arose, bowed, and quietly withdrew, while the spell of the wonderful strain remained, and remains.

There is a self-respect and a sincere devotion to the highest aspects of his art in the impression made by Von Bülow which is almost singular in the history of musical performances in this country. He has the same kind of earnest simplicity in his art that was so beautiful in Jenny Lind. It was lately stated in the newspapers that she had been to the Convent of the Certosa or of Vallombrosa, in Italy, and asked to play the organ. The monks demurred. But she mentioned her name, and at once they bowed before her, and respectfully led the way to the chapel, as if St. Cecilia herself had appeared to them. Her voice, indeed, is gone; and so one day the wondrous fingers of Rubinstein and Von Bülow will be nerveless, and touch the keys no more. But the perfect days of youth and health and all-commanding hope survive unfading in the gray-beard's heart, and fill his older life with immortal beauty. So shall it be with those who, loving music and all that it reveals, have heard Jenny Lind and Rubinstein and Von Bülow in their prime.

THE conflict, as it is called, between religion and science, or, as Dr. Draper in his late work points out, the conflict, more properly, between certain ecclesiastical assumptions and dogmas and the proved facts of existence, is not without its humorous side. Chauncey Wright, whose sudden death last summer bereaved this country of one of its acutest thinkers, and his friends of one of the most affectionate and inspiring of companions, said that Tyndall made a mistake in his Belfast address, because he seemed, however he may have been misapprehended, to take up arms against the church; "and in this world," he said, with a sweet humorous light in his eyes, "the church, you know, is militant." So a correspondent of the Providence *Journal* writes upon the Moody and Sankey revival in a strain of droll complaint of our spiritual condition, arising from the strife of the new assertions with the old traditions. After saying that the evangelists must have had a hard task in Brooklyn, because, as he remarks, "there can not be found on the face of the earth a more unpromising subject to work upon spiritually than the man who does business in New York and lives in Brooklyn," he proceeds:

"It will take a vast amount of preaching and singing before his invoices are satisfactory to the government of the United States, or his invocations pleasing and acceptable to the court of heaven. It were easier to change the soldiers' monument into a first-class wet-nurse than to alter such a man into a humble praying Christian. Mr. Sankey would have been fully justified in using the bass trombone or the snare drum to soften and mellow his hard heart, to make it pant after the true waters of life."

This severity of tone with our excellent Brooklyn neighbors the Easy Chair does not excuse. They have their troubles, but it is not to be lightly supposed that Messrs. Moody and Sankey began their ministrations in Brooklyn because they were of opinion that the inhabitants of that city were in a more desperate spiritual strait than the rest of us. By the time these words are printed, the evangelists will be bringing their forces to bear upon the great citadel of sin known as New York; and if they found our sister city as intractable as Sodom, they are very sure to find this as tough as Gomorrah.

The Providence critic of whom we are speaking is sarcastically despondent and indignant with the aspect of the religious world. He continues:

"The times are not promising for the cause of pure religion. We are all in that deplorable condition of mind where we have just knowledge enough to doubt the first chapter of Genesis, and not faith sufficient to believe in the Sermon on the Mount. Before long we shall become so scientific and well-informed that when a person dies there will be no funeral services. Some one will read comforting passages from the Transactions of the American Scientific Association, and the mourners will go about with small hammers in their hands, chipping the rocks and assuaging their anguish by proving the antiquity of creation. Front seats at the scientific lectures will be reserved for the widow and the fatherless, and instead of looking up to heaven for our consolation, we shall bore down a few feet deeper into the earth for our interesting facts. We

have traded off all simple religious faiths for a few meagre scientific facts; but there may come that day, when we think of bestowing our patronage on some undertaker, that we shall wish to trade back again, and in something of a hurry. A slight smell of camphor in a sick-room has often proved efficacious in withdrawing thoughts from questions of mere intellectual or scientific criticism, and fixing them upon the true condition of the individual soul. Darwin's greatest work is the last book we should want to read the last evening we spent on this earth....It is evident that we have now about all the scientific truth that is good for us, and we ought to add to our scanty stock of faith, or else our brains will resemble the fat man who traveled with Barnum's show, while our poor souls will form a striking likeness to the living skeleton that used to exhibit himself in that tent back of the old Manufacturers' Hotel. We recently saw a man who believed that the whale swallowed Jonah, and we were glad to see him, and to cling to this rare specimen of all faith and no intelligence. He was a much happier-looking man than any one of the advanced thinkers of the age that we ever have had the pleasure of seeing."

He deplores that, living in better houses and walking on better sidewalks and drinking better water than our ancestors, we have not their reverence for things sacred nor their belief in things eternal. They never saw the railroad, he adds, bitterly, nor the telegraph, nor the last work of Professor Tyndall; but they all believed in the Day of Judgment, and they were much more solicitous to know the final destiny of their own souls than the Origin of their Species. And he concludes that "in close quarters" the man who really believes in any thing is more than a match for the man who entertains an intelligent doubt on all subjects: which remark is both a neat and a hot shot for whomsoever it hits.

There is no one who could enjoy more than the writer of this droll Jeremiad the famous satire which came, we believe, from England, and which some of our readers may have seen in some newspaper, but which, from the curious perfection of its workmanship, is worthy the kind of perpetuity that it will receive in these columns. The more thorough is the acquaintance with the details and nomenclature of modern science and speculation, the more admirable the humor appears. Even Mr. Moody, if he had found time to inform himself upon such subjects, would not quarrel with this skillful parody, and he could effectively ask his rapt hearers which scheme of creation they preferred, which was more consoling to their hope and hearts—that of the Bible story or this of the modern speculation. As he presumably seeks only the truth, he would be interested to know that this is the honest present statement of the truth upon the part of science. These, then, are "the new Scriptures, according to Tyndall, Huxley, Spencer, and Darwin:"

1. Primarily the Unknowable moved upon cosmos and evolved protoplasm.
2. And protoplasm was inorganic and undifferentiated, containing all things in potential energy; and a spirit of evolution moved upon the fluid mass.
3. And the Unknowable said, Let atoms attract; and their contact begat light, heat, and electricity.
4. And the Unconditioned differentiated the atoms, each after its kind; and their combinations begat rock, air, and water.
5. And there went out a spirit of evolution from the Unconditioned, and working in protoplasm, by accretion and absorption produced the organic cell.
6. And cell by nutrition evolved primordial germ, and germ developed protogene; and protogene begat eozoon, and eozoon begat monad, and monad begat animalcule.
7. And animalcule begat ephemera; then began creeping things to multiply on the face of the earth.
8. And earthy atom in vegetable protoplasm begat the molecule, and thence came all grass and every herb in the earth.
9. And animalcules in the water evolved fins, tails, claws, and scales; and in the air wings and beaks; and on the land they sprouted such organs as were necessary as played upon by the environment.
10. And by accretion and absorption came the radiata and mollusca, and mollusca begat articulata, and articulata begat vertebrata.
11. Now these are the generation of the higher vertebrata, in the cosmic period that the Unknowable evoluted the bipedal mammalia,
12. And every man of the earth, while he was yet a monkey, and the horse while he was a hipparion, and the hipparion before he was an oredon.
13. Out of the ascidian came the amphibian and begat the pentadactyle; and the pentadactyle by inheritance and selection produced the hylobate, from which are the simiadæ in all their tribes.
14. And out of the simiadæ the lemur prevailed above his fellows and produced the platyrhine monkey.
15. And the platyrhine begat the catarrhine, and the catarrhine monkey begat the anthropoid ape, and the ape begat the longimanous orang, and the orang begat the chimpanzee, and the chimpanzee evoluted the what-is-it.
16. And the what-is-it went into the land of Nod and took him a wife of the longimanous gibbons.
17. And in process of the cosmic period were born unto them and their children the anthropomorphic primordial types.
18. The homunculus, the prognathus, the troglodyte, the autochthon, the terragen—these are the generations of primeval man.
19. And primeval man was naked and not ashamed, but lived in quadrumanous innocence, and struggled mightily to harmonize with the environment.
20. And by inheritance and natural selection did he progress from the stable and homogeneous to the complex and heterogeneous—for the weakest died and the strongest grew and multiplied.
21. And man grew a thumb for that he had need of it, and developed capacities for prey.
22. For, behold, the swiftest men caught the most animals, and the swiftest animals got away from the most men; wherefore the slow animals were eaten and the slow men starved to death.
23. And as types were differentiated, the weaker types continually disappeared.
24. And the earth was filled with violence; for man strove with man and tribe with tribe, whereby they killed off the weak and foolish and secured the survival of the fittest.

Last year, when the celebration of the Centennial anniversaries began at Concord and Lexington, some of the sincerest and most faithful friends of fair play for women declined to take any part or interest, because Concord Bridge and Lexington Green, they contended, are famous for the defense of a great principle, which, these protestants insisted, those who managed the celebrations resolutely opposed. This principle was one of which we shall hear very much in this Centennial year—that there should be no taxation without representation. Sundry ladies have recently been urging this rather familiar American principle upon a perplexed committee of the New York Legislature. The Chamber was crowded, as it always is upon such occasions, and the ladies had it all their own way. The Easy Chair does not say this "gallantly," but sincerely, for there really is no adverse argument. When we, either consciously or ignorantly, permitted women to become owners of taxed property in fee, we surrendered the whole case. If a stupid and drunken man, owning a handsome estate in the country, may have a voice in the selection of the representative who is to lay taxes upon it, why should not his next neighbor, an intelligent and sagacious woman, owning a larger estate and paying taxes upon it, have an equal voice in the selection of the imposer of the taxes? Does the fact of sex destroy the principle? But is the Cen-

tennial year famous for the vindication of the political doctrine that male taxation and representation should go together, or simply that taxation and representation should be so united? Did Sam Adams, or James Otis, or Patrick Henry, or John Jay, or any of the heroes of '76 qualify the assertion of their principle by any word denoting sex? Or, when they declared on a certain famous day that all men were created equal, did they mean, as was gravely contended by so "practical" a politician as Mr. Douglas, that white men only were so created, and therefore—!

But certainly they meant white men, interposes the objector, for at that very time they held black men in slavery; and certainly, he says, they meant male taxation, because nobody ever thought of a woman's voting. The Easy Chair once heard the ladies arguing for this claim in the same Assembly Chamber in which the perplexed committee lately sat, and the committee of that earlier day was equally perplexed. The members smiled good-humoredly at the absurd claim, and they responded "gallantly" to every question, and were quite willing that "the good ladies should have their say." In the Speaker's pulpit stood Mrs. Stanton in the summer evening, tranquilly fanning herself, and with candor and force and good nature asking the terrible questions, to which no member of the committee had any other distinct reply than that the suggestion, if made in earnest, was simply preposterous. When any one of them remarked that the actual circumstances and practice of the men of the Revolution showed that they had no thought of such an application of their principle, Mrs. Stanton asked, with an amused smile, whether, as philosophers and logicians, they ought not to have thought of it, and whether their blindness was a reason that we should refuse to see? If men proclaim a principle of action which by its very nature is gradually seen to be more and more embracing, is its operation always to be limited by the narrow vision and selfish aim of those who promulgate it? If, she asked, gently waving her fan, as if to scatter mosquitoes—if, gentlemen, representation should go with taxation, ought not all intelligent and moral native tax-payers to have a voice in the choice of the representative? One of the committee, who declined to go into the corner, murmured, "Not if they are women." "And why not if they are women?" "Because God did not intend that women should vote." "And where does He say that He intends that men should vote?"

There was one woman a hundred years ago who is perhaps the most famous woman of the Revolution, admirable in every capacity of woman's peculiar sphere, and equally fitted for the common sphere of men and women in human society. This was Abigail Adams, the wife of one President and the mother of another. She at least was reasonable and logical, whoever is not. Writing to her husband, who was in his seat in the Continental Congress, on the 31st of March, 1776, this typical American matron says:

"I long to hear that you have declared an independency. And, by-the-way, in the new code of laws which I suppose it will be necessary for you to make, I desire you would remember the ladies, and be more generous and favorable to them than your ancestors. Do not put such unlimited power into the hands of the husbands. Remember, all men would be tyrants if they could. If particular care and attention is not paid to the ladies, we are determined to foment a rebellion, and will not hold ourselves bound by any laws in which we have no voice or representation. That your sex are naturally tyrannical is a truth so thoroughly established as to admit of no dispute; but such of you as wish to be happy, willingly give up the harsh title of master for the more tender and endearing one of friend. Why, then, not put it out of the power of the vicious and the lawless to use us with cruelty and indignity with impunity?"

Again, in the following May, she says:

"I can not say that I think you are very generous to the ladies, for while you are proclaiming peace and good-will to men, emancipating all nations, you insist upon retaining an absolute power over wives."

The tone of affectionate gayety and feminine dependence does not affect the deep and sweet seriousness of passages that show how penetrating was the glance of this admirable woman. Indeed, she but expresses the instinctive feeling of most of the noblest minds and hearts of her sex. But Mrs. Abigail Adams would have pleaded in vain before a committee of the Congress in which her husband sat. The smiling and affable chairman would have heard her courteously, and would then have replied: "Dear and respected madame, when women show that they feel the deprivation of the ballot to be a grievance, this Congress will take the subject into serious consideration. You must excuse us if we can not regard your individual views and wishes as those of your sex. We are inclined to believe that most of them would consider the ballot to be an oppressive burden imposed upon them, not a desirable privilege. Home, not Congress, is the sphere of woman, dear madame—at least that is our opinion, and that seems to have been the universal opinion and practice of mankind. You and your fellow-petitioners, dear Mrs. Adams, have leave to withdraw."

This is very much the speech that the affable chairman contrives to make, if he makes any. Its argument really is that no political reform should be made until the wrong to be corrected has become so intolerable that there is a general cry and protest. Nothing must be done in regard to the relations of capital and labor until the peace of society is evidently imperiled. Nothing must be done about slavery until the chain eats into the flesh and wrings a cry of agony from the lips. No measures must be taken against pestilence until it is decimating the population. Statesmanship is never to try to prevent, but only to alleviate when political disease has become desperate. Foresight, sagacity, comprehension, the salvation of the state from the moral deterioration and the economical loss of acknowledged abuses—these are not to be considered as elements and purposes of political wisdom. The practice of ages and of mankind is to be our guide, as if it would not justify every enormity and folly. Home, not somewhere else, is the sphere of woman, as if the only condition of home to most women were not that they should toil somewhere else. Finally, the intelligent should not be allowed to do what the ignorant do not wish to do. The affable chairmen must do better than this. Their wisest way is to smile only, and not to attempt to answer Abigail Adams, under whatever name she may appear.

A FEW years ago there was a great deal of fun made of the system of lyceum lectures as a kind of lion-hunting business that would soon die out of public interest. If any man or woman became

noted for any kind of proper performance and had a certain reputation, the lyceum committees immediately asked a lecture, and the region in which the invitation was accepted became at once familiar with the latest hero or heroine of the newspapers or the book reviews. This lyceum had grown out of the older town societies, in which grave literary or scientific lectures were given forty and fifty years ago, and instead of dying out, it has marvelously developed and increased, until now Englishmen come over the sea to stand upon the platform, and on some evening in every winter week and in every town and village of the country the voice of the lecturer is heard, and the interest and demand seem to be unabated. During all this time the system has been modified in many ways, and many facts are observable. Among the chief of these is the decline of the interest in miscellaneous courses in the larger cities. Philadelphia almost alone, under the skillful direction of an experienced manager, maintains a popular and thronged miscellaneous course. Boston, whence the lecture is supposed to have sprung, and which, within easy memory, had three and four successful courses simultaneously, has seen course after course abandoned, and now with difficulty and spasmodically sustains only certain lectures. New York was never a congenial soil for the lyceum, and its miscellaneous courses have seldom succeeded. This city indifference is not surprising, because its resources of amusement are so many and tempting. The theatre, the opera, the concert, the minstrels, the clubs, offer an easy and pleasant entertainment, and the variety of social engagements is fatal to the lyceum.

Another fact in its history is the rapid rise and growth of the comic lecture. This began really with Artemus Ward and Mark Twain, and has had no such masters as they. But as they were truly, in their way, masters, and as the public always likes to be amused, the result was very evident. The lecture became more and more distinctively an "entertainment." It is hardly too much to say that humor was the chief demand of the lyceum, and the result was that the "lecture list" of the winter soon embraced concerts and conjurers, theatrical companies and ventriloquists, and the philosopher who came to speak of the cosmic forces or of the early dramatists discovered that he followed the wonderful youth who played the violin with his feet, and heard announced as his successor upon the platform an unrivaled master of the banjo and the bones. This was not surprising, nor does the Easy Chair mention it for censure. In a village remote from towns, and where the young and old people, like other old and young people, like to laugh and be easily merry, but have small opportunity, it is very much better that the banjo and the bones, the magician and the ventriloquist, who are all exceedingly entertaining, and much to the taste of the good-natured, healthy mind, should appear under the auspices of a responsible committee of known neighbors, who would take good care that the possible offenses of such amusements should be eliminated. But the effect was inevitable. The demand for "entertainment" became imperative, and the evenings of the lectures proper must be filled by "sensational" speakers, who would keep up the titillation of the banjo, but in another way.

In this manner the lyceum platform, "within the memory of men now living," has gradually changed from an agency of instruction to one of amusement. And from this there are now the signs of a natural and healthful reaction. The opportunity of the platform is plainly immense. It may very readily be an opportunity of the most valuable and agreeable teaching; and no one who recalls any really excellent continuous course of lectures by a competent speaker but will agree that he recalls one of the great pleasures and profits of his life. How much of the general impression of Dean Swift both in England and America is due to Thackeray's first lecture in his famous course upon the humorists! Mr. John Forster, probably more thoroughly equipped for the purpose than any man living, in his exhaustive *Life of Swift*, of which the first volume has been recently published in this country,* devotes himself with all his strength to correct the opinion which is mainly due to the apt and powerful presentation of a lecture. Thackeray's Georges; Carlyle's course upon Heroes and Hero Worship; the earlier and lost course of Coleridge upon Shakespeare, of which there are glimpses in *Crabbe Robinson;* the first courses of Mr. Emerson in our larger cities; those of Agassiz, of Tyndall, of Froude, and Proctor; the Lowell Institute courses of Holmes and Lowell—do we remember more valuable and delightful evenings? "Fled is that music?"

The present reaction in the lyceum sets away from the miscellaneous course in which Blitz follows Phillips, and the "end man" Miss Dickinson, toward the original plan of the lecture system, and it is found in many quarters that a course of six or any continuous series upon some subject which has a real interest for the general public, and upon which the lecturer is fully informed and competent to speak, is exceedingly attractive. The interest is cumulative, and, more than that, when the speaker is full of his subject and warm and glowing with it, he inspires the indifferent to interest and the ignorant to knowledge. Those who come to scoff remain to pray. The Easy Chair has seen in a Williams College paper an account of the literary revival awakened among the students by a popular course of lectures upon English literature; and in a free foundation at Lawrence, in Massachusetts, an audience of more than two thousand persons, largely composed of the factory laborers, listened eagerly to a course upon Rome, which, by the aid of the spectroscope, placed before their delighted eyes the very scenes of which the lecturer spoke; and the course was far more successful than any miscellaneous course for many a year.

It is not, indeed, enough that the course be continuous. The charm of all public speaking lies in the speaker, and if a man can not say what he would in a manner that attracts the hearer, he should rather make his appeal by the types than the tongue. The fame of the lecturer, too, is a cardinal element in the calculation. When Coleridge or Emerson, or Carlyle or Agassiz, or Lowell or Tyndall, or Thackeray or Holmes, speaks upon any subject, the public flocks to hear. But even they will not hold the public from evening to evening if, with all their other gifts, they have not that of the golden tongue or the honeyed

* *The Life of Jonathan Swift.* By JOHN FORSTER. New York: Harper and Brothers.

lip. The lyceum committees, which despair of making their "entertainment" a rival of the circus, and who declare bitterly that a clown draws in their town more than Gabriel himself, should take heart. Let them leave to the circus its legitimate triumph, and seek their own in bringing upon their platform a continuous interest, which need not be the less interesting that it is instructive. They have probably found this true in scientific courses. They will not find it less so in literary and historical courses, if in each they find the same kind of master as in the scientific course. At least they will probably note the signs of reaction and of a new departure.

Editor's Literary Record.

SUCH a work as VIOLLET-LE-DUC'S *Discourses on Architecture* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) may be measured either by a professional or a popular standard, by its value to the student of architecture or by its value to the general reader. It is in the latter aspect alone that we undertake to measure it; and we do not hesitate to give it a first rank when thus measured. Possibly if the men who live in houses and worship in churches knew a little something respecting the fundamental principles of art, the men who build would not give us houses that alternate between the *outré* and the commonplace, and churches that are either poor imitations of a mediæval cathedral or good imitations of a modern barn. M. Viollet-le-Duc subordinates the technicalities to the fundamental principles of art, and sets forth the latter with a breadth of comprehension and a vigor of expression such that the scholar educated in his school must forget the primary instructions of his professor in order to become, what most of our architects are, mere copyists of malapropos models. "Art does not consist in this or that form, but in a principle, a logical method." This sentence embodies the central truth of which every chapter and almost every paragraph is an illustration. If New Yorkers knew this simple principle, they would not suffer the front of their Post-office to be decorated with a wooden shed; if the architect who built it had known this principle, he would have considered that a covered way for horses was needed, and would have provided for it in his original designs. The volume before us traces in successive chapters the history of architecture from its rude beginnings, through its glory in Greece and Rome, down to the present time. It does this with a philosophical largeness of treatment and a comparative freedom from technicality of phraseology and minutiæ of detail that bring the subject wholly within the understanding of the non-professional reader, who will require only to read with an ordinary English dictionary at his hand to refresh his recollection respecting some of the architectural terms necessarily in constant use. The book is illustrated with plates reproduced, we judge, by the heliotype process. They are less for ornament than for use. We have not compared the translation with the original, but the book is a model of clear, vigorous English. Mr. VAN BRUNT has been very successful in keeping his pages clear from those idioms and involutions which almost invariably impair the freshness and the perspicacity of books on professional themes rendered from one language into another.

The Victorian Poets (J. R. Osgood and Co.), by EDMUND CLARENCE STEDMAN, is one of those volumes which all the critics will commend, but which unhappily the American reading public will read less than some other less worthy volumes. The author's object is to treat of that school of poets which belongs historically to the reign of the present Queen of England. He begins with Landor; he ends with Swinburne. To say that he is a poet writing of poets is to do but scant justice to his really admirable volume. For poets are apt to be a law unto themselves, to write out of their own imagination, and to lack that patient, painstaking, assiduous study in detail which is essential to all true and just criticism. The poet is rarely a critic; the critic is rarely a poet: Mr. Stedman is both. His work evinces not only a fine poetic insight, an appreciation of the more delicate and subtile qualities of both thought and style in such writers as Tennyson, for example, but also a vindication to himself by patient and conscientious study of his theories of interpretation of character. His essays are not merely brilliant, they are well sustained. He has not only been quick to perceive, he has also been diligent to collect, to investigate, to compare, and thus his work is, what few American criticisms are, just and true. The most profoundly and justly appreciative notice of Tennyson we have ever met is his admirable chapter on the poet laureate. To the general reader his work would have been more valuable if he had not assumed so considerable a public acquaintance with the lives and works of those who are the theme of his critiques, and had contrived, even at the loss of something of the present comprehensiveness of his volume, to weave in a very much larger proportion of illustrative extracts.

Dr. WILLIAM SMITH'S works are known to all students of ancient life; the library which he has given to the world is not only a monument to his own industry and learning, but also a noble attestation of how enduring and useful a work can be wrought by patient labor without special genius; for he has exhibited in his literary labors no other genius than that of conscientious care, industrious research, and singleness of purpose, pursued with patience of labor. His "Student's Histories" are classics, almost, if not quite, indispensable to a study of the past; but his greater work is that whose fruits are the series of dictionaries which he has given to the English public. His three dictionaries of Greek and Roman biography, of Greek and Roman geography, and of Greek and Roman antiquities cover nearly the whole ground of classic research; and their thoroughness is such that, unlike most similar works, they have become an original authority. His *Dictionary of the Bible* followed; his method of preparation, which assigns to separate writers separate articles, deprives this of a needed unity, and the student is sometimes perplexed by finding in different articles contradictory accounts

of the same matter; nevertheless the work is a deservedly pre-eminent contribution to the study of Biblical literature. He now follows this with *A Dictionary of Christian Antiquities and Biography* (Little, Brown, and Co.), the first volume of which is before us; it will be completed in two volumes, and is fully though not handsomely illustrated with engravings, the object of which is to convey information rather than to beautify the volume. It is to be followed by *A Dictionary of Christian Biography, Literature, and Doctrines;* and the series, when completed, is intended to constitute, though in separate works, a complete Cyclopedia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature. The object of the work now before us can not be better stated than in the words of the preface:

"The present work, speaking generally, elucidates and explains in relation to the Christian Church the same class of subjects that the *Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities* does in reference to the public and private life of classical antiquity. It treats of the organization of the Church, its officers, legislation, discipline, and revenues; the social life of Christians; their worship and ceremonial, with the accompanying music, vestments, instruments, vessels, and insignia; their sacred places; their architecture and other forms of art; their symbolism; their sacred days and seasons; the graves or catacombs in which they were laid to rest."

With Dr. Smith has been associated in the preparation of this work Professor SAMUEL CHEETHAM, of King's College, London, and the names of seventy-eight writers are given who have contributed articles in departments in which they were supposed to be specially familiar. With one or two exceptions, these are all English names, and we judge that all, or nearly all, are members of the Church of England. The only positive criticism we have to suggest in respect to the execution of this work is that for the great body of Americans, whether laymen or clergymen, it is too elaborate, too minute, and too costly. Ecclesiastical precedent is of vastly less consequence in America than in England. For practical utility in this country much of the "doubtful disputations" might be profitably omitted, the results embodied in definite conclusions, and the two volumes reduced to one. The same criticism applies, though with much less force, to the *Dictionary of the Bible*, which is, however, much more popular in style as well as in subject-matter.

The *Masque of Pandora* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) gives its title to the last volume of LONGFELLOW'S poems. It is the largest and most important poem in the book, and the only one, we believe, that has not before been published. The rest of the volume consists of "The Hanging of the Crane," "Morituri Salutamus," and twenty-two shorter pieces. The "Masque of Pandora" is a dramatic recital of the well-known legend of Pandora's curiosity and its result, in the escape from the chest where they are confined of

> "Fever of the heart and brain,
> Sorrow, pestilence, and pain,
> Moans of anguish, maniac laughter—
> All the evils that hereafter
> Shall afflict and vex mankind"—

while hope alone remains within. It is characteristic of Longfellow's nature that he can not make the poem true to itself. It is a heathen legend, and he is a Christian poet, and when Epimetheus returns to find the ruin which the beautiful Pandora has wrought, he brings hope with him and love, and Eden remains Eden still despite the fall.

> "Even now in passing through the garden walks,
> Upon the ground I saw a fallen nest,
> Ruined and full of rain; and over me
> Beheld the uncomplaining birds already
> Busy in building a new habitation."

Longfellow is not a classic but a modern poet. His spirit is essentially that of a large, a tender, a sweet charity; the pervasive influence of Christianity is in all he writes; and it is as impossible for him to reproduce the acerb fruits of earlier ages as for fall to produce the blossoms or the green fruit of early spring. The reader will not be carried back by the "Masque of Pandora" to ancient days, as he is by the delightfully heathen poems of William Morris or the Homeric verse of Bryant; but he will read the legend of old time in the light of modern hope and love, and if he does not learn, as well as he otherwise might, the spirit of ancient mythology, he will go back to his own ills of life with a stouter heart to endure the faults and failings of his own Pandora with a more patient love.

There is one serious if not fatal defect in *Glimpses of the Supernatural* (G. W. Carleton and Co.): it is born out of due time. Three hundred years ago it would have been read with unquestioning faith; to-day it will be regarded by the majority of American readers only as a curious illustration of the extent to which combined credulity and superstition have imposed upon the judgment of mankind. There is nothing inherently incredible in the doctrine that spiritual existences exert an influence upon terrestrial affairs, and at certain times and under certain circumstances manifest themselves to and hold converse with mortals. It may with some reason be contended that a belief in ghosts, spectres, fairies, spooks, dreams, omens, apparitions, supernatural diseases and supernatural cures, second-sight, witchcraft, necromancy, demonology, and the like would not be so universal if there was not some small basis of fact for a superstructure so large. But lamentable as the fact may be in the eyes of so ready and unquestioning a believer as Rev. FREDERICK GEORGE LEE, D.C.L., vicar of All-Saints, Lambeth, this is a very skeptical age, and requires for its convictions evidence much more cogent than that which he has here presented in support of his defense of the supernatural reality of modern so-called spiritual phenomena. As an argument, it will be quite ineffectual to shake modern skepticism, which will, indeed, be rather strengthened than weakened by a perusal of this curious volume. "If this is all the evidence that the advocates of modern supernaturalism can gather," the readers will say, "the case must be weak indeed—weaker than we had imagined." This conclusion will possibly be erroneous; for Mr. Lee has not a judicial mind; he has not the ability to compare and collate testimony, and to weigh and adjudge its value. Another author might with his materials have presented a much stronger case. The remarkable story of exorcism, according to the prescribed ecclesiastical forms, narrated by an unnamed but "eminent and well-known clergyman of the Church of England," he accepts with as little hesitation as if it were vouched for by a score of disinterested witnesses, whose names attested the truth of their testimony. The curious story of Lord Lyttleton's death and

his contemporaneous appearance to his friend is reported with a child-like indifference to the facts that there are apparently no vouchers for the account, that it appears in different, not to say inconsistent, forms, and that neither the warning to Lord Lyttleton, nor his own ghostly appearance to Mr. Andrews, had in it any useful purpose. In short, whatever effect this book may produce on the reader will be the result of the multitude of ghost stories it contains, not the consequence of the authentication of any one story. So far as we have examined, there is not a single instance which will bear the scrutiny of a critical and searching analysis. As an argument, the volume is an utter failure. As a collection of queer traditions, of all sorts of ghostly appearances, purporting to be actual and authentic, it is at once curious and interesting—decidedly the most entertaining collection of ghost stories with which it has ever been our fortune to meet.

The most instructive portion, certainly the most significant, of Mr. HOLYOAKE'S *History of Co-operation* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.) is the advertising appendix. This contains a list of the leading co-operative distributing and manufacturing societies, banks, and agencies of England, and indicates that co-operation has advanced much farther and is carried on upon a much larger scale there than in this country. These co-operative societies purchase for their members butter from Ireland, Holland, and Denmark; cheese, bacon, and ham from the United States; coal from the English mines; they manufacture bread, biscuits, boots and shoes, soap, clothing, flour, and meal; they furnish groceries, farm implements, books, newspapers, stationery; they provide insurance and banking facilities; and in all alike they claim to dispense with the expense of middle-men, to furnish directly to the consumer at the cost of production, transportation, and sale; and generally the purchaser is also a share-holder, and entitled to a proportion of the profits of the business. The members of one society are reported to number 15,000; the trade of another is reported to be a quarter of a million sterling annually. In the second volume we may expect that Mr. Holyoake will advise his readers how these co-operative societies are organized, how they carry on their business, what are the advantages and what the drawbacks. The practical effect of co-operation is something the world is greatly interested to know. The present volume simply traces historically the rise and growth of this principle from 1812 to 1844. The author is more widely than favorably known as an offensive atheist and a vehement radical. But his atheism does not appear—certainly not offensively or obtrusively—in this volume; and his radicalism is so far tempered that he is able to discern and to indicate the defects which brought to ruin so many promising schemes of co-operation in the past. It is easy, however, to point out the flaw in the iron after the machinery has broken down; whether he will be equally sagacious to discern and to indicate the weak places in modern co-operative schemes remains to be seen. There is a lack of large grasp in the work, a failure in perspective, an inability to discriminate between comparatively unimportant details and really vital events and principles; and this defect detracts from both the interest and the value of what is rather a narrative than, in the best sense of the word, a history of co-operation. But it contains much material worthy the patient and painstaking study of those who are engaged in investigating the problems of life and labor in the United States.

Dr. ALLIBONE completes his series of dictionaries with one of *Prose Quotations* (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). The volume is a companion in size and style to his *Dictionary of Poetical Quotations*, and we are inclined to give it a first rank among works of this description. In breadth and usefulness to the general reader it has no rival, except, perhaps, Ballou's *Treasury of Thought*. Comparing these two works, it may be said that Ballou's selections are more uniformly short (twelve lines is almost his longest paragraph, and more are from three to five); more a book of mere *thoughts*, it covers rather a larger range in its selection, borrowing, on the one hand, more from ancient, and, on the other, more from living, authors than Dr. Allibone. The latter is especially rich in his selections from the English classics—Addison, Steele, Johnson, Browne, Burke, Robert Hall, Macaulay—as would be naturally expected of the editor of the *Dictionary of Authors*. His selections vary in length from two lines to a quarter of a page, which gives his book a greater scope, though less variety. If one wishes a mere hand-book of quotations, a convenient magazine from which to draw a sentence to garnish an eloquent paragraph or give to an address an appearance of learning by plentiful quotations, he will find probably a more useful instrument in Ballou's *Treasury of Thought*. But if he wishes really to get the best thoughts of the best thinkers on any given subject, particularly English thinkers, he will find in no equally narrow compass a more valuable work for his purpose than Allibone's *Prose Quotations*.

Thrift, by SAMUEL SMILES (Harper and Brothers), is emphatically a book for hard times. It teaches how to be forehanded, how to accumulate, how to be independent. Industry, improvidence, means and methods of saving, living beyond means, and living within means—these and kindred topics furnish Mr. Smiles his theme; life furnishes him with his illustrations. The volume is characteristically concrete. It exemplifies its practical principles by illustrations drawn from real life, and shows alike how men of genius have kept themselves in perpetual poverty and how men of ordinary ability have attained a competence or accumulated wealth. While a certain English air betrays its transatlantic origin, and some of its counsels are only indirectly applicable to our own country, its principles are universal, because general, and the moral tone which pervades its pages prevents the thrift which it recommends from degenerating into sordidness or its economies into niggardliness. It is a capital book for boys and young men, and one of the first books for the family library of a young couple starting out in life. Half the domestic quarrels and contentions would be saved by a reasonable balance in bank, and by habit, made a second nature, of grading desires according to the means of honestly gratifying them—a habit which *Thrift* so earnestly urges on its readers.

The Mechanic's Friend (D. Van Nostrand) treats in brief paragraphs of a number of practical subjects, from aquaria to telegraphs; it is fully illustrated, and its elaborate index gives it almost the value of a very compact cyclopedia of practical me-

chanics.—*How to Live Long*, by W. W. HALL, M.D. (Hurd and Houghton), is eminently practical in its suggestions; but its 1408 separate paragraphs are deprived of more than half their utility because they are thrown together without any attempt at classification. The index at the end only partially compensates for this defect.—Another book on our Southern resort: *Florida: its Scenery, Climate, and History*, by SIDNEY LANIER (J. B. Lippincott and Co.). Its illustrations make it attractive; so does the style of its author, who does himself much less than justice in calling his readable book a "complete hand-book and guide."—Mr. ALVAN S. SOUTHWORTH shows himself an enthusiast in demanding that "Africa should be Americanized," but his *Four Thousand Miles of African Travel* (Baker, Pratt, and Co.) is certainly not less entertaining, and perhaps not less trustworthy, on that account. The volume is one of the literary fruits of American newspaper enterprise, the journey having been sustained by the New York *Herald*, for which Mr. Southworth was a traveling correspondent. His account of Egypt and its present Khedive quickens hope for that country, at once the most stagnant and the most progressive in the world.—The American reader may get a faint notion of the extent and resources of the great West by studying *Nebraska: its Advantages, Resources, and Drawbacks*, by EDWIN A. CURLEY. Its object appears to be to stimulate and guide emigration. It is quite fully illustrated, and its maps are admirable. It is a plain, practical, common-sense volume, not entertaining to the general reader, but a magazine of useful information to any one who has a personal interest in studying the resources of the State.

Jesus of Nazareth for the Young, by Rev. JOSEPH P. THOMPSON, D.D. (J. R. Osgood and Co.), is a little too old for the young, and a little too young for the old. "What shall be the baby's name?" is a capital opening sentence for the chapter on the "name Jesus" in a book for children, but the pleasant paragraph which follows will seem surplusage to the adult. On the other hand, the chapter on the miracles is somewhat too profound in thought and abstruse in style for any except those who are on the extreme verge of youth. It is nevertheless an excellent volume for Sabbath reading in the home circle.—*Memoirs of Rev. William Goodell, D.D.*, by E. D. G. PRIME, D.D. (Robert Carter and Brothers), and *The Romance of Missions*, by MARIA A. WEST (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), are valuable and interesting expositions of missionary life. The results of missionary labor are so generally presented in dry statistical reports, or in incidents robbed of their interest in the narration, that something of surprise mingles with and adds to the pleasure in the perusal of two such volumes as these.—Not a little of serious common-sense underlies Gail Hamilton's *Sermons to the Clergy* (W. F. Gill and Co.), but her endeavor to be sprightly and salient deprives her words of much of their weight and more of their influence. She makes herself appear more of an iconoclast than she really is, and seems to be attacking common opinions more for the sake of saying smart things than for the sake of the truth.—*The Sensualistic Philosophy of the Nineteenth Century Considered*, by R. L. DABNEY, D.D. (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.), will be regarded probably as a strong and conclusive demonstration of the falsity of that philosophy by those who are already convinced. But a writer who opens his consideration of the philosophy of John Stuart Mill, Herbert Spencer, and Mr. Darwin by the declaration that "it is a just charge against the sensualistic philosophy that it not seldom inclines its advocates to the dominion of beastly lusts" will not even get a hearing from those whose errors he wishes to correct.—In *The Animals of the Bible*, by JOHN WOOSTER (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.), the author undertakes to trace out the spiritual significance of Bible animals, regarding them as allegorical of spiritual qualities, according to Swedenborg's doctrine of correspondences. Those who do not accept that doctrine will still find much that is suggestive in this little volume.—*Notes on the International Sunday-school Lessons*, by R. W. CLARKE, D.D. (Dodd and Mead), is not an adequate substitute for a thorough, well-wrought-out commentary. Its only use will be for Sunday-school scholars and teachers.—*Sermons on the International Sunday-school Lessons for* 1876 (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.), by the Monday Club, is the combined work of several clergymen in and about Boston, and is mainly useful because of its intensely practical character.

The volumes of selections heretofore prepared by JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER are sufficient evidence of the warmth of his sympathies, the catholicity of his opinions, and the acumen of his critical judgment. His *Songs of Three Centuries* (J. R. Osgood and Co.) will take rank among the very best of our collections of poetry. It is richest in modern songs, does not go back of the middle of the sixteenth century, and gives by far the largest proportion of its pages to what Mr. Stedman calls the Victorian poets and to their American contemporaries. Less complete in conception than some other collections, less rich in the antique and the rare, it is, perhaps, the best volume of modern poetry, both in the variety of authors and the wisdom and good taste of the selections. In it, as might be expected, the humorous element is not largely represented, nor the melodramatic: poems of religious life, of the affections, and of nature, generally in their quieter and pleasanter aspects, are Mr. Whittier's favorites. Thus the only representative of Poe is "The Bells," and neither Bret Harte, John Hay, nor Joaquin Miller speaks in dialect, and Hans Breitmann not at all, though Charles G. Leland is here in his own proper person. The songs are all full of sweetness, and nearly if not quite all characterized by simplicity as well as purity. In the absence of defects, this is a notable collection.—Candor compels us to say that *Guido and Lita* (Macmillan and Co.), though a pleasantly told story in rhyme, depends for its attractiveness chiefly upon the illustrations which grace the volume, and upon the fact that its author is the Marquis of Lorne.—*Our Poetical Favorites*, Second Series (Sheldon and Co.), is a worthy companion volume to the First Series, by the same author. In that the collections were made chiefly from the best minor poems; in this, chiefly from the longer English poems; in both, the selection comprises, as the title indicates, well-known favorites rather than rare and unknown poems.—*A Few Thoughts for a Few Friends*, by ALICE ARNOLD CRAWFORD (Jansen, M'Clurg, and Co.), contains some descriptive pieces which exhibit unusual pictorial power. In the others the sentiment is fresh and pure, but not otherwise remarkable either for character or expression.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

THE *Astronomical* activity during December has flagged slightly, if we may judge from the fact that but one new asteroid has been reported during the month, that, namely, which has received the number 157, and was discovered by Borelly at Marseilles on the 1st of the month.

In *Meteorology*, some valuable and suggestive papers have appeared, first among which we notice one by Professor Langley, of the observatory at Alleghany City, Pennsylvania. This gentleman has for some eight years given special attention to the phenomena observed in the solar atmosphere, and in his latest communication he gives a general review of his determination of the absorption of the solar heat and light that takes place in the sun's atmosphere itself. This absorption takes place, he thinks, principally in a shallow layer at the base of the chromosphere, and nearly coinciding with the "reversing layer" observed by Secchi and Young, and amounts, so far as the heat is concerned, to about one-half of the whole original energy. The slightest change in the thickness or other condition of the solar atmosphere has an appreciable effect on the absorption, so that we have here at hand a sufficient cause for those variations in solar heat that geological observations seem to demand. The absorption is also selective, so that the sun tends to have a bluish tinge when the absorbing layer is thin, but to have a reddish tinge at other times, affording us thus some rational hypothesis whereby to explain the phenomena of variable stars.

Professor Loomis communicates to the National Academy of Science his fourth paper on the results of the study of the daily weather maps of our Army Weather Bureau. Besides a number of miscellaneous subjects, Professor Loomis treats of the movements of areas of high barometric pressure, showing that they move southeastward —a point, however, that can scarcely be called new, inasmuch as it is renewedly shown in the monthly reviews of the Signal-office. It was first announced in 1871 by Mr. Abbe, and was even predicted by Professor Ferrel so long ago as 1859. By studying the published paths of storms over America, the Atlantic, and Europe, Professor Loomis is led to the conclusion that about one-tenth of those that originate in America reach Great Britain. In their progress over the ocean their rate of movement is sensibly slower than over the land.

In a communication by Mr. Scott, of London, to the Meteorological Society he gives some observations showing that on the average the French "Thermomètre Fronde" is not a very decided improvement upon the ordinary thermometer fixed in a properly sheltered place.

But few papers will be more welcome to the meteorologist than that by Bosanquet on the polarization of the light of the sky. This obscure subject, first systematically investigated by Brewster, Arago, and Babinet, received a new interest when Tyndall observed the delicate blue colors and polarized light of clouds of finely divided vapors. His observations have, however, remained unused until now that Bosanquet has shown how far they go in explaining what little we know of the polarization of the light of the sky. The first portion of Bosanquet's memoir shows that the formulæ charts and explanations given by Brewster do not agree sufficiently well with his own and other observations, but shows how they may be so modified as to afford a pretty correct general view of the phenomena. In general, Bosanquet substitutes neutral rings for the neutral points, ordinarily so called since the publications of Arago, Brewster, etc. He then shows that the experiments of Tyndall justify the conclusion that the proportion of polarized light observed normally to the illuminating beam that falls upon and is reflected from fine particles, whether of vapors or dust, diminishes with the increasing size of the particles, and with the increase of the neutral angle up to ninety degrees, which latter extreme occurred in the case of heavy vapors of resin and water.

Applying these ideas to the atmosphere, it results that the diminution of the maximum polarization from zenith to horizon may be regarded as due to a small increase in the mean size of the particles, whether these be of vapor or dust, etc. Except in so far as modified by this circumstance, the phenomena observed in the sky should be arranged symmetrically about an axis drawn to the sun, and the neutral points of Brewster and Babinet become merely special points in a neutral circle about the sun, while the neutral point of Arago belongs to a neutral circle about the anti-solar point. Within these small circles the polarization is negative except at their centres, which ought, theoretically, to be neutral, and to be the only neutral points in the sky.

The observations made in 1874 by Professor Pickering, of Boston, seem to have been unknown to Bosanquet, but will, in connection with this new theory, be of service in advancing our knowledge of this subject, which now at last will, it is hoped, receive the attention from meteorologists that it demands.

The absorptive and radiative powers of the aqueous vapor of the atmosphere were some years ago, as is well known, the subject of a very animated discussion between Tyndall and Magnus, the latter of whom maintained that this vapor had not the remarkable properties attributed to it by Tyndall. The subject was consequently examined by Wild and others, who gave their adherence to Tyndall's views; but these have been but slowly and partially received in Germany. Lately Hoorweg has, however, by a renewed system of observations, conclusively shown the general correctness of Tyndall's results; according to whom it is to the presence of a small percentage of vapor in the atmosphere that we owe the moderation of terrestrial climates, which, without it, would present only a daily recurring succession of intense heat and cold.

Mineralogy and Geology.—At a recent meeting of the Connecticut Academy, Mr. G. W. Hawes presented some interesting facts derived from the study of a series of rocks from the so-called "chloritic formation" near New Haven. The rocks in question are unquestionably of metamorphic origin, belonging to the range of crystalline rocks extending to the west of New Haven. The results of chemical analysis show that they are identical in composition with the well-known

igneous trap-rocks of the Connecticut Valley. Moreover, as among these igneous rocks there are two varieties constantly occurring, so here among those of metamorphic origin there are two kinds —the *anhydrous*, for which the name metadolerite is proposed, and the *hydrous*, which is called metadiabase. It is in general customary to draw the line so sharply between igneous rocks and those derived from altered sedimentary strata that it is interesting to find that in some cases no important distinction exists, either chemically or mineralogically.

The study of rocks by aid of the microscope is still being prosecuted with much energy, and the many facts accumulated are serving to throw light upon a subject which has been but imperfectly understood. The examination of a considerable series of fragmental rocks by Auger shows that crystalline minerals are rarely absent in them, though often not visible to the naked eye; thus mica, calcite, tourmaline, and hematite are generally present. The serpentines of the Vosges Mountains have been studied by Weigand. The subject is of some interest, since it has been shown that many serpentines have the microscopic structure of the original chrysolite from which they were derived. The investigations of Weigand show, further, that not only chrysolite, but also other magnesia silicates, as bronzite and amphibole, are capable of producing serpentine on a large scale by their alteration.

The existence of metallic zinc in the native state has always been somewhat uncertain, the reported cases of its discovery not being altogether reliable. Quite recently, however (*American Journal*), Mr. Marks has reported its occurrence on the southern edge of Tennessee and the adjoining parts of the States of Georgia and Alabama. It was first found in loose fragments in a small cave in Sand Mountain, under circumstances which seemed to point to its having come originally from the adjoining rock, a blue limestone. Later search has shown that the metal, though still in loose fragments, occurs in crevices in the rocks of Raccoon Mountains and in Sand Mountain, along a distance of thirty miles.

In this connection it may be worth noting that Kokscharow mentions the recent discovery of native lead in grains and flattened fragments in the hornstone of the Kirghese Steppes, Russia. It is accompanied by gold, magnetite, and hematite. Native lead was also reported a few years ago by Dr. Gurth as having been found with native iron in the bed-rock of the gold placers at Camp Creek, Montana.

Achrematite is a new molybdo-arsenate of lead from the mine of Guanaceré, State of Chihuahua, Mexico, described by Professor Mallet, of Virginia. In general appearance it is compact, but showing something of crystalline structure; the examination in polarized light suggests that it may belong to the tetragonal or hexagonal systems. Its color is a sort of liver-brown, though in individual grains it is of pale sulphur-yellow; the streak is a pale cinnamon-brown, and the lustre between resinous and adamantine; on thin edges it is translucent. The specific gravity is 5.965 for solid fragments, 6.178 for the fine powder, and its hardness a little greater than that of calcite. The chemical examination makes the mineral, as stated, a molybdo-arsenate of lead. Its name has reference to the fact that it contains no precious metal, though it was given to the describer as an ore of silver.

Geography.—Since our last report of geographical movements, much has been done to extend our knowledge of the physical and natural history of various portions of the globe.

In America the parties under the direction of Major Powell, Lieutenant Wheeler, and Professor Hayden have all returned from the field, and are engaged in preparing their reports upon the labors of the past summer. The general average of past years has been fully maintained in reference to the number of square miles investigated and the miscellaneous information gathered.

In the Old World, Professor Nordenskjöld has completed his very remarkable expedition to Northern Siberia, his vessel, the *Proven*, having returned to its starting-point. The professor himself, with a portion of his party, returned homeward *via* St. Petersburg. His vessel succeeded in accomplishing what has been attempted in vain for three hundred years, thereby clearing up some interesting problems in Northern geography. The natural history collections made were also of very great scientific interest.

As was to have been expected, nothing has been heard recently of the British arctic expedition, which, it is presumed, is now well advanced toward the north, and in comfortable winter-quarters. It is expected that an auxiliary expedition will set out early in the coming summer, for the purpose of communicating with the first vessels, and extending to them any succor that may be necessary.

The more recent discoveries in Africa have been extremely interesting, especially the work accomplished by Mr. H. M. Stanley in the survey of the Nyanza Lake, which he shows to be a very large body of water, and not of the restricted dimensions claimed for it by some recent writers. Lieutenant Cameron, also, by crossing the continent of Africa from Zanzibar to Loanda, and by his establishing the true relations of Lake Tanganyika to the Lualaba and Congo, has secured his due meed of fame.

The return to Australia of the vessel fitted out by Mr. Maclay for exploration in New Guinea, without having accomplished its object, is matter to be regretted. The difficulty appears to have been partly due to the unfitness of the ship for her purposes from her too great draught of water, and partly to want of harmony in the party.

The *Challenger*, which has occupied a prominent place in the history of science during the past three years, is now on her way back to England, where she is expected in the course of the coming spring. The last advices reported from her were of her arrival at Valparaiso on the 19th of November.

Ethnology.—The first article in the third number of *Revue d'Anthropologie* for 1875 is a long and able paper upon the Roumanians of Macedonia. The author states that while many labors have been consecrated to the Roumanians of Wallachia and Moldavia, scarcely any mention has been made of the trans-Danubian members of the same family.

In the tenth number of *Matériaux* for 1875 Valdemar Schmidt's paper on "Funereal Rites in Scandinavia and other Parts of the World" is fully reported, together with the discussions which it evoked. In the same number is a report of M.

G. de Mortillet's theory of the East Indian origin of bronze implements, of M. Prunière's note on "Working in Bone and Teeth in the Neolithic Age," and of M. Paul Broca's "On the Inhabitants of the Isle of Batz."

The committee of the International Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archæology, appointed to report upon a universal system for signs upon charts, have made their report. The whole subject is discussed in a supplement to the eleventh number of *Matériaux*, and a full description of the signs given.

The editors of *Matériaux* propose to publish a complete index of the first ten volumes of that work.

The seventeenth and last number of *Reliquiæ Aquitanicæ* has been received. It contains the conclusion of Milne-Edwards's paper in a former number, a few supplementary notes, and complete indexes to the whole work.

Papers upon the following interesting subjects were read at the meeting of the German Scientific and Medical Association in August last: "On Sclavian Legends," by Professor Mullner; "On Diluvial Man," by Count Wurmbrand; "On the Natural Law of the Formation of States," by L. Gumplowicz; "On Protohistoric Measures," by R. von Luschlin; "On Celtic Warfare," by Dr. Weiss.

Miss L. C. Lloyd, who was for a long time Dr. Bleek's chief assistant in his studies, makes an appeal for aid to carry on his researches into the folk-lore and speech of the Bushmen, Hottentots, and Caffres.

The *Academy* for November 20, 1875, copies in full the text of Dr. Goldschmidt's "Report on the Inscriptions in the North Central Province of Ceylon." They are all in Simhalese. The same alphabet having been in use for 2100 years, by comparing the modern Simhalese with the old Indian, he was enabled to decipher descriptions of all ages.

The Rev. A. H. Sayce, in looking over the results of cuneiform decipherment, has arrived at the conclusion that the Sabbath was of Chaldean origin; that seven was a sacred number among them; that their lunar month was divided into sevens; that the 7th, 14th, 21st, and 28th of the month were called *sulum*—rest. Even the word *sabbatu* occurs in the inscriptions, and is rendered by Mr. Smith "a day of rest for the heart."

Dr. A. Morice contributes to the third number of *Revue d'Anthropologie* for 1875 an elaborate treatise on the pathology of the indigenes of Lower Cochin China, and especially of the Anamites. In the same number is a note upon the discovery of nigritos in Southwest India.

The ravages of the measles among the Feejeeans have greatly reduced their numbers, and render the possession of relics from those islands exceedingly precious to the ethnologist.

The appointment of Professor F. W. Putnam on the Wheeler survey as archæologist is a wise measure. The professor will shortly issue an illustrated report of the archæological results of the explorations.

Microscopical Science.—Herr Husert, of Eisenach, advertises a new microscopical objective, said to magnify 2000 to 3000 diameters, and requiring no corrections for covering glasses of different thickness (!), and he states that the markings of *Amphipleura pellucida* can be seen by direct light (!). There must be some grave mistake here. The *Amphipleura* is often furnished with a semi-siliceous outer investment, that becomes rugose and pitted by turning, and very often when the diatom is thus prepared it is apparently easily resoluble. The same is true with the so-called *Frustulia saxonica*, which is only another name for *Colletonema vulgare* and *Navicula crassinervis*, varying simply in size or outline. The true *N. crassinervis*, from specimens of De Brebisson, who first described it, is a small *Navicula rhomboides*.

To the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for December, Mr. Sorby contributes an important paper upon a new method of measuring the position of the bands in spectra. The apparatus employed is somewhat difficult to make. A plate of quartz one and a half inches in thickness is cut so that the light will pass along the line of the principal axis, and is interposed between two Nicol prisms. The whole visible spectrum is thus apparently divided into eight spaces by seven well-defined bands at equal intervals, and with this peculiarity, that on rotating the polarizer or analyzer (the upper prism is furnished with a graduated ivory circle) these black bands will move over the spectrum, occupying the original positions on completion of each half revolution. Each band gradually passes from the red end to the blue, in moving from zero to zero, over a semicircle. Of course it becomes comparatively easy to construct a table of wave lengths, in millionths of a millimeter, corresponding to each one-tenth division between the bands. The zero point is determined by causing the upper Nicol to rotate until the centre of the second dark band from the red end of the spectrum exactly coincides with the sodium line, or solar line D.

In the same journal, Dr. Woodward, U.S.A., has an article upon the markings of *Frustulia saxonica*, illustrated by copies from photographs, and correcting some misstatements and misapprehensions in a previous communication by Mr. Hickie. It will be read with interest by all those engaged in testing objectives by means of the *diatomaceæ*. As to the resolubility of this diatom as furnished by Möller, it is so much easier than *Amphipleura* as really to fall within the limits of Spencer's one-sixth student objective, with which we have seen it very well.

Professor Wyville Thompson, in a letter to Mr. Huxley, extracts from which will be found in *Nature*, August 19, states that the best efforts of the staff of the *Challenger* have failed to discover *Bathybius* in a fresh condition; and Professor Huxley states that it is seriously suspected that the thing to which he gave this name is little more than sulphate of lime precipitated in a flocculent state from the sea-water by the strong alcohol. It is much more likely that what Professor Huxley observed was the gelatinous secretion of *diatomaceæ*, which is produced in immense abundance in the ocean depths, and which behaves, under chemical reagents, very much like the so-called *Bathybius*.

In *Zoological Science* the month's record shows the usual progress. Several papers on subjects in descriptive zoology have appeared, among them Theodore Lyman's second paper on the sand-stars, etc. (*Ophiuridæ* and *Astrophytidæ*), collected by the late Professor Agassiz on the *Hassler* expedition, also including those dredged by the late Dr. Stimpson. The memoir is illustrated by three excellent plates drawn on stone.

A singular animal has been discovered, at the depth of fifty fathoms, by Mr. Tycho Tullberg among the islands and fiords of the western coast of Sweden. After giving a lengthy review of its external appearance and anatomy, the author hesitates at present to offer any opinion as to the systematic position of the animal, though he ventures the remark that the type of mollusca and that of vermes seem both to claim *Neomenia* as a distant relation, the latter, perhaps, with more right than the former. *Neomenia*, however, presents considerable deviations from both, in the absence of a radula, in the structure of the alimentary canal and of the nervous system, as also in other respects, as the form of the body and the spines on the skin. Excellent plates accompany the article, which is written in the English language.

The reproductive organs of the decapod *crustacea* have been studied afresh by M. Brocchi, who concludes that neither the position nor the form of the genital orifices can furnish characters for classifying the macrourous forms (lobsters and shrimps), while in the crabs they, with the external organs, are of value for distinguishing families and species. Reference is made to works on this subject by the American naturalists Stimpson and Ordway.

A small collection of spiders made in Labrador by Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., has been described by Dr. Thorell, of Upsala. They were collected on the northern shores of Labrador. About fifteen species were collected, of which only ten were well enough preserved to be identified and described. One *Lycoza* is common in Southern and Western Greenland, two species are found in Europe, while a larger number are indigenous than one would have supposed, though almost nothing is known of the spider fauna of boreal and arctic America, Greenland excepted.

The canker-worm and moths have been distinguished by Mr. Riley as not only embracing two species, but two separate genera, from differences founded on the egg, larva, chrysalis, and the moth itself, the moths being thought to differ generically. For the spring canker-worm moth the generic name *Paleacrita* is proposed, the other being *Anisopteryx pometaria.*

The same number of the Transactions of the St. Louis Academy of Sciences contains notes on the natural history of the grape *Phylloxera* by the same author. He concludes that it is no use to endeavor to destroy the eggs or nidus for the eggs.

It appears by a note quoted in the *American Naturalist* for January that in certain Australian moths, different species of *Ophideres*, the end of the tongue is stiff and barbed, so that the insect is capable of perforating the skin of oranges. This tongue is, as usual, capable of being rolled up between the palpi, but the tip ends in two triangular points, furnished each with two barbs. They then swell out, and present on the lower surface three parts of the thread of a screw, while their sides on the upper surface are covered with short spines springing from a depression with sharp hard sides. These spines tear open the cells and pulp of the oranges, as a rasp opens those of beet-root to extract the sugar. This is an entirely novel feature in the *Lepidoptera*, and, says M. Künckel, reminds one of the mouth parts of the *Hemiptera* and *Diptera*, which have maxillæ adapted to pierce tissues.

The fishes still engage the attention of the Dutch ichthyologist Bleeker, who published a beautifully illustrated revision of the species of East Indian synanceoids.

A check list of the North American batrachians and reptiles has been lately prepared by Professor Cope, and published as the first Bulletin of the United States National Museum, under the direction of the Smithsonian Institution. It is divided into three parts, the third containing an essay on the geographical distribution of these animals.

An important paper by Professor Weismann on the transformation of the Mexican axolopl into an *Amblystoma* appears in Siebold and Kölliker's *Zeitschrift.*

The *American Naturalist* contains a lively account of the habits of the common *Anolis* of Florida, by Rev. Dr. S. Lockwood, while M. Bert has prepared a memoir on the mechanism and the causes of change of color in the chameleon. After speaking of the contractile corpuscles of different colors which exist in the skin of the chameleon, after showing the influence exerted on the color of the animal by cutting the mixed nerves, the spinal marrow, the removal of one or both cerebral hemispheres and of the eyes, the author concludes, first, that the different colors and hues that the chameleon assumes are due to a change of place of the colored corpuscles; second, the movements of these color corpuscles are controlled by two kinds of nerves; third, the light rays belonging to the blue-violet region of the solar spectrum act directly on the contractile matter of the corpuscles; fourth, each cerebral hemisphere regulates, through the reflex centres, the nerves of coloration of the two sides of the body. An abstract of the memoir, presented to the French Academy, is in the *Revue Scientifique.*

The *American Naturalist* contains several ornithological notes of interest, among them an article on the proper specific name of the song-sparrow, by Mr. David Scott; on the availability of certain names for birds used by Bartram, by Mr. J. A. Allen; with a note by the same author on the extinction of the great auk in Newfoundland, and notes by Drs. Coues and Cooper, with a notice of the occurrence of the European tree-sparrow in this country, by Dr. Merritt.

The second Bulletin of the United States National Museum contains an interesting report on the birds of Kerguelen Island, by Dr. Kidder, naturalist to the transit of Venus expedition to that island. It appears that there are no land birds or mammals, strictly speaking, indigenous to the island, and but a single shore bird (*Chionis minor*). The report refers to the albatross, gulls, and penguins. The species are determined by Dr. E. Coues, who adds synonymical and other notes.

A fossil sirenian animal allied to, but smaller than, the manatee has been discovered in Jamaica, and described by Professor Owen, from a skull and atlas bone, under the name of *Prorastomus sirenoides.*

In a paper on the origin of the deep-water fauna of the Lake of Geneva, M. Forel thinks the entire fauna of the Swiss lakes is descended from forms which have migrated up the rivers since the melting of the glaciers, and have afterward been differentiated.

Agriculture.—Seyfart gives in the *Landwirthschaftlichen Versuchs-Stationen* an account of the

newly opened guano deposits in Southern Peru. The total deposits are estimated by the government engineers at upward of seven and a half million cubic meters, or about seven million tons. Of thirty-three samples analyzed, fourteen are quite rich in soluble matter, containing, on the average, 9.52 per cent. of soluble phosphoric acid, 15.31 per cent. total phosphoric acid, and 10.82 per cent. ammonia; thirteen are more insoluble, averaging 3.51 per cent. soluble and 19.37 per cent. total phosphoric acid, and 2.96 per cent. ammonia; five of the remaining samples were guano-like earths of comparatively little commercial value; and the other a fresh guano.

The existence of unexhausted stores of guano of such great extent and so superior quality must be most important for the agriculture of both the United States and Europe. There is, however, one drawback in the form of reports of parties other than the Peruvian engineers, which represent the estimates of the latter as considerably above the actual truth.

It is well known that immense numbers of cattle are slaughtered annually for the preparation of Liebig's meat extract at Fray-Bentos, in Uruguay. Of late, the portions of the carcass from which the meat extract has been taken have been utilized, the bone being made into bone-meal and the flesh into a flesh-meal. Both of these are valuable fertilizers, the former being especially rich in phosphoric acid and the latter in nitrogen. The flesh-meal has been used also as food for sheep with moderate, and for swine with considerable, success. A mixture of these two materials has been lately offered as a fertilizer in the German market, under the name of Fray-Bentos guano. It is a very fine, dry, yellowish powder, with a glue-like odor, and contains, as the average of several analyses, 20.3 per cent. of phosphoric acid and 4.6 per cent. of nitrogen. It is sold at nine and three-quarter marks per centner, or not far from $42 50, gold, per ton. It is, at this rate, a cheap and excellent fertilizer.

The composition of sewage matter collected by the system of Liernur at the barracks at Prague has been lately investigated by Wilk. This system, invented by Captain Liernur—who, by-the-way, is a native of Holland, and figured for a time as an officer in the Confederate service in our late war—has been introduced in several European cities. It consists in collecting the solid and liquid excrements, by aid of atmospheric exhaustion and pressure, in large cisterns, whence they are removed from time to time and used for manure. The whole matter deposited, both solid and liquid, is thus saved, and forms a fertilizer rich in both nitrogen and phosphoric acid, the more so because the urine, which contains a relatively large proportion of these ingredients, and is ordinarily lost, is here preserved. The use of this system will, however, notwithstanding this great advantage, not be likely to extend to England and the United States, since it excludes the use of water, which is essential to Anglo-Saxon ideas of cleanliness.

What with the plans of a liberal government and the work of agricultural experiment stations in Italy, there seems to be hope that the Roman Campagna may be reclaimed, and made not only healthy, but very productive. Sestini, director of the station at Rome, and Marro report analyses of a number of fodder plants from the Campagna. Eight specimens of meadow hay were analyzed, and found to be remarkably rich in albuminoids, the most valuable ingredients of food, the percentages in six ranging from 10.9 to 17.9, while in the other two, which contained 7.1 and 8.6 per cent., the decrease was probably due to bad harvesting. The percentage of phosphoric acid in the ash was high, and that of potash particularly so. This was probably due to the fact that the soil of the Campagna is formed almost exclusively from volcanic rocks, which are rich in these ingredients.

That the soil of the Campagna is also suited to the growth of sugar-beets is shown by experiments of Sestini, Marro, and Del Torre, in which the roots were found to contain at the beginning of August sufficient sugar for profitable extraction.

The influence of size on the composition of mangels has been studied at the laboratory of Messrs. Lawes and Gilbert, at Rothamsted, England. Eighteen roots were examined, and the total weights and proportions of dry matter and ash of each determined. The weights varied from 1.5 to 13.5 pounds. The proportion of dry matter varied from 7.6 to 16.4 per cent., and the ash in the fresh roots from 0.69 to 1.61 per cent. These variations were closely connected with the size of the roots, which, as a rule, become more watery and more saline as they increase in bulk. The largest mangels had but little feeding value. The best ones were those weighing from three to four and a half pounds.

As usual, the subject of *Pisciculture* and the *Fisheries* continues to occupy a large share of the public attention, in view of the popularity of the measures taken looking toward the increase in the supply of fresh-water fishes and the proper utilization of the products of the waters generally.

Of the various State Commissions, those of Virginia, California, and Maine have lately published their reports of satisfactory work.

The varied enterprises in which the United States has been engaged during the autumn have been successfully prosecuted, the United States hatching establishment on the Sacramento River, under the charge of Mr. Livingston Stone, having obtained nine millions of eggs, in bulk amounting to eighty bushels. Some two millions of the young were hatched out and placed in the Sacramento for the purpose of keeping up its supply, and the remainder of the eggs were sent East, for the most part to the State Commissioners of Fisheries. The introduction of the young fish into suitable waters was prosecuted mainly during the months of December and January, and nearly all the waters of the United States east of the Missouri River have received their share. A very large number were planted in the head waters of the Ohio, the Mississippi, and other streams in the central portion of the United States, as well as in the waters tributary to the Great Lakes, and those of the East, from Maine to Georgia. It is not too much to hope that in a few years most satisfactory results from the experiment will be experienced. Mr. Atkins has also continued his work in collecting and developing the eggs of the Eastern salmon at Bucksport, Maine, and has secured between three and four millions. These, as being taken later in the year, and of slower development, will be distributed in March or April. In addition to his labors with the sea salmon, Mr. Atkins has also secured a large number of eggs

of the landlocked salmon from the Grand Lake Stream, in Eastern Maine, some nine hundred thousand eggs in all having been placed in the hatching boxes. In the course of its labors during the summer of 1875, having reference to the shad, about twelve millions of young were hatched out and distributed in various waters by the United States Fish Commission.

A very important enterprise of the same general character is that which is now in progress under the direction of the Fish Commissioners of Michigan, Ohio, and Canada. The Michigan Commissioners are now hatching about seven millions of white-fish eggs, those of Canada having almost as many. The Ohio Commissioners were unable to complete their establishments in time for extensive operations this season, but they have at their four hatching stations a considerable number of the eggs of the white-fish, partly furnished to them by the Commissioners of Michigan.

An important movement has been made on the Hudson River by Seth Green, under the direction of the Fish Commissioners of New York, in the multiplication of sturgeon. The economical value of this fish is only beginning to be appreciated in this country, although in Europe it has long ranked among those of most importance. But already a large business in the manufacture of isinglass and caviar, as well as in supplying this fish for consumption, both fresh and smoked, has been prosecuted for some time. The Hudson River formerly abounded in sturgeon, which have become scarce, and the object of Mr. Green's work has been to increase the number. An incidental benefit resulting from the multiplying of these fish, it is expected, will be the destruction by them of the stake nets which at present do so much to prevent the natural increase of shad in that river, the nets being too weak to resist so powerful a fish as the sturgeon.

The prominence of the turbot and sole among the more expensive fishes of Europe has suggested the idea of introducing them into American waters; and at the request of Mr. J. S. Kidder, of Boston, the United States Fish Commissioner is now engaged in making preparations for transferring a sufficient number of young fish from the British coast to that of Massachusetts to make a satisfactory experiment, the expenses to be borne by Mr. Kidder.

In *Engineering*, we may record the completion, by the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, of a substantial timber structure in the place of the old bridge across the Schuylkill at Market Street, Philadelphia, the destruction of which by fire we recorded in our last. The bridge is a Howe truss, well constructed of white pine, with a flooring of oak. Its length is 540 feet, the two end spans being each 162 feet and the centre span 216 feet in length; height of truss, 25 feet in the clear; width of bridge, 48 feet, including sidewalk 10 feet wide. The celerity of the company in erecting this structure has been most favorably commented upon, the work of construction having been done in three hours less than twenty-one days from the signing of the contract.

Lieutenant-Colonel Kurtz, the government engineer in charge of the river and harbor works of the Delaware River and its tributaries and Delaware Bay, reports the improvements in immediate contemplation to be the lengthening of the Lewes pier head twenty-one feet, the completion of the new ice pier at Newcastle, the removal of 23,000 cubic yards of mud and gravel and of seventy-five feet of rock from the channel at Wilmington, the finishing of the work at Marcus Hook, the repairing of the ice piers at Chester, the deepening of the channel of the Schuylkill at its mouth, the widening of the channel at Fort Mifflin bar to 1500 feet, the lowering of the Bulkhead Shoals to twenty-one feet, and the widening and deepening of the channel of Cohansey Creek.

The project of constructing a direct line of railroad between Boston (*via* the Hoosac Tunnel) and the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, to which a brief allusion has already appeared in our monthly Record, has just received a fresh impulse from a meeting of influential citizens interested therein, which was lately held in New York. The plan favored at this meeting was to connect North Adams with Albany by a direct road through the tunnel, and then, by the construction of short connecting lines, inviting railroads already in existence to form a direct line from the coal-fields of Pennsylvania, by way of Carbondale, Hancock, Marketville, Mooreville, Middleburg, Albany, North Adams, Greenfield, Fitchburg, etc., to Boston.

The *Railroad Gazette* records up to December 25 the construction of 1264 miles of new railroad in the United States in 1875, against 1808 reported for the same period in 1874, 3606 in 1873, and 7065 in 1872.

From abroad, we have intelligence that the Italian authorities have under favorable consideration a plan for the improvement of the Tiber, which will be in all probability carried out, with the effect of reducing the danger of future inundations. The plan in question, proposed by a commission of engineers, contemplates shifting the bed of the river, removing the bridges which impede its flow, and straightening its course below the city of Rome. The cost of these improvements is estimated at $2,000,000. This scheme makes the fifth that has been proposed for the purpose.

M. De Lesseps, of Suez Canal fame, has lately made a very favorable presentation of the Channel Tunnel project before the French Academy of Sciences, in which the results of the recent survey are reviewed. These results are, concisely stated, as follows: The sinkings at both extremities of the proposed cutting brought to light a dense stratum of chalk at a convenient depth, and the formation was carefully traced from the French to within a short distance of the English shore, when further operations were discontinued, owing to the severity of the weather. This work was to be finished at the beginning of the present year, and if, as was confidently expected, no insuperable difficulty presented itself, the horizontal boring will be commenced. M. De Lesseps affirmed that the commercial was the only unsolved problem in connection with the project, and of its satisfactory solution he expresses his entire confidence. He estimates that the number of passengers who may be expected to travel annually between Paris and London will reach at least a million, which number, at only eight shillings per fare, would yield a yearly revenue of £400,000 from passenger traffic alone.

At the time of this writing, the Machinery Hall and the Horticultural Building of the International Exhibition at Philadelphia are announced as finished and ready for the reception of exhib-

its. The main building will be ready in a few days more.

The industrial exhibitions at Santiago, Chili, and at Melbourne, Australia, are both in progress, and, report says, most successfully. Many of their exhibits will find their way to Philadelphia.

The *Société Industrielle de Mulhouse* will celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of its existence, next May, by holding an exhibition of the industrial resources of Alsace.

The German government has decided upon opening an exhibition of arts and manufactures at Berlin in 1878. This exhibition will be strictly national in character.

The Inman Company has decided to establish a regular line of steam-ships between Philadelphia and Liverpool. The steam-ship *City of Limerick* arrived at the first-named port a few days ago.

The *Engineering and Mining Journal* gives the following approximate figures of the production of anthracite coal for the year 1875, as compared with 1874, to wit:

Region.	1874.	1875. (Approx.)
Wyoming (tons of 2240 pounds)..	10,204,764	11,550,000
Lehigh " " ..	4,712,280	3,475,000
Schuylkill " " ..	6,715,074	6,400,000
Sullivan " " ..	36,268	16,000
Total.....	21,668,386	21,441,000

It is yet too early to give a reliable review of the coal trade of the United States for the year 1875, but our contemporary affirms the indications to be "that the aggregate production of coal has increased, notwithstanding the continuance of an unparalleled depression in every branch of business during the entire year."

The Western Union and Atlantic and Pacific telegraph companies are introducing the system of pneumatic tubes from their offices in Broadway, New York, to their branch offices, which are expected to be ready for working at an early date.

A disastrous explosion of fire-damp, attended with loss of life, has just occurred in one of the numerous coal mines in the neighborhood of Wilkesbarre.

We glean from foreign exchanges that steam street engines of improved patterns have lately been experimented upon in Brussels and Paris, with promising results.

A locomotive operated by compressed air has lately been invented, which is described as being applicable where steam or gases under pressure are employed to produce motive power.

The recently published report of the Light-house Board shows that extensive and careful experiments have been made with regard to the merits of the mineral oils of the United States for the purpose of light-house illumination, as likewise elaborate experiments with regard to sound as applied to the system of warning signals for mariners in foggy weather. The report affirms that even at this stage of the experiments the results obtained have been gratifying, and by pursuing these inquiries the Board hopes to arrive at conclusions not only valuable to science, but of inestimable practical value to the mariner.

At the meeting of the French Academy, held December 6, M. Wurtz submitted a specimen of the newly discovered metal, gallium, in the metallic form. It is described as a beautiful metal, possessing a lustre intermediate between platinum and silver. It was obtained by electrolysis of the aqueous solution of its ammoniacal sulphate, the precipitate being submitted to the burnisher. The new substance appears to stand between zinc and aluminum. It is so closely allied to the former that its separation is effected with extreme difficulty, and its analogy to the latter is indicated by the fact that the sulphate of gallium unites with alkaline sulphates to form an alum which crystallizes in cubes.

Deaths.—Numerous deaths among scientific men have been reported since our last necrological summary, the details of which have been published in *Harper's Weekly*. Among these we may mention, for the United States, Professor Samuel D. Tillman, Dr. L. Bradley, and Captain James Long, the discoverer of Wrangell's Land; for Great Britain, Sir Charles Wheatstone, Mr. C. B. Vignoles, R. C. Carrington, T. E. Edwards, and Commander Goodenough, R.N.; for France, Professor G. P. Deshayes; and for Germany, Dr. O. Peschel, Dr. Karl T. Andree, Dr. Carl Scheerer, and Professor Reslhuber.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 28th of January. —Congress re-assembled, after the holiday recess, January 5. In the House, the bill for universal amnesty introduced by Mr. Randall was the subject of an exciting debate. Mr. Blaine offered a substitute excepting Mr. Jefferson Davis. The bill was finally rejected, January 10, failing to receive a two-thirds vote.

The Pension Bill, appropriating $29,533,500, was passed by the House, January 14.—The Centennial Bill, appropriating $1,500,000, was passed by the House (146 to 130), January 25. An amendment to the bill provides that the money appropriated shall be repaid into the United States Treasury before any dividends are made to stockholders.

Several financial bills have been introduced in the House. One of these, brought forward by Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, provides that the Secretary of the Treasury shall retain, for the redemption of United States notes, the coin received from all sources in excess of the requirements of the public debt, until it shall amount to thirty per cent. of the United States notes; and that until that time the act for the resumption of specie payments shall be suspended. The bill also provides for the accumulation in the national banks of coin equal to thirty per cent. of their circulation for the redemption of their notes.—All measures looking to the absolute repeal of the act of 1875 for the resumption of specie payments January 1, 1879, have failed.

On January 26 the House repealed the law passed during the last hours of the last session increasing the postage on third-class mail matter.

Eulogies on the late President Johnson were

delivered in both Houses of Congress January 11, and on the late Vice-President Wilson January 21.

On January 18 S. J. Kirkwood was elected United States Senator from Iowa, James B. Beck from Kentucky, and L. Q. C. Lamar from Mississippi.

The National Republican Committee met at Washington on January 13, and decided to hold the next Republican Presidential Convention at Cincinnati, June 14.

The Republican State Convention of New Hampshire, at Concord, January 5, nominated P. C. Cheney for Governor. The Democratic State Convention, at the same place, January 11, nominated Daniel Marcy for Governor.

The Republican State Convention of Texas, January 12, nominated Judge William Chambers for Governor of that State.

The Gray Nuns Act of 1875 has been repealed by the New York Legislature. The especially obnoxious clause of the act was one authorizing the Superintendent of Public Instruction to issue a certificate of qualification as a teacher in the common schools to any graduate of its seminaries to whom the Roman Catholic Sisterhood of Gray Nuns may have awarded a diploma.

The Brazilian Exposition was opened, December 2, on the fiftieth anniversary of the Emperor Dom Pedro's birthday. The choicest products in this Exposition are to be forwarded for exhibition in our Centennial Exposition.

On the 13th of January President M'Mahon, of the French Republic, issued the following proclamation, addressed to the French people:

"For the first time in five years you are called upon to participate in a general election. Five years ago you desired order and peace, and at the price of the most cruel sacrifices and after the greatest trials you obtained them.

"You still desire order and peace. The Senators and Deputies you are about to elect must co-operate with the President of the Republic to maintain them. We must apply, with common accord and sincerity, the constitutional laws, the revision whereof I alone, until 1880, have the right to propose.

"After so much agitation, discord, and misfortune, repose is necessary for the country, and I think her institutions ought not to be revised before they are honestly tried. But to try them as the salvation of France requires it is indispensable that the conservative and truly liberal policy, which I always intended to pursue, should prevail.

"To uphold it I appeal for union among those who place the defense of social order, respect for law, and patriotic devotion above their recollections, aspirations, or party engagements. I invite them to rally around my government. It is necessary that the sacred rights which survive all governmental changes, and the legitimate interests which every administration is bound to protect, should enjoy a full security under a strong and respected government.

"It is necessary not only to disarm those who might disturb the security now, but to discourage those who threaten its future by the propagation of anti-social and revolutionary doctrines.

"France knows that I neither sought nor desired the power I am invested with, but she may rely upon my exercising it without weakness.

"In order to fulfill to the end the mission intrusted to me, I hope God will aid me, and that the support of the nation will not fail me."

The Press Bill was adopted by the French Assembly December 29. Prefects are, by a provision of this bill, deprived of the power of summarily forbidding the sale of journals in the streets. The same day the Assembly decided to maintain martial law in a modified form in all the large cities and towns of the republic.

The statue of Napoleon I. was replaced on the new Vendôme Column December 27.

Lord Lytton has been appointed Viceroy of India, in place of Lord Northbrook, who has resigned.

The financial article in the London *Times* for January 4 reports that great stagnation prevails in the grain trade of Southern Russia, the assigned cause being the keen American competition. In 1867 Russia sent out forty-four one-hundredths of the British grain imports, and America fourteen. In 1873 the proportion was exactly reversed.

Austria, with the approval of the other European powers, has, through Count Andrassy, urged upon Turkey certain definite reforms in the government of her Danubian Principalities, especially religious toleration, personal freedom, and a fair adjustment of taxation. The Sultan, however, rejected foreign mediation, promising that the Sublime Porte would give the peoples of the provinces all necessary guarantees for reform.

DISASTERS.

December 28.—Fire-damp explosion in the Hutchinson Mines, near Kingston, Pennsylvania. Three men killed and others severely injured.

November 30.—Terrible hurricane in the Philippine Islands. Two hundred and fifty lives lost and 3800 dwellings destroyed.

December 8–9.—Destruction of the town of Arecibo, Porto Rico, by earthquake.

December 20.—Collision of the *Louisiane*, of the General Transatlantic Company, with the *Gironde* on the river Gironde, France. Sixteen lives lost.

December 22.—Burning of the British training ship *Goliath* at Gravesend, England. Twenty boys perished in the flames.

December 25.—In Hellikon, Switzerland, during the celebration of Christmas festivities in a school-house, the flooring gave way, and eighty persons were killed and fifty wounded.

December 31.—The British steamer *Dante* sunk after a collision in the English Channel. Twenty-three lives lost.

January 9.—Railway accident near Odessa, Russia. Sixty-eight persons killed and fifty-four wounded.

January 22.—Railway collision near Huntingdon, England. Thirteen lives lost. Among the killed was a son of Dion Boucicault.

OBITUARY.

January 1.—On Staten Island, the Rev. Henry Boehm, the venerable patriarch of the Methodist Church, aged one hundred and one years.

January 2.—In New Bedford, Massachusetts, ex-Governor John H. Clifford, aged sixty-seven years.

January 9.—In South Boston, Dr. Samuel Gridley Howe, the distinguished philanthropist, aged seventy-four years.

January 10.—At Santa Fé, New Mexico, General Gordon Granger, aged fifty years.

January 28.—In Washington, Henry H. Starkweather, member of Congress from Connecticut, aged fifty years.

December 24.—In England, Philip Henry, Earl Stanhope, author and statesman, aged seventy years.

January 5.—In London, England, Sir Anthony Rothschild, Bart., aged sixty-six years.

January 27.—In France, Frédéric Lemaitre, the celebrated actor, aged seventy-seven years.

January 28.—In Hungary, Francis Deak, reformer and statesman, aged seventy-three years.

Editor's Drawer.

AN OUTSIDE OPERATION.

"I'll tell yer what I'll do, Mickey. I'll give yer my Drum an' the Bow an' Arrers fer your Ship! Come, now!"

"THE Court is much obliged to any brother of the bar who will enliven the tedium of legal proceedings with a little honest hilarity." That was the observation of an English judge to a learned counselor who, in illustrating a point, said something which raised a smile (in which the bench joined), for which he apologized. How thankful should every sensible, kind-hearted man and woman be to any one who enlivens the dull, hard routine of life with a little honest hilarity! That thought occurred to us after reading the closing part of Mark Twain's charming little sketch of "Riley—Newspaper Correspondent." It is from his last book:

"Riley has a ready wit, a quickness and aptness at selecting and applying quotations, and a countenance that is as solemn and as blank as the back side of a tombstone when he is delivering a particularly exasperating joke. One night a negro woman was burned to death in a house next door to us, and Riley said that our landlady would be oppressively emotional at breakfast, because she generally made use of such opportunities as offered, being of a morbidly sentimental turn, and so we should find it best to let her talk along, and say nothing back—it was the only way to keep her tears out of the gravy. Riley said there never was a funeral in the neighborhood but that the gravy was watery for a week.

"And, sure enough, at breakfast the landlady was down in the very sloughs of woe—entirely broken-hearted. Every thing she looked at reminded her of that poor old negro woman, and so the buckwheat cakes made her sob, the coffee forced a groan, and when the beefsteak came on she fetched a wail that made our hair rise. Then she got to talking about the deceased, and kept up a steady drizzle till both of us were soaked through and through. Presently she took a fresh breath, and said, with a world of sobs:

"'Ah, to think of it! only to think of it! the poor old faithful creature!—for she was *so* faithful! Would you believe it, she had been a servant in that self-same house and that self-same family for twenty-seven years come Christmas, and never a cross word and never a lick? And, oh! to think she should meet such a death at last!—a-sitting over the red-hot stove at three o'clock in the morning, and went to sleep and fell on it, and was actually *roasted!* Not just frizzled up a bit, but literally roasted to a crisp! Poor faithful creature, how she *was* cooked! I am but a poor woman, but even if I have to do it, I will put up a tombstone over that lone sufferer's grave. And, Mr. Riley, if you would have the goodness to think up a little epitaph to put on it which would sort of describe the awful way in which she met her—'

"'Put it, "*Well done*, good and faithful servant,"' said Riley, and never smiled."

A FRIEND in Baltimore on reading the interesting specimen of English composition as furnished by the hotel proprietor at Rio, published in the Drawer of December last, is reminded of the following "notice" which he saw some eighteen months ago posted in the rooms of the Hotel Royal Danieli, at Venice:

For avoiding all inconvenience which could happen Messrs. Genovesi and Campi make themselves a duty to advise the honorable Travelers which would honor their house of their confidence, that they take only responsibility for objects which are remitted to their proper hands against receipt.

THIS comes from Georgia:

John B—— was on trial for felonious assault with intent to kill. It was in evidence that the prisoner had struck the injured man on the head with an iron bar, and so fractured the skull that a portion of the brain actually escaped; yet the man recovered. The only hope of saving the prisoner from conviction was to weaken the evidence of Dr. S——, who attended the wounded man, by making him contradict himself. This was undertaken by D——, who was more remarkable for impertinence to witnesses than for legal ability.

"Now, doctor," said D——, "did I understand you to say in your direct testimony that Watts's

skull was so badly fractured that the brains actually escaped from the wound?"

"That was my evidence."

"And do you pretend to say that a man could lose a portion of his brains and still live?"

"Oh yes," replied the doctor. "I have known men to live and practice law without any brains at all."

COULD any thing be wittier—for a banker—than the following new and neat reply of Baron Rothschild, told by Arsène Houssaye?—One of his friends, of the third degree, a sort of banker, came to borrow $2000. "Here it is," said the baron, "but remember that as a rule I only lend to crowned heads." M. De Rothschild never dreamed of seeing his money again, but, wonderful to relate, at the end of a month the borrower came back with his $2000. The baron could scarcely believe his eyes; but he foreboded that this was not the end. Sure enough, a month later the borrower re-appeared, asking for the loan of $4000. "No, no," said the baron; "you disappointed me once by paying me that money. I do not want to be disappointed again."

SPEAKING of Scotland, could any thing be better than the following "improvement" of a minister of Arran, who was discoursing on the carelessness of his flock?—"Brethren, when you leave the church just look down at the duke's swans; they are vera bonny swans, an' they'll be sooming about an' aye dooking doon their heads and laving theirsels wi' the clear water till they're a' drookit; then you'll see them sooming to the shore, an' they'll gie their wings a bit flap and they're dry again. Now, my friends, you come here every Sabbath, an' I lave you a' ower wi' the Gospel till ye're fairly drookit wi't. But you just gang awa' hame, an' sit doon by your fireside, gie your wings a bit flap, an' ye're as dry as ever again."

CAN it be matter for wonder that the morals of Detroit should be at so low a point, when papers of position, like the *Free Press*, permit themselves to spread abroad its depravity in such paragraphs as this?—

"A smart-looking boy about twelve years old walked into a Detroit bookstore yesterday, and said his mother wanted some cards. The clerk supposed he meant playing-cards, and accordingly wrapped up a pack. The boy came back in the course of half an hour, flung the cards down, and said: 'Mother don't want that kind—she's got five or six packs in the house now. She wants some with marked backs, so she can deal lone hands and warp it to dad.'"

IN the way of far-off musical criticism we have seen nothing more frank and emphatic than the following on a performance of Madame Carreno's in Sandhurst, Australia: "After Madame Carreno's concert was over, he quietly took us aside, and gave vent, as follows, to his pent-up feelings: 'I tell you, mister, she was a slasher. Our Jennie could not hold a candle to her. When she first sat down, she looked kind o' wild; then with a howl dug her finger-nails into them 'ere rough notes, and shut 'em like lightning up into the thin ones. Then she paused for a reply, mister. She then commenced at the right-hand side, went a-rippling down, hand over fist, till she got clean down, makin' a noise like thunder. She then yanked a handful of notes out of the centre and planted them at the end, then wiggled around with two fingers, grabbed up another fistful, punched right and left, went ripety-hopety-scotch up and down, and I tell you that 'ere pianner howled. She then gave another snort, and when she went she busted in like mad, raised up off her chair, stuffed three fingers there, caromed six more in the corner, gobbled up a few more tunes, and settled their hash in about a minute. After that she tackled it with her left hand alone. Between you and me, mister, the man that owned that 'ere pianner went shiftin' around on his chair as though he had a carpet tack under him. Good-night, mister.'"

WHY is it that the English-speaking man loves not the presence and is indifferent to the memory of the mother-in-law? And why, as a general thing, do they chuckle over such statements as this?—

"It was the night on which John Todd made his great speech to the colored population on Munjoy Hill. Captain Morrill from time to time awoke the echoes with his cannon. A man rushed up to him and said,

"'For God's sake don't fire any more!'

"'Why not?' asked the astonished John.

"'There's a dead woman lying in the next house.'

"'Well,' said John, 'if she's dead, the noise won't hurt her; and the country must be saved.'

"'Yes,' groaned the man, 'I know that; but she's my mother-in-law, and I've heard that guns will awake the dead.'"

THE dull routine of the court-room is occasionally varied by scintillations of wit, little of which ever reaches the outside world. A few days ago, when one of the numerous motions in the Tweed case was the subject of a lively discussion between David Dudley Field, Esq., and Mr. Peckham, a temporary pause in the argument—the judge being called from the bench for a few minutes—afforded opportunity to a group of half a dozen lawyers sitting at the opposite end of the table to discuss among themselves the ingenuity of the various points presented by Mr. Field, from which the conversation passed to a criticism of that gentleman's personal appearance. One of the lawyers remarked that in his opinion Mr. Field's forehead and brow, phrenologically speaking, were unsurpassed by those of any other member of the bar. At this point the judge had returned to the bench, and while the great legal strategist was hurling his shafts at his adversary in a tone and manner at once imperious and overbearing, Mr. Quackenbos, one of the lawyers present, wrote the following epigram:

> You tell me Field's brow is fair,
> And is surpassed by none:
> To me the cause is very clear—
> He *browbeats* every one.

SOME thirty years ago, when the "old French claims," so called, were before Congress (claims which had repeatedly passed one House or the other), and before the time when, having gone through both branches, they were strangely defeated by the veto of President Pierce, they came

up again before the Senate. Among the principal opponents of the bill was Mr. M'Duffie, of South Carolina, and on the occasion in question he made a violent speech inveighing against the ancient character of the claims, and alleging that there could be no living men whom they represented. An agent of the Boston and New York merchants, Mr. George Lunt, of Massachusetts, was present on the floor of the Senate during the debate, and immediately wrote off the following lines, which were passed round, and caused considerable amusement:

"What claims are these?" M'Duffie cries.
"Too old to come from living men;
Like spectres of the past they rise
To shake us in our seats again.

"Say, is it real flesh and blood
That represent these ghostly claims?
Spirits of evil or of good,
Tell us, oh! tell us of their names!"

Yes, the deep sense of justice cold
Might well such spectral sights prepare;
'Tis this, alas! has made us old,
And turned us ghosts, if ghosts we are.

And thus these strains of conscience daunt,
Till all a frightful spectre seems,
Just like those hideous ghosts that haunt
Robbers and murderers in their dreams.

Certain Senators, however, said that Mr. M'Duffie, who was a notorious "fire-eater," and was limping from a wound received in a duel, would certainly challenge the Massachusetts man. On the contrary, the valiant South Carolinian requested an introduction, and the whole passed off in a round of good-humored conversation.

THE publication of Congressman Cox's pleasant reminiscences of Congressional wit and humor is bringing out a good many anecdotes of the public men of the past that might otherwise have been lost. Among them is the following of Henry Clay and Governor Metcalfe, of Kentucky. Some time before the introduction of railroads Governor Metcalfe represented in Congress a district of which Nicholas County was a part. Mr. Clay was Secretary of State under President Quincy Adams. It was the custom to make the trip to the national capital in private conveyance. It was in the days of Mr. Clay's greatest popularity that the two distinguished politicians agreed to travel to Washington in Governor Metcalfe's carriage, and all the arrangements perfected, they started together from the latter's "Forest Retreat" home, in said county. While passing through the State of Pennsylvania, Mr. Clay told Governor Metcalfe that he had received intimations that in a certain town they were approaching he would be honored with an ovation by the citizens. They, like thousands of his fellow-countrymen, loved him, but had never seen him. Just before coming to town, Governor Metcalfe, who had all along been driving, suggested to Mr. Clay that he take the lines and drive, as he himself was tired. Mr. C. readily consented, whereupon the Governor took the back seat in the carriage. The honored statesman drove the team successfully into the town, and they were met by a large concourse of people. Governor Metcalfe alighted from the carriage, and being asked whether he was Mr. Clay, answered yes, that he was glad to meet them, etc.; and at this the crowd fairly hoisted him upon their shoulders and triumphantly started with him to the place of reception. Looking back at Mr. Clay, who still sat in the carriage, somewhat nonplused, the Governor cried, "Driver, take those horses to the stable and feed them." The merriment of the crowd when the joke was discovered can better be imagined than described, Mr. Clay himself as heartily entering into it as the rest. Frequently afterward he would refer to it, and said it was one of the best practical jokes he ever heard played off on a fellow.

HERE are two neat things from the correspondence of Haydon, the artist, edited by his son, recently published in London:

"In 1833 I met that patriarch of dissimulation and artifice, Talleyrand, but once, and once only, and I never shall forget him. He looked like a toothless boa of intrigue, with nothing left but his poison. To see his impenetrable face at a game of whist, watching every body without a trace of movement in his own figure or face, save the slightest perceptible twitch in the lip, was a sight never to be forgotten. It was the incarnation of meaning without assumption."

"Tom Moore at dinner tells his stories with a hit or miss air, as if accustomed to people of rapid apprehension. It being asked at Paris whom they would have as godfather for Rothschild's baby, 'Talleyrand,' said a Frenchman.

"'Pourquoi, monsieur?'

"'Parce qu'il est le moins chrétien possible.'"

IN the same volume is this extract of a letter from Keats to Haydon:

"It is a great pity that people by associating themselves with the finest things spoil them. Hunt has damned Hampstead with masks and sonnets and Italian tales; Wordsworth has damned the Lakes; Milman has damned the old dramatists; West has damned wholesale; Peacock has damned satire; Hazlitt has damned the bigoted and the blue-stockinged—how durst the man? He is your only good damner: and if ever I am damned, I should like him to damn me."

AN American minister to Great Britain, fond of the *seria mixta jocis*, relates a good story on the manners and customs of English society in the present day. With the members of his family, he had been invited to one of the receptions of a distinguished leader of fashion, whose entertainments are always attended by the *crème de la crème* of society, and often graced by royalty itself. On arriving, and after the usual presentation to her ladyship, the minister, with his own party, took up a position in another portion of the room, to make way for those flocking in. As they had so recently arrived in London, they were strangers, and found themselves alone in a crowd. At length, in despair, the wearied minister, addressing a lady who was standing near him, observed,

"Your English parties, madam, are somewhat different from ours on the other side of the Atlantic."

"Oh, indeed, are they? How is that? I should so much like to know about yours."

"Ah," said the plenipotentiary, "*there* we are free and easy. We introduce people, make them acquainted, and enjoy each other's society; but *this* reminds me of one of our funeral parties, where no one seems to know the other, and we all stand about in solemn state. Now there,"

said he, as the countess rose to lead the way to supper, "that's just as we do at one of our funeral gatherings. A sort of procession is formed like this, and so we go to an adjoining room and have a last look at the corpse."

Mr. Barclay, an eminent Scotch artist, was engaged in painting a Highland scene for Lord Breadalbane, in which his lordship's handsome piper was introduced. When the artist was instructing him as to his attitude, and that he must maintain an appearance at once of animation and ease by keeping up a conversation, the latter replied that he would do his best, and commenced as follows:

"Maister Parclay, ye read yer Bible at times, I *suppone* [suppose], Sir?"

"Oh yes."

"Weel, Maister Parclay, if ye do tat, Sir, ten you've read te third and fifth verses of te third chapter of Daniel, when te princes, te governors, te captains, te judges, te treasurers, te counselors, te sheriffs, and all te rulers of te provinces were gathered together into te dedication of te image tat Nebuchadnezzar te king had set up, and tey were told tat whenever tey began to hear te sound of te cornet, flute, harp, sackbut, dulcimer, and all kinds of music, tey were to fall down and worship te golden image tat Nebuchadnezzar te king had set up. I tell ye, Maister Parclay, if tey had had a Hielandman wi' his pipes tere, tat nonsense would not hae happened. Na, na; he would hae sent tem a' fleeing. It would hae been wi' tem as Bobby Burns said, 'Skirl up te Bangor,' for ye maun a' come back to te bagpipe at last."

How to forgive the man you have injured has an amusing and thoroughly Irish illustration in the following: The late Mr. Charles Phillips received great notice and attention, when commencing his career at the Irish bar, from O'Connell. Later an accidental discussion arose in Parliament in which Phillips's authority as an Irishman was used in opposition to the views of O'Connell, when the latter indulged in a diatribe against Phillips which entirely estranged him from the idol of the Green Isle. Months passed over without any communication or recognition being exchanged between them; but one day at the club up came the great O' to Phillips, exclaiming, "I'm tired of not speaking to you, Charles. Shake hands; I *forgive* you, Charles." Charles did not venture to say what was at the top of his tongue—that it was the first instance of an aggressor forgiving the man he had injured. The two were reconciled, and as affectionate as ever. The *modus conciliandi* was unique. No Englishman, no Scotchman, and only one Irishman could have achieved a peace by so novel and skillful a contrivance.

In a neighboring town of New Jersey lived Widow D——, aged sixty-five, whose husband left her a handsome fortune. Living in the same place was a widower of twenty-nine, whose assets were of no value at all, and who occasionally borrowed of friends without giving the customary collaterals. A year or so after the crushing of his heart from the loss of his wife he called on Widow D——, who received him with her accustomed courtesy. A week later the call was repeated, and after some little talk he drew his chair closer to the widow, and told her in the sweetest language he could command that he would like to marry her. The widow looked at him a moment, and said, "I shall have to take a little time to consider about it, as I have had no idea of taking a child to bring up."

This is not bad, of an English gentleman, somewhat bald, who entered a hair-dresser's shop in Paris to be operated upon, and was thunderstruck to find himself charged ten francs. "Ten francs," he exclaimed, "for cutting my hair!"

"Oh no, monsieur, not for *cotting* your hair, but for finding *de hair* to *cot*."

Concerning the weather and descriptions thereof, the following may just now be considered too highly seasoned:

> Dirty days hath September,
> April, June, and November;
> From January up to May,
> The rain it raineth every day.
> All the rest have thirty-one,
> Without a blessed gleam of sun;
> And if any of them had two-and-thirty,
> They'd be just as wet and twice as dirty.

The foregoing was written some years since in Maine, probably by one of that class of men who said they were "in *favor* of the 'Maine Law,' but *against* its enforcement."

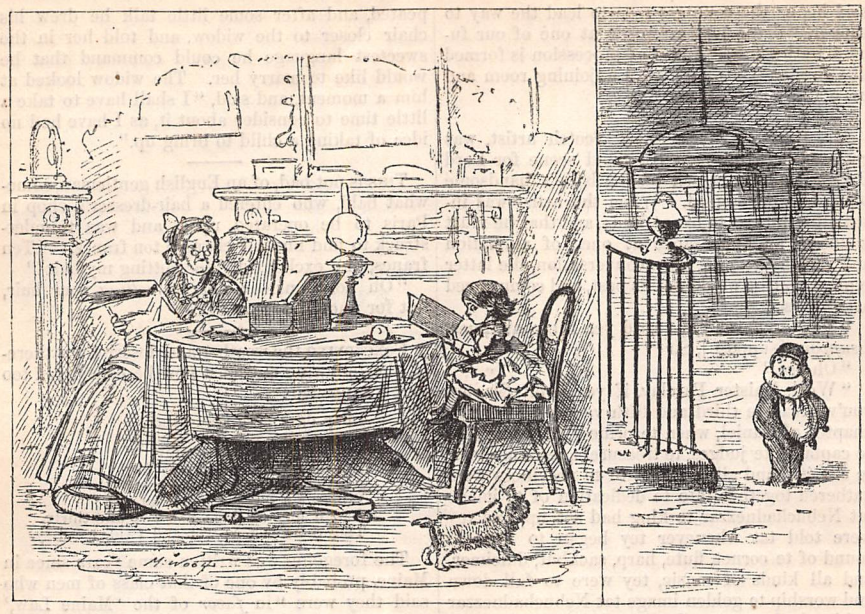
The following curious epitaph at West Allington, England, is worthy of Drawer record, inasmuch as it appears to be a successful attempt in making a monumental stone both a memorial of the deceased and also a means of reproving the slothfulness of the parish priest:

> Here lyeth the Body of
> Daniel Jeffrey the Son of Mich
> ael Jeffrey and Joan his Wife he
> was buried ye 22 day of September
> 1746 and in ye 18th year of his age.
>
> This youth when in his sickness lay
> Did for the minister Send + that he would
> Come and With him pray + But he would no atend
> But When this young man Buried was
> The minister did him admit + he should be
> Caried into Church + that he might money geet
> By this you See what man will dwo + to geet
> Money if he can + who did refuse to come to
> Pray + by the Foresaid young man.

Another epitaph has been sent to us:

> Here lies the body of Sarah Gray,
> Who would, if she could, but she couldn't stay;
> She'd two sore legs, and a church-yard cough,
> But 'twas the legs as carried her off.

A similar case to that of the Presbyterian clergyman commemorated in the Editor's Drawer of the January *Harper's* occurred in a Massachusetts town of high repute quite a number of years ago. The town, now a city, maintained a high school, according to law. A teacher was employed, at a certain salary, by the year. After a while his services were not found satisfactory to the school committee, and their chairman, a smooth-spoken member of the legal profession, was deputed to perform the ungracious task of informing the master of the state of the case. After the settlement of preliminaries, the point was reached, and the propriety of the master's resignation was diplomatically and politely suggested. The incumbent, if not qualified to teach such a school, was a shrewd Yankee. He expressed his



Aunt. "MALVINA, I WONDER WHAT WHISTLING THAT IS?"
Malvina. "I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW, AUNTY." (*Aside.*) "IT IS SALVATOR! HOW VERY IMPRUDENT. IF HE SHOULD BE DISCOVERED, I AM LOST!"

willingness to leave so readily that the committee-man became uncommonly gracious at the success of his mission. "But," said the worthy pedagogue, "if my services are not satisfactory here, they may be in some other place; and as I must get my living, I presume you will give me a recommendation?"

"Certainly," replied the committee-man, thinking only of relieving his own town of an inefficient instructor; and accordingly drew up the paper on the spot.

The master read it, and found it highly satisfactory. "And now," said he, glancing keenly at his employer, "upon this recommendation I am so well fitted to teach, I will thank you to pay me the rest of my salary for the unexpired half year."

The lawyer was caught, and the money was paid.

NURSING—that is, the care of the sick—ought to be an institution. Nothing is more needed than regular establishments in which nurses may be trained to perform their parts. Many persons falling sick are dependent upon the services of others besides the members of their own families. Sairey Gamp is by no means an uncommon illustration of a class of hired attendants upon those who require the most tender and watchful care. For example, a friend of the writer, a lady of considerable distinction, happened to become very ill at a famous Boston hotel. She was not without friends at hand, and much pains was taken to procure her a suitable nurse. She grew rapidly worse, and was not expected to survive from day to day. After trying several unsatisfactory ones, by the recommendation of an eminent physician a woman was sent to take the place of others who had been found incompetent. This nurse was tall, gaunt, and somewhat ghastly-looking. Upon approaching the bedside of our friend, she passed her hand gently over the forehead of the patient, and asked, "May I not smooth your pathway to the grave?" In the middle of the night the lady, awaking, saw the nurse trying on her bonnet, who, being thus detected, turned from the mirror and coolly inquired *if it was becoming.* The lady told her she might keep it, supposing she had herself no further use for it, especially since it had been thus appropriated, and the nurse was summarily dismissed as soon as morning came. Happily the lady recovered, in spite of such melancholy and at the same time officious nursing, and now, after some years, is enjoying herself in foreign travel; but she says the memory of that night gives her a chill even now.

THE following quaint epitaph found in a country church-yard is copied from the *Universal Magazine*, published in London in June, 1764:

Bene
AT. HT : His : S.T
Oneli Eska
THari Neg Rayc
Hang'd
F.R.
O! Mab. V.Syli Fetol
If. Ele
SSCL
Ayb. ye AR
Than
Dcl — Ays
Hego
Therp Elfa
ND
No WS. He Stur
ND. Toe Art
HHErfel Fy
EWEE . . . Pin
Gfr I . . . EN
DSL
Et Mea D

VI
Seab ATE yo
URG
RIE . Fan
DD
Ryy O! V. . . Rey
Esf OR WH
ATA
Vai . . . . . L Saflo
O! Doft EArs w
Hok No : WSB
ut ina Runo
Fy Ears
Jn So . . . . Metall
Pit . . . C
Hero . . . R . . broa
DP
Ans He . . . I
NH
Ers Hopma
YB
E. Aga . . . IN.

HARPER'S NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

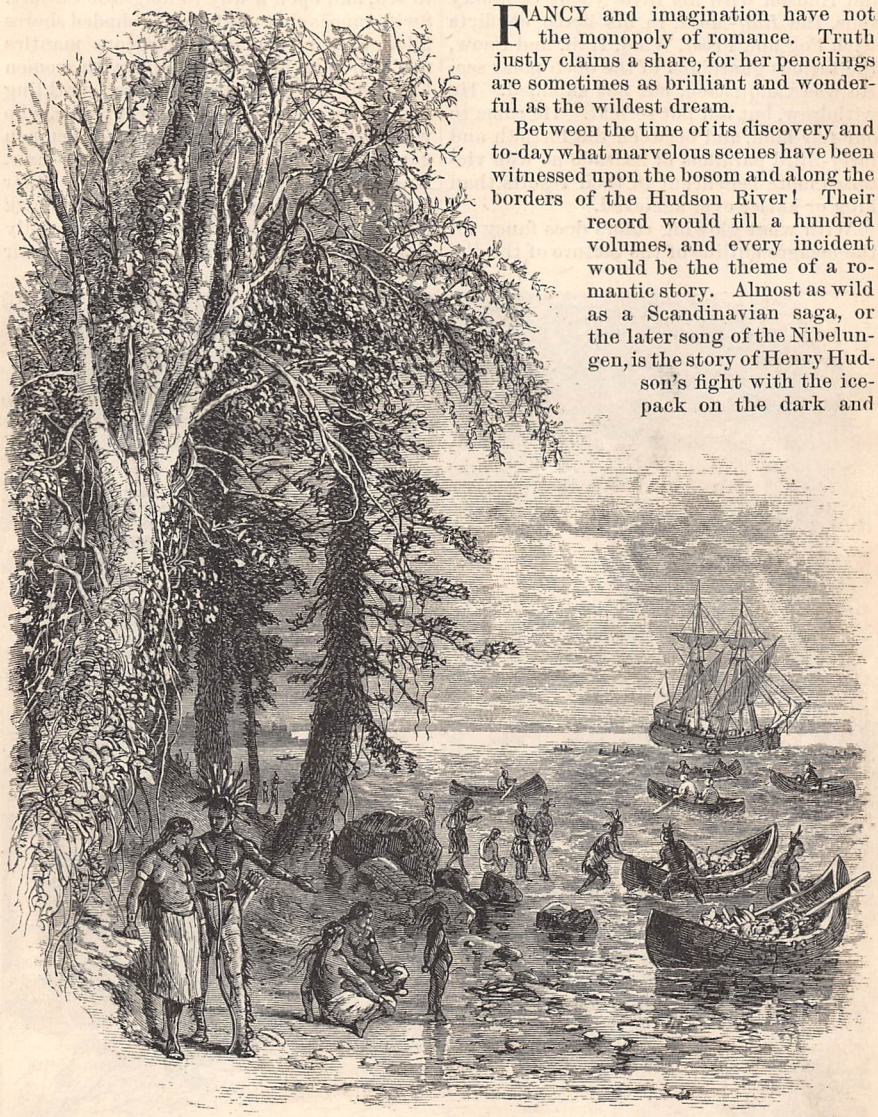
No. CCCXI.—APRIL, 1876.—Vol. LII.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HUDSON.

[First Paper.]

FANCY and imagination have not the monopoly of romance. Truth justly claims a share, for her pencilings are sometimes as brilliant and wonderful as the wildest dream.

Between the time of its discovery and to-day what marvelous scenes have been witnessed upon the bosom and along the borders of the Hudson River! Their record would fill a hundred volumes, and every incident would be the theme of a romantic story. Almost as wild as a Scandinavian saga, or the later song of the Nibelungen, is the story of Henry Hudson's fight with the ice-pack on the dark and



THE DISCOVERY OF THE HUDSON.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1876, by Harper and Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

turbulent sea between the North Cape and Nova Zembla, his bold and perilous voyage across the stormy Atlantic, with his prow turned toward the mysterious west, and his marvelous passage for about thirty days over the bosom of the beautiful *Ma-hie-can-i-tuck* of the Mohegans, which now bears his name. The terrible Thor never fought more valiantly with the heroes whose combats were sometimes shadowed to the minds of the Northmen in the pale flames of the aurora borealis; no old sea-king of the Norwegian coasts ever showed more pluck than did Hudson with his little yacht of ninety tons, the *Half-Moon*, in his fierce conflicts with Fog and Frost, Wind, Hail, and Snow, the furious guardians of the open polar sea. He was vanquished, but not subdued. He withdrew, but did not retreat. He came to our fair land, and between the fortieth and forty-third parallels of latitude he won victories more beneficent in their results than king or kaiser ever achieved.

With what glowing colors does fancy fill the meagre outline of the picture of the discovery of the river and the voyage upon it, drawn by the quaint pen of Juet! The navigator and his crew were all alive to impressions of the novelty and beauty, the poetry and the prophecy, of the vision that burst upon them on that fair September day in the year 1609, when they anchored in the bay at the mouth of the great stream. Even the dull chronicler gives us hints of the scene and the emotions it created. Before them stretched into the azure haze far northward the strait of Hudson's dream, through which the *Half-Moon* should pass from sea to sea, and open a way to long-lost Cathay. Swift canoes shot out from the shaded shores filled with men clad in gorgeous mantles made of feathers or furs, and with women beautiful in form and feature, sparkling black eyes, and teeth like purest pearls, who were scantily clothed in colored hempen garments fringed with tinted deer's hair. Bright copper ornaments were on their necks and arms, and braids of glossy black hair spangled with wampum fell gracefully from beneath broad scarlet fillets upon their

THE FIRST GREAT TIPPLE ON NEW YORK ISLAND.

FIGHT WITH A SAVAGE.

unconcealed bosoms. These all came with fruit and vegetables, green tobacco, copper pipes, and kindly gestures, to trade and be friends with the strange white men. Hudson first introduced "fire-water" among the savages on the banks of the river.*

* There was a tradition a hundred years ago among some of the neighboring tribes, that an old chief said had been handed down from generation to generation, in which it was stated that when the Indians here first saw the ship, which seemed a huge white thing moving up, they thought it was some monstrous fish, but finally concluded it to be the canoe of the great Manitou visiting his children. Runners were immediately sent to the neighboring tribes, who flocked to the place of rendezvous. Sacrifices were prepared, and a grand dance ordered for his reception. Hudson, dressed in scarlet and attended by a portion of his crew, came ashore, and the chiefs, grave and respectful, gathered in a semicircle around him. Hudson, to show his friendly feelings, poured out a glass of brandy, and tasting it himself, handed it to the nearest chief. He gravely smelled of it, and handed it to the next one, who did the same, and passed it on. In this way it went the entire circle without being tasted. At last a young brave declared it was an insult to the great Manitou not to drink after he had shown them an example, and if no one else would drink it, he would, let the consequences be what they might. So, bidding them all a solemn farewell, he drained the goblet at a draught. The chiefs watched him with anxiety, wondering what the effect would be. The young brave very soon began to stagger, till at length, overcome by the heavy dose, he sank on the ground in a drunken stupor. The chiefs looked on at first in still terror, and then a low, wild death-wail rose on the air. But after a while the apparently dead man began to rally, and at length jumping on his feet, capered round in the most excited, grotesque manner, declaring he never felt so happy in his life, and asked for more liquor. The other chiefs no longer hesitated, and following his example, the first great tipple on New York Island took place, ending in a scene of beastly intoxication. From that time on the name of the island in the Delaware language signified "the place of the big drunk." Many people think it would be a good name for it now, or at least portions of it, not only where the "sachems" do congregate, but other places.—J. T. Headley.

Such, then, were the merchant marine and the commerce of the harbor of New York, where now a thousand ships may be daily seen in the service of traffic, bringing and distributing its amazing treasures of necessaries and luxuries for the use of millions of civilized people. This was the pleasant opening chapter in the romance of the Hudson. A darker one followed.

Hudson, trained in the artificialities of civilization, would not trust the savages, and kept them at bay. Suspicion begat suspicion, and led to violence. Under cover of darkness, some of Hudson's men in a boat, returning from an exploration, were attacked by savages in a canoe. After a sharp conflict, one of the English sailors was slain by an arrow that pierced his throat. Sadly his companions buried him in the soft earth at Communipaw the next day, while wondering women and children of the Hackensacks watched them from the neighboring heights. This was the first of many tragedies performed on the borders of the river, in which Europeans played a part, and with which the romance of the Hudson abounds. Its scenes dwelt long in the memories of the Indians. It was the theme of exulting songs among young braves at the war-dance. An aged squaw who came from Hoboken to the

house of Governor Stuyvesant in the Bowerie, to ask mercy for her people, told him in words of bitterness that her young husband was killed in that night affray, fifty years before.

On one occasion when the *Half-Moon* was at anchor near Peekskill, an Indian, climbing cautiously up the rudder, stole some clothing, and was shot dead while escaping with his booty. A boat put off from the ship to recover the things which he had left floating on the surface, when another Indian leaped into the water, and swimming up to it, seized it in his hands and attempted to overturn it as he would a canoe. The cook, snatching a sword, with one blow cut off one of his hands, and after a struggle to swim ashore with one hand, the savage sank to the bottom.

Every part of the region through which the Hudson flows, from the wilderness to the sea—the Upper, Middle, and Lower—is clustered with romantic associations. These have found expression in every form of literature and art. Each mountain and hill upon its borders, from the lofty Tahawus and its giant fellows, which stand around its head waters three hundred miles from the ocean, to the Highlands, the Palisades, and Washington Heights, in sight of the sea; every valley, from the Scarron (Schroon), with its beautiful lake and swift streams, to the fertile Hackensack and the Bronx; and every considerable tributary, from the Sacandaga that flows through the ancient domain of the Mohawks to the Croton, which pours untold blessings into the lap of New York—is rich in legends and traditions and the verities of history. The tales of Cooper have thrown a charm over the Upper Hudson, and the genius of Irving has made the Middle and Lower portions of the stream glow with the splendors of romance.

From a morning steamboat plying between New York and Albany may be seen, during a day's voyage, most of the places and objects on the borders of the river which are embalmed in history and legend.

The steamboat itself is a romance of the Hudson. Its birth was on its waters, where the rude conceptions of Evans and Fitch on the Schuylkill and Delaware were perfected by Fulton and his successors. How strange is the story of its advent, growth, and achievements! Living men remember when the idea of steam navigation was ridiculed. They remember, too, that when the *Clermont* went from New York to Albany without the use of sails, against wind and tide, in thirty-two hours, ridicule was changed into amazement. That voyage did more. It spread terror over the surface of the river, and created wide alarm along its borders. The steamboat was an awful revelation to the fishermen, the farmers, and the villagers. It came upon them unheralded. It seemed like a weird craft from Pluto's realm—a transfiguration of Charon's boat into a living fiend from the infernal regions. Its huge black pipe vomiting fire and smoke, the hoarse breathing of its engine, and the great splash of its uncovered paddle-wheels filled the imagination with all the dark pictures of goblins that romancers have invented since the foundation of the world. Some thought it was an unheard-of monster of the sea ravaging the fresh waters; others regarded it as a herald of the final

THE "CLERMONT."

conflagration at the day of doom. Managers of river-craft who saw it at night believed that the great red dragon of the Apocalypse was loose upon the waters. Some prayed for deliverance; some fled in terror to the shore, and hid in the recesses of the rocks, and some crouched in mortal dread beneath their decks, and abandoned their vessels and themselves to the mercy of the winds and waves, or the jaws of the demon. The *Clermont* was the author of some of the most wonderful romances of the Hudson, and for years she was the victim of the enmity of the fishermen, who believed that her noise and agitation of the waters would drive the shad and sturgeon from the river.

THE ELYSIAN FIELDS AND CASTLE POINT.

The *Clermont* was a small thing compared with the great river steamers now. Fulton did not comprehend the majesty and capacity of his invention. He regarded the *Richmond*, the finest steamboat at the time of his death, as the perfection of that class of architecture. She was a little more than one hundred feet in length, with a low dingy cabin, partly below the water-line, dimly lighted by tallow-candles, in which passengers ate and slept in stifling air, and her highest rate of speed was nine miles an hour. Could Fulton revisit the earth and be placed on one of the great river steamboats of our time, he would imagine himself to be in some magical structure of fairy-land, or forming a part of a strange romance; for it is a magnificent floating hotel, over four hundred feet in length, and capable of carrying a thousand guests by night or by day from New York to Albany at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Its gorgeously furnished parlor, lighted with gas and garnished with mirrors and rich curtains, its cheerful and well-ventilated dining-room, and its airy bedrooms, high above the water, compose a whole more grand and beautiful than any palace dreamed of by the Arabian story-tellers. It is the perfected growth of the Indian's bark canoe.

Looking toward the Jersey shore as the steamboat sweeps out of her slip, you may see at the northern extremity of the village of Hoboken a bold rocky promontory, called Castle Point. There the Hackensack Indians had a fort and council-house, and there a sad tragedy was performed on a winter night in colonial times. There had been a bitter feud a long time between the New Jersey Indians and the Dutch on Manhattan, which the blood-thirsty Governor Kieft had fostered. Mutual violence often occurred, and each watched for an opportunity for revenge. The Hollanders found it in February, 1643. The fierce Mohawks, bent on extorting tribute from the tribes below the mountains, swept down from the Highlands at that time like a northern tempest, driving large numbers of the weaker tribes upon the Hackensacks at Hoboken. Kieft ordered a strong force of Hollanders to attack the fugitives there. At midnight the

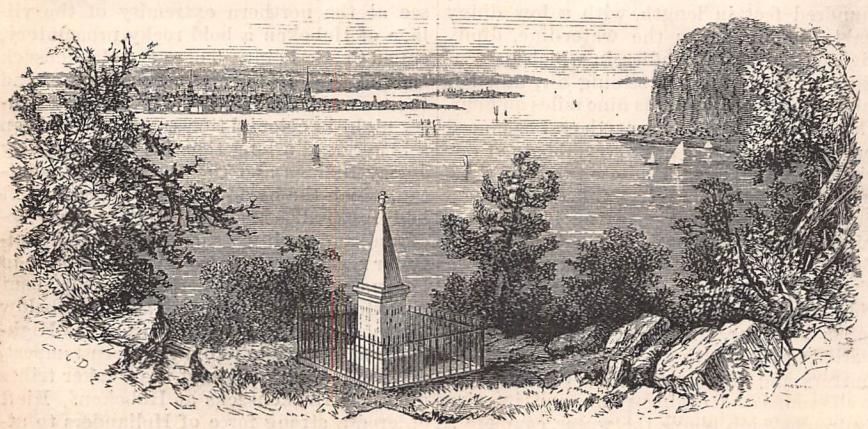
Dutchmen fell upon the defenseless Indians, and before morning murdered almost a hundred men, women, and children. Many of them had been driven in terror over the cliff at Castle Point, and perished in the freezing waters below. It was an aged survivor of this horror who sought an audience with Stuyvesant at his house. To him Kieft had bequeathed a large legacy of trouble, for the massacre had excited the hottest indignation of the Indians far in the interior of the country, and dreadful retaliation followed.

Upon the gentle slopes a little north of Castle Point there existed only a few years ago a magnificent open forest covering a rich greensward, where now private taste and munificence have planted charming dwelling-places. That spot of wood and greensward was called the Elysian Fields. It was indeed a paradise of beauty and repose. Some of the trees appeared like Anakim of the forest in Kieft's time. They stood in stately ranks from the river's brink back to a thicker wood. Their shadows were sought on summer days by hundreds from the city across the river, and the wood was filled with strollers on moon-lit evenings. The sylvan scene formed a delightful contrast to the fiery streets of the metropolis. These attractions and more may now be found in the Central Park, that wonderfully romantic fairy tale in the history of the city of New York. A sketch from the Elysian Fields looking out upon the moon-lit river and the slumbering city beyond it, made thirty years ago, is here given.

A little above the Elysian Fields, at Weehawken, you may see with an opera-glass, in a grassy nook at the foot of the hills near the water's edge, the form of a great arm-chair made of rude stones. There Colonel Burr, then Vice-President of the United States, murdered General Hamilton in a duel seventy-one years ago. Burr lived a dark fugitive from virtuous society more than thirty years afterward, and the wife of his bright victim mourned her loss in widowhood for fifty years. Iconoclasts destroyed the monument erected there to the memory of Hamilton.

Washington Heights, on the eastern shore, form the highest ground on Manhattan Island. At their base may be seen a little rocky point projecting into the river, on which are small grass-covered mounds shaded by cedar-trees. That is Jeffry's Hook of the Revolution; and those hillocks are the remains of a battery placed there to cover *chevaux-de-frise* and other obstructions which were placed in the river to prevent British ships passing up the stream. These mounds have been well preserved for almost a hundred years.

On the crown of the Heights, then called Mount Washington, the Americans built a fort at the beginning of the old war for independence, with strong outworks, and called it Fort Washington. In the autumn of 1776 it was garrisoned by 1000 men. After the American army had fled across the Hudson into New Jersey, it was invested by British, German, and Tory troops. This movement Washington saw with anguish from Fort Lee, on the top of the Palisades opposite. He knew the peril that menaced the post, and contemplated its abandonment. Overruled by a council, he sent re-enforcements. A demand was made for a surrender. Informed of this, the chief crossed the river with Generals Putnam, Greene, and Mercer, and made his way stealthily to the house of Roger Morris, his old companion in arms in Braddock's fight, and one of Braddock's aids, in which he had his head-quarters a few weeks before. Morris, now a loyalist, had fled with his wife, the beautiful Mary Philipse, whose charms had won the heart of young Washington twenty years before.



MONUMENT SHOWING THE SPOT WHERE HAMILTON FELL.

From the Morris house, a mile south of Fort Washington, the chief had made a hurried survey of the field of operations, when a young, small, and very pretty *vivandière*, the wife of a Pennsylvania soldier, who had followed the chief, like a guardian angel, from the river, came up reverently, touched his arm, and whispered in his ear. Washington immediately ordered his companions into the saddle, and they galloped back to their boats. Fifteen minutes after they had left the Morris house (late Madame Jumel's), yet standing on Harlem Heights, a British regiment, which had been crawling stealthily, like a serpent, up the rocky acclivity, appeared at the mansion. They had been seen by the vigilant camp-follower, and her whispered warning had saved Washington and his generals from capture. The fort fell, after a severe fight that strewed Mount Washington with graves. Below the beautiful gardens that now adorn Washington Heights repose the mingled remains of American, British, and German soldiers. Many of the survivors of the garrison became the victims of cruelty in the British prisons and prison-ships at New York.

THE PALISADES.

Between two hills, one wooded and desolate, the other bare and inhabited, just above Washington Heights, flows a narrow stream. It is Spuyt den Duyvel Creek, which, with the Harlem River, separates Manhattan Island from the main-land. Its queer name often puzzles the curious, who inquire for its origin. Diedrich Knickerbocker solves the problem. He tells us that when Anthony Van Corlear, Governor Stuyvesant's great trumpeter, was on a mission to stir up the country to war beyond the Harlem River, he came to this stream. There was no ferry-boat there. The wind was high and the waters were turbulent. Feeling the urgency of his errand, Anthony swore he would cross the creek *en spuyt den duyvel* (in spite of the devil), and taking a hearty embrace of his stone bottle, he plunged into the stream. When half-way over, he was seen to struggle violently, and giving a vehement blast of his trumpet, sank forever to the bottom. The clangor of the trumpet aroused the people far and near, who hurried to the spot in amazement. "Here an old Dutch burgher," says the chronicler, "famed for his veracity, and who had been a witness of the fact, related to them the melancholy affair, with the fearful addition (to which I am slow of giving belief) that he saw the devil, in the shape of a huge moss-bunker, seize the sturdy Anthony by the leg and drag him beneath the waves." The stream and the wooded point have been called Spuyt den Duyvel ever since.

"Spiting Devil!" shouted the brakeman on a Hudson River car one evening, as the train "slowed" at this spot. "What gave this place so queer a name?" a young woman asked a stranger who was sitting by her side. He told her Irving's story, supposing

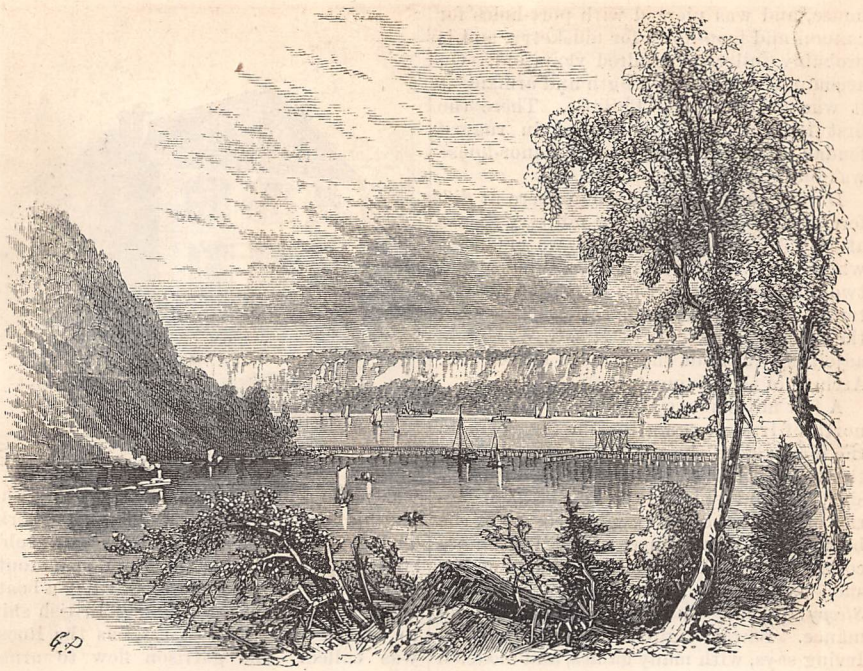
HALL OF THE LATE MADAME JUMEL'S MANSION.*

she understood it to be a legend. Not so. Her womanly sympathies were aroused by the recital of the fate of the trumpeter, and she inquired, "Did he leave a family?" The gentleman modestly referred her to the chronicle. That chronicle says: "Though he was never married, yet did he leave behind him some two or three dozen children in different parts of the country, fine, chubby, brawling, flatulent little urchins, from whom, if legends speak true (and they are not apt to lie), did descend the innumerable race of editors who people and defend the country, and who are bountifully paid by the people for keeping up a constant alarm and making them miserable."

From this point to the Highlands is spread out before the eye of the voyager the beautiful Hudson River front of Westchester County, its slopes dotted with growing villages linked by costly country-seats, and its lands in a state of highest cultivation. Between the Spuyt den Duyvel and the Croton was the famous "Neutral Ground," over which "Cow-boys" and "Skinners"—British and American bands of marauders—roved and plundered with impunity in Revolutionary times, until it became a very purgatory for the peaceful inhabitants. Over this domain marched and countermarched the Continental army. Here rested the French troops under Rochambeau, and here the loyalists carried on a distressing warfare while the British had possession of the city of New York. Here was the scene of the capture of André, which, perhaps, saved the American cause from ruin. Almost every acre seen from the river by the voyager from Manhattan Island to Peekskill has been made classic to Americans by events of the old war for independence.

A few miles north of Spuyt den Duyvel is the large village of Yonkers—*Jonkheer*—"young lord." It is really a child of the Hudson River Railway. Thirty years ago a church, a few indifferent houses, a single sloop at a small wharf, and the gray walls and roof of a venerable structure, which you may see stretching among the trees parallel with the river, composed the whole borough. That old building is the Philipse Manor-house, now occupied for municipal

* The Morris or Jumel mansion contains at the present time the following articles: 1. A stand said to have belonged to Voltaire. 2. An elaborate embroidery of flowers, surrounded by a golden chain on a white ground, by the Empress Josephine. 3. A large black leather trunk with quaint steel bands, locks, handles, etc., believed by the family to have belonged to Napoleon I., and used by him on his journey to Moscow. The room at the end of the hall is furnished with articles once owned by General Moreau, and bought at the sale of his effects by Madame Jumel. The hall contains many paintings, the last of a collection of one hundred and twenty-four once owned by the Jumels. There are also drawings and engravings of distinguished people who have been visitors at the house in years past—Aaron Burr, Napoleon III., Prince Napoleon, Jerome Bonaparte, and Henry Clay. There is also a fine portrait of Napoleon I. The walls and wood-work of the hall are delicate blue, white, and gold, and the general effect is very striking when seen for the first time.



MOUTH OF SPUYT DEN DUYVEL CREEK—PALISADES IN THE DISTANCE.

purposes by the public authorities of Yonkers. The more ancient part was built soon after the purchase of the property in 1682. There the Hon. Frederick Philipse, of a noble Bohemian family, and second lord of the manor, lived in almost princely style after the house assumed its present shape and size in 1745. Its rooms are large and wainscoted; its ceilings are high, and the whole interior shows tokens of wealth and taste. In the drawing-room, the ceiling of which is ornamented with arabesque-work, the charming Mary Philipse, daughter of Lord Frederick, was married to Captain Roger Morris, already mentioned, in January, 1758.

That wedding was a pleasant romance of the Hudson. The leading families of the province and the British forces in America had representatives there. The sleighing was good and the weather was mild. So early as two o'clock in the afternoon the guests began to arrive. The Rev. Henry Barclay, rector of Trinity Church in New York, with his assistant, Mr. Auchmuty, was there at three o'clock. Half an hour later the marriage was solemnized under a crimson canopy, emblazoned with the golden crest of the family (a crowned demi-lion, rampant, rising from a coronet), in the presence of a brilliant assembly. The bridemaids were Miss Barclay, Miss Van Cortlandt, and Miss De Lancey. The groomsmen were Mr. Heathcote, Captain Kennedy, and Mr. Watts. Acting Governor De Lancey (son-in-law to Colonel Heathcote, lord of the manor of Scarsdale) assisted at the ceremony. The brother of the bride, the last lord of the manor, decorated with the gold chain and jeweled badge of office of his family as keeper of the deer forests of Bohemia, gave away the bride, for her father had been dead seven years. Her dowry in her own right was a large domain, plate, jewelry, and money.

A grand feast followed the nuptial ceremony, and late on that brilliant moon-lit night most of the guests departed. While they were feasting, a tall Indian, closely wrapped in a scarlet blanket, appeared at the door of the banquet hall, and with measured words said, "Your possessions shall pass from you when the Eagle shall despoil the Lion of his mane." He as suddenly disappeared. His message was as mysterious as the writing on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. The bride pondered the ominous words for years; and when, because they were royalists in action, the magnificent domain of the Philipses was confiscated by the Americans at the close of the Revolution, the significance of the prophecy and its fulfillment were manifested. Such is the story of the wedding as told by Angevine (son of the favorite colored valet of Philipse), who was sexton of St. John's Church at Yonkers for forty-five years.

The first building erected by Philipse on his estate is yet standing at the mouth of the Pocanteco Creek, just north of the village of Tarrytown. It is a strong stone

house, and was pierced with port-holes for cannon and loop-holes for musketry, and is probably full two hundred years old. On account of its great strength and armament it was called Castle Philipse. There the first lord of the manor lived in rugged feudal style until the lower manor-house was built at Yonkers.

During the Revolution there were at different times many stirring military scenes at Dobb's Ferry and on the waters near, where the Americans had a block-house and two redoubts. A portion of one of the latter may be seen in excellent preservation on the beautiful grounds of Mrs. G. W. Hatch, adjoining those of the present owner (Mr. Archer) of the Livingston place.

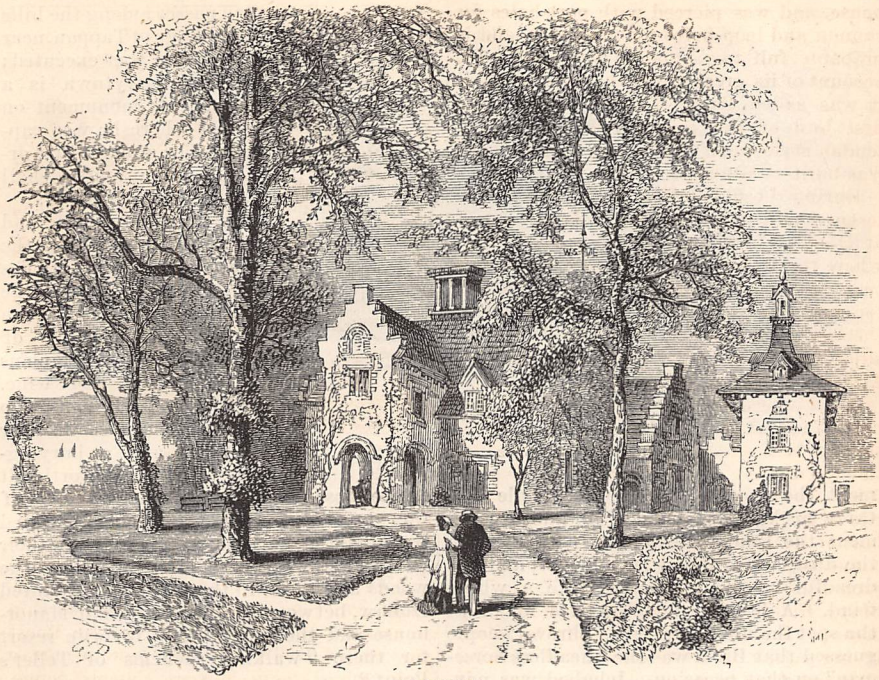
A few miles above Dobb's Ferry, and just north of Irvington station, may be seen, on the low bank of the river, half concealed by the foliage, the white cottage of "Sunnyside," around which cluster pleasant memories of its late beloved owner. Some of the best of Irving's romances of the Hudson are connected with that charming home of his, such as *Wolfert's Roost* and the *Legend of Sleepy Hollow*. The cottage itself is a romance. It was originally a stone building, Irving says, with many gables, and modeled after Governor Stuyvesant's cocked hat. It was built by Wolfert Acker, a self-exiled privy councilman of Stuyvesant's court, as an asylum from trouble. He was fretting his life away in the city because nobody agreed with him. He did not find rest there. His wife opposed him as much as did the citizens, and, the chronicler says, "the cock of the roost was the most hen-pecked bird in the county."

The Roost passed into the possession of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant Dutchman and a Whig, whose long goose gun became the terror of "Cow-boys" and "Skinners" and marauding craft on the river, and secured the dwelling from violence. Alas! Jacob

CASTLE PHILIPSE.

was made a prisoner by the British, and he and his goose gun were carried to New York. The Roost was then garrisoned by Jacob's stout wife and stouter sister and still stouter Dinah, a negro servant. One day a boatful of armed men came from a British ship to attack the "Rebel Nest," as the Roost was called. The garrison flew to arms. They seized mops, pokers, shovels, tongs, and broomsticks, and gave terrible volleys of words. There was a dreadful uproar, but in vain. The house was plundered and burned, and the invaders tried to carry off Laney Van Tassel, the beauty of the Roost. Then came the tug of war. Mother, aunt, and Dinah flew to the rescue. The struggle continued to the water's edge, when a trumpet-voice from the ship bade the men desist. So the beauty escaped "with only a rumpling of the feathers." The Roost was

THE PHILIPSE MANOR-HOUSE.

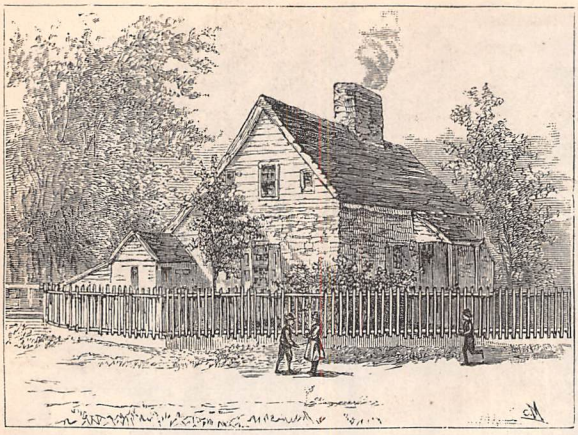


SUNNYSIDE.

built in more modern style after the war. So Irving found it, with its ancient walls, and upon these he fashioned the delightful cottage of "Sunnyside." At the foot of its grassy bank, on the margin of the river, yet bubbles up in undiminished volume the delicious spring of water which tradition says Femmetie Van Blarcom took up near Rotterdam and brought over in her churn.

The Tappan Sea, before "Sunnyside," has its legends. One of these is a match for that of the phantom ship of the South Atlantic. A thousand sailors have declared that they have seen that ship and its master when passing the Cape of Good Hope. The story is that a plucky Dutch captain, having long breasted head-winds, swore a fearful oath that he would beat around the cape if it took him until the day of judgment. He has been beating ever since—a phantom known as the Flying Dutchman. Rambout Van Dam, a roistering young Dutchman of Spuyt den Duyvel, crossed the Tappan Sea on Saturday night in his boat to attend a quilting frolic on its western shore. He drank, danced, and caroused until midnight, when he entered his boat to return. He was warned that it was on the verge of Sunday morning. He swore a fearful oath that he would not land until he reached Spuyt den Duyvel, if it took him a month of Sundays. He pushed from shore, and was never seen afterward; but he might be heard by sailors and believing landsmen plying his oars over the lonely waters at midnight in never-ending voyages between Spuyt den Duyvel and the western shore—the Flying Dutchman of the Tappan Sea.

Beyond the broad grassy bay just above Tarrytown, where was once deep water for the anchorage of large vessels, may be seen Castle Philipse, and a little further on, a quaint-looking building of stone and brick, with a small cupola, close by a cemetery. That is the famous Sleepy Hollow Church that figures in Irving's legend. It was built in 1699 by Frederick Philipse, the first lord of the manor, and Catharine Van Cortlandt, in commemoration of their marriage. In it, according to the legend, Ichabod Crane, the Connecticut school-master, led the singers of psalmody on the Sabbath; and near it flows the placid Pocanteco, at the bridge over which, by the church, Ichabod had his direful encounter with the goblin known as the "Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow." The legend is too well known to need full repetition here. Suffice it to say that Ichabod loved Katrina Van Tassel, and so did Brom Bones, a stout young Dutchman. Ichabod lingered one night at the breaking up of a party at Van Tassel's to say a soft word or two to Katrina, and then mounted his lean horse, Gunpowder, and departed for home. Near the bridge he discovered a horseman just behind him, who carried his head on the pommel of his saddle. Ichabod spurred on, and when he had crossed the bridge, and thought himself safe, he looked back to see the goblin vanish. At that mo-



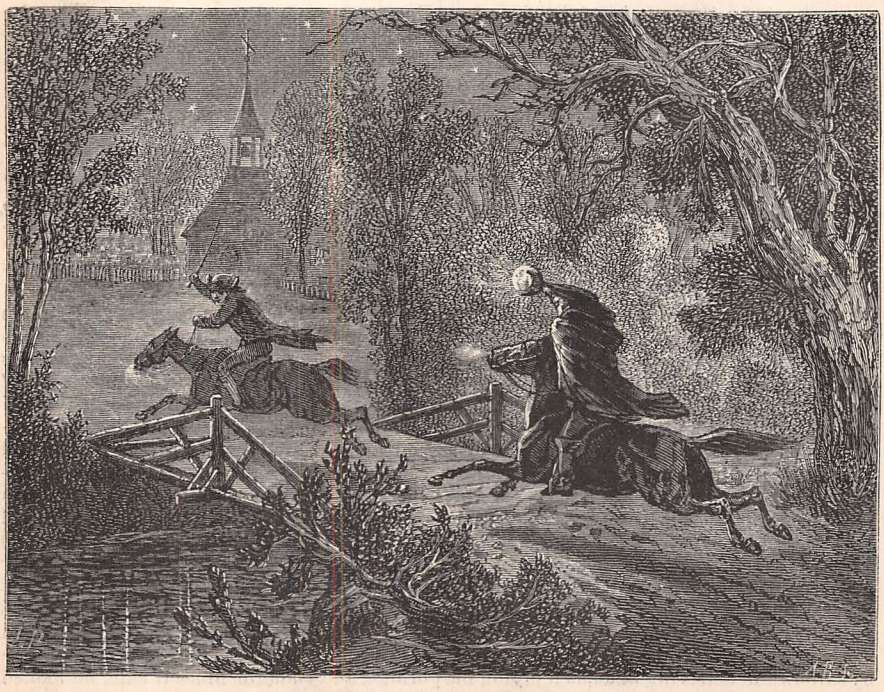
THE VAN TASSEL HOUSE.

ment the spectre rose in the saddle and threw his head at Ichabod. In another moment the school-master lay sprawling in the dust, and Gunpowder, pursuer, and the dreadful missile all passed like a whirlwind. A broken pumpkin was found at the spot the next morning. Shrewd people guessed that Brom was the "headless horseman" on that occasion. Ichabod was never heard of afterward, and Brom married Katrina.

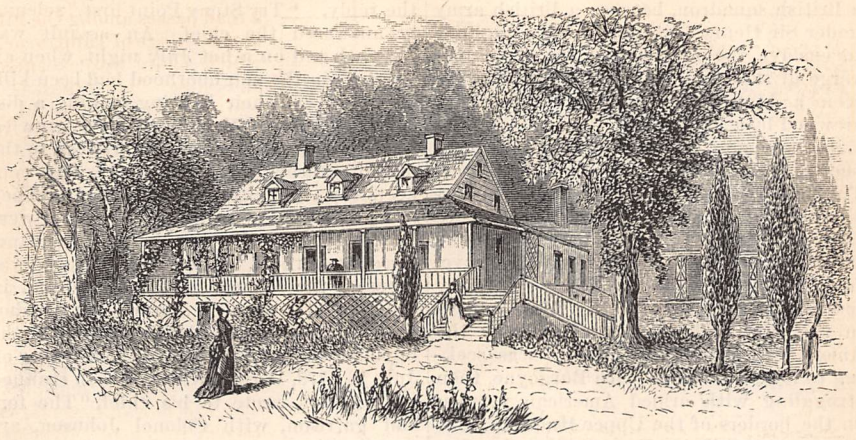
On the western shore, opposite Tarrytown, may be seen a very long wharf, from which a road passes among the hills to the village of Tappan, near which André was executed; and near Tarrytown is a white marble monument on the spot where he was captured. The story of that arrest and execution we shall relate in our next paper.

The long low headland that stretches out from the eastern shore and divides the Tappan Sea from the Haverstraw Bay is Croton Point—"Teller's Point" of the Revolution—and famous for its grapes and wine. The Kitchewan Indians, who owned it, had a castle near the neck, and a burying-place on the Van Cortlandt estate close by. In earlier times the belief was prevalent that the sachems buried there might be seen at night with their wives and sweethearts strolling among the woods and glens in the vicinity. Haunted Hollow, between the Van Cortlandt Manor-house and the point, was a favorite resort for these "walking sachems of Teller's Point."

Off that point the British sloop of war *Vulture* lay after André had left her on his fatal errand to meet Arnold near Haverstraw.



THE HEADLESS HORSEMAN—SLEEPY HOLLOW.



THE VAN CORTLANDT MANOR-HOUSE.

Up the narrowing bay at the east, below Croton Point, and beyond the line of the Hudson River Railway, may be seen, near its head, a quaint old mansion. The water, once deep, now rapidly changing into salt meadow land, is Croton Bay, in which Henry Hudson anchored his little exploring vessel. The mansion is the Van Cortlandt Manor-house, one of the most ancient and interesting in its associations of its class on the Hudson. Recent discoveries, while repairing it, of loop-holes for musketry near the floor in the dining-room clearly show that it originally composed a fort, which was probably built by Governor Dongan soon after he purchased the domain, almost two hundred years ago. John Van Cortlandt enlarged it to its present dimensions in the early years of Queen Anne's reign, and from that period until now its broad roof has been accustomed to shelter men of renown in almost every sphere in life. Washington, Franklin, Schuyler, Lafayette, Whitefield, Asbury, and others have been entertained there. Its owners were men of note in the colony. At the time of the Revolution, and afterward, the head of the family (Pierre) was an eminent civilian, and his son was a patriotic soldier. Descendants occupy the mansion sanctified by age and generous deeds.

History and romance tell of stirring scenes at the Van Cortlandt Manor-house. The record of one must suffice. Governor Tryon attempted to seduce the lord of the manor into the ranks of the royalists when the war for independence was kindling. With his charming wife and the accomplished Miss Watts and his courteous secretary, Fanning, Tryon went to the manor-house, and intimated that honors and more broad acres awaited the master when he should espouse the cause of the king. The "Get thee behind me, Satan," reply, courteously given to the tempter, made Tryon say to Fanning, "Come, we'll return; I find nothing can be effected here."

Over the main entrance to the manor-house hangs the strong bow of *Croton*, the sachem whose name has been given to the Kitchewan river and bay; and within the mansion are interesting mementos of the country from which and the family from whom the Van Cortlandts came—the Dukes of Courland, in Russia. Among its minor claims to respect and veneration is its possession of an invisible ghost, which, like a stately dame or charming belle, rustles its rich silk garments as it passes through a certain room at the midnight hour. Nature holds the key to the mystery, and persists in refusing to unlock the secret; nor will she reveal the origin of the sound of heavy footsteps in the great hall sometimes heard in the silent watches of the night. The mansion is haunted in the day by the most gentle spirits.

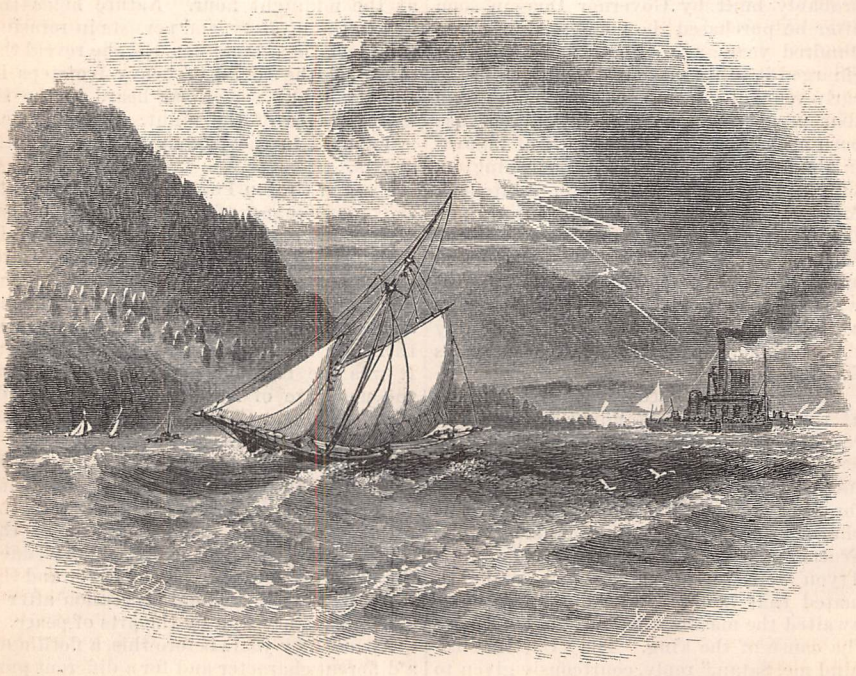
Passing Croton Point, the boat goes into the broad expanse of Haverstraw Bay, whose waters and shores form an amphitheatre in which stirring events have occurred. Here, at the sunsetting of a bright, crisp November day in the year 1825, was read with wondering eyes a chapter of one of the most thrilling of the romances of the Hudson. It was the brilliant nuptial procession at the marriage of Neptune with the naiads of the forest. Gayly decked steamboats, sloops, canal-boats, and other vessels—a right royal fleet—were bearing the Governor of the State and other notables, with water from Lake Erie to be cast into the Atlantic Ocean, in commemoration of the completion of the Erie Canal, which wedded the great lakes to the Hudson River and the sea. It was a triumphal procession after a glorious victory won by the arts of peace.

Almost fifty years before this, a flotilla of a different character and for a different purpose was seen on Haverstraw Bay. It was

a British squadron, bearing a British army under Sir Henry Clinton, working mightily to enslave the Americans. On the upper verge of that bay, on the western shore, is seen a high, rocky, solitary promontory crowned by a light-house. On the opposite side is seen a promontory more gentle in aspect, and containing a considerable village. The former is Stony Point, the latter is Verplank's Point. Upon these the baronet landed his troops. With a part of them he swept around the lofty Donder Berg above, from Stony Point, and falling with heavy force upon Forts Clinton and Montgomery in the Highlands, feebly manned by the Americans, captured them. He was seeking to form a junction with Burgoyne, then struggling with armed American yeomen on the borders of the Upper Hudson. But Clinton was foiled. He constructed a fort on Stony Point and garrisoned it, but did not carry victory above Anthony's Nose. The embankments of that fort may be seen in front of the light-house.

Almost two years later Stony Point was the scene of another stirring romance. The chances for success in a night assault upon the garrison there were talked over at the head-quarters of Washington at West Point. The impetuous General Wayne—"Mad Anthony"—was then in command of troops in that vicinity. "Can you take the fort by assault?" Washington asked Wayne. "I'll storm hell, general, if you'll plan it!" was the reply. "Try Stony Point first," solemnly answered the chief. An assault was planned, and on a hot July night, when all the dogs in the neighborhood had been killed to prevent their barking making a discovery, Wayne, with a small force, crawled unobserved, under cover of darkness, to the narrow causeway across a marsh that connects the promontory with the land. They had ascended the rocky acclivity and were almost to the sally-port before a sentinel discovered them. Then the garrison was aroused, the drums beat to arms, and in the face of a terrible storm of grape-shot the assailants pressed forward with the bayonet. At two o'clock in the morning of July 16, 1779, Wayne, who had been stunned by a bullet, wrote to his chief, "The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnson, are ours." The cannon were carried away on *bateaux* to West Point, and the fort was destroyed.

After passing the two points, the voyager finds broad and beautiful Peekskill Bay spread out before him, appearing like the northern termination of the arm of the sea, as the yet salt Hudson seems to be. But soon the magnificent serpentine sweep of the stream around the Donder Berg and Anthony's Nose dispels the illusion, and the Highlands rise in their grandeur on each side, flanking the river with wooded hills more than a thousand feet in height along a distance of more than ten miles. To the



THE DONDER BERG.

BLOODY POND.

northeastward stretches Peek's Kill and the Canopus Valley, wherein once lay a portion of the Continental army, and where the torch of German mercenaries, under the British General Tryon, made a brilliant conflagration of a village and American army supplies at an early period of the war for independence. Between the kill, or creek, and the village of Peekskill is a high rocky ridge, on the southeastern slope of which, north of the borough, a notable little romance occurred in 1777. General Putnam, whose exploits on the Upper Hudson have made that region famous in history and tradition, was in command there. A young man, a scion of a good family in Westchester County, was arrested on suspicion of being a spy, and was brought before Putnam. On his person were found enlisting papers signed by Tryon, and other evidences of his guilt. Sir Henry Clinton sent a note to Putnam, with a flag, claiming the culprit as a British officer, and making insolent threats of wrathful retaliation in case the young man should be harmed. Putnam replied in writing:

"HEAD-QUARTERS, *7th August*, 1777.

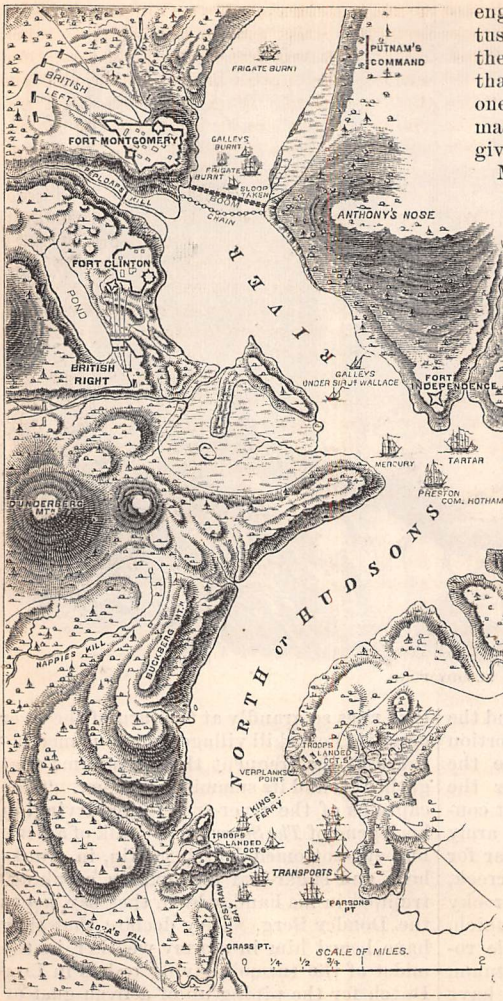
"SIR,—Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

"P.S.—He has been accordingly hanged."

No spy was ever found in Putnam's camp after that.

The Donder Berg (Thunder Mountain), that rises so grandly at the turn of the river opposite Peekskill village, was so named because of the frequent thunder-storms that gather around its summit in summer. "The captains of the river-craft," says Irving, in his legend of *The Storm-Ship*, "talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk-hose and sugar-loaf hat, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, which, they say, keeps the Donder Berg. They declare that they have heard him in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low Dutch for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap. Sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air, or buzzing, like a swarm of flies, about Anthony's Nose; and that at such times the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest." The romancer tells us that at one time a terrible thunder-gust burst upon a sloop when passing the Donder Berg, and she was in the greatest peril. Her crew saw at the mast-head a white sugar-loaf hat, and knowing that it belonged to the goblin of the Donder Berg, dared not climb to get rid of it. The vessel sped swiftly through the Highlands into Newburgh Bay, when the little hat suddenly sprung up, whirled the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the Donder Berg.

"There is another story told of this foul-



PLAN OF THE ATTACK ON FORTS CLINTON AND MONTGOMERY, OCTOBER 6, 1777.—[DRAWN BY A BRITISH OFFICER, AND PUBLISHED IN LONDON IN 1784.]

weather urchin," says the romancer, "by Skipper Daniel Ouselesticker, of Fishkill, who was never known to tell a lie. He declared that, in a severe squall, he saw him seated astride of his bowsprit riding the sloop ashore, full butt against Anthony's Nose, and that he was exorcised by Dominie Van Giesen, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sang the hymn of St. Nicholas, whereupon the goblin threw himself up in the air like a ball, and went off in a whirlwind, carrying away with him the night-cap of the dominie's wife, which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weather-cock of Esopus church steeple, at least forty miles off."

A sketch is given (p. 646) of one of those storm scenes at the Donder Berg, made by the writer many years ago, when the steam-engine of an immense pumping apparatus of a coffer-dam was in operation at the foot of the great hill. The story of that coffer-dam, in all its details, forms one of the most remarkable of the romances of the Hudson. It may only be given here in faint outline.

Many years ago an iron cannon was by accident brought up by an anchor from the bottom of the river at that point. It was suggested that it belonged to the pirate ship of Captain Kidd. A speculator caught the idea, and boldly proclaimed, in the face of recorded history to the contrary, that Kidd's ship had been sunken at that point, with untold treasures on board. The story went abroad that the deck had been penetrated by a very long auger, which encountered hard substances, and its thread was shown with silver attached, which, it was declared, had been brought up from the vessel. The story was believed. A stock company was formed to procure the treasures by the means of a coffer-dam around the sunken vessel. For days, weeks, and months the engine worked on the coffer-dam. One New York merchant put $20,000 into the enterprise. The speculator took large commissions, until the hopes of the stockholders failed and the work ceased. Nothing may be seen there now but the ruins of the works so began close at the water's edge. At that point a *bateau* was sunk by a shot from the *Vulture* while conveying the captured iron cannon from Stony Point to West Point after the victory by Wayne. The cannon brought up by the anchor was doubtless one of these.

Anthony's Nose, opposite, has a bit of romance in the legendary story of its origin. We are told by the veracious historian, Knickerbocker, that on one occasion Anthony the Trumpeter, who afterward disappeared in the turbulent waters of Spuyt den Duyvel Kill, was with Stuyvesant on a Dutch galley passing up the river. Early in the morning Anthony, having washed his face, and thereby polished his huge fiery nose, whose flames came out of flagons, was leaning over the quarter railing, when the sun burst forth in splendor over that promontory. One of its brightest rays fell upon the glowing nose of the trumpeter, and reflect-

ing, hissing hot, into the water, killed a sturgeon. The sailors got the dead monster of the deep on board. It was cooked. When Stuyvesant ate of the fish and heard the strange story of its death, he "marveled exceedingly;" and in commemoration of the event he named the lofty hill, which rises more than twelve hundred feet above the bosom of the river, "Anthony's Nose."

As the steamboat sweeps around the Donder Berg, with Anthony's Nose on the right, the theatre of one of the most interesting of the romances of the Hudson is presented in lofty Bear Mountain in front, Lake Sinnipink, or Bloody Pond, on a broad terrace at its base, and Poplopens Creek flowing into the river on the western shore between high rocky banks. Upon these banks lay Forts Clinton and Montgomery, the former on the south side of the creek and the latter on the north side.

These forts were built by the Americans for the defense of the lower entrance to the Highlands against fleets of the enemy that might ascend the river, for it was known from the beginning that it was a capital plan of the British ministry to get possession of the valley of the Hudson, and so separate New England from the other colonies. In addition to these forts, a boom and chain were stretched across the river from Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose to obstruct the navigation.

We have observed that Clinton swept around the Donder Berg with a part of his army, and fell upon Forts Clinton and Montgomery. That was on the 7th of October, 1777. The brothers Generals George (Governor) and James Clinton commanded the little garrisons. They were brave and vigilant. It was not an easy task for the enemy to approach the fort through the rugged mountain passes, watched and attacked by scouting parties. They had divided, one party, accompanied by the baronet, making their way toward evening between Lake Sinnipink and the river. There they encountered abatis covering a detachment of Americans. A severe fight ensued. The dead were thrown into the lake, and it was called Bloody Pond.

Both divisions now pressed toward the forts, closely invested them, and were supported by a heavy cannonade from the British flotilla. The battle raged until twilight. Overwhelming numbers of the assailants caused the Americans to abandon their works under cover of darkness and flee to the mountains. Before leaving, they set fire to two frigates, two armed galleys, and a sloop, which had been placed above the boom.

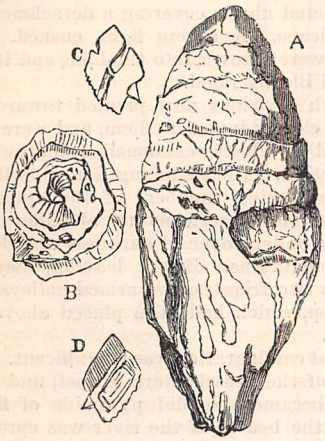
That conflagration was magnificent. The sails of the vessels were all set, and they soon became splendid pyramids of flame. Over the bosom of the river was spread a broad sheet of ruddy light for a great distance, and the surrounding mountains were brilliantly illuminated by the fire, which gave aid to the fugitives among the dreary

BURNING THE SHIPS.

hills. These features of the event, with the booming of the loaded cannon on the burning vessels when the fire reached them, answered by echoes from a hundred hills, produced a scene of awful grandeur never witnessed before nor since on the borders of the Hudson. It was a wild and fearful romance, that ended in the breaking of the boom and chain, and the passage up the river of a British squadron with marauding troops. These laid in ashes many a fair mansion belonging to republicans as far north as Livingston's Manor, on the lower verge of Columbia County.

THE MICROSCOPE.

BY PROFESSOR SAMUEL LOCKWOOD.



COPROLITE AND FISH SCALES.

II.—ITS WORK.

IT was about forty years ago when the following incident occurred in England. Large quantities of "petrified cones," as they were called, which the sea kept washing up out of the lias formation, were constantly collected and carried to the mills, where, on account of their richness in phosphate of lime, they were ground into powder for agricultural uses. They were called in science "coprolites," for they proved to be, under the microscope, the fossil excrements of extinct reptiles. Thus examined, these fossil ordures were found to contain scales, teeth, and other *indigesta* of fishes. One of these, an unusually interesting specimen, contained on one side a perfect scale, which Dr. Buckland submitted to a young naturalist who had just attained some reputation for his knowledge of fishes. The young man took out his pocket microscope, and, to the astonishment of the veteran geologist, promptly answered that the scale belonged to the *Pholidophoros limbatus*. The astonishment of the elder *savant* grew into amazement when the young man further added, in the confidence of positive knowledge, that the scale was from the left side of the fish's neck. Usually on each side of a fish is a row of perforated scales. Each scale in the row has a little channel or duct. The union of these ducts makes a lateral tube, whose use is to convey the mucus evolved by certain glands in the head along the sides of the fish. By looking at the cut representing the coprolite and fish scales, this is easy to be understood. Here A is a coprolite of a great extinct lizard. B is a section of the upper end, showing scales and sundry other *indigesta*. C is the under side of the magnified scale, with the little mucous duct. D represents the upper side of the scale. There is a little spike-like point on one side, which fits into a slot in the adjoining scale. The slot to receive a similar point is shown on the opposite side of the same scale. Surely all that was most deftly done. But the young man? Oh, it was Agassiz.

However, the above was not high-class microscopic work. It rather evinced first-rate knowledge as an ichthyologist than particular skill in the use or *technique* of the microscope.

There is a story that an eminent microscopist had a bit of substance submitted to him to decide what it was. To an unaided eye it might be a morsel of skin which a baggage-smasher had knocked off the corner of a smoothly worn hair trunk. The *savant* appealed to his microscope. Entirely ignorant of this tiny bit of matter, except as he had taken counsel with his instrument, the wise man declared that it was the skin of a human being, and that, judging by the fine hair on it, it was from the so-called naked portion of the body, and, further, that it once belonged to a fair-complexioned person. The strange facts now made known to the man of science were these: That, a thousand years before, a Danish marauder had robbed an English church. In the spirit of the old-fashioned piety the robber was flayed (let us hope that he was killed first), and the skin was nailed to the church door. Except as tradition or archæological lore had it, the affair had been forgotten for hundreds of years. Time, the great erodent, had long ago utterly removed the offensive thing. Still, however, the church door held to its marks of the great shame, for the broad-headed nails remained. Somebody extracted one, and underneath its flat head was this atomic remnant of that ancient Scandinavian malefactor's pelt—that fair-skinned robber from the North.

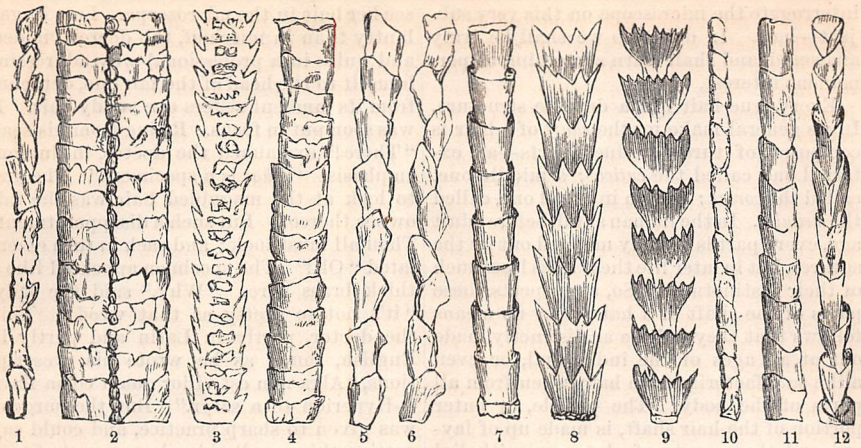
Let us now, with becoming confidence,

interrogate the microscope on this very subject—hair. In doing so we shall be truly answered, and shall learn something of permanent interest.

Every true hair has a definite structure. In its general make-up the *shaft* of a hair is composed of three distinct parts—an external one, called the *cuticle;* a middle one, called the *cortex;* and an internal one, called the *medulla.* In the human skull, before adult age, every part is sharply mapped out by the sutures, but in later life these lines lose much of their distinctness. So, as respects these parts of the shaft of a hair, it by no means follows that they will be as distinctly made out at all ages of the individual, or even alike satisfactorily from hair taken from all parts of the body. The cuticle, or outer portion of the hair shaft, is made up of layers, and these again of plates or epithelial scales. To the position of these plates is due the singularly beautiful ornamentation of many hairs, the pattern of the sculpture depending on the shape of each plate, and the angle at which it leans to or stands from the shaft. In the human hair these plates lie so closely upon the shaft as to give it scarcely any ornamentation, though under a very high power a slightly serrated aspect is presented. Still, under even a good glass of moderately high power, a human hair usually disappoints a *dilettante* at the microscope, presenting as it does to such pretty much the appearance of a large wire. We remember well an amusing instance of this sort of disappointment, amounting almost to chagrin. One of the parties was an eminent microscopist, since deceased. We had together spent the day collecting at the shore. It was evening, and the professor with his "Spencer" was working out his "finds." Some young ladies came in on a call. The professor had just made a fine slide of a bit of a red hair-like callithamnia. Under that superb lens this delicate alga came out in great beauty; for lo, instead of continuous, homogeneous hairs, the thread-like fronds looked as if they were made up of many series of ruby bugles. After gazing in admiration on the exquisite vision, the ladies were shown a mass of this pretty sea-weed as it lay in a saucer of water. This evoked the remark that it looked like red hair, and how wonderful it was that it should appear so beautiful in the microscope. Now it so happened that one of the ladies had a highly sanguine temperament, and hair of an equally ardent hue. "If a bit of red-haired sea-weed be so beautiful, what should not be expected of a human hair of the same hue?" Such was thought, although not said. The doctor had begun the preparation of a new slide for his microscope. It was a cluster of live Bryozoa, and he was somewhat impatient lest the specimen might die. But the ardent damsel would *so* like to see her hair in the microscope. Less in gallantry than in mischief, the doctor yielded, and quite in a professional way addressing himself to the head of the fair one, detached from its lambent sisters one ruddy hair. It was soon put in focus. Rising from his seat, "There!" exclaimed the doctor, in dubious emphasis. "*That* is a specimen!" The first to look at the magnified hair was the fair owner thereof. But such a disappointment! Then all must look; and each in turn ejaculated "Oh!" The specimen appeared like a thick brass wire. "Why," said the lady, "it's not so pretty as that weed!" Said the doctor, partly in Latin and partly in English, much as he wrote his prescriptions, "Alga non est vilior quam coma flava—Hyperion to a satyr." But the surgeon was given to sharp practice, and could say cutting things. Besides, he was a professor in a medical college.

In the hair of many animals the cuticle presents a very remarkable appearance. The plates or scales, according to the species, being set at varying angles to the axis of the shaft, their projecting edges give rise to the most elegant sculpturings of the surface. In this respect the hair of the domestic mouse is a pretty object, also that of the squirrels; but for a certain quaint elegance and variety of pattern, none equal the bats. Indeed, in many of these animals the hairs are suggestive of exquisitely carved columns. And as respects the special sculpture of the shaft, there is a rich diversity among the different species of the bats, and even the same pattern which may distinguish a species may have its own modifications in the pelt of the same animal, as characterizing the long coarse hair and the short fine hair.

Figures are given on the next page descriptive of hairs obtained from ten species of bats, ranging in size from that of our little brown bat to that of the kalong, as large as a half-grown cat. The species here represented extend over a wide geographical range—the continents and islands of Asia, Africa, Australia, and North and South America. Each specimen is magnified considerably over 500 diameters. The one marked 2 is a hair of the kalong or flying-fox of Malay. Notwithstanding its popular name, it is a veritable bat, and a strange creature, truly, even for a bat. This curious being is a vegetarian, and makes havoc with the fruit trees in the Malayan gardens, so that the queer sight is common of trees incased in wicker-work cages made of bamboo strips as a protection from these night depredators. However, if the kalong feeds on the fruit of the Malay, the latter feeds on the kalong when he can catch him, for they all account flying-fox as very savory meat. It is noticeable that the hair of this great bat is the coarsest or thickest of them all, and that the corticu-



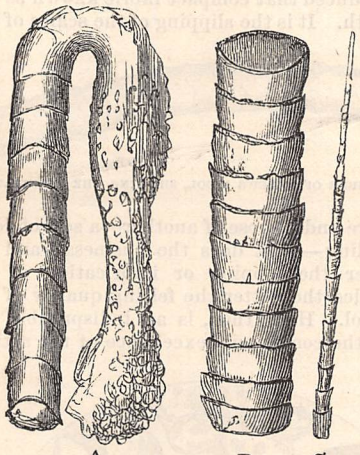
BATS' HAIRS.

lar scales are imbricated—that is, these hair scales, like the body scales of the serpent, are made to lap upon one another. No. 3 is from the margin-eared cynoptere of Northern India. This hair, naturally somewhat translucent, is made more so by the balsam in which the specimen was mounted for the microscope, so that there is a little optical illusion, by which it looks like a longitudinal section. No. 4 represents the large hair and No. 5 the small hair of Pearson's horseshoe bat, a little bat of the Sikkim Himalayas. No. 6 is the Java horseshoe bat; it is the small hair. No. 7 is a hair of the Javanese nicetris. No. 8 is a hair from the rhinopome of Egypt. No. 9 is from an Australian bat whose specific name we do not know. Nos. 10 and 11 represent the larger and the smaller hair of Pearson's bat from the Himalayas. No. 1 represents the hair of an unknown American bat.

At a time of life when one should have put away childish things comes the constraint to make full confession of a certain micro-transgression in the days of our youth. The writer had, alas! become worship-weary at an advanced stage in a long effort to comport himself well by keeping still during sermon. His endeavor had proved successful up to the "seventeenthly" of the discourse, when—for it was a summer evening—a little bat entered the church at an open window. A grateful summer air had set the chandelier into a gentle, slumberous swing. Each little curve of undulation was like a slow, somnific wink. It seemed to us that each arc exactly measured the time of a half course of this tiny bird-beast along the cornice of the ceiling. Though of a dreamy sort, there was positive poetry in that movement, rectangle and curve synchronous, each unswerving from its independent plane. And so, overhead, round and round, sailed little Vesper, timing its parallelograms of flight in an almost rhythmical measure. We watched the movement in a subdued giddiness of delight. At last the little beast made a gliding exit at an open window, and, not unlike the cadence of a weirdly pleasant sound, disappeared in the outer darkness. It was just then that the good minister was urging trust in the Divine Providence. At home a severe reprimand was administered for that unseemly gazing around the church. Not insensible to the rebuke, we were yet sleepy and speechless. Happily an aged man attempted an apology. He was deep in the polemics, and unwittingly got off a paronomasia (which is theological for pun). Said he, "Don't be too severe on the lad for gazing at that uncanny varment, as he didn't sense the fine sarmont we had." There was certainly a solid stratum of truth in that apology, such as is not always found in apologetics. But, after all, there had been a closer agreement between the communing of the boy and that of "the legate of the skies" than just then was apparent. While the minister was considering the lilies, the boy was, in a devout way of his own, thinking on that little aerial fellow, every hair in whose furry coat was not only numbered, but positively sculptured with such elegance that even Solomon had nothing comparable from the royal looms. All have seen the bugles which decorate the fringes of a lady's dress. Nothing could be more profuse in this sort of ornamentation than the raiment of little Miss Vesper, for each particular hair of her furry robe is bugled clear up to the very tip. Vesper's full name is *Vespertilio subulatus*. We must stop writing a few minutes while we take another look at one of her hairs. Now we have the pretty thing under the microscope, and before leaving it must secure a pencil portrait (see No. 12 of the bats' hairs). Its bugle-scales, though looking quite irregular, have a method in this very irregularity, and one which begets a pleas-

ant effect, not unlike that produced by the so-called rustic-work of certain rural fences.

"Oh, this is jolly!" But that is hardly dignified. Well, we have written it because it was actually spoken. The fact is, a letter had just come from a friendly *savant* at Cambridge, and in it was a tiny envelope, with the welcome words, "Hairs from the back of a Brazilian vampire." The hair was very short, but very soft, and quite pretty. The lower part of each shaft was whitish, and the upper part of a yellowish fawn-color. We soon had some of it under a quarter-inch objective. What! Why, it looked as plain and unpretending as the maiden's hair aforesaid. It was next put under a power of about 600 diameters, and, as the boy said, that fetched it. And, for such a terrible blood-sucking night ghoul, a very pretty object it is. You will notice that the drawing gives views from three



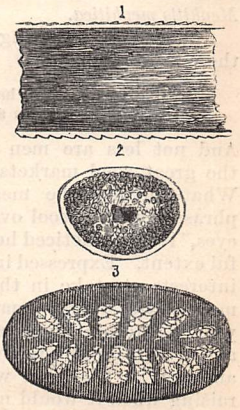
PARTS OF A HAIR OF VAMPIRE-BAT.

parts of a single hair. The entire hair was about four lines in length. Magnified 600 times linear, if it could be done all at once, it would make it 200 inches long—nearly seventeen feet. Of course the instrument can only show a very minute portion at a time. Our drawing gives three of these minute parts of the shaft. At A is shown the root, or hair bulb, which is in two parts. At the bottom it is nearly spherical, but farther up it is fusiform. The portion bent over, or turned down, is the lower part of the shaft, and is much slimmer than the upper part, which is represented at B. The extremity or tip of the hair is shown at C.

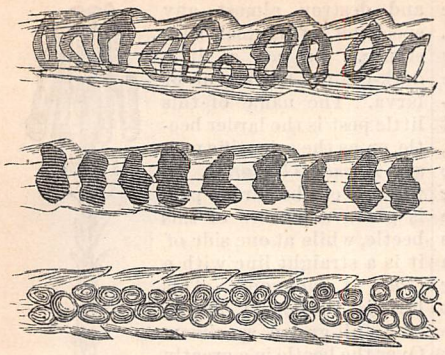
Curious as these bat hairs are, we have one still more so. There is a little beetle which greatly annoys the good housewife, and the naturalist also. It gets into her pantry and feeds on her dried meats, also destroys furs and wool. To the naturalist it is a terror, for it will eat up his insects, and destroy almost any specimen of animal substance. It has a little dark-colored hairy grub or larva. The name of this little pest is the larder beetle, or, as the scientific men say, *Dermestes lardarius*. In the cut of the larder pest is given a picture of this beetle, while at one side of it is a straight line with a cross at each end. This line is the exact length of a full-grown specimen. Over the beetle is a greatly magnified representation of a hair of its grub or larva. It will be seen that this singular hair is made up of a round shaft with whorls of sharp spines, like small leaves, clasping the shaft or stem. Each whorl seems to have four or five of these spines. High up is a whorl of much thicker projections, each somewhat egg-shaped. Top of all is a cluster of quite large appendages, each of which seems to be hinged at its middle to the central shaft, which is quite thick at this spot. Indeed, these appendages look wonderfully like abortive petals of a columbine. Nor does it need much imagination to see in the entire make-up of this hair the similitude of a flower—the continuous bracts on the stem, the calyx of thick sepals, and the corolla of spur-like petals. It is truly an oddity, the heavy part of the hair being at the distal end, much as if in a whip the snapper and the stock should change places. If one might believe in fays of microscopic stature, a hair of Dermestes might well serve as the mace of elfin nobility.

THE LARDER PEST, AND A HAIR FROM GRUB OF SAME.

It is noticeable that in all over which we have gone the microscope has simply dealt with the external character of the hair, as determined by the form, size, and position of the epithelial scales on the shaft. But this is the easiest part of the problem. Important differences occur in the dissection of hairs. This is often seen in a simple section. In the cut



SECTIONS OF HAIRS.



HAIRS OF CAT, MOLE, SABLE.

of sections of hairs, 1 shows a longitudinal section of a human hair, in which the fibrous character appears; 2 gives a cross section of the same hair, and shows the cylinder of medullary substance. Compare this with 3, which is a cross section of the hair of the peccary, or South American hog, and the great difference of internal structure is at once observable.

To many these details are interesting simply because they are curious. Some may dignify them with the epithet scientific; others will ask, "Of what use is all this?" The true answer is, "Much, every way." Herein even the commercial value of the microscope is very great. While from defective or insufficient knowledge the expert in animal hairs might occasionally be at fault, yet he could, to the extent of his practice, identify the genuine and the false among the furrier's wares. The ladies need hardly be told that the Alaska sable furs, so fashionable the last season, were the sheerest shams. Alas, these Alaska sables were only the metamorphosed pelts of the very vilest of our indigenous animals, even the one known as the skunk! Pardon the vulgar word; we might have used the old name of Shaw, *Mephitis mephitica*.

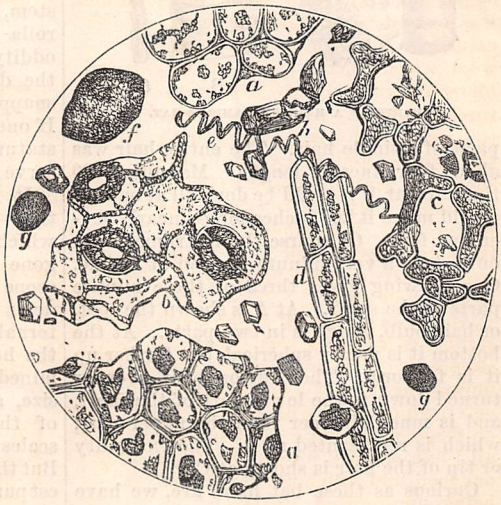
Among the sporting fraternity there is an old adage,

> "Fur, feathers, and hair
> Make many a man swear."

And not less are men tempted in the great wool markets of Europe. Whatever may be meant by the phrase "pulling wool over another's eyes," it was practiced here to a fearful extent. Expressed in figures, the interests at stake in this one commodity are simply amazing. Last year California alone clipped nine and a half million pounds of wool; and yet if California were to stop raising wool, it would not very sensibly affect the markets of the great wool-manufacturing districts, for the wool crop of the world last year was not less than one billion eight hundred and eighteen million three hundred thousand pounds (1,818,300,000). In those great marts of England, known respectively as the Wool Exchange, fraudulent sales were frequent until the microscope was summoned unto judgment. Let us make this plain. It is not the weaving alone, however skillfully done, that gives the fine body to the esteemed English broadcloth. This is due to the quality of the fibre of the wool employed in the fabric, and this excellence in the fibre is known as its felting quality. Felt hats are usually made of wool and rabbits' hair. Not by weaving at all is felt made; but by soaking in hot water and beating and pressing, thus causing the several fibres or hairs to become locked and entangled together, is produced that compact fabric known as felt cloth. It is the slipping of the scales of one

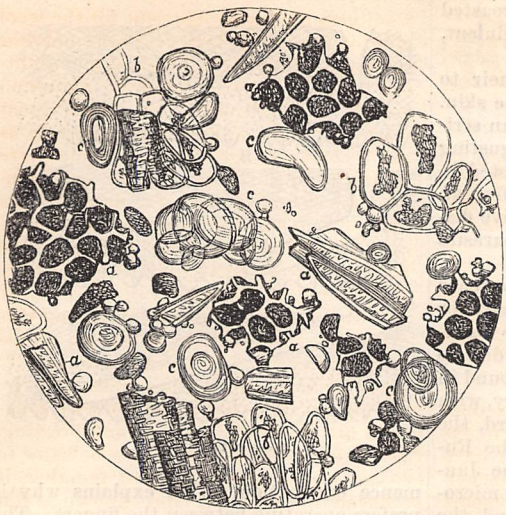
A FIBRE OF SHEEP'S WOOL, SHOWING THE IMBRICATION.

fibre under those of another—a sort of dovetailing—that does the business; and the finer the lapping or imbrication of the scales, the better the felting quality of the wool. Here, then, is an indisputable test of the commercial excellence of the article.



TEA ADULTERATED.

a. Upper surface of leaf. *b*. Lower surface, showing cells. *c*. *Chlorophyl* cells. *d*. Elongated cells found on the upper surface of the leaf in the course of the veins. *e*. Spiral vessel. *f*. Cell of turmeric. *g*. Fragment of Prussian blue. *h*. Particles of white powder, probably China clay.



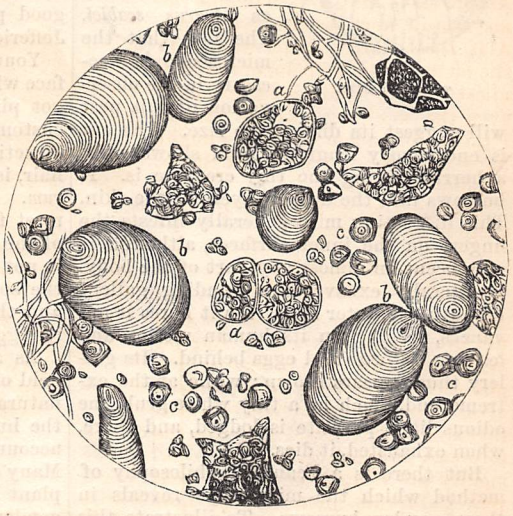
COFFEE ADULTERATED.

a, *a*, *a*. Small fragments of coffee. *b*, *b*, *b*. Portions of chiccory. *c*, *c*, *c*. Starch granules of wheat.

As facts in the form of figures are generally of easy comprehension, let us borrow a few words from Gosse. "When first the wool fibre was submitted to microscopical examination, the experiment was made on a specimen of merino; it presented 2400 serratures in an inch. Then a fibre of Saxon wool, finer than the former, and known to possess a superior felting power, was tried; there were 2720 serratures in an inch. Next a specimen of South-Down wool, acknowledged to be inferior to either of the former, was examined, and gave 2080 serratures. Finally, the Leicester wool, whose felting quality is feebler still, yielded only 1850 serratures per inch. And this connection of good felting quality with the number and sharpness of the sheathing scales is found to be invariable." Elsewhere the same writer says, "Examples selected from fine flannel and from coarse worsted vary in diameter from $\frac{1}{2000}$ to $\frac{1}{700}$ of an inch."

And it is so for all fabrics and staples of a fibrous sort. Each is stamped with its own pattern, thus impressing upon it a specific character, which skill, with a good microscope, may read. So it is with all those articles which constitute our food, and which are capable of being adulterated. Take, for instance, coffee and tea and the different kinds of starch. But all this is notoriously true of drugs. So much is this the case that salaried experts in this reprehensible business are employed in the great drug establishments, whose specialty is adulteration. And this art of the druggist is a very ancient one. An old book now lying before me is entitled *The Elaboratory laid open; or, the Secrets of Modern Chemistry and Pharmacy revealed.* It is dated London, 1758. In it much stress is put on exposing the "practice of sophistication." And how often, when too late, does the modern physician find that the very medicine with which he is doctoring his patient has itself been "doctored!" The test in some of these cases would need to be a chemical one, but generally the microscope is the best detective.

A few years ago the British Parliament instituted an inquiry into the adulteration of foods. "The opinion of three distinguished chemists was actually quoted in the House of Commons," to the effect that it was impossible to detect the presence of chiccory in coffee. The microscopist regards this as a simple matter. The adulteration of chocolate is "diabolical." "It is accomplished with brick-dust, ochre, iron rust, and animal fats of the worst description." The example given in the cut of adulterated cocoa, on health considerations is perhaps harmless. The last three cuts are from Hassall, of the British Parliament Commission of Inquiry as to Adulteration of Drugs. The tea is shown to be mixed with other leaves, drugs, and minerals. The coffee is shown



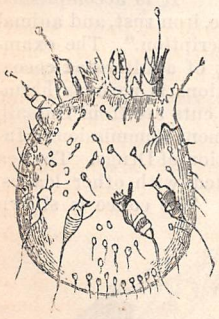
COCOA ADULTERATED.

a, *a*, *a*. Granules and cells of cocoa. *b*, *b*, *b*. Granules of canna starch, or *tous-les-mois*. *c*. Granules of tapioca starch.

to be mixed with chiccory and roasted wheat. The cocoa is simply fraudulent, not dangerous.

Among the ills which flesh is heir to stand notably those pertaining to the skin. Though some are more unsightly than serious, others are too often both disgusting and calamitous. As the hair is rooted in and grows from the skin, there is often an intimate connection in their respective disorders. Let us adduce an animal parasite peculiar to each.

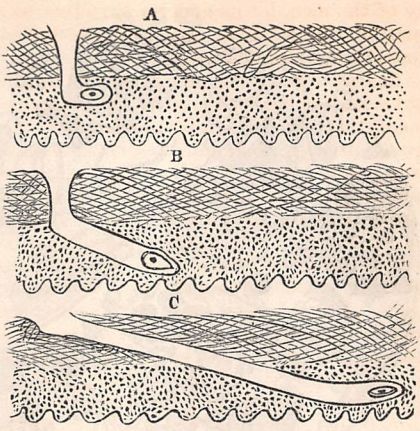
It is interesting to know that early science is indebted to a learned and saintly lady for a clear statement of the fact that the loathsome disease known as the itch is due to the presence of an insect. This is found in a work written in the twelfth century, with the title *Physica*, by Saint Hildegard, the Lady Superior of the convent on the Rupertsberg, near Bingen. In 1619 the Jansens were giving prominence to the microscope as a practical instrument, and the itch disease began to be studied with its aid. In 1687 Dr. Bonomo, of Leghorn, and Cestori, an apothecary, were able to explode the old theory that "the itch disease was due to thickened bile, drying of the blood, irritating salts, melancholy juices, and special fermentation." These observers saw the insects, and even the female laying the eggs.



THE ITCH MITE.

The itch mite belongs to the family Acarina, and is known as *Sarcoptes hominis*, sometimes as *Acarus scabiei*. The fact that the microscope is necessary in the observation of this pest will suggest its diminutive size. The cut is enormously magnified, and shows what a horrible being the tiny creature is. It burrows into the deeper layers of the skin. This disgusting mite generally infests the fingers on the inner surfaces, although it may occur on almost any part of the body. It literally excavates a winding gallery beneath the outer skin. As it bores it advances, feeding on its human victim, and leaving its *fæces* and eggs behind. Its gallery thus appears brown; while at the extreme end, much as a tiny white grub, the odious little parasite is lodged, and there, when exhausted, it dies.

But there is a beautiful philosophy of method which the microscope reveals in these acarian burrows. To illustrate this we give three cuts. When one of these mites gets upon the skin it creeps about until it finds a tender spot where it may commence excavation. This explains why it prefers operating between the fingers. The favorable spot found, it immediately stands upon its head, and begins burrowing. In Fig. A of the acarian burrows the itch mite has got under the scarfskin. In Fig. B it is working horizontally. In Fig. C the burrow has well advanced. Now it is noticeable, especially in Fig. C, that there is a steady cell growth upward, thus a constant pushing outward of the effete or dying cells, and these, thus brought to the exterior, are easily rubbed off by the surface wear. But this operation affects the burrow, as it really pushes the burrow up at its oldest parts, that is, at its beginning. Thus it is that in Fig. C the elbow or angle in each of the other figures has disappeared. We must here confess our obligation to a good paper on this subject by Dr. B. Joy Jefferies.



ITCH MITE BURROWS.

Young persons are often disfigured in the face with black specks. These are the maggot pimples, or *comedones*. But an uglier customer by far, as its secretions beget obstructions which cause degeneracy of the hair, is the hair-sac mite, *Demodex folliculorum*. It is generally found on the face, and most frequently on the sebaceous follicles of the nose. Rarely numerous, it is not often serious. It lives "in the space between the hair shaft and the root sheath, and deposits its eggs in its dwelling-place."

THE HAIR-SAC MITE.

As a canebrake offers a novel field of exploration to a Northern naturalist, so to the microscopist the human hair is interesting on account of its peculiar parasites. Many of these are of a fungous or plant nature. Some of these engender quite serious forms of disease. That one might be instanced which is known as the barber's itch. But as this is an affair sole-

ly of the men, let us address ourselves to a matter which alone concerns the ladies, namely, the chignon malady.

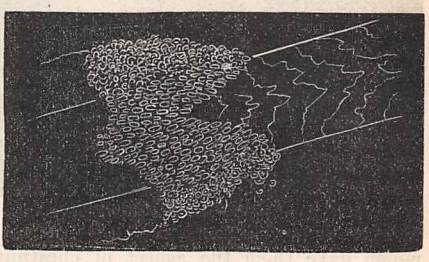
In 1867 a Hamburg paper, with an apparent scientific authority, issued an announcement that fell like a bomb-shell into the great circle of fashion. A Mr. Lindemann was credited with the discovery of a new microscopical parasite, which he had named *Gregarina*. He announced that it existed parasitically in the human blood, that it swam in this life-stream, and was nourished by it, much, we suppose, as a fish in the river. He said, also, that each head-louse had in it enormous numbers of these gregarines. He told of his having interviewed a hair-dresser at Nizhni-Novgorod, and of his finding lots of these dreadful protozoic animalcules infesting his stock in trade. Very naturally the Russian ladies became greatly alarmed when he told them that their chignons were obtained from the caputs of filthy peasants. But more, and worse: he declared that in the ball-room even the dead of these parasites on the false hair, under the influence of the light, heat, and moisture of perspiration caused by dancing, revived, grew, multiplied, became disseminated in millions, and got into the lungs, and thence into the blood, where they attained their specific gregarine nature, and thus induced disease. Just think of it! But it well-nigh dazes sober thinking—a parasite in a parasite—for he tells us that these infinitesimal pests commence existence as an internal parasite of the *Pediculus humanus*. Nay, do not scratch behind thine ear, or hint at "bully Bottom's" "auricular assurance," or make doubting pantomime, or scoff, for, according to Mr. Lindemann, this dreadful gregarina is not only begotten in, but lives in, and dies in, the body of this vermin; and,

"last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,"

is its resurrection. It revives, and, quitting its living coffin on the human head, enters the human blood. Of course what less could "gentle blood" do than tingle at the recital! The entire *bon ton* of St. Petersburg were filled with dismay, and the ladies of Berlin and Paris caught the alarm, and even London was startled from its stolid propriety. Next the fair of America heard just enough of the rumor to suffer a sort of Bald Mountain scare.

All this was one side of the famous chignon controversy. At such a juncture a humble appeal was taken in behalf of the devotees of Fashion to the stern judgment of a stricter science than that of Mr. Lindemann; and again the microscope was called to preside at the tribunal.

Against the German Lindemann, Dr. Tillbury Fox, a skillful English microscopist and eminent specialist in diseases of the skin and the hair, took up the onus of the investigation. The doctor avers that he never found a true gregarina on the hair. He did, however, find a fungous growth on a specimen of German false hair, which, he says, is possibly the supposed gregarina of Lindemann. Such an infested hair, if drawn between the thumb and finger, will feel rough. This roughness is caused by the presence of a number of dark knots, each knot being about the size of a pin point. The figure represents a very minute portion of the shaft of a hair thus surrounded with a mass of these microscopic fungi. It would take hardly less than 4000 of them set closely together, like beads, to make just



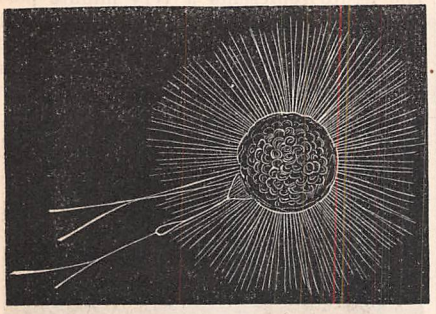
FUNGIFEROUS HAIR FROM A CHIGNON.

one inch in length. And yet they are really plants, and the hair thus infested may be called fungiferous hair. By looking at the figure very closely, you will observe that the middle portion of this fungous mass is made up of small bodies, considerably elongated. These forms may be called filamentous, while the parts on each side are composed of cellular and more spherical forms. These are but different stages in the life history of the same individual plant.

Now we must appear for a moment to digress; for it must be mentioned just here that the lower one gets down in the two realms of life, the animal and the vegetable, the more perplexing becomes the resemblance between them. Even the spawn of an oyster, when just emitted from the parental shell, is provided with *cilia*, or fleshy hair-like organs. With these propellers, like banks of oars, this microscopic being is really an active traveler in the sea. And it is similar with the spores of a seaweed. At maturity the cell containing them bursts, and out rush the sporules, and each one enters upon its travels, just as if it were not only an animate but a sentient thing.

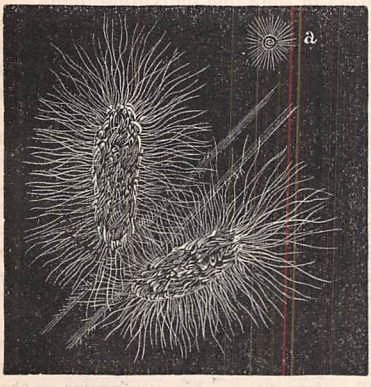
To return to our chignon fungus, as shown in the figure, "Fungiferous Hair." Each plant here may be considered as a simple cell. After a little while, around each cell a groove or depression is noticeable. This keeps on deepening. There is some hidden force at work, as if an invisible thread were being drawn around each cell, until the constriction cuts it through. The one cell now

becomes two cells, and each is a perfect one—that is, the one plant has really become two plants. Thus is the species multiplied by this division of each individual. But there were noticed in the mass some cells that were larger than the others, and it was observed that these large cells were filled with small ones. Some of these large ones had two *cilia*, or thread-like organs, extending from them, with which they moved along the hairs quite rapidly. Other cells had a bristling array of projecting organs,



A BUR-LIKE CELL OF CHIGNON FUNGUS.

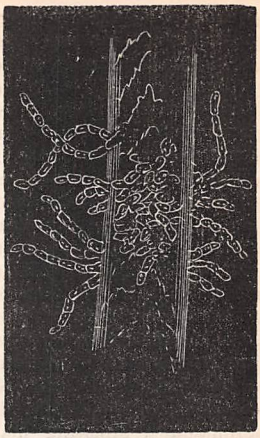
which gave them the aspect of chestnut burs. They had also a pair of organs very much longer than the other projections, and these were bifurcated at their farther ends. Doubtless all these threads may be regarded as serving like functions with the *cilia* of the oyster spawn. The figure shows this bur-like cell, with its young all in motion within the parent cell, and the numerous projecting threads, with the two long bifurcated ones. Another figure gives this chignon fungus in two masses when four-



CHIGNON FUNGUS FOURTEEN DAYS OLD.

teen days old. It is not very highly magnified. The remaining figure of this fungus is very much enlarged, and shows the structure of a mycelial portion next to the hair.

We may add that Dr. Tillbury Fox did not see any ground for much alarm in the facts he developed from this chignon parasite. He says the hair shafts, even though infested, seemed perfectly healthy after the pest was removed. He mentions, however, one stage of this torula-like fungus, at which, if it fell on the tender skin of an infant, it might beget a certain kind of scalp disease.



MYCELIA, OR THREADS OF CHIGNON FUNGUS, VERY GREATLY MAGNIFIED.

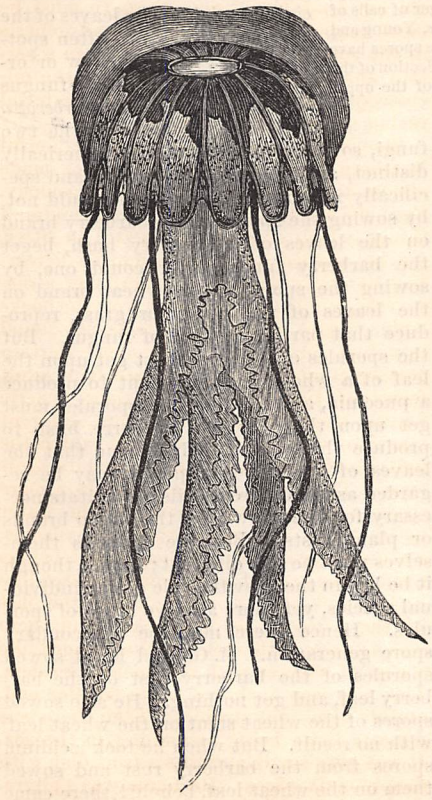
Thus ended the great chignon scare. After this verdict of the microscope every one breathed freely again; and each devoted fair, charitably blind to these foibles of her favorite, cherished as lovingly as ever her costly and charming back hair.

Although a complemental necessity to man's highest nature, did it not stagger Nicodemus when the great Teacher said, "Marvel not that I said unto thee, Ye must be born again?" And is this second genesis in the spiritual more wonderful than a certain analogous phenomenon which the microscope has made known in the material realms of life? Let us see.

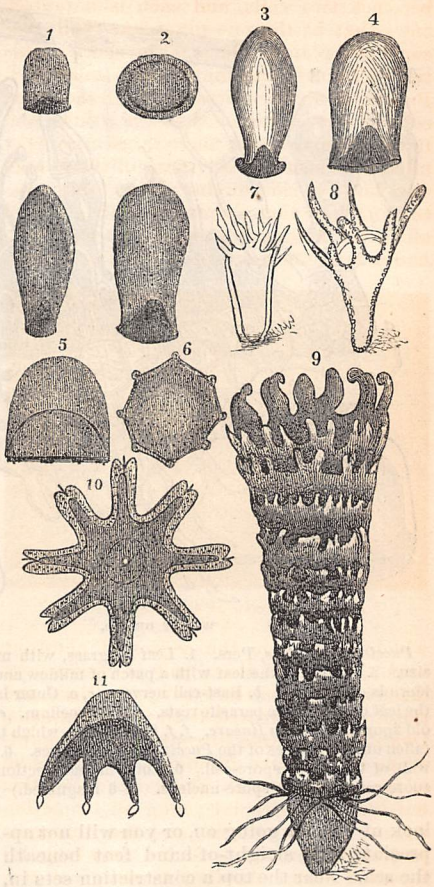
Steenstrup and Sars, those wonderful Northern lights, by their discoveries made almost a new science of marine zoology. From his Norway home the latter announced things which seemed not lawful to utter, for he seemed to speak scientific heresy. But he spoke with the authority of a discoverer, and his words erased from the books whole troops of genera as facts not found in nature, but myths made of men. Certain curious creatures, long supposed to be adult forms of life, and bearing their generic names, were declared to be but different stages of a cycle of life through which the individual must pass ere it reached its adult form. There was the tiny planula, a mere speck, a jelly sphere, moving in the water by its *cilia*. And there were the hydroids, a community of polyp forms, minute beings fixed to the ground or a stone, anchored like little sea-plants. And they called this last by the name of scyphistoma. And there was a quaint little creature that seemed like a nest of baskets with ornamental borders. This also was anchored at its smaller end, and its name was strobila. Then there was a merry little being swimming in the sea. It was very small, and like a fruit dish with deeply cleft edges. Its name was ephyra. And, as every body knows, there was the

acaleph, or medusa, the animate Montgolfier of the sea. And, fabulous as it may seem, all these were shown to be but temporary life phases in the life cycle of one individual, whose adult form was the medusa; and having attained this form, it produced eggs, and so the mystic cycle of life was run again. Now planula came of an egg; thus, strange though it seems, the fact is that Medusa begat the egg which begat Planula, and Planula begat Scyphistoma, and Scyphistoma begat Strobila, and Strobila begat Ephyra, and Ephyra begat Medusa—which also is to say, that Medusa is the parent of them all, and seems to be the great-great-grandparent of itself. Herein comes the hard word parthenogenesis, while to this series of phenomena is given the name alternate generations.

Look a moment at the cut of the pretty medusa, *Pelagia cyanella;* and the next cut, which figures the principal stages in the transformations of this medusa. Nos. 1, 3, 4, and the two figures over 5 and 6, are profiles of planula at different ages; No. 2 is No. 1 seen from underneath; 5 and 6 are planula farther advanced; 7 and 8 are scyphistoma at different stages; 9 is strobila; and 10 and 11 are ephyra from different



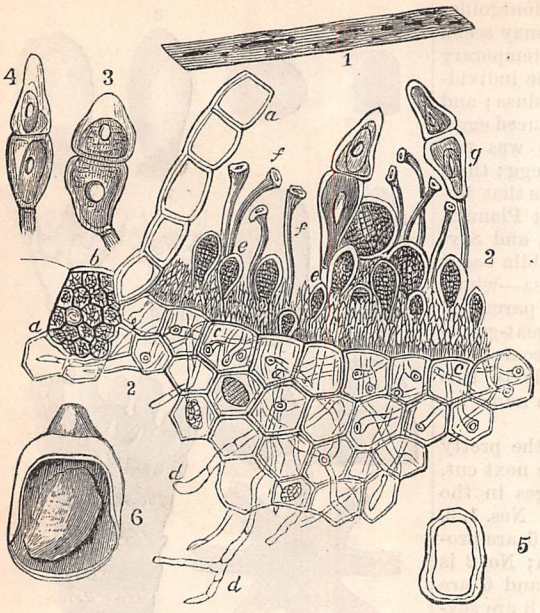
PELAGIA CYANELLA.



TRANSFORMATIONS OF A MEDUSA.

views. The last is one of the tiny dish-like or basket forms set free from strobila. It is already a floating being, and at its next change will become the elegant medusa, *Pelagia cyanella.*

This begetting must be taken, however, in a sense of its own. It is a sort of growth which may be called a "turning into." Thus planula turns into a scyphistoma, and that into a strobila, and this not into one other single thing, but a good round dozen at least of "othernesses" called ephyræ, much as a rocket ends in a constellation of distinctive stars. Indeed, this halt or stage in this singular life course looks very much as if nature might sometimes indulge in a bit of necromancy of her own. The feat is so bewitchingly like that of a juggler that one stands not a little astounded at the sight. Now there is no trick in the thing whatever, for although seemingly impossible, it is actual, and real planula, as we have seen, becomes transformed into a scyphistoma, and this again into a strobila, with its structure so like a nest of baskets. Just



WHEAT BRAND.

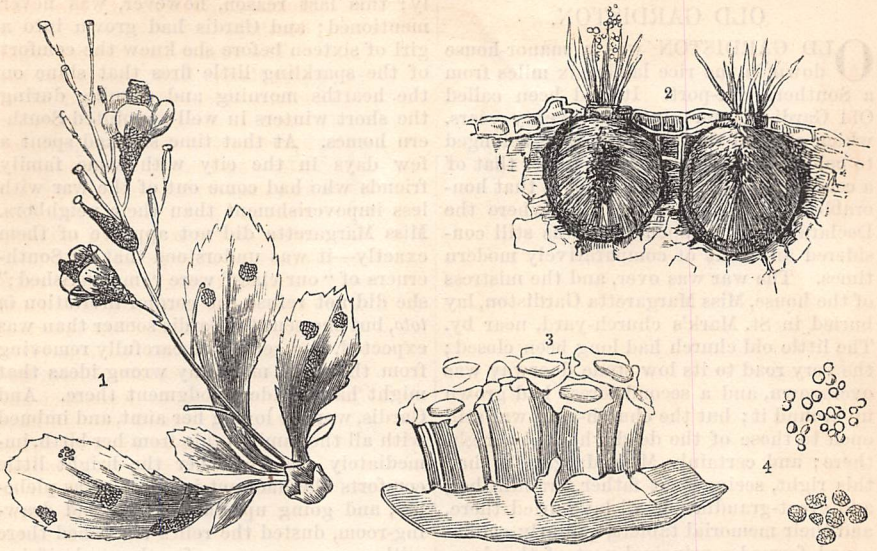
Puccinia graminis, Pers. 1. Leaf of grass, with mildew, natural size. 2. Section of the leaf with a patch of mildew and rust. *a*. Epidermis of the leaf. *b*. Bast-cell nerves. *c, c*. Outer layer of cells of the leaf on which the parasite rests. *d, d*. Mycelium. *e, e*. Young and old spores of *Cæoma lineare*. *f, f*. Stalks from which the spores have fallen off. *g*. Spores of the *Puccinia*. 3, 4. Spores. 5. Section of the wall of the lower spore-cell. 6. Longitudinal section of the upper spore-cell with the spore-nucleus. (2–6 magnified.)

look at what is going on, or you will not appreciate this sleight-of-hand feat beneath the sea. Near the top a constriction sets in, and the topmost basket is cut off, and drops dying upon the sea-bottom. By another constriction the one that now is the topmost is in like manner cast off, and lo! it sails away a living merry little ephyra, and it soon becomes a full-formed medusa. And so with the rest of this nest of basket-like forms: strobila casts them off one by one, each becoming an ephyra, and that becoming a true medusa, until the bottom basket is reached, and so strobila is used up, or has gone off into some dozen other forms, which become so many great-great-great-grandancestors to as many future cycles of medusan or acalephan life.

Does the biologist, whose functions are with the whence, the what, and the whither of all living things, fully comprehend this seeming legerdemain of strobila? He does not pretend to. Why should it be a law inflexible that strobila's first begotten shall inevitably fall still-born to the floor of the sea, while for the rest of her numerous offspring each shall receive a fair start in life? Well, the microscopist is still doggedly set at his task of investigation, and, depend upon it, we shall yet learn even this medusan mystery of life and death.

The reader has noticed what singularly like processes the microscope has revealed as at work in plants and animals respectively in the lower ranks of life. And lately it has brought out the very interesting fact that even in plant life there is an analogue of that strange phenomena, alternate generations.

In 1774, over a hundred years ago, it was that Krünitz's *Encyclopedia* mentioned the injurious effect which the contiguity of the common barberry bush had upon the wheat. Even then and ever since *savants* enough have been who have snubbed what has proved to be a common-sense conviction of the tiller of the soil. The farmer declared that with the barberry near his fields it was impossible to raise wheat without the brand. This brand or smut is a brownish stain or rust on the grasses and the grains. It is really a fungus, and is known as the *Puccinia graminis*. The leaves of the *Berberis vulgaris* are often spotted with a bright yellow or orange rust. This is the fungus known as the *Æcidium berberidis*. It now turns out that the two fungi, so long supposed to be generically distinct, are actually, generically, and specifically identical. And yet you could not, by sowing the spores of the barberry brand on the leaves of a barberry bush, beget the barberry fungus; nor could one, by sowing the spores of the wheat brand on the leaves of the wheat or grass, reproduce that particular kind of fungus. But the sporules of æcidium must get upon the leaf of a wheat or grass plant to produce a puccinia, and the puccinia sporules must get upon the leaf of a barberry bush to produce the æcidium. It is true that the leaves of the different plants may be regarded as the different soils or habitats necessary for the growth of these two brands or plant rusts. But the sporules themselves must be also different; that is, though it be but in the growth cycle of one individual species, yet there are two kinds of sporules. Hence there must be a secondary spore generation. M. Gauriel Rivet sowed sporules of the barberry rust on the barberry leaf, and got nothing. He also sowed spores of the wheat smut on the wheat leaf with no result. But when he took æcidium spores from the barberry rust and sowed them on the wheat leaf, behold! there came the puccinia or wheat brand; and when he



BARBERRY BRAND.

Æcidium berberidis, Gmel. 1. Branch of barberry with spots of rust, natural size. 2. Spermagonia. 3. A group of Peridia with their orifices dentated. 4. Sporidia. (2, 3, and 4 magnified.)

sowed sporules of puccinia from the wheat on the leaves of the barberry, behold! there came the true æcidium or barberry blight. For the patient development of these phenomena under the microscope we are indebted to Oerstedt and De Bary.

That is always a grand moment in experience when Truth enters the mind and illumes it with a new conviction. The writer well remembers the quiet awe that fell upon a class of youths when, in a lecture on the marsupials, he laid upon the table a live female opossum, and with an almost religious sense, gently opening, exposed to view her soft warm pouch, or secondary womb, in which, soon to be ready for their second birth, were the fœtal little ones, each adhering to its own lacteal font. And even here, in this unpretending spot of plant rust, this orange stain on this barberry leaf, are we confronted with the amazing mystery of a second generation in the one life of so lowly an individual.

In the cut of the "Barberry Brand" the spermagonia of the fungus is shown. They are upright vesicles, each prettily margined at top, and suggestive of so many little mantel-piece match safes. These spermagonia are literally vegetable wombs, in which the seeds or sporules are generated. The cut also represents the sporidia, or compound sporules.

Honor to whom honor is due. This instance of parallelism between the plant and the animal of corresponding grade or rank was seen, in advance of observation, so early as January, 1847, by an English clergyman, Rev. J. M. Berkeley, who has delved in quietness for more than forty years in this obscure field of microscopic labor. In a published article he then said, "It is quite possible that in plants as well as in the lower animals there may be an alternation of generations."

So here again the microscope shows its kindly human bias as eyes to the blind. It will with patience peer into that which a supercilious science will not so much as condescend to look at. In this instance, having got at nature's secret, it vindicates the plain common-sense of sensible men, and confirms beyond controversy that which could only be asserted in the confidence of conviction. In the words of the late Professor Joseph Czermak, one must not "remain standing at an event viewed unequally." But if it be an observation in which eyes and ears and perception have been true, and a conscientious testing of results has followed, why should one hesitate to contend for that which our eyes have seen and our hands have handled as the truth? In scouting the common-sense convictions of men, when based upon observations so often and trustworthily made, those *savants* were found flouting at a great principle in nature—that sublime activities are not limited to the so-called high fields of her operations. Does not their conduct stand painfully parallel with that of those philosophers of that ancient cultus to whom an even grander truth seemed "foolishness?"

OLD GARDISTON.

OLD GARDISTON was a manor-house down in the rice lands, six miles from a Southern sea-port. It had been called Old Gardiston for sixty or seventy years, which showed that it must have belonged to colonial days, since no age under that of a century could have earned for it that honorable title in a neighborhood where the Declaration of Independence was still considered an event of comparatively modern times. The war was over, and the mistress of the house, Miss Margaretta Gardiston, lay buried in St. Mark's church-yard, near by. The little old church had long been closed; the very road to its low stone doorway was overgrown, and a second forest had grown up around it; but the church-yard was still open to those of the dead who had a right there; and certainly Miss Margaretta had this right, seeing that father, grandfather, and great-grandfather all lay buried there, and their memorial tablets, quaintly emblazoned, formed a principal part of the decorations of the ancient little sanctuary in the wilderness. There was no one left at Old Gardiston now save Cousin Copeland and Gardis Duke, a girl of seventeen years, Miss Margaretta's niece and heir. Poor little Gardis, having been born a girl when she should have been a boy, was christened with the family name—a practice not uncommon in some parts of the South, where English customs of two centuries ago still retain their hold with singular tenacity; but the three syllables were soon abbreviated to two for common use, and the child grew up with the quaint name of Gardis.

They were at breakfast now, the two remaining members of the family, in the marble-floored dining-room. The latticed windows were open; birds were singing outside, and roses blooming; a flood of sunshine lit up every corner of the apartment, showing its massive Chinese vases, its carved ivory ornaments, its hanging lamp of curious shape, and its spindle-legged sideboard, covered with dark-colored plates and platters ornamented with dark blue dragons going out to walk, and crocodiles circling around fantastically roofed temples, as though they were waiting for the worshipers to come out in order to make a meal of them. But in spite of these accessories the poor old room was but a forlorn place; the marble flooring was sunken and defaced, portions were broken into very traps for unwary feet, and its ancient enemy, the penetrating dampness of the South, had finally conquered the last resisting mosaic, and climbed the walls, showing in blue and yellow streaks on the old-fashioned mouldings. There had been no fire in the tiled fire-place for many years; Miss Margaretta did not approve of fires, and wood was costly: this last reason, however, was never mentioned; and Gardis had grown into a girl of sixteen before she knew the comfort of the sparkling little fires that shine on the hearths morning and evening during the short winters in well-appointed Southern homes. At that time she had spent a few days in the city with some family friends who had come out of the war with less impoverishment than their neighbors. Miss Margaretta did not approve of them exactly—it was understood that all Southerners of "our class" were "impoverished;" she did not refuse the cordial invitation *in toto*, but she sent for Gardis sooner than was expected, and set about carefully removing from the girl's mind any wrong ideas that might have made a lodgment there. And Gardis, warmly loving her aunt, and imbued with all the family pride from her birth, immediately cast from her the bright little comforts she had met in the city as plebeian, and going up stairs to the old drawing-room, dusted the relics enshrined there with a new reverence for them, glorifying herself in their undoubted antiquity. Fires, indeed! Certainly not.

The breakfast table was spread with snowy damask, worn thin almost to gossamer, and fairly embroidered with delicate darning, the cups and plates belonged to the crocodile set, and the meagre repast was at least daintily served. Cousin Copeland had his egg, and Gardis satisfied her young appetite with fish caught in the river behind the house by Pompey, and a fair amount of Dinah's corn-bread. The two old slaves had refused to leave Gardiston House; emancipation was nothing to them. They had been trained all their lives by Miss Margaretta, and now that she was gone, they took pride in keeping the expenses of the table, as she had kept them, reduced to as small a sum as possible, knowing better than poor Gardis herself knew the pitiful smallness of the family income, derived solely from the rent of an old warehouse in the city. For the war had not impoverished Gardiston House; it was impoverished long before. Acre by acre the land had gone, until nothing was left save a small corn field and the flower garden; piece by piece the silver had vanished, until nothing was left save three tea-spoons, three table-spoons, and four forks. The old warehouse had brought in little rent during those four long years, and they had fared hardly at Gardiston. Still, in their isolated situation away from the main roads, their well-known poverty a safeguard, they had not so much as heard a drum or seen a uniform, blue or gray, and this was a rare and fortunate exemption in those troublous times; and when the war was at last ended, Miss Margaretta found herself no poorer than she was before, with this great advantage added, that now every body was poor,

and, indeed, it was despicable to be any thing else. She bloomed out into a new cheerfulness under this congenial state of things, and even invited one or two contemporaries still remaining on the old plantations in the neighborhood to spend several days at Gardiston. Two ancient dames accepted the invitation, and the state the three kept together in the old drawing-room under the family portraits, the sweep of their narrow-skirted, old-fashioned silk gowns on the inlaid staircase when they went down to dinner, their supreme unconsciousness of the break-neck condition of the marble flooring and the mould-streaked walls, the airy way in which they drank their tea out of the crocodile cups, and told little stories of fifty years before, filled Gardis with admiring respect. She sat, as it were, in the shadow of their greatness, and obediently ate only of those dishes that required a fork, since the three spoons were, of course, in use. During this memorable visit Cousin Copeland was always "engaged in his study" at meal-times; but in the evening he appeared, radiant and smiling, and then the four played whist together on the Chinese table, and the ladies fanned themselves with stately grace while Cousin Copeland dealt not only the cards, but compliments also—both equally old-fashioned and well preserved.

But within this first year of peace Miss Margaretta had died—an old lady of seventy-five, but bright and strong as a winter apple. Gardis and Cousin Copeland, left alone, moved on in the same way: it was the only way they knew. Cousin Copeland lived only in the past, Gardis in the present; and indeed the future, so anxiously considered always by the busy, restless Northern mind, has never been lifted into the place of supreme importance at the South.

When breakfast was over, Gardis went up stairs into the drawing-room. Cousin Copeland, remarking, in his busy little way, that he had important work awaiting him, retired to his study—a round room in the tower, where, at an old desk with high back full of pigeon-holes, he had been accustomed for years to labor during a portion of the day over family documents a century or two old, recopying them with minute care, adding foot-notes, and references leading back by means of red-ink stars to other documents, and appending elaborately phrased little comments neatly signed in flourishes with his initials and the date, such as "Truly a doughty deed. C. B. G. 1852."—"'Worthy,' quotha? Nay, it seemeth unto my poor comprehension a *marvelous* kindness! C. B. G. 1856."—"May we all profit by this! C. B. G. 1858."

This morning, as usual, Gardis donned her gloves, threw open the heavy wooden shutters, and, while the summer morning sunshine flooded the room, she moved from piece to piece of the old furniture, carefully dusting it all. The room was large and lofty, there was no carpet on the inlaid floor, but a tapestry rug lay under the table in the centre of the apartment; every thing was spindle-legged, chairs, tables, the old piano, two cabinets, a sofa, a card-table, and two little tabourets embroidered in Scriptural scenes, reduced now to shadows, Joseph and his wicked brethren having faded to the same dull yellow hue, which Gardis used to think was not the discrimination that should have been shown between the just and the unjust. The old cabinets were crowded with curious little Chinese images and vases, and on the high mantel were candelabra with more crocodiles on them, and a large mirror which had so long been veiled in gauze that Gardis had never fairly seen the fat gilt cherubs that surrounded it. A few inches of wax-candle still remained in the candelabra, but they were never lighted, a tallow substitute on the table serving as a nucleus during the eight months of warm weather when the evenings were spent in the drawing-room. When it was really cold, a fire was kindled in the boudoir—a narrow chamber in the centre of the large rambling old mansion, where, with closed doors and curtained windows, the three sat together, Cousin Copeland reading aloud, generally from the *Spectator*, often pausing to jot down little notes as they occurred to him in his orderly memorandum-book—"mere outlines of phrases, but sufficiently full to recall the desired train of thought," he observed. The ladies embroidered, Miss Margaretta sitting before the large frame she had used when a girl—they did all the sewing for the household (very little new material, and much repairing of old), but these domestic labors were strictly confined to the privacy of their own apartments—in the drawing-room or boudoir they always embroidered. Gardis remembered this with sadness as she removed the cover from the large frame, and glanced at "Moses in the Bulrushes," which her inexperienced hand could never hope to finish; she was thinking of her aunt, but any one else would have thought of the bulrushes, which were now pink, now saffron, and now blue, after some mediæval system of floss silk vegetation.

Having gone all around the apartment and dusted every thing, Chinese images and all, Gardis opened the old piano and gently played a little tune. Miss Margaretta had been her only teacher, and the young girl's songs were old-fashioned; but the voice was sweet and full, and before she knew it she was filling the house with her melody.

"Little Cupid one day in a myrtle bough strayed,
And among the sweet blossoms he playfully played,
Plucking many a sweet from the boughs of the tree,
Till he felt that his finger was stung by a bee,"

sang Gardis, and went on blithely through the whole, giving Mother Venus's advice archly, and adding a shower of improvised trills at the end.

"Bravo!" said a voice from the garden below.

Rushing to the casement, Miss Duke beheld, first with astonishment, then dismay, two officers in the uniform of the United States army standing at the front-door. They bowed courteously, and one of them said, "Can I see the lady of the house?"

"I—I am the lady," replied Gardis, confusedly; then drawing back, with the sudden remembrance that she should not have shown herself at all, she ran swiftly up to the study for Cousin Copeland. But Cousin Copeland was not there, and the little mistress remembered with dismay that old Dinah was out in the corn field, and that Pompey had gone fishing; there was nothing for it, then, but to go down and face the strangers. Summoning all her self-possession, Miss Duke descended. She would have preferred to hold parley from the window over the doorway, like the ladies of olden time, but she feared it would not be dignified, seeing that the times were no longer olden, and therefore she went down to the entrance where the two were awaiting her. "Shall I ask them in?" she thought. "What would Aunt Margaretta have done?" The Gardiston spirit was hospitable to the core. But these—these were the Vandals, the despots, under whose presence the whole fair land was groaning. No; she would not ask them in.

The elder officer, a grave young man of thirty, was spokesman. "Do I address Miss Gardiston?" he said.

"I am Miss Duke. My aunt, Miss Gardiston, is not living," replied Gardis.

"Word having been received that the yellow fever has appeared on the coast, we have been ordered to take the troops a few miles inland and go into camp immediately, Miss Duke. The grove west of this house, on the bank of the river, having been selected as camping ground for a portion of the command, we have called to say that you need feel no alarm at the proximity of the soldiers; they will be under strict orders not to trespass upon your grounds."

"Thanks," said Gardis, mechanically; but she was alarmed; they both saw that.

"I assure you, Miss Duke, that there is not the slightest cause for nervousness," said the younger officer, bowing as he spoke.

"And your servants will not be enticed away," added the other.

"We have only two, and they—would not go," replied Gardis, not aggressively, but merely stating her facts.

The glimmer of a smile crossed the face of the younger officer, but the other remained unmoved.

"My name, madam, is Newell, David Newell, captain commanding the company that will be encamped here. I beg you to send me word immediately if any thing occurs to disturb your quiet," he said.

Then the two saluted the little mistress with formal courtesy, and departed, walking down the path together with a quick step and soldierly bearing, as though they were on parade.

"Ought I to have asked them in?" thought Gardis; and she went slowly up to the drawing-room again and closed the piano. "I wonder who said 'bravo?' The younger one, I presume." And she presumed correctly.

At lunch (corn-bread and milk) Cousin Copeland's old-young face appeared promptly at the dining-room door. Cousin Copeland, Miss Margaretta's cousin, was a little old bachelor, whose thin dark hair had not turned gray, and whose small bright eyes needed no spectacles; he dressed always in black, with low shoes on his small feet, and his clothes seemed never to wear out, perhaps because his little frame hardly touched them any where; the cloth certainly was not strained. Every thing he wore was so old-fashioned, however, that he looked like the pictures of the high-collared, solemn little men who, accompanied by ladies all bonnet, are depicted in English Sunday-school books following funeral processions, generally of the good children who die young.

"Oh, Cousin Copeland, where were you this morning when I went up to your study?" began Gardis, full of the event of the morning.

"You may well ask where I was, my child," replied the bachelor, cutting his toasted corn-bread into squares with mathematical precision. "A most interesting discovery—most interesting. Not being thoroughly satisfied as to the exact identity of the first wife of one of the second cousins of our grandfather, a lady who died young and left no descendants, yet none the less a Gardiston, at least by marriage, the happy idea occurred to me to investigate more fully the contents of the papers in barrel number two on the east side of the central garret—documents that I myself classified in 1849, as collateral merely, not relating to the main line. I assure you, my child, that I have spent there, over that barrel, a most delightful morning—most delightful. I had not realized that there was so much interesting matter in store for me when I shall have finished the main line, which will be, I think, in about a year and a half—a year and a half. And I have good hopes of finding there, too, valuable information respecting this first wife of one of the second cousins of our respected grandfather, a lady whose memory, by some strange neglect, has been suffered to

fall into oblivion. I shall be proud to constitute myself the one to rescue it for the benefit of posterity," continued the little man, with chivalrous enthusiasm, as he took up his spoon. (There was one spoon to spare now; Gardis often thought of this with a saddened heart.) Miss Duke had not interrupted her cousin by so much as an impatient glance; trained to regard him with implicit respect, and to listen always to his gentle, busy little stream of talk, she waited until he had finished all he had to say about this "first wife of one of the second cousins of our grandfather" (who, according to the French phrase-books, she could not help thinking, should have inquired immediately for the green shoe of her aunt's brother-in-law's wife) before she told her story. Cousin Copeland shook his head many times during the recital. He had not the bitter feelings of Miss Margaretta concerning the late war; in fact, he had never come down much farther than the Revolution, having merely skirmished a little, as it were, with the war of 1812; but he knew his cousin's opinions, and respected their memory. So he "earnestly hoped" that some other site would be selected for the camp. Upon being told that the blue army wagons had already arrived, he then "earnestly hoped" that the encampment would not be of long continuance. Cousin Copeland had hoped a great many things during his life; his capacity for hoping was cheering and unlimited; a hope carefully worded and delivered seemed to him almost the same thing as reality; he made you a present of it, and rubbed his little hands cheerfully afterward, as though now all had been said.

"Do you think I should have asked them in?" said Gardis, hesitatingly.

"Most certainly, most certainly. Hospitality has ever been one of our characteristics, as a family," said Cousin Copeland, finishing the last spoonful of milk, which had come out exactly even with the last little square of corn-bread.

"But I did not ask them."

"Do I hear you aright? You did not ask them, Cousin Gardiston?" said the little bachelor, pausing gravely by the table, one hand resting on its shining mahogany, the other extended in the attitude of surprise.

"Yes, Cousin Copeland, you do. But these are officers of the United States army, and you know Aunt Margaretta's feelings regarding them."

"True," said Cousin Copeland, dropping his arm; "you are right; I had forgotten. But it is a very sad state of things, my dear—very sad. It was not so in the old days at Gardiston House: then we should have invited them to dinner."

"We could not do that," said Gardis, thoughtfully, "on account of forks and spoons; there would not be enough to go—But I would not invite them anyway," she added, the color rising in her cheeks, and her eyes flashing; "are they not our enemies, and the enemies of our country? Vandals? Despots?"

"Certainly," said Cousin Copeland, escaping from these signs of feminine disturbance with gentle haste. Long before, he was accustomed to remark to a bachelor friend that an atmosphere of repose was best adapted to his constitution and to his work. He therefore now retired to the first wife of the second cousin of his grandfather, and speedily forgot all about the camp and the officers. Not so Gardis. Putting on her straw hat, she went out into the garden to attend to her flowers and work off her annoyance. Was it annoyance, or excitement, merely? She did not know. But she did know that the grove was full of men and tents, and she could see several of the blue-coats fishing in the river. "Very well," she said to herself, hotly, "we shall have no dinner, then!" But the river was not hers, and so she went on clipping the roses, and tying back the vines all the long bright afternoon, until old Dinah came to call her to dinner. As she went, the bugle sounded from the grove, and she seemed to be obeying its summons; instantly she sat down on a bench to wait until its last echo had died away. "I foresee that I shall hate that bugle," she said to herself.

The blue-coats were encamped in the grove three long months. Captain Newell and the lieutenant, Roger Saxton, made no more visits at Gardiston House; but when they passed by and saw the little mistress in the garden or at the window, they saluted her with formal courtesy. And the lieutenant looked back; yes, there was no doubt of that—the lieutenant certainly looked back. Saxton was a handsome youth, with blue eyes, and golden hair that would have curled had he not kept it so ruthlessly short; tall and finely formed, he looked well in his uniform, and knew it. Captain Newell was not so tall—a gray-eyed, quiet young man. "Commonplace," said Miss Gardis. The bugle still gave forth its silvery summons. "It is insupportable," said the little mistress, daily. And daily Cousin Copeland replied, "Certainly." But the bugle sounded on all the same.

One day a deeper wrath came. Miss Duke discovered Dinah in the act of taking cakes to the camp to sell to the soldiers!

"Well, Miss Gardis, dey pays me well for it, and we's next to not'ing laid up for de winter," replied the old woman, anxiously, as the irate little mistress forbade the sale of so much as "one kernel of corn."

"Dey don't want de corn, but dey pays well for de cakes, dearie Miss Gardis. Yer see, yer don't know not'ing about it; it's

only ole Dinah makin' a little money for herself and Pomp," pleaded the faithful creature, who would have given her last crumb for the family, and died content. But Gardis sternly forbade all dealings with the camp from that time forth, and then she went up to her room and cried like a child. "They knew it, of course," she thought; "no doubt they have had many a laugh over the bakery so quietly carried on at Gardiston House. They are capable of supposing even that *I* sanctioned it." And with angry tears she fell to planning how she could best inform them of their mistake, and overwhelm them with her scorn. She prepared several crushing little speeches, and held them in reserve for use; but the officers never came to Gardiston House, and of course she never went to the camp—no, nor so much as looked that way; so there was no good opportunity for delivering them. One night, however, the officers did come to Gardiston House—not only the officers, but all the men; and Miss Duke was very glad to see them.

It happened in this way. The unhappy State had fallen into the hands of double-faced, conscienceless whites, who used the newly enfranchised blacks as tools for their evil purposes. These leaders were sometimes emigrant Northerners, sometimes renegade Southerners, but always rascals. In the present case they had inflamed their ignorant followers to riotous proceedings in the city, and the poor blacks, fancying that the year of jubilee had come, when each man was to have a plantation, naturally began by ejecting the resident owners before the grand division of spoils. At least this was their idea. During the previous year, when the armies were still marching through the land, they had gone out now and then in a motiveless sort of way and burned the fine plantation residences near the city; and now, chance having brought Gardiston to their minds, out they came, inconsequent and reasonless as ever, to burn Gardiston. But they did not know the United States troops were there.

There was a siege of ten minutes, two or three volleys from the soldiers, and then a disorderly retreat; one or two wounded were left on the battle-field (Miss Duke's flower garden), and the dining-room windows were broken. Beyond this there was no slaughter, and the victors drew off their forces in good order to the camp, leaving the officers to receive the thanks of the household—Cousin Copeland, enveloped in a mammoth dressing-gown that had belonged to his grandfather, and Gardis, looking distractingly pretty in a hastily donned short skirt and a little white sack (she had no dressing-gown), with her brown hair waving over her shoulders, and her cheeks scarlet from excitement. Roger Saxton fell into love on the spot: hitherto he had only hovered, as it were, on the border.

"Had you any idea she was so exquisitely beautiful?" he exclaimed, as they left the old house in the gray light of dawn.

"Miss Duke is not exquisitely beautiful; she is not even beautiful," replied the slow-voiced Newell. "She has the true Southern colorless, or rather cream-colored, complexion, and her features are quite irregular."

"Colorless! I never saw more beautiful coloring in my life than she had to-night," exclaimed Saxton.

"To-night, yes; I grant that. But it took a good-sized riot to bring it to surface," replied the impassive captain.

A guard was placed around the house at night and pickets sent down the road for some time after this occurrence. Gardis, a prey to conflicting feelings, deserted her usual haunts and shut herself up in her own room, thinking, thinking, what she ought to do. In the mean time, beyond a formal note of inquiry delivered daily by a wooden-faced son of Mars, the two officers made no effort toward a further acquaintance; the lieutenant was on fire to attempt it, but the captain held him back. "It is her place to make the advances now," he said. It was; and Gardis knew it.

One morning she emerged from her retreat, and with a decided step sought Cousin Copeland in his study. The little man had been disquieted by the night attack; it had come to him vaguely once or twice since then that perhaps there might be other things to do in the world besides copying family documents; but the nebula—it was not even a definite thought—had faded, and now he was at work again with more ardor than ever.

"Cousin Copeland," said Gardis, appearing at the door of the study, "I have decided at last to yield to your wishes, and—and invite the officers to dinner."

"By all means," said Cousin Copeland, putting down his pen and waving his hands with a hearty little air of acquiescence—"by all means." It was not until long afterward that he remembered he had never expressed any wish upon the subject whatever. But it suited Gardis to imagine that he had done so; so she imagined it.

"We have little to work with," continued the little mistress of the house; "but Dinah is an excellent cook, and—and—oh, cousin, I do not wish to do it; I can not bear the mere thought of it; but oh! we must, we must." Tears stood in her eyes as she concluded.

"They are going soon," suggested Cousin Copeland, hesitatingly, biting the end of his quill.

"That is the very reason. They are going soon, and we have done nothing to acknowledge their aid, their courtesy — we

Gardistons, both of us. They have saved our home, perhaps our lives; and we—we let them go without a word! Oh, cousin, it must not be. Something we must do; *noblesse oblige!* I have often thought and thought, and really there is nothing but this: we must invite them to dinner," said Miss Duke, tragically.

"I—I always liked little dinners," said Cousin Copeland, in a gentle, assenting murmur.

Thus it happened that the officers received two formal little notes with the compliments of Miss Gardiston Duke inclosed, and an invitation to dinner. "Hurrah!" cried Saxton. "At last!"

The day appointed was at the end of the next week; Gardis had decided that that would be more ceremonious. "And they are to understand," she said, proudly, "that it is a mere dinner of ceremony, and not of friendship."

"Certainly," said Cousin Copeland.

Old Dinah was delighted; Gardis brought out some of the half-year rent money, and a dinner was planned, of few dishes truly, but each would be a marvel of good cooking, as the old family servants of the South used to cook when time was nothing to them. It is not much to them now; but they have heard that it ought to be, and that troubles the perfection of their pie crust. There was a little wine left in the wine-room—a queer little recess like a secret chamber—and there was always the crocodile china and the few pieces of cut glass. The four forks would be enough, and Gardis would take no jelly, so that the spoons would serve also; in fact, the dinner was planned to accommodate the silver. So far, so good. But now as to dress; here the poor little mistress was sadly pinched. She knew this; but she hoped to make use of a certain well-worn changeable silk that had belonged to Miss Margaretta, in hue a dull green and purple. But, alas! upon inspection she discovered that the faithful garment had given way at last, after years of patient service, and now there was nothing left but mildew and shreds. The invitation had been formally accepted; the dinner was in course of preparation: what should she do? She had absolutely nothing, poor child, save the two faded old lawns which she wore ordinarily, and the one shabby woolen dress for cooler weather. "If they were any thing but what they are," she said to herself, after she had again and again turned over the contents of her three bureau drawers, "I would wear my every-day dress without a moment's thought or trouble. But I will not allow these men, belonging to the despot army of the North, these aliens forced upon us by a strong hand and a hard fate, to smile at the shabby attire of a Southern lady."

She crossed the hall to Miss Margaretta's closed room: she would search every corner; possibly there was something she did not at the moment recall. But, alas! only too well did she know the contents of the closet and the chest of drawers, the chest of drawers and the closet; had she not been familiar with every fold and hue from her earliest childhood? Was there nothing else? There was the cedar chamber, a little cedar cupboard in the wall, where Miss Margaretta kept several stately old satin bonnets, elaborate structures of a past age. Mechanically Gardis mounted the steps, and opened the little door half-way up the wall. The bonnets were there, and with them several packages; these she took down and opened. Among various useless relics of finery appeared, at last, one whole dress; narrow-skirted, short, with a scantily fashioned waist, it was still a complete robe of its kind, in color a delicate blue, the material clinging and soft like Canton crape. Folded with the dress were blue kid slippers and a silk belt with a broad buckle. The package bore a label with this inscription: "The gown within belonged to my respected mother, Pamela Gardiston," in the handwriting of Miss Margaretta, and Gardis remembered that she had seen the blue skirt once, long ago, in her childhood. But Miss Margaretta allowed no prying, and her niece had been trained to ask permission always before entering her apartment, and to refrain from touching any thing, unless asked to do so, while there. But now the poverty-stricken little hostess carried the relics carefully across to her own room, and locking the door, attired herself, and anxiously surveyed the effect. The old-fashioned gown left her shoulders and arms bare, the broad belt could not lengthen the short waist, and the skirt hardly covered her ankles. "I can wear my old muslin cape, but my arms will have to show, and my feet too," she thought, with nervous distress. The creased blue kid slippers were full of little holes and somewhat mildewed, but the girl mended them bravely; she said to herself that she need only walk down to the dining-room and back; and, besides, the rooms would not be brightly lighted. If she had had any thing to work with, even so much as one yard of material, she would have made over the old gown; but she had absolutely nothing, and so she determined to overcome her necessities by sheer force of will.

"How do I look, cousin?" she said, appearing at the study door on the afternoon of the fatal day. She spoke nervously, and yet proudly, as though defying criticism. But Cousin Copeland had no thought of criticism.

"My child," he said, with pleased surprise, "you look charming. I am very glad you have a new gown, dear, very glad."

"Men are all alike," thought Gardis, exultingly. "The others will think it is new also."

Cousin Copeland possessed but one suit of clothes; consequently he had not been able to honor the occasion by a change of costume; but he wore a ruffled shirt, and a flower in his button-hole, and his countenance was sedately illumined by the thought of the festal board below. He was not at work, but merely dabbling a little on the outer edges—making flourishes at the ends of the chapters, numbering pages, and so forth. Gardis had gone to the drawing-room; she longed to see herself from head to foot, but, with the exception of the glasses in two old pier-tables—glasses whose purpose had always been to her (and to us) a mystery—there was no large mirror save the gauze-veiled one in the drawing-room. Should she do it? Eve listened to the tempter, and fell. Likewise Gardis. A scissors, a chair, a snip, and lo! it was done. There she was, a little figure in a quaint blue gown, the thick muslin cape hiding the neck, but the dimpled arms bare almost to the shoulder, since the sleeve was but a narrow puff; the brown hair of this little image was braided around the head like a coronet; the wistful face was colorless and sad; in truth, there seemed to be tears in the brown eyes. "I will not cry," said Gardis, jumping down from her chair, "but I *do* look odd; there is no doubt of that." Then she remembered that she should not have jumped on account of the slippers, and looked anxiously down; but the kid still held its place over the little feet, and going to the piano, the young mistress of the manor began playing a gay little love-song, as if to defy her own sadness. Before it was finished old Pompey, his every-day attire made majestic by a large stiffly starched collar, announced the guests, and the solemnities began.

Every thing moved smoothly, however; Cousin Copeland's conversation was in its most flowing vein, the simple little dinner was marvelously well cooked and served, Pompey was statuesque, and the two guests agreeable. They remained at the table some time, according to the old Gardiston custom, and then, the ends of wax-candles having been lighted in the drawing-room, coffee was served there in the crocodile cups, and Miss Duke sang one or two songs. Soon after, the officers took leave. Captain Newell bowed as he said farewell, but Roger Saxton, younger and more impulsive, extended his hand. Miss Duke made a stately courtesy, with downcast eyes, as though she had not observed it; but by her heightened color the elder guest suspected the truth, and smiled inwardly at the proud little reservation. "The *hand* of Douglas is his own," he said to himself.

The dreaded dinner was over, and the girl had judged correctly: the two visitors had no suspicion of the antiquity of the blue gown.

"Did you ever see such a sweet little picture, from the pink rose in the hair down to the blue slipper!" said Saxton, enthusiastically.

"She looked well," replied Newell; "but as for cordiality—"

"I'll win that yet. I like her all the better for her little ways," said the lieutenant. "I suppose it is only natural that Southern girls should cherish bitterness against us; although, of course, *she* is far too young to have lost a lover in the war—far too young."

"Which is a comfort," said Newell, dryly.

"A great comfort, old man. Don't be bearish, now, but just wait a while and see."

"Precisely what I intend to do," said Newell.

In the mean time Gardis, in the privacy of her own room, was making a solemn funeral pyre on the hearth, composed of the blue gown, the slippers, and the pink rose, and watching the flame as it did its work. "So perish also the enemies of my country!" she said to herself. (She did not mean exactly that they should be burned on funeral pyres, but merely consigned them on this, as on all occasions, to a general perdition.) The old dress was but a rag, and the slippers were worthless, but had they been new and costly, she would have done the same. Had they not been desecrated? Let them die!

It was, of course, proper that the guests should call at Gardiston House within a day or two; and Roger Saxton, ignoring the coldness of his reception, came again and again. He even sought out Cousin Copeland in his study, and won the heart of the old bachelor by listening a whole morning to extracts from the documents. Gardis found that her reserve was of no avail against this bold young soldier, who followed her into all her little retreats, and paid no attention to her stinging little speeches. Emboldened and also angered by what she deemed his callousness, she every day grew more and more open in her tone, until you might have said that she, as a unit, poured out upon his head the whole bitterness of the South. Saxton made no answer until the time came for the camp to break up, the soldiers being ordered back to the city. Then he came to see her one afternoon, and sat for some time in silence; the conversation of the little mistress was the same as usual.

"I forgive this, and all the bitter things you have said to me, Gardis," he remarked, abruptly.

"Forgive! And by what right, Sir—"

"Only this: I love you, dear." And then

he poured out all the tide of his young ardor, and laid his heart and his life at her feet.

But the young girl, drawing her slight figure up to its full height, dismissed him with haughty composure. She no longer spoke angrily or bitterly, but simply said, "That you, a Northerner and a soldier, should presume to ask for the hand of a Southern lady, shows, Sir, that you have not the least comprehension of us and of our country." Then she made him a courtesy and left the room. The transformation was complete; it was no longer the hot-tempered girl flashing out in biting little speeches, but the woman uttering the belief of her life. Saxton rode off into town that same night, dejected and forlorn.

Captain Newell took his leave a day later in a different fashion; he told Miss Duke that he would leave a guard on the premises if she wished it.

"I do not think it will be necessary," answered the lady.

"Nor do I; indeed, I feel sure that there will be no further trouble, for we have placed the whole district under military rule since the last disturbance. But I thought possibly you might feel timid."

"I am not timid, Captain Newell."

The grave captain stroked his mustache to conceal a smile, and then, as he rose to go, he said: "Miss Duke, I wish to say to you one thing. You know nothing of us, of course, but I trust you will accept my word when I say that Mr. Saxton is of good family, that he is well educated, and that he is heir to a fortune. What he is personally you have seen for yourself—a frank, kind-hearted, manly young fellow."

"Did you come here to plead his cause?" said the girl, scornfully.

"No; I came here to offer you a guard, Miss Duke, for the protection of your property. But at the same time I thought it only my duty to make you aware of the real value of the gift laid at your feet."

"How did you know—" began Gardis.

"Roger tells me every thing," replied the officer. "If it were not so, I—" Here he paused; and then, as though he had concluded to say no more, he bowed and took leave.

That night Gardiston House was left to itself in the forest stillness. "I am glad that bugle has gone away forever," said Gardis.

"And yet it was a silvern sound," said Cousin Copeland.

The fall rains began, and there was no more walking abroad; the excitement of the summer and the camp gone, in its place came the old cares which had been half forgotten. (Care always waits for a cold or a rainy day.) Could the little household manage to live—live with their meagre comforts—until the next payment of rent came in? That was the question.

Bitterly, bitterly poor was the whole Southern country in those dreary days after the war. The second year was worse than the first; for the hopes that had buoyed up the broken fortunes soon disappeared, and nothing was left. There was no one to help Gardis Duke, or the hundreds of other women in like desolate positions. Some of the furniture and ornaments of the old house might have been sold, could they have been properly brought forward in New York city, where there were people with purses to buy such things; but in the South no one wanted Chinese images, and there was nothing of intrinsic value. So the little household lived along, in a spare, pinched way, until, suddenly, final disaster overtook them: the tenant of the warehouse gave up his lease, declaring that the old building was too ruinous for use; and as no one succeeded him, Gardiston House beheld itself face to face with starvation.

"If we wasn't so old, Pomp and me, Miss Gardis, we could work for yer," said Dinah, with great tears rolling down her wrinkled cheeks; "but we's just good for not'ing now."

Cousin Copeland left his manuscripts and wandered aimlessly around the garden for a day or two; then the little man rose early one morning and walked into the city, with the hopeful idea of obtaining employment as a clerk. "My handwriting is more than ordinarily ornate, I think," he said to himself, with proud confidence.

Reaching the town at last, he walked past the stores several times and looked timidly within; he thought perhaps some one would see him, and come out. But no one came; and at last he ventured into a clothing store, through a grove of ticketed coats and suspended trowsers. The proprietor of the establishment, a Northern Hebrew whose venture had not paid very well, heard his modest request, and asked what he could do.

"I can write," said Cousin Copeland, with quiet pride; and in answer to a sign he climbed up on a tall stool and proceeded to cover half a sheet of paper in his best style. As he could not at the moment think of any thing else, he wrote out several paragraphs from the last family document.

"Richard, the fourth of the name, a descendant on the maternal side from the most respected and valorous family—"

"Oh, we don't care for that kind of writing; it's old-fashioned," said Mr. Ottenheimer, throwing down the paper, and waving the applicant toward the door with his fat hand. "I don't want my books frescoed."

Cousin Copeland retired to the streets again with a new sensation in his heart. Old-fashioned? Was it old-fashioned? And even if so, was it any the less a rarely

attained and delicately ornate style of writing? He could not understand it. Weary with the unaccustomed exercise, he sat down at last on the steps of a church—an old structure whose spire bore the marks of bomb-shells sent in from the blockading fleet outside the bar during those months of dreary siege—and thought he would refresh himself with some furtive mouthfuls of the corn-bread hidden in his pocket for lunch.

"Good-morning, Sir," said a voice, just as he had drawn forth his little parcel and was opening it behind the skirt of his coat. "When did you come in from Gardiston?"

It was Captain Newell. With the rare courtesy which comes from a kind heart, he asked no questions regarding the fatigue and the dust-powdered clothes of the little bachelor, and took a seat beside him as though a church step on a city street was a customary place of meeting.

"I was about to—to eat a portion of this corn-bread," said Cousin Copeland, hesitatingly; "will you taste it also?"

The young officer accepted a share of the repast, gravely, and then Cousin Copeland told his story. He was a simple soul; Miss Margaretta would have made the soldier believe she had come to town merely for her own lofty amusement or to buy jewels. It ended, however, in the comfortable eating of a good dinner at the hotel, and a cigar in Captain Newell's own room, which was adorned with various personal appliances for comfort that astonished the eyes of the careful little bachelor, and left him in a maze of vague wonderings. Young men lived in that way, then, nowadays? They could do so, and yet not be persons of—of irregular habits?

David Newell persuaded his guest to abandon, for the present, all idea of obtaining employment in the city. "These transition shop-keepers are not capable of appreciating qualifications such as yours, Sir," he said. "Would it not be better to set about obtaining a new tenant for the warehouse?"

Cousin Copeland thought it would; but repairs were needed, and—

"Will you give me the charge of it? I am in the city all the time, and I have acquaintances among the Northerners who are beginning to come down here with a view of engaging in business."

Cousin Copeland gladly relinquished the warehouse, and then, after an hour's rest, he rode gallantly back to Gardiston House on one of the captain's horses; he explained at some length that he had been quite a man of mettle in his youth as regards horse-flesh—"often riding, Sir, ten and fifteen miles a day."

"I will go in for a moment, I think," said the young officer, as they arrived at the old gate.

"Most certainly," said Cousin Copeland, cordially; "Gardis will be delighted to see you."

"Will she?" said the captain.

Clouds had gathered, a raw wind from the ocean swept over the land, and fine rain was beginning to fall. The house seemed dark and damp as the two entered it. Gardis listened to Cousin Copeland's detailed little narrative in silence, and made no comments while he was present; but when he left the room for a moment she said, abruptly:

"Sir, you will make no repairs, and you will take no steps toward procuring a tenant for our property in the city. I will not allow it."

"And why may I not do it as well as any other person?" said Captain Newell.

"You are not 'any other person,' and you know it," said Gardis, with flushed cheeks. "I do not choose to receive a favor from your hands."

"It is a mere business transaction, Miss Duke."

"It is not. You know you intend to make the repairs yourself," cried the girl, passionately.

"And if I do so intend? It will only be advancing the money, and you can pay me interest if you like. The city will certainly regain her old position in time; my venture is a sure one. But I *wish* to assist you, Miss Duke; I do not deny it."

"And I—will not allow it!"

"What will you do, then?"

"God knows," said Gardis. "But I would rather starve than accept assistance from you." Her eyes were full of tears as she spoke, but she held her head proudly erect.

"And from Saxton? He has gone North, but he would be so proud to help you."

"From him least of all."

"Because of his love for you?"

Gardis was silent.

"Miss Duke, let me ask you one question. If you had loved Roger Saxton, would you have married him?"

"Never!"

"You would have sacrificed your whole life, then, for the sake of—"

"My country, Sir."

"We have a common country, Gardis," answered the young man, gravely. Then, as he rose, "Child," he said, "I shall not relinquish the charge of your property, given into my hands by Mr. Copeland Gardiston, and, for your own sake, I beg you to be more patient, more gentle, as becomes a woman. A few weeks will no doubt see you released from even your slight obligation to me: you will have but a short time to wait."

Poor Gardis! Her proud scorn went for nothing, then? She was overridden as though she had been a child, and even rebuked for want of gentleness. The draw-

ing-room was cheerless and damp in the rainy twilight; the girl wore a faded lawn dress, and her cheeks were pale; the old house was chilly through and through, and even the soldier, strong as he was, felt himself shivering. At this instant enter Cousin Copeland. "Of course you will spend the night here," he said, heartily. "It is raining, and I must insist upon your staying over until to-morrow—must really insist."

Gardis looked up quickly; her dismayed face said, plainly, "Oh no, no." Thereupon the young officer immediately accepted Cousin Copeland's invitation, and took his seat again with quiet deliberation. Gardis sank down upon the sofa. "Very well," she thought, desperately, "this time it is hopeless. Nothing can be done."

And hopeless it was. Pompey brought in a candle, and placed it upon the table, where its dim light made the large apartment more dismal than before; the rain poured down outside, and the rising wind rattled the loose shutters. Dinner was announced—one small fish, potatoes, and corn-bread. Pale Gardis sat like a statue at the head of the table, and made no effort to entertain the guest; but Cousin Copeland threw himself bravely into the breach, and, by way of diversion, related the whole story of the unchronicled "wife of one of our grandfather's second cousins," who had turned out to be a most remarkable personage of Welsh descent, her golden harp having once stood in the very room in which they were now seated.

"Do you not think, my child, that a—a little fire in your aunt Margaretta's boudoir would—would be conducive to our comfort?" suggested the little bachelor, as they rose from the table.

"As you please," said Gardis.

So the three repaired thither, and when the old red curtains were down, and the fire lighted, the little room had at least a semblance of comfort, whatever may have been in the hearts of its occupants. Gardis embroidered, Cousin Copeland chatted on in a steady little stream, and the guest listened. "I will step up stairs to my study, and bring down that file of documents," said the bachelor, rising. He was gone, and left only silence behind him. Gardis did not raise her head, but went steadily on with the embroidered robe of the Queen of Sheba.

"I am thinking," began David Newell, breaking the long pause at last, "how comfortable you would be, Miss Duke, as the wife of Roger Saxton. He would take you North, away from this old house, and he would be so proud and so fond of you."

No answer.

"The place could be put in order if you did not care to sell it, and your cousin Copeland could live on here as usual; indeed, I could scarcely imagine him in any other home."

"Nor myself."

"Oh yes, Miss Duke; I can easily imagine you in New York, Paris, or Vienna. I can easily imagine you at the opera, in the picture-galleries, or carrying out to the full your exquisite taste in dress."

Down went the embroidery. "Sir, do you mean to insult me?" said the pale cotton-robed little hostess.

"By no means."

"Why do you come here? Why do you sneer at my poor clothes? Why—" Her voice trembled, and she stopped abruptly.

"I was not aware that they were poor or old, Miss Duke. I have never seen a more exquisite costume than yours on the evening when we dined here by invitation; it has been like a picture in my memory ever since."

"An old robe that belonged to my grandmother, and I burned it, every shred, as soon as you had gone," said Gardis, hotly.

Far from being impressed as she had intended he should be, David Newell merely bowed; the girl saw that he set the act down as "temper."

"I suppose your Northern ladies never do such things?" she said, bitterly.

"You are right; they do not," he answered.

"Why do you come here?" pursued Gardis. "Why do you speak to me of Mr. Saxton? Though he had the fortune of a prince, he is nothing to me."

"Roger's fortune is comfortable, but not princely, Miss Duke—by no means princely. We are not princely at the North," added Newell, with a slight smile, "and neither are we 'knightly.' We must, I fear, yield all claim to that prized word of yours."

"I am not aware that I have used the word," said Miss Duke, with lofty indifference.

"Oh, I did not mean you alone—you personally—but all Southern ladies. However, to return to our subject: Saxton loves you, and has gone away with a saddened heart."

This was said gravely. "As though," Miss Duke remarked to herself—"really as though a Saxton's heart was of consequence!"

"I presume he will soon forget," she said, carelessly, as she took up her embroidery again.

"Yes, no doubt," replied Captain Newell. "I remember once on Staten Island, and again out in Mississippi, when he was even more— Yes, as you say, he will soon forget."

"Then why do you so continually speak of him?" said Miss Duke, sharply. Such prompt corroboration was not, after all, as agreeable as it should have been to a well-regulated mind.

"I speak of him, Miss Duke, because I

wish to know whether it is only your Southern girlish pride that speaks, or whether you really, as would be most natural, love him as he loves you; for, in the latter case, you would be able, I think, to fix and retain his somewhat fickle fancy. He is a fine fellow, and, as I said before, it would be but natural, Miss Duke, that you should love him."

"I do not love him," said Gardis, quickly and angrily, putting in her stitches all wrong. Who was this person, daring to assume what would or would not be natural for her to do?

"Very well; I believe you. And now that I know the truth, I will tell you why I come here: you have asked me several times. I too love you, Miss Duke."

Gardis had risen. "You?" she said—"you?"

"Yes, I; I too."

He was standing also, and they gazed at each other a moment in silence.

"I will never marry you," said the girl at last—"never! never! You do not, can not, understand the hearts of Southern women, Sir."

"I have not asked you to marry me, Miss Duke," said the young soldier, composedly; "and the hearts of Southern women are much like those of other women, I presume." Then, as the girl opened the door to escape, "You may go away if you like, Gardis," he said, "but I shall love you all the same, dear."

She disappeared, and in a few moments Cousin Copeland re-entered, with apologies for his lengthened absence. "I found several other documents I thought you might like to see," he said, eagerly. "They will occupy the remainder of our evening delightfully."

They did. But Gardis did not return; neither did she appear at the breakfast table the next morning. Captain Newell rode back to the city without seeing her.

Not long afterward Cousin Copeland received a formal letter from a city lawyer. The warehouse had found a tenant, and he, the lawyer, acting for the agent, Captain Newell, had the honor to inclose the first installment of rent money, and remained an obedient servant, and so forth. Cousin Copeland was exultant. Gardis said to herself, "He is taking advantage of our poverty," and going to her room, she sat down to plan some way of release. "I might be a governess," she thought. But no one at the South wanted a governess now, and how could she go North? She was not aware how old-fashioned were her little accomplishments—her music, her embroidery, her ideas of literature, her prim drawings, and even her deportment. No one made courtesies at the North any more, save perhaps in the Lancers. As to chemistry, trigonometry, physiology, and geology, the ordinary studies of a Northern girl, she knew hardly more than their names. "We might sell the place," she thought at last, "and go away somewhere and live in the woods."

This, indeed, seemed the only way open to her. The house was an actual fact; it was there; it was also her own. A few days later an advertisement appeared in the city newspaper: "For sale, the residence known as Gardiston House, situated six miles from the city, on Green River. Apply by letter, or on the premises, to Miss Gardiston Duke." Three days passed, and no one came. The fourth day an applicant appeared, and was ushered into the dining-room. He sent up no name; but Miss Duke descended hopefully to confer with him, and found—Captain Newell.

"You!" she said, paling and flushing. Her voice faltered; she was sorely disappointed.

"It will always be myself, Gardis," said the young man, gravely. "So you wish to sell the old house? I should not have supposed it."

"I wish to sell it in order to be freed from obligations forced upon us, Sir."

"Very well. But if *I* buy it, then what?"

"You will not buy it, for the simple reason that I will not sell it to you. You do not wish the place; you would only buy it to assist us."

"That is true."

"Then there is nothing more to be said, I believe," said Miss Duke, rising.

"*Is* there nothing more, Gardis?"

"Nothing, Captain Newell."

And then, without another word, the soldier bowed, and rode back to town.

The dreary little advertisement remained in a corner of the newspaper a month longer, but no purchaser appeared. The winter was rainy, with raw east winds from the ocean, and the old house leaked in many places. If they had lived in one or two of the smaller rooms, which were in better condition and warmer than the large apartments, they might have escaped; but no habit was changed, and three times a day the table was spread in the damp dining-room, where the atmosphere was like that of a tomb, and where no fire was ever made. The long evenings were generally spent in the sombre drawing-room by the light of the one candle, and the rain beat against the old shutters so loudly that Cousin Copeland was obliged to elevate his gentle little voice as he read aloud to his silent companion. But one evening he found himself forced to pause; his voice had failed. Four days afterward he died, gentle and placid to the last. He was an old man, although no one had ever thought so.

The funeral notice appeared in the city paper, and a few old family friends came out to Gardiston House to follow the last

Gardiston to his resting-place in St. Mark's forest church-yard. They were all sad-faced people, clad in mourning much the worse for wear. Accustomed to sorrow, they followed to the grave quietly, not a heart there that had not its own dead—husbands, brothers, and sons slain on the cruel battle-fields in cold Virginia, and over the border at Gettysburg and Antietam. They all returned to Gardiston House, sat a while in the drawing-room, spoke a few words each in turn to the desolate little mistress, and then took leave. Gardis was left alone.

Captain Newell did not come to the funeral; he could not come into such a company in his uniform, and he would not come without it. He had his own ideas of duty, and his own pride. But he sent a wreath of beautiful flowers, which must have come from some city where there was a hot-house. Miss Duke would not place the wreath upon the coffin, neither would she leave it in the drawing-room; she stood a while with it in her hand, and then she stole up stairs and laid it on Cousin Copeland's open desk, where daily he had worked so patiently and steadily through so many long years. Uselessly? Who among us shall dare to say that?

A week later, at twilight, old Dinah brought up the young officer's card.

"Say that I see no one," replied Miss Duke.

A little note came back, written on a slip of paper: "I beg you to see me, if only for a moment; it is a business matter that has brought me here to-day." And certainly it was a very forlorn day for a pleasure ride: the wind howled through the trees, and the roads were almost impassable with deep mire. Miss Duke went down to the dining-room. She wore no mourning garments: she had none. She had not worn mourning for her aunt, and for the same reason. Chilled by the damp room, pale and silent, she stood before the young officer waiting to hear his errand. It was this: some one wished to purchase Gardiston House—a real purchaser this time, a stranger. Captain Newell did not say that it was the wife of an army contractor, a Northern woman, who had taken a fancy for an old family residence, and intended to be herself an old family in future; he merely stated the price offered for the house and its furniture, and in a few words placed the business clearly before the listener.

Her face lighted with pleasure. "At last!" she said.

"Yes, at last, Miss Duke." There was a shade of sadness in his tone, but he spoke no word of entreaty. "You accept?"

"I do," said Gardis.

"I must ride back immediately to the city," said David Newell, taking up his cap, "before it is entirely dark, for the roads are very heavy. I came out as soon as I heard of the offer, Miss Duke, for I knew you would be so glad, so very glad."

"Yes," said Gardis, "I am glad; very glad." Her cheeks were flushed now, and she smiled as she returned the young officer's bow. "Some time, Captain Newell—some time I trust I shall feel like thanking you for what was undoubtedly intended, on your part, as kindness," she said.

"It was never intended for kindness at all," said Newell, bluntly. "It was never but one thing, Gardis, and you know it; and that one thing is, and always will be, love. Not 'always will be,' though; I should not say that. A man can conquer an unworthy love if he chooses."

"Unworthy?" said Gardis, involuntarily.

"Yes, unworthy; like this of mine for you. A woman should be gentle, should be loving; a woman should have a womanly nature. But you—you—you do not seem to have any thing in you but a foolish pride. I verily believe, Gardis Duke, that if you loved me enough to die for me, you would still let me go out of that door without a word, so deep, so deadly is that pride of yours. What do I want with such a wife? No. My wife must love me—love me ardently, as I shall love her. Farewell, Miss Duke; I shall not see you again, probably. I will send a lawyer out to complete the sale."

He was gone, and Gardis stood alone in the darkening room. Gardiston House, where she had spent her life—Gardiston House, full of the memories and associations of two centuries—Gardiston House, the living reminder and the constant support of that family pride in which she had been nurtured, her one possession in the land which she had so loved, the beautiful, desolate South—would soon be hers no longer. She began to sob, and then when the sound came back to her, echoing through the still room, she stopped suddenly, as though ashamed. "I will go abroad," she said; "there will be a great deal to amuse me over there." But the comfort was dreary; and, as if she must do something, she took a candle, and slowly visited every room in the old mansion, many of them long unused. From garret to cellar she went, touching every piece of the antique furniture, folding back the old curtains, standing by the dismantled beds, and softly pausing by the empty chairs: she was saying farewell. On Cousin Copeland's desk the wreath still lay; in that room she cried from sheer desolation. Then, going down to the dining-room, she found her solitary repast awaiting her, and, not to distress old Dinah, sat down in her accustomed place. Presently she perceived smoke, then a sound, then a hiss and a roar. She flew up stairs; the house was on fire. Somewhere her candle must have started the flame; she remembered the loose

papers in Cousin Copeland's study, and the wind blowing through the broken window-pane; it was there that she had cried so bitterly, forgetting every thing save her own loneliness.

Nothing could be done; there was no house within several miles—no one to help. The old servants were infirm, and the fire had obtained strong headway; then the high wind rushed in, and sent the flames up through the roof and over the tops of the trees. When the whole upper story was one sheet of red and yellow, some one rode furiously up the road and into the garden, where Gardis stood alone, her little figure illumined by the glare; nearer the house the two old servants were at work, trying to save some of the furniture from the lower rooms.

"I saw the light and hurried back, Miss Duke," began Captain Newell then, as he saw the wan desolation of the girl's face. "Oh, Gardis, why will you resist me longer?" he cried, passionately. "You shall be any thing you like, think any thing you like, only love me, dear, as I love you."

And Gardis burst into tears. "I can not help it," she sobbed; "every thing is against me. The very house is burning before my eyes. Oh, David, David, it is all wrong; every thing is wrong. But what can I do when—when you hold me so, and when—But oh, do not ask me any more."

"But I shall," said Newell, his face flushing with deep happiness. "When what, dear?"

"When I—"

"Love me?" said Newell. He would have it spoken.

"Yes," whispered Gardis, hanging her head.

"And I have adored the very shoe-tie of my proud little love ever since I first saw her sweet face at the drawing-room window," said Newell, holding her close and closer, and gazing down into her eyes with the deep gaze of the quiet heart that loves but once.

And the old house burned on, burned as though it knew a contractor's wife was waiting for it. "I see our Gardis is provided for," said the old house. "She never was a real Gardiston, anyway, only a Duke; so it is just as well. As for that contractor's wife, she shall have nothing; not a Chinese image, not a spindle-legged chair, not one crocodile cup—no, not even one stone upon another."

It kept its word: in the morning there was nothing left. Old Gardiston was gone.

LOST.

By ROSE TERRY COOKE.

Once on a time she came to me,
As some small star from heaven might flee—
To be a mortal's sole delight,
A love by day, a dream by night,
The sweetest thing on land or sea,
My little darling crept to me.

A trembling, tender, fairy thing,
Too grave to smile, too sad to sing,
Aware of earth with grieved surprise,
An alien from her native skies,
A baby angel strange to see,
My little darling came to me.

But love and loving taught her smiles,
And life and living baby wiles—
The way to cling, to coax, to kiss,
To fill my soul with deepest bliss;
My heart of hearts, my life, was she,
This little love who came to me.

What words she stammered, soft and low,
No other ear but mine could know;
More gentle than a cooing dove,
More fond than any voice of love,
So shy, so sweet, so tenderly,
My little darling spoke to me.

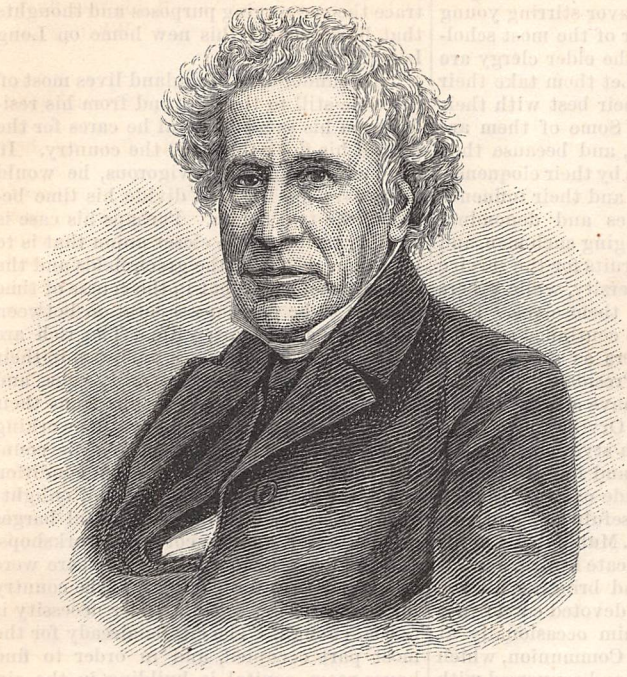
I know not how to tell the grace
That dwelt upon her wistful face—
The tinted skin, the lip's pure bloom,
The clearest eyes that knew not gloom,
The hair as soft as moth wings be,
My little darling showed to me.

Alas! I know that all is gone,
That here I sit and grieve alone,
That every fair and gracious thing
I loved and lost is but a sting;
Another thorn thy memory,
My little darling, brings to me.

But kindly night doth pity pain:
In all my dreams she comes again:
Her precious head is on my breast;
My happy arms caress her rest;
I hear her words of tender glee;
My little darling kisses me.

Ah! sweet is night—too sweet, too brief—
When day recalls our bitterest grief,
The hungry heart, the longing dire
That burns the soul with vain desire,
The ancient cry of wild distress,
The Rachel-mourning, comfortless.
O God! once more that face to see!
My little darling, come to me!

ST. JOHNLAND.



WILLIAM A. MUHLENBERG.

IN 1864 the Rev. Dr. William A. Muhlenberg wrote a little tract, which he dedicated to his friend and parishioner the late Robert B. Minturn, "the poor man's friend and mine," with the title, "St. Johnland: a Retro-Prospectus. In two letters, supposed to be written in the year 187–. 'Your old men shall dream dreams,' Acts, ii. 17." The first letter describes an imaginary visit to a peculiar community, and begins thus: "You recollect that beautiful plain which we used to admire in our drives through the upper part of —— County, gently sloping toward the south, with wooded hills on the north, diversified by clumps of trees, and a brook winding through it? I have lately been there. The little cluster of cottages upon it has grown into quite a village, with a pretty rural church in the midst. The houses, much like the original ones, are scattered along broad and circuitous streets, shaded by some of those fine oak and elm trees yet standing in their ancient grandeur. Several large buildings are on the outskirts of the town." Then the writer proceeds to tell of the character of this place and its people, this St. Johnland, in its main feature a Church industrial community. The second letter describes a Sunday spent at this place and the method of the worship, the bearing and conversation of the population, and the kind of theology that is encouraged there, etc. This letter is followed by a postscript beginning thus: "I have told my dream. And shall that be the end of it? Shall it be no more than a dream?" and closing with presenting the urgent demand on the part of the neglected and suffering portion of the people of New York, especially children, for such a healthful, industrial, and Christian retreat.

There was a speedy answer to this appeal, and in October the next year, 1865, a large farm was purchased on the north shore of Long Island, about forty miles east of New York. The buildings at the present date are the church, the Old Man's Home or St. John's Inn, the Boys' House and School, the Children's Home, the Library and Village Hall, the Printing-office and Stereotype Foundry, the Children's Summer Home and Bible Woman's Rest Awhile, and several cottages, besides farm buildings. These surely are positive facts, and this farm of some six hundred acres, with its fields and forests, its meadows and hills and fine water-front and numerous buildings, shows the stuff that the good doctor's dream was made of. In speaking of him and this work of his it is best for me and most respectful to him to dwell upon the broadest and highest aspects of the subject, and try to interpret a noble charity more than to praise a noble man, who does not like to have his left hand know what his right hand is doing.

He dreamed this dream in his venerable years, at an age when men are generally thought to have given up bold aspirations and to have settled down upon some fixed routine of life—the man of pleasure to his cards and pipe and bottle, the man of business to his price-current and his investments, the devotee to his tracts and prayer-meetings.

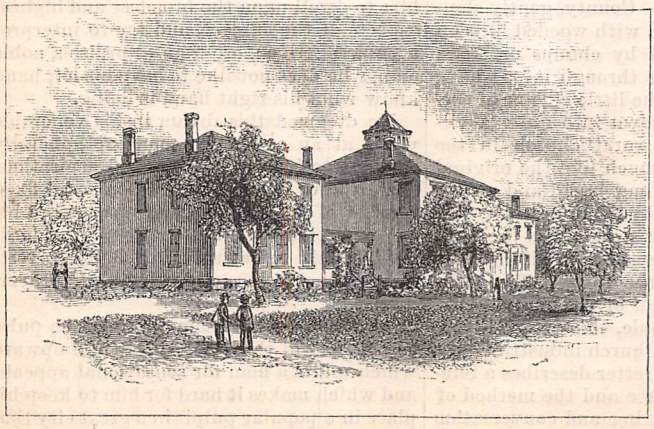
There is probably something in the pulse and temper of threescore years and upward which unfits a man for sensational appeals, and which makes it hard for him to keep his place in a popular pulpit in a great city that exacts incessant excitement. The old cor-

rection for this state of things was a young colleague in preaching and a young partner in business. But of late the American pulpit has tended more to favor stirring young men, and a large number of the most scholarly and thoughtful of the elder clergy are upon the retired list. Let them take their lot cheerfully, and do their best with their time and opportunity. Some of them are altogether too diffident, and because they no longer win multitudes by their eloquence, they leave their pen idle and their influence languid. Some churches and denominations are wise in encouraging such men, and economizing their ripe fruits for the service of the press or the university, while others leave them to shift for themselves. How much we all gain by the continued activity of such venerable fathers as the Rev. Dr. William Adams and President Woolsey! How refreshing it is to have a word once in a while from the Rev. Dr. Orville Dewey, and find him still master of a style unsurpassed in simplicity, freshness, and force! Should not more account be made of keeping such powers in due fields of usefulness? and how delightful it is to see Dr. Muhlenberg, in his venerable years and delicate health, earnest as ever in his work, and bringing all the lines of his various and devoted career into unison! I have met him occasionally at the Church of the Holy Communion, which he founded; I have seen and conversed with him several times lately at St. Luke's Hospital, where he is the master-spirit; and I am just from St. Johnland, where I have seen the efforts to carry out the fond and final dream of his life, and to establish a community in which his previous works as teacher, pastor, and health-bringer shall have their consummation.

If we would understand St. Johnland, we must have in our eye St. Paul's College, at Flushing, where he labored for nearly twenty years, the Holy Communion Church, of which he was rector 1846–58, and St. Luke's Hospital, where he has been pastor and superintendent since 1858, and through them trace the converging purposes and thoughts that have sought this new home on Long Island Sound.

The founder of St. Johnland lives most of the time still in the city, and from his residence in his great hospital he cares for the part of his flock that is in the country. If his health were more vigorous, he would more vary his life, and divide his time between the two homes. Perhaps his case is an illustration of the closer union that is to take place between the green fields and the paved streets, and that in the course of time there is to be no sharp separation between town life and country life. The rich are taking care of themselves, and even in their winter palaces they have milk, eggs, and flowers and many good things from their farms. Rapid transit may give the working people of cities homes and lands in the country, and entirely transform their condition and their temper. What may not enlightened humanity do with its hospital barges on the water, and its cottages, workshops, and churches in the fields? If there were no other reason for looking into the country for the Christian Arcadia, sheer necessity is reason enough. The city is already for the most part occupied, and in order to find house-room, capital is building in the air. Where on Manhattan Island or near it can we find six hundred acres for St. Johnland? And Mammon is beginning to find fault with St. Luke's Hospital for holding a single acre for God's suffering children on the stately avenue where wealth and fashion claim to be lords.

We reached St. Johnland on a pleasant Saturday evening in June, and after a short drive from the railway station, we found ourselves at the door of the Family Mansion, where the acting superintendent resides. It was encouraging to find so much taste and comfort and so little pretension and outlay. Too much of our prevalent piety and charity goes into bricks and mortar, and monstrous debts are incurred that sadly slight the great precept, "Owe no man any thing, but to love one another." This settlement is out of debt, and one part of the explanation of this remarkable fact is that comparatively little money has



OLD MAN'S HOME, ST. JOHNLAND.

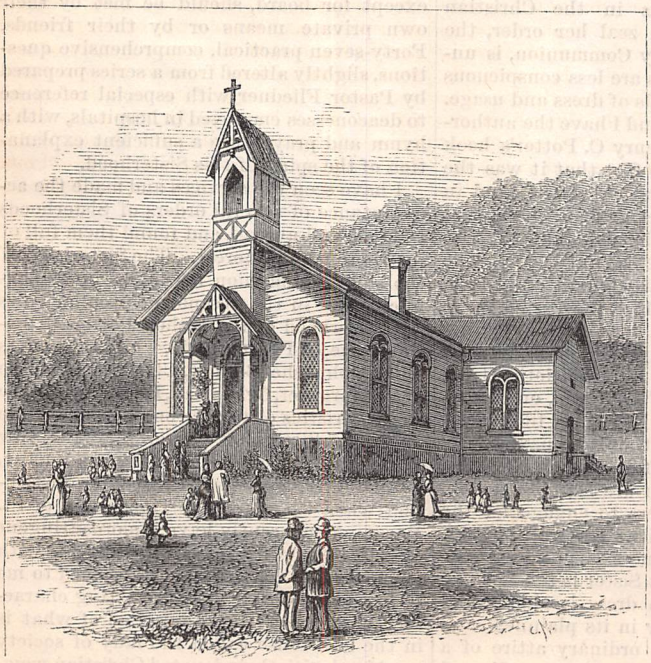
been spent upon building, and next to nothing upon ornament. Here we have no costly mediæval architecture as at Clewer, where, indeed, rich patrons can well afford it; nor have we even the solid stone-work of Müller's famous Orphan House at Ashley Down; but here is a cluster of simple cottages in the order of a quadrangle, with the impressive little wooden Church of the Testimony of Jesus in the centre of the upper line of the quadrangle, as if giving the Master's blessing to the disciples gathered at His table. We had a cordial greeting, and after a refreshing supper, with genial conversation, we joined with the young farmers in the evening prayers of the family, to which they were called by the sound of the horn. The presiding lady, who is Sister Superintendent in Dr. Muhlenberg's absence, represents one of the most important institutions in the Christian Church, and while in zeal her order, the Sisterhood of the Holy Communion, is unsurpassed, its members are less conspicuous than others in externals of dress and usage. It originated in 1845, and I have the authority of the Rev. Dr. Henry C. Potter's book on Sisterhoods for the fact that it was the first Protestant association of the kind in this country, and anterior also to the first of the English Sisterhoods—that of Miss Sellon, which did not exist until 1848. The community was regularly organized in 1852, and in the spring of 1853 the corner-stone of the Sisters' House was laid adjoining the Church of the Holy Communion, which stands on the corner of Twentieth Street and Sixth Avenue. The Sisters, on removing into this house in February, 1854, opened an infirmary in that and the next house, which was the germ of St. Luke's Hospital. The rules of this order are few and simple. They require the Sisters to engage for the term of three years, with liberty of renewal. The term of probationers is not less than six months. The first Sister is the head of the community. The dress is simple and uniform, peculiar only in its plainness, and an adaptation of the ordinary attire of a gentlewoman rather than the affectation of a foreign religious habit. These Sisters are to live where they do their works of charity when possible, without any conventual seclusion. They are to be provided for without funds of their own, while it is desired that when possible their personal expenses, except for board, should be met by their own private means or by their friends. Forty-seven practical, comprehensive questions, slightly altered from a series prepared by Pastor Fliedner with especial reference to deaconesses employed in hospitals, with a hymn and prayer, are a sufficient explanation of the spirit of this Sisterhood.

FAMILY MANSION, ST. JOHNLAND.

I have seen the services and made the acquaintance of several orders of Sisterhoods at home and abroad, and found them full of instruction and interest. The Sisterhood of the Holy Communion resembles in its simplicity and in the absence of peculiar vows the Sisterhood of the Bishop Potter Memorial Home, of Philadelphia, while the Sisters of St. John the Baptist, Clewer, and those of St. Margaret, Grimstead, have more of the characteristics of the Catholic orders. The confirmed Sisters of Clewer take the vow of poverty, chastity, and obedience for life, with liberty, however, to leave the institution when they see fit. The Sisters of St. Margaret apparently have a more stringent organization. All of these Sisters with whom I have conversed have seemed to me to be very positive and interesting characters, with a very large element of what is in the best sense called the lady of society combined with their devoted Christian wom-

anhood. I have never seen more charming manners than those of a Sister of St. Margaret, in her gray homespun and plain cap, and her frank acknowledgment of her love of the daily Communion, and her constant attendance upon the sick children in her hospital. There is a time for discussing rites and doctrines, but self-sacrificing piety and charity should stop our dogmatics and bring us all home to the one Gospel and Church. Certainly this has been the lesson taught me alike by the Anglo-Catholics of St. Margaret and of St. John the Baptist, and of these evangelical Catholics of the Holy Communion, who are so well represented by Sister Anne at St. Johnland.

The presiding Sister in the Family Mansion made us at home at once not only in that house, but in the whole community. This home look is, indeed, the prominent and characteristic feature of the place, and in this respect it differs from most institutions of benevolence, which are generally administered in such a wholesale way as to lose the individual and the family in the multitude, and to sacrifice personal affection to routine method. Here there is organization, indeed, entire order, but not such as to interfere with the natural and reasonable relationships of blood and affinity. Here are cottages for families in the strict sense of the term, where parents may live with their children, or a widow may have a home for herself and her little ones; and there are houses on a larger scale, where various inmates, properly chosen, live together under the same roof under a kindly supervision quite parental in authority and carefulness. Who can say too much of the benefits of such home arrangements, with the free range of the fields and forests, the pleasant associates, the opportunities for industry, and the access to school and church? Dr. Muhlenberg well proved the need of such homes in his Retro-Prospectus when he wrote thus: "Look at that sad woman, who the other day brought her emaciated boy to the hospital, needing food more than medicine. She had lost her husband in the war, had not got the bounty, had six other children whom she was trying to keep together by such work as she could get. 'But oh, the rear basement,' she said, 'where we stop, is always so wet!' Or that young man who lately sought admission to our wards with incipient phthisis, for which the doctor recommended to him the country. No wonder he was consumptive, for he had long been sewing early and late on the tailor's board, with fourteen others, in a close, dark room in the rear of the shop. Or that good brother of eighty-five, who in intelligence and piety might compare with the venerable one furnished in our sketch. He does not require medical or surgical treatment. He is a beneficiary of one of the hospital associations, who begged us to receive him, as his only home must be here or on Blackwell's Island. Shall we send him there? Or that other aged one of seventy-six, who has been a consistent communicant of our Church since he was thirty—a well-informed, reading old man, driven by sickness from his sky parlor, where his bed has sometimes been drenched with rain. Or that sweet-faced young girl, waiting for the last agony of a heart-disease contracted by bending over the needle sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, to support her enfeebled mother. Or that hard-working woman, who was sent here by a dispensary physician, hoping we might give her work while she was being treated for her eyes, which could never be better while she lived on tea and broth. Or, in an-



CHURCH OF THE TESTIMONY OF JESUS.

other direction, look in at the factory where I lately saw children who, the overseer told me, are confined there thirteen and a half hours every day, allowing half an hour for each of their meals. In the winter they come along before light, through frost and snow, and are not free until eight at night."

YOUNG BOYS.

Think of these pictures of suffering, and of the dismal tenements and degrading associations and scanty living and precarious employment of a large class of well-disposed families in the great city; note the ready access of their children to bad company, and the difficulty of finding chance playmates without corruption, and what light is thrown upon the Christian Industrial Community, with its homes and workshop and fair and school and church! These photographs of the most characteristic of the buildings and the inhabitants show better than any words of mine can do the genius of the place. I was glad to be there on Sunday, and to see the whole population in its Sunday face and attire. It was really an interesting and cheering sight. The neat and impressive little Church of the Testimony of Jesus was well filled alike at the regular morning service and at the afternoon service, which is more adapted to the instruction of children. The two extremes of life, childhood and age, were represented most conspicuously, with a fair proportion of youth and middle age. A larger company of children than we usually see in a parish church gave a bright look to the assembly, and their tidy dress, pleasant expression, and reverential manners were a goodly sight, that the great apostle of love would have rejoiced to see in the place consecrated to the testimony of Jesus in his name. St. John's Inn, that was so nobly endowed by the late John David Wolfe, had a goodly delegation, and these old men had all the air of habitual and substantial

GYMNASTIC EXERCISES.

GROUP OF YOUNGEST GIRLS.

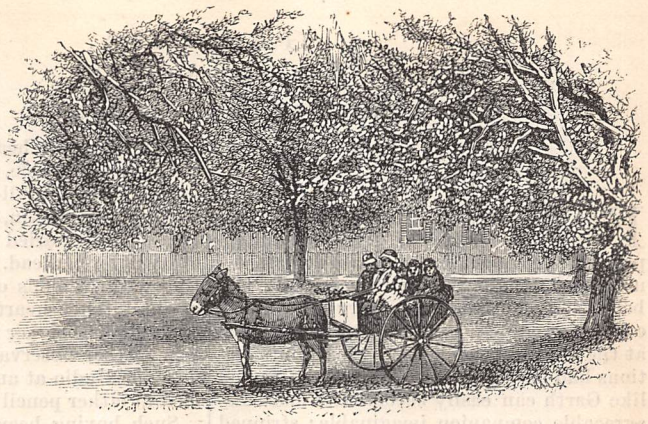
worshipers, very much like the solid men that sit at the head of the pews in the leading country churches, and seem to carry the wisdom and the influence of the whole parish in their heads.

The building, the gift of Mr. Adam Norrie, is spacious, light, and airy, with a large open platform for the readers and the preacher, without even the restriction of the usual chancel rails, whose place is supplied at the Communion season by temporary arrangements for kneeling. The inscription over the chancel is this: "This is His commandment, that we believe in the name of His Son Jesus Christ, and love one another, as He gave us commandment." The usual morning service of the Protestant Episcopal Church was read, with considerable abbreviation and with some additions, especially in the Litany. The singing was hearty and congregational, with the accompaniment of a good organ and a cheery chorus of young voices. The sermon, by a stranger, was given without notes, and presented in a direct manner, with many illustrations from the fields and forests, the need of living not by bread alone, but by the bread of heaven, and it was in decided contrast with the sermon lately given by the same preacher to Dr. Muhlenberg's old congregation on the life and thought of St. Augustine—a carefully studied Lent lecture, an hour long, to an audience quite as different. In both cases, however, the popular element was not neglected, and in the city church an especial service for working-men was advertised for the next Sunday evening.

This church of St. Johnland is in some respects quite peculiar. Although the pastor is required to be an Episcopalian, and the Episcopal Prayer-book is to be used, the full liberty of Christian conscience is recognized as the right of the minister, who is not bound to any form of words that he believes to be contrary to Holy Scripture. Liberty of prayer is also recognized, either in allowing precomposed prayer, according to the Directory, or other prayer. Liberty of ministerial fellowship is also recognized, and the minister is not to consider the principles of the Prayer-book of his Church, whether expressed or implied, as prohibiting the preaching of the Gospel in her places of worship by ministers of other reformed and evangelical churches whenever the same is deemed expedient, in due allegiance to the Head of the Church and due fellowship with His embassadors. The good doctor seems sagaciously to avoid all points of ecclesiastical casuistry in these matters, by claiming the right of the head of a household or of an institution to prescribe its devotions and religious instruction. But there is evidently no disposition to push him to the wall or to interfere with his remarkable good works on the part of the Church authorities. He can go to a Presbyterian Communion, or preach in a Presbyterian pulpit, or invite a Presbyterian to his own pulpit, without being disturbed. It is understood that the great-grandson of the founder of the Lutheran Church in America can not part with the Lutheran blood, and that he has at heart the completion of the movement which the Church of Cranmer and Latimer so mightily began, the union of Protestant and Catholic in one Evangelical Catholic Church. With all its conservativism, our American Protestant Episcopal Church evidently does not wish to be ungenerous, and the Bishop of New York but showed its essential spirit when, not long ago, at the convocation of clergy, he invited the elder Dr. Tyng and Dr. Muhlenberg to join with him in the office of the Holy Communion, and to repeat the old call for Calvin and Luther to come in and bring their people.

Dr. Muhlenberg often meets with an association of clergymen who in various ways

represent the comprehensive spirit of his Church, and they always welcome him almost by acclamation. These men are not radicals, but positive believers and constructive workers; but they do not believe in a fossil religion or an exotic clergy, and they are friends of generous thought and reasonable progress, and especially of our American nationality. They started the Church Congress, which promises to bring out so much ability and strength, and to correct the clannishness of the merely sectional diocesanism that forgets the whole in the parts; and their pen and voice and practical work are making a mark on public opinion, little as they court public notice. They seem to be good friends of St. Johnland, and the most practical men among them speak hopefully of its prospects. They probably care less for any of the doctor's peculiar notions than for his dominant purpose and his great catholic heart, and they are apparently content to keep within the liberty and order of their Church institutions, and leave the leaven of progress to work itself out in God's own time. They take no party name, and they have not lost their humility since several of their number have been asked to be bishops and presidents.



LAME CHILDREN'S DONKEY CARRIAGE.

Certainly there is a growing feeling among thoughtful men that religion must be more wisely and vigorously applied to life, and that Christianity must have its social science and art, not behind but before the march of secular civilization. How the end is to be won we can not know till we try. The problem of this industrial community, with its union of homes, workshops, schooling, and religion, still needs careful thought and wise economy; yet the results thus far are encouraging. The farm is thrifty, and the 16,600 quarts of milk last year well served 150 young mouths. The foundry does well, and Sister Anne's handsome volume of the doctor's *Evangelical Catholic* papers is a specimen of its work. The recent accession of a rector who is proverbially known as a master economist promises well for the future. Of old the tribes gathered around the wells dug by their fathers, and our Lord taught memorable lessons at a place of which it was said, "Jacob's well was there." Such a spring will always flow with healing and refreshing waters where the founder of St. Johnland taught with power and is to rest in peace. He has given his whole substance to this place, and his body will rest where his heart has so long lived.

I looked from the little tower of my country home last Sunday evening across the Sound toward the shore of Long Island, in search of St. Johnland, and I soon identified it with the help of a tolerably good glass. On one side stands Port Jefferson, which is opposite Bridgeport; and on the other Huntington Light, which is abreast of Norwalk, and between the two is Smithtown Bay. I discovered in this bay the cliff of St. Johnland and the stairway down to the water, to which I had so recently walked with the goodly company of children and youth, who very properly were encouraged to take a pleasant ramble on the shore after their two church services. Between that port and that light-house appeared that Christian settlement, which is both a haven to the weary and a light to the benighted. It was a good lesson for Sunday evening, and one that will not be studied for a single time. Thirty-six years ago, January 13, 1840, near that spot, Charles Follen perished in the burning *Lexington:* and so one good man's memory shines upon the dark waters with another good man's life.

Allow me, in writing this simple sketch of a good man's enterprise, to acknowledge gratefully, in behalf of the class of men whom I in my poor way represent, the worth of your Magazine to our community. Your Monthly is one of the memorial works of our twenty-five years of metropolitan life, and it is a power in the country and the world. As an old contributor, I salute you, the house and family of Harpers, as I close, and with the brother now living I respectfully name the three who have gone, whom I well knew and affectionately cherished. The brother who went last is nearest now at heart, and his name, like his character, is not out of place here in this notice of St. Johnland.

SAMUEL OSGOOD.

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XIII.

ACCIDENT.

FOR some days past Garth has been under a cloud. Outwardly sullen and repellent, there were occasional glimpses beneath of smouldering fierceness. He had been chary of speech to every one; and a certain sweetness generally to be detected at the bottom of his most rugged manifestations had been entirely obscured. A person like Garth can easily become the most disagreeable companion imaginable: stripped of the tenderness and silent geniality which should redeem stern features and reserved manners, he speedily grows intolerable. To attempt to conciliate him is like putting your head in a lion's mouth, and it requires more than average nerve and audacity to bully or ridicule him into good humor. The best of him at such times is his morbid tendency to keep out of the way.

There was no record that Garth had spoken a kind word or done a graceful deed since the day when he had received his visitors in his studio. On the other hand, he had given signs of being not only in a bad humor, but in an ugly temper. He had paced moodily about the house, his fists thrust in his coat pockets, his under-lip grimly projecting, his rough brows throwing dark shadows over his surly eyes. He had strolled off by himself to the woods, often just at meal-times, and more than once long after dark, returning, after hours of absence, not a whit the better for his ramble. He had carefully avoided his father; he had stared his uncle out of countenance half a dozen times; while his behavior to Madge had been so oddly compounded of aversion and attraction that it was difficult to know what to think of it. Curiously enough, however, he chose this period to be particularly attentive to old Nikomis, spending not a few hours of every day in the chimney-corner opposite hers, smoking a pipe (also an unusual practice with him), and at intervals addressing her in low tones, almost as guttural and unintelligible as those in which the old lady made her replies. He seemed to find something in her dusky companionship that accorded better with his sombre humor than any thing the pale-faced Caucasian race could supply. He ate most of his meals with only her to keep him in countenance; he let his black hair tangle in savage disarray about his big head; and appeared to regret, on the whole, that he had not been born and bred a full-blooded Indian, with a copper-colored skin, a wigwam, and a selection of smoke-dried scalps dangling in the obscurity overhead. But though associating with Nikomis on the common ground of the kitchen hearth, he never attempted to follow her to her den in the attic, and it was further observable that he did not go near his studio at any time, nor so much as look at either pencil or paint-brush.

Such having been his category of late, both his father and his uncle might have been surprised at his comparatively impetuous manner of coming into the room on this morning of the picnic. Golightley, withdrawn in the window-seat, escaped the young man's notice at first. He sat down opposite his father, seemingly conscious only of him and of the letter in his own hand.

"Father, I must read you this," he began, pulling the letter roughly out of its envelope; "it's from—"

"Good-morning, Garth," interposed Cuthbert, in a tone which he used but seldom, quiet and low, but with a peculiar inflection about it which Garth, from his childhood up, had never failed to feel to the marrow of his bones. "When you've taken off your cap, you might say good-morning to your uncle; and I dare say Nikomis will give you some buckwheats, if you ask her properly."

At the mention of his uncle, the young man looked quickly round, and after a moment followed Mr. Urmson's suggestion as to the compliments of the day, rising from the table as he did so, and replacing the letter in his side pocket, while the envelope remained on the table. "I want no breakfast," he added; "besides, it's time we were off, Uncle Golightley. They are waiting for us in the village by this time. Father, are you coming with us?"

Mr. Urmson shook his head. "I must stay in my study, I find, to-day," said he. "Moreover, I think I've eaten too many buckwheats. Make my excuses to the ladies."

Garth paused a minute, with his hand in his pocket, looking thoughtfully at his gray, pale, emaciated, bright-eyed father—a striking contrast to him in almost every respect. "I'll see you this evening, then, if you are up," he said at length—"this evening, late, if you will let me."

"Then the sooner you are off, the earlier you will be back, and the better will be your chance of finding me awake. You are ready, I suppose, Golightley? Well, I hope the nuts and grapes may be plentiful; though,

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

for my part, I think buckwheats are a great deal nicer, and quite as indigestible. Good-by."

The uncle and nephew accordingly made ready to depart, each of them, perhaps, wishing he might have had Cuthbert's private ear a while longer. Golightley, however, was too affable to manifest any discontent; he gayly donned his hat, threw a precautionary shawl across his arm, glanced at his spurs, and professed himself eager for the woods. "A rivederci, fratello mio!" he cried, turning on the threshold, and airily kissing the tips of his fingers; and so preceded Garth out of the room.

Mr. Urmson took up the envelope from the table, glanced at the handwriting and the postmark, and finally put it in the pocket of the dressing-gown he wore, with a sigh. Then he turned to the old Indian.

"Nikomis," said he, in a feeble and rather dejected tone, "I find my pains are going to come on again. This will be a bad day for me, I apprehend. I've been doing so well for the past week or so that I suppose I must pay for it. Can you have the medicine ready in about half an hour? I shall be overhead in the study."

Nikomis only grunted in reply; but as Mr. Urmson prepared to leave the room, she got up from her seat, and, hobbling after him, threw open the door, took him gently but effectively under the arm, and so moved beside him down the hall and slowly up the stairs. Mr. Urmson's face looked pinched and bloodless, and in mounting the stairs he pressed his lips rigidly together, and once or twice his eyelids quivered and almost closed. Arrived at his study door, however, he turned, with something like his customary smile, on his assistant, and said, "Thank you, Nikomis; you are a very kind old lady."

Meanwhile Garth and Golightley were on their way to the village, the latter, according to his persistent custom, having linked his own through the former's unwilling arm. Golightley was probably a believer in the magnetic influence of one human being upon another, and fancied that if he could but contrive to handle his companion enough, he would be thereby enabled to make upon him or her a corresponding moral impression. Doubtless there are many persons who do enjoy being stroked and patted, and who are more or less liable to pur under the operation; but Garth never purred in any circumstances, and was as averse from being touched promiscuously as though he had lacked a skin. Nevertheless, he had never openly resented the tactics of his uncle, toward whom he was perhaps the more doggedly determined to show liking, because instinctively holding him in disfavor. Garth had a powerful imagination and more than enough sensibility; but along with these qualities he possessed a sturdy rational faculty, which was continually collaring its more refined associates, and asking them what they were up to.

His uncle, as they left the house, had entered upon a discussion of Mr. Urmson. "Cuthbert, your dear father, Garth," said he, "is a man you might call ἄναξ ἀνδρῶν—a chief of men, as old Homer has it. By George, he is a fine fellow! I really knew him very little before I went to Europe; he was away himself, you know, during most of my big-boyhood; and being so much older than I, of course—and then having different mothers, too, I suppose—we weren't so intimate as we might have been otherwise. But I always knew—bless you, I knew just as well!—that there was the making of a grand friendship between us two, if ever we got a fair show. But I'm bound to confess that there's more to dear old Cuthbert than even I had given him credit for. I only wish he didn't look so confoundedly like his own ghost sometimes. I remember he used to be rather delicate, and, of course, I knew that years would have their way with him as with the rest of us; but, by George, I wasn't prepared for such a change as this!"

To hear his father eulogized made Garth restive, though he was convinced, from something in the tone of the eulogist's voice, that what he said was sincere, in spite of its rather egoistical setting. But the mention of ill health merged this petty emotion in a deeper one.

"You spoke of that once before," he said, looking at his companion, "and I heard Mrs. Tenterden say something about it too. My father is getting old, and has pain sometimes—rheumatism, I suppose; but he can not be seriously ill."

"Ah, my dear boy, you see, you are with him from day to day, and his debility wouldn't come on you with a shock, as it did on me. He has hardly a remnant of the vivacity and sparkle that I remember in him. I still catch a glimpse occasionally of that old subtle, ironical humor that can never quite die out of him; but the elasticity, the mischievous glance—ah, dear old Cuthbert! I fancy your dear mother's death must have shattered him a good deal?"

"He bore it so much better than I," murmured Garth, speaking less to his uncle than to himself, "that I almost forgot he had any thing to bear." He was silent in gloomy meditation for some moments, but finally said, heaving a deep sigh: "Yes, I can see now that my father is not the same man since then. No doubt it struck him deeper than it did me. But he never shows what he feels—hardly ever—either joy or sorrow."

"Ah, yes, that's Cuthbert: great deal of the Indian stoic in him. But a loss of that kind will wear a man down, you know, give

it time; and no doubt it may have impaired the resisting power against disease. Doesn't he consult a physician?"

"No—yes; Professor Grindle (a college professor of mine, who used to practice medicine) was here last spring; perhaps my father consulted him. He has letters from him once in a while."

"Oh, we must get him a regular live doctor!" exclaimed Golightley, enterprisingly; "see what's the matter with him, and cure him up. I dare say, now, this little variety of having me with him, and seeing Mildred now and then, and so on, will be of the greatest benefit to him. I hope to do wonders, my dear Garth, in the way of raising his spirits and making every thing easy and comfortable for him. Bless his heart! he's had plenty of anxiety and trouble, I don't doubt; so have I—we all have had; this uncertainty and restriction regarding money-matters, you know, and all that sort of thing; but that's done with now, thank Fortune, and I mean to have us all easy and comfortable from this time forth. As for you, you have genius, and are bound to make a fortune of your own. However, I should be glad to think that I'd given you a bit of a lift at the start—eh?"

Garth was silent for some time. At last he said, "You have given me such a lift that I shall never want another."

Had Golightley been in a position correctly to gauge Garth's sentiments as to this picture business, he might have suspected him of meaning more than he said. But, as it happened, his recent conversation with Cuthbert had led him to form a theory of his own upon the subject, and he would be more apt to strain Garth's remark into conformity with the theory than modify the theory to suit the remark.

"Now, my dear young nephew," he began, engagingly, "I can't let you forget that I'm your uncle, and have a right to take avuncular liberties with nephews and nieces whom I love. I see what's in your mind, and I like you the better for what I see; and to prove it, I mean to be perfectly frank with you. There's a little bit of professional pride and jealousy at work in you. You want your picture to sell entirely on its own merits, and not—"

"If you did not see what is in my mind," said Garth, taking advantage of his uncle's pause for a suitable expression, "I should feel like telling you."

"Ha! ha! Well, now, my dear boy, you must consider, you know, how deep and genuine my interest in you is. Why should not you prefer to see your picture—which, as I have often said, has intrinsic power and originality enough to make your reputation without me—to see it in the hands of a warm friend and relative rather than of a mere disinterested connoisseur? When you come to think it over, I know without your telling me that that consideration alone will give you more satisfaction than the mere price, more or less, that goes in your pocket. Why, it's a mutual pleasure and gratification to both of us."

"Why do you tell me this, Uncle Golightley?" demanded Garth, with an air of grave curiosity.

"Ah, my dear Garth, because a rather sad experience has taught me the wisdom of perfect frankness between those who would be friends. And I want you to feel how great my interest is not only in your artistic but in your domestic future. I'm so glad you're going to marry that sweet, lovely girl, Madge! It's such a good thing for a young man like you, of sound, high principles, just entering on life, to have such a charming creature as that always at your side, helping you over the rough places and beckoning you up the heights. Ah, Garth, what a different life I might have led, if—But no matter. No doubt it's better as it is. H'm! where was I?"

Perhaps Garth did not know; at all events, he did not tell, but callously left his uncle to find out for himself.

"Well, what I'm coming to is this: I spoke just now of professional jealousy. Now I know what it is to be a hot-blooded young fellow, and I know that there's more kinds of jealousy than one. And I tell you fairly, Garth—I hinted it once before—that the portrait which you have incorporated with your picture in such a masterly manner, and which is a masterpiece in itself—that portrait and the associations which will always cling to it have mainly influenced me in this little transaction of ours. But I'm sure, after what I have said about that charming girl, that you can not misunderstand my attitude toward her. I admire her, you know, in the æsthetic sense. I might say impersonally, but that I feel myself too much bound up with you all on other grounds to call it that."

Uncle Golightley seemed likely to go on yet further in this earnest vein, but at this point Garth interrupted his solemn discourse with a laugh, which, despite the elder's insight into the workings of the artist's mind, seemed to take him by surprise.

"I'm afraid I'm not a hot-blooded young fellow, Uncle Golightley," said the nephew. "I never had a misgiving on Margaret Danver's account, and it doesn't matter to me what the picture is bought for, so long as it's bought. That is the unpoetic fact. I hope you admire Margaret—or her portrait—at least as much as you say you do, because otherwise you are, from an artistic point of view, a fool to spend a cent upon the picture, not to speak of a thousand pounds. But I told you my opinion on that matter at the time."

Uncle Golightley was seldom so much put out as not to be able to rally quickly, and he now recovered himself with great good humor.

"I remember, you young Vandal; and, by-the-bye, I wish you'd explain how you came to put that wonderful face into your composition, only to utter blasphemy against it afterward."

Garth shook his head. "I didn't realize it till it was done," said he. "I forgot the picture while I was painting the face."

"By George, well you might! Ha! ha! You rascal! So you're not afraid of a rival well up in the forties—eh? Ah, well, I don't blame you; and I see we understand each other very well. But it struck me you were a trifle in the blues lately, and I feared I might have unwittingly invaded your susceptibilities in one way or another."

"Certainly you are a kind and generous man," said Garth, after a short silence, abruptly, and in a changed tone. "The only person I am quite safe in disliking and distrusting is—this!" indicating himself by a slight, contemptuous gesture. "I have had dreams of you nearly every night since you came here, and you have always played the part of a scoundrel and a swindler. The discredit is mine, not yours. I run you through the mould of my passive mind, and you come out a charlatan. The inference is plain. There is more than that. I began with disliking some of your ways—your free way with women. I beg your pardon for it. It was because I could not do innocently what you can. And there's another plain inference, if you want it."

"See here, my beloved nephew," cried Uncle Golightley, with a half-laughing, half-apprehensive glance at his saturnine companion, "have you gone melancholy mad, or are you dreaming awake? I never heard you in this vein before."

"Have no anxiety," returned Garth, shaking his shaggy head again, with a brief, unmirthful smile. "It must be an eccentricity of genius—and that will soon pass, Heaven knows! There are the wagons."

In fact, the forest had now thinned away, and they were within sight of the Danvers' cottage, which stood on the hither outskirt of the little village. Before the front gate of the garden inclosure stood a roomy but rather primitive rustic vehicle, consisting of a platform mounted on four wheels and fenced round with half a dozen uprights—in short, an old-fashioned hay-rigging. To fit it for its present employment three or four stout boards had been fastened horizontally to the uprights, at a suitable height above the flooring, by way of seats; and a number of baskets of provisions had been securely stowed away forward. Two wiry farm horses were harnessed to the shafts, and a group of persons, among whom were Mrs. Tenterden, Madge, and Mrs. Danver, was collected hard by. Madge was feeding the horses with handfuls of hay, while Mrs. Tenterden seemed to be examining the rude conveyance with some misgiving at its lack of springs, and confiding her apprehensions to Mrs. Danver.

As Garth and his uncle drew near, the latter stepping jauntily along with his beard in the air, the former butting forward with downward brow, Golightley, in the exuberance of the moment, took off his hat and waved it in the air, uttering a view-halloo. Mrs. Tenterden straightway began hunting in her pockets for a handkerchief to wave in response, but did not find it until the gentlemen were so close at hand as to rob the act of its propriety. Madge left the horses and advanced to meet the new-comers, looking like an incarnation of the rich and lovely day.

Golightley was on the point of greeting her with all his customary gallantry of manner, but happening to remember his companion's crotchets on the subject, he forcibly constrained his cordiality to a mere gentle pressure of both her hands and a fatherly compliment on her appearance and costume.

She laughed, and looked so provokingly kissable that poor Uncle Golightley sighed, and passed on to wreak his tenderness upon sister Mildred, leaving Madge to her lover. She stood in front of him, holding on to a button of his coat, as her habit was with him, and twisting it as she spoke.

"I saw you pass twice this morning, from my window, and you didn't look up. Tell me, dear Garth, have I done any thing wrong? Are you sorry, or glad—or angry?"

"I've been growing wise during the last few days, that's all. You have done nothing wrong."

"But why should growing wise make you sad?"

"Because it shows me what a fool I have been until within the last few days. But I shall get over it soon, and be as merry as I am wise."

"Tell me what you have been growing wise about?" demanded Madge, with a quick, scrutinizing glance.

"About marrying you. I ought to have married you six years ago instead of going to Europe. By this time we should have been a well-to-do farming couple, with something tangible to do and think of—crops and hogs and markets."

"Hogs and markets! You funny boy! I am thinking about society and fine people."

"It is all the same what you call them; I think hogs and markets sounds the best. That is my wisdom. When I was a fool, I should have preferred something abstract and ideal. A fool, Madge, is a person who talks and thinks about things above him. When I first fell in love with you, I ought

to have made up my mind never to busy myself about any thing more above me than you are. I never saw you looking better than you do this morning; but," he continued, taking both her wrists in his hands and griping them hard, "there's nothing abstract about you—or ideal either! and there sha'n't be in my life from this time forward."

"Do, Mrs. Tenterden, look at those two sweethearts, without a word for any body but their two selves!" cried Mrs. Danver. "Maggie, we're starting, child!—Well, wouldn't you think she was deaf, ma'am?"

"It's a very delightful kind of deafness, I'm sure," said Mrs. Tenterden, laughing; for she was not so old as to have forgotten the time when she suffered from a like infirmity. "It makes one forget all about matter-of-fact things and people."

"Ah!" sighed Golightley, caressing his cheek as he turned his tinted eyeglasses on the lovers. "When boys and girls are in love, it comes to the surface in every look and gesture; but when we get a little older, Mildred, it may show less, but it makes more havoc with our insides. Where's Elinor?"

"She's always the last one to be ready, you know," said Mrs. Tenterden. "But there she comes."

"All in gray and scarlet, like fire and ashes. Buon' giorno, fair lady! the last, best gift of Heaven to man!" He took her hand and kissed it. "Come, Garth, show your public spirit enough to get us in the wagon. You and I must act as derricks for these four nymphs. Mrs. Danver, let us begin with you."

Mrs. Danver, who was entirely captivated by Uncle Golightley's attentions, was accordingly hoisted on board, and Mrs. Tenterden, a much heavier weight, and the heavier for her laughing timorousness, followed. Then came Elinor, who, as she gave her hand to Garth to be lifted up, expected him to say good-morning to her, and had the answering greeting on the tip of her own tongue; but he turned his face away and said not a word; upon which the proud, self-contained young lady flushed pink to the ears. Madge was the last, and she bounded up with such unexpected lightness that Uncle Golightley lost his balance and fell backward, to his great chagrin, especially as the mishap unseated his tinted eyeglasses. However, he immediately jumped up again with a great laugh, and declared that Madge was the first young lady who had ever got the better of his understanding, and defeated his upright intentions.

By this time the two or three other wagons which had been waiting, full of picnickers, at the corner of the adjoining road, were beginning to rumble away toward their destination, amidst much noise and merriment. Garth, who had taken his place as driver, was preparing to follow them, when Mrs. Danver, with a sudden shriek of recollection, reminded him that it had been arranged they should call at the parsonage for Mr. Graeme, whose age and position entitled him to that attention. The horses' heads were therefore turned in that direction; but before they had proceeded many rods, the hoary patriarch's colossal form loomed into view, somewhat bent and stiffened beneath his vast, invisible weight of years, but still sturdy enough, as it seemed, to bear half a generation more. While yet at a distance he uplifted his voice, mighty in spite of the cracks and quavers that occasionally sounded through it, and began a jovial monologue.

"Hullo, folks! Why, I began to think you'd forgotten me, I'm such an inconsiderable young man—haw! haw! haw! So there's Master Garth! is he actually going to a picnic at last? Well, I've lived to some purpose, now that I've seen that come to pass; no mistake about it—ho! ho! Why, the other day, when he was a little chap about up to my knee-buckle—he's not much over that now, either—the other day—well—eh? what was it happened the other day? I was just going to say something, but I do believe I've forgotten it, though I've got a wonderful good memory; no mistake about that—ha! ha! ha! Whoa, Dobbin! Good-morning, boys and girls. Young man, if you'll lend a helping hand—I'm not quite so spry in the joints as usual this morning—once more! Thank you, Sir. I don't know your name, but— Golightley? Maud Urmson's boy that went to London five-and-twenty years ago? Got back? Why, lad, we're all heartily glad to see you again. I do believe, though, now I think of it, I saw you yesterday—or was it day before yesterday? Yes, yes; but it's the hair on your face that bothered me. You're the first Urmson ever wore side whiskers; but there was always more of Maud than of Brian in you, anyway. You had a show of the split in the chin, but not the jaw—not the eye, either. Garth's the man—Urmson all over, like his grandfather and his great-great-great-grandfather before him. They didn't any of them paint pictures, though—eh, Garth? I always said you ought to give that up; you will, too, I guess, one of these days, and take to soldiering or privateering, as an Urmson ought—haw! haw! ho! Madam, good-morning—Mrs. Tenterden? Yes, yes; I know you all now—Maud's little girl that we heard of, but never saw. Do you know, madam, you came very near not being born at all? Why, if Maud hadn't been told that Brian was dead, and if he hadn't been told that she was dead, they'd have been made man and wife in the year 1781; and then where would you and Cuthbert have been, I want to know?—ho! ho! where

would you have been, Cuthbert, lad? Why, where is he?"

"He said he must keep to his study today," Garth made answer.

"Ay, working on his history—a history of the United States, Mrs. Tenterden, incarnated, so to speak, in the Urmson family. The family, madam, has been here pretty nearly from the start, and borne a hand more or less directly in all the chief events; but never, if you observe, ma'am, aiming for the top places—no commanders-in-chief or Governors or Presidents among 'em; they represent the heart more than the head of the people, you see, Mrs. Tenterden; though as for Garth there, it isn't easy to say what he represents. Cuthbert would make him out the full body corporate, I expect—ho! ho! But I tell him no Urmson ever took to paint and canvas before—though Garth has a fist for other things as well, ma'am, when the time comes. Why, last Michaelmas-day—haw! haw!—he gave such a licking to Sam Kineo as scared the chap out of the village—that was five or ten years ago, and he hasn't been back here since. And all on Miss Madge's account. But she's a little witch; and some day, when Garth gets big enough, I'm going to try a tussle with him about her myself. I believe she loves me better than she does him now."

So saying, the venerable Titan drew Madge, who happened to be sitting near him, on his gigantic knee, and kissed her on both cheeks. The love-making between him and this young woman had never undergone abatement or eclipse from its beginning to the present day. Madge, to do her justice, had been as true to him as he had been to her. Possibly she appreciated the moral support which his countenance and affection afforded her in a community where the parson was still able largely to influence and direct public opinion upon all social questions. Moreover, his unswerving and outspoken belief in her may well have had the effect of moulding in some degree her own estimate of herself. Although too clear-headed not to be aware that in this or that particular respect the genial credulity of the old giant palpably overrated her, she would nevertheless think better of her deserts from a comprehensive point of view; and thus, in deceiving him, she would be indirectly compassing a self-deception. Parson Graeme had never, perhaps, been a person of very profound intelligence; and during the last few years, such mental faculties as he had had been gradually becoming clouded and untrustworthy. Madge, however, though possessing no small talent for demure ridicule, was never known to exercise it at the expense of her hoary admirer—a piece of self-restraint which becomes easily intelligible if we suppose her to have recognized his value as a moral ally; for who but a simpleton would think of discrediting the pillar of his respectability by chalking caricatures upon it? Although, moreover, the good minister could hardly have boasted such personal attractions as would be likely in themselves to captivate a young woman of Madge's tastes, yet did she seem to find a peculiar pleasure in clinging about him in every affectionate attitude, caressing and caressed. I would by no means deny the possibility of her having detected in him qualities which so transcended all merely external attributes as to sink the latter beneath consideration; but, be this as it may, it was patent to the dullest eye that the contrast between the warm grace of the lovely, blooming girl and the frosty ponderousness of the age-smitten parson was infinitely picturesque, and, so far at least as Madge was concerned, certainly most politic. However, the wisest policy is not necessarily self-conscious, and Madge might have been a politician unawares. It is not easy to look upon such a woman and judge her severely, or even impartially. She appeals to something in man more potent than any merely judicial or logical weapon that he is apt to have at command.

Soon after leaving the village the wagon got into the rough woodland ways, and jolted horribly, much to the distress of Mrs. Tenterden—one of those women who seem especially fitted by nature to grace a smooth-rolling carriage, drawn by pampered steeds, and attended by liveried footmen, but who are quite out of their element in a New England hay-rigging, or in any other situation involving physical unease and awkwardness. She clung to the wooden upright on one side, and to Golightley's arm on the other, and repeatedly affirmed that she would much rather get down and walk.

"Don't you think you'd better walk, daughter?" she said to Elinor. "This jolting will be sure to give you one of your headaches; and I'll come with you, so as you won't get lost."

"No, I enjoy jolting," replied Elinor, with a malicious smile; "besides, what if you should find you had forgotten the way to the picnic ground yourself?"

"I think that's very mean of you, Nellie," cried Mrs. Tenterden, laughing at the detection of her own duplicity. "Well, I hope, at any rate, there are no eggs or brittle things in those baskets, or there'll be nothing left of them."

"Oh dear me, ma'am," said Mrs. Danver, shaking her poke-bonnet with its immaculate starched frill, "when you've been bumped about as much as I have, you'll never notice this at all—though, too, I've got aches and pains in all my poor bones, and have had many years, ma'am—yes. But you always being able to live in luxury, as I might

say, it is but natural you should find it come a little hard at first."

"Oh, I know all about country life," returned the other lady, who had too much spirit to submit to any such assumption of superiority. "I was brought up on the plantation down in Virginia, and ran wild all over the place till I was seventeen. But I must say I don't know where you get all your endurance from, Nellie; you were such a puny little thing when we took you, after Mr. and Mrs. Golightley died; and then we all came over to Europe, and lived there ever since—in luxury, as you would say, Mrs. Dánver," she added, with her good-natured laugh.

"Elinor has the old Cavalier spirit," said Golightley, "and minds jolting no more than one of Prince Rupert's horsemen."

Elinor's spirit seemed inclined to resent being made the subject of personalities in mixed company, and she would have withdrawn into herself with all the haughtiness of her twenty maiden years; but at this juncture Parson Graeme put his enormous finger in the pie.

"Is miss a Golightley?" he asked, in his time-worn rumble. "Why, I thought, madam, she'd been your own daughter. A real Golightley! Cuthbert and I had been thinking they'd died out. Let's see: there was Rupert, Brian's friend, was killed near Jamestown, when I was no older than Garth is now. But, to be sure, he had a brother Charles—ay, that's the man! We knew Charles had a son, but we never heard of a daughter. Miss, we're right glad to have you among us—eh, Cuthbert? Why, where is the lad? He'd rejoice to see Charles Golightley's daughter."

This was certainly tiresome and foolish, especially since something similar to it had taken place once or twice before; and Uncle Golightley wore a compassionate sneer, while Mrs. Tenterden looked as if she might have laughed. But Elinor answered him with a gentleness which she could not help feeling for the decayed old patriarch, with his recollections of seventy years ago, and his forgetfulness of the passing hour.

"Charles Golightley was my grandfather, Mr. Graeme," said she; "his son James was my father. We have not quite died out yet, you see; but I am the last of the Golightleys."

"You have a sweet voice, my lass," said the venerable minister, gazing at her with his ancient eyes; "a sweet voice, that tells of a true soul and a pure heart. Take an old man's word for it." His own voice, as he spoke, abated somewhat of its ruggedness, for he was susceptible as a child to certain superficial impressions. The next moment, however, he reverted, with a child's inconstancy, to his customary noisy joviality.

"When that boy yonder was born, ma'am," he began, addressing Mrs. Tenterden, and pointing to Garth, "we were looking about to see whom he was to marry. Cuthbert was always for historical compensations—something of that sort—ho! ho!—and he said the Urmsons had treated the Golightleys so shabbily, it ought to be made up somehow: if there was only a little girl Golightley, Garth might marry her when they grew up, and settle it that way. 'Better hunt her up,' said I, 'before he gets ahead of us, and falls in love with the wrong girl.' Haw! haw! haw! However, miss," continued this old *enfant terrible*, "he grew up such a bashful chap, he was always hiding away by himself, and we couldn't get him even to go to the picnic till he was quite a lad; and then he shinned up a tree before any of us got there, and never came down till we were all out of the way again. But, sure enough, that same night he was punching Sam Kineo's head because Sam had— What was it he did to you, Madge, my lass?"

"Nothing, grandpapa dear," replied that young lady, with a covert glance at Garth, who had turned partly round as if trying to relieve her from her supposed embarrassment by commanding the eyes of the auditors to his own flushed and darkening visage.

"If Sam Kineo had done any thing," said he, in a husky voice, "there would have been no trouble between us. I beg the company's pardon for having to rake up the story; but he said he had done what he had not."

Good Mrs. Tenterden, whose own good humor not seldom betrayed her into inadvertently exasperating the raw places of less happily constituted persons, hereupon began to chuckle and shake her statuesque shoulders, at the same time casting arch glances at poor Madge, evidently with the intention of presently uttering some unforgivable innuendo about the coquettishness of pretty girls and the unsuspecting credulity of young men. Elinor saw the impending peril, and was impelled, despite her declared hostility and contempt for Garth Urmson, to make an attempt at turning the conversation.

"We met a gentleman abroad who, I believe, was a friend of yours, Mr. Urmson. His name was Selwyn."

"Yes," said Garth, involuntarily putting his hand in his coat pocket; "he was with me in Europe the first year, and afterward studied law in Germany for three years. A very different man from Kineo!"

"He was a very intelligent person," observed Mrs. Tenterden. "We all got to like him very much. At least," she added, recollecting herself, "*I* thought him very clever and agreeable. You didn't, Golightley."

"I'm glad to hear it," Golightley hastened to say, setting his eyeglasses and bring-

ing forward his hair over his ears—"very glad to hear, Garth, that Jack Selwyn was a friend of yours. Of course one who has seen so much of what strangers on the Continent sometimes turn out to be has to exercise great caution in admitting strangers to too great familiarity. H'm. You mustn't say I disliked him, my dear Mildred; but I felt it would be unadvisable to consult a man whose responsibility we had no means of establishing, upon a matter like the recovery of your lost property, you know. Besides, it was perfectly impossible to recover any thing. I—h'm—I believe I never mentioned it to you before, my dear, but for several months I employed the first detectives of London and Paris, and nothing came of it."

"My fathers! Golightley, did you really?" exclaimed Mrs. Tenterden. "Well, if that isn't the funniest thing, daughter! Well, to think of our not knowing it!"

"Selwyn," began Garth, and hesitated for a moment—"Selwyn," he continued, "is one of the most upright and keen men I know. He has traveled over the world ever since he was a child, and knows men better than most men do. You were mistaken in not trusting him, Uncle Golightley. I believe he would know a thief or a scoundrel as soon as he looked at him."

"Ha! ha! a sort of moral touch-stone of humanity. Well, it's really a pity we hadn't been better introduced to him. But I'm interested about this Kineo, Garth. What was he, and what became of him?"

As Garth did not at once reply, old Mrs. Danver interposed her thin, faded voice. "He was just one of those half-breed Indians, Mr. Golightley, and I suppose that's about all any body does know about *what* he is. He first came here, just a little baby, with Nikomis, now the cook up to Urmhurst, where you've likely seen her, Sir. She called herself his grandmother. But the best I can say is, I never did take to either of 'em. I was really quite glad when Garth put him down so, for I do believe he might have troubled Maggie, though she always laughs when I say it."

"A half-breed, was he? Light or dark?"

"Well, seems like he was pretty light for a half-breed," said Mrs. Danver. "I recollect we used to say, when Garth was more tanned than usual, there wasn't much to choose but what he was as dark as Sam. We did use to say, too, now and again, that there was a likeness to each other between them other ways, though Sam was taller than Garth, and his hair was straight, and he hadn't eyes like Garth—I'm sure of that—and his nose and mouth were different. Fact is, I don't know just how it was, and I'm not a good hand at putting likenesses, anyway."

"Are there any half-breeds in Europe?" demanded Madge. "Perhaps he stole Mrs. Tenterden's money."

"Ha! ha!" laughed Uncle Golightley. "Then we must get Garth to give him another thrashing. Ha! ha!"

"How lonely you must have been, Margaret dear, when every body had gone to Europe and left you behind! If I was you, I would make Mr. Garth give a pretty strict account of his acquaintances while he was abroad. I, for my part, think it's very suspicious when a young man stays away five or six years from the lady he's engaged to," said mischievous Mrs. Tenterden.

"By George, Garth, that's a fair suspicion!" cried Golightley, entering loudly into the spirit of the fun. "Come, who knows but what you have a full-fledged Don Juan under that red shirt of yours! Let us constitute ourselves a committee of inquiry."

Garth, who had been giving his attention to the horses during the latter few minutes, faced about again at this attack with a grim smile.

"Be careful," said he; "for if you guess the truth, I shall confess it."

"This is getting serious," observed Golightley. "Perhaps, in deference to the feelings of some of those present, we had better let this unfortunate matter rest."

"Well, I was down to the post-office this morning," said Mrs. Danver—who, although not chargeable with any quick appreciation of the humorous, was happy to be able to contribute her item to the discussion—"and Mr. Stacy said to me there was a foreign letter come for Mr. Garth Urmson."

"I declare, Mr. Garth," cried Mrs. Tenterden, laughing, "that does look very—very—Do you admit receiving foreign letters?"

Garth again put his hand in his pocket, and pulled out a fold of blue letter-paper. "Here it is," said he.

"The letter is in evidence, and should be read," affirmed Uncle Golightley, in his self-assumed character of Madge's counsel.

"I have read it," rejoined Garth, with another smile; "but that must suffice for the present. You will all probably know the contents hereafter." And he thrust the fold of blue paper back.

Hereupon the Rev. Mr. Graeme, who had been sitting in seeming oblivion of external things for some time past, began to chuckle inwardly. At length, when every one's face was more or less set working by the contagion of his stupendous mirth, he found utterance as follows:

"Ho! ho! Foreign letters don't come as often as they did a while ago, when Cuthbert, poor lad, used to hear from Europe four or five times a year, telling him he'd been drawn on for a thousand dollars and odd, and signed—haw! haw! ho!—'Your af—'"

What the signature was will never be

known; for before it could leave the forgetful old gentleman's lips, the wagon suddenly swerved violently to the left, and Garth shouted, in a voice that might have done credit to the stentorian parson himself in his best days, "Look out for your heads, every body!"

Every body crouched instinctively, and the overhanging branch of a tree swept close above them. The horses, taking advantage, as it seemed, of their driver's carelessness, had shied off the roadway, and hence the accident. Every body escaped except Uncle Golightley, whose hat was taken off; but such agility did he display that, almost before any one else had remarked his mishap, he had vaulted from the wagon and was running toward the place where it had fallen, laughing loudly at the adventure; and when, having picked it up and clapped it jauntily on his head, he had overtaken the others, his amusement at the adventure was still unsubdued.

Garth had halted his horses, partly out of consideration for Mrs. Tenterden, who, like most of her sex possessing ample physical development, was timorous as a rabbit, and who now needed time to convince herself that neither she nor any other member of the party had actually been deprived of life; and when that point had been settled, she was moved to expostulate with Garth for his recklessness in putting so many lives in jeopardy. "Now just suppose we'd all been killed! I'm sure it's providential."

"Yes, it was an escape," responded Garth, gravely, eying Uncle Golightley as he spoke. "But a hat is no great loss, especially when it can be picked up again. We have but a quarter of a mile to go. Jump in, Sir."

"Since we're so near, I have a mind to stretch my legs a little along this charming forest path," said Golightley. "*Au revoir*, though I'm a quick walker, and shall probably keep you in sight most of the way. By-the-bye, I wonder if Miss Elinor would consent to keep me company?"

Elinor had not uttered a syllable since the accident, but had sat looking more than usually pale, and with a fixed, pained expression about the eyes which was peculiar to her at times. While Mr. Graeme was speaking, she had looked point-blank at Golightley; after that, she seemed to become quite oblivious of him and of every one else until he spoke her name.

She then turned on him with a slight frown, and mutely shook her head—a pantomime which Mrs. Tenterden interpreted by declaring that it had given the poor child a headache, adding that she herself would accompany Golightley, but her poor bones were so jolted, and there was so little way to go, she supposed she'd better sit it out.

Accordingly Garth cracked his whip; but at the same moment Elinor stood up, observing that she had changed her mind, and began to make her way to the end of the wagon, Parson Graeme, with elephantine gallantry, lending her a helping hand over the seats, while Mrs. Tenterden and Mrs. Danver pursued her with exhortations and advice. Golightley stood ready to receive her at the end of her passage, but she sprang quickly to the ground without touching his offered hand.

"Good-by," cried Madge, smiling and kissing her hand. "Now you are going to talk secrets."

Golightley gayly beckoned a parting greeting with his uplifted finger-tips. "We're only in quest of an appetite. Don't eat up all the nuts and grapes before we get there."

"Shall we carry your hat for you?" inquired Garth, as he gathered up his reins, "or do you think you can risk wearing it yourself?"

"Ha! ha! ha! ha! I believe I won't trouble you," was the reply. "You know, I can keep out of the way of branches better on foot than in your old hay-rigging."

Garth spoke to his horses, and the springless vehicle trundled off, jouncing along the uneven wheel ruts, and was soon lost to sight round the bend of the lane. The two pedestrians were thus thrown upon their own resources for mutual entertainment. They advanced at a leisurely pace, side by side, but not arm in arm, and conversing with earnestness and animation.

PRAYERS.

GOLD-LETTERED, and with curious blazonry
Encircled, was the page whereon I read,
'Mid monkish chronicles of saints long dead,
A tender legend writ most tenderly,
And telling that all prayers by true lips said
In earnestness, God hearing, straightway He
Would quicken, as they sought Him through the sky,
To angels who should work the wishes prayed.
And I was glad, and thought, "How many a wing
Must guard my lady's steps by day, must bring
All good things to her hand, upon her head
All blessing and all peacefulness must shed;
And how the angels in a glittering ring,
Score deep, must stand at night around her bed!" M. G. V. R.

THE FIRST CENTURY OF THE REPUBLIC.

[Eighteenth Paper.]

PAUL REVERE.—[1735-1818.]

PROGRESS OF THE FINE ARTS.

THE growth of the arts of design in this country has been of necessity much slower than the national development in other directions. The early colonists had neither time nor inclination for the culture of art. They distrusted and restrained the imaginative faculty, which is the soul of art, and applied all their energies to the great practical tasks which confronted them on their arrival on the shores of the New World. They had the vast wilderness to subdue, houses to build for themselves and their children, to found commonwealths on the broad basis of liberty and justice, and for many generations were compelled to maintain fierce warfare with crafty and cruel foes allied with the civilized enemies of the religious freedom which they had fled hither to establish. If the early New England colonists gave any thought to art, they probably regarded it as one of the forms of luxurious vanity and license belonging to a state of society which they held in abhorrence, and from which they were resolved to keep their land of refuge free. Allowance must also be made for the force of circumstances. The struggle for mere subsistence was too severe for the indulgence of the imagination. The only graces known to the early colonists were the austere virtues of their rigid theology. To adorn the home or the person was in their eyes a sinful waste of time, which could be well employed only in the practical duties of the present life and in preparing for the next. The influence of this stern training was of long duration; it still exists, indeed, in the prejudice to be found in many communities against the presence of pictures or sculpture in houses of worship, although this may be partially ascribed to the old Puritan revolt against Romish practices.

With the physical development of the country, and the consequent freedom from the harassing cares which had kept the thoughts of the early colonists on the arts of necessity, one form of luxury after another crept in upon the homely life of our ancestors. Pictures began to find their way here from the Old World, and artists began to visit the colonies. It is probable that they met with many discouragements and but scanty patronage, for few authentic traces have been preserved of those early pioneers of art. Cotton Mather, in his *Magnolia*, refers to a "limner," but he gives us no name. One of the first of whom we have other than vague traditions was a native of Scotland, John Watson by name, who came to the colonies in 1715, and established himself as a portrait painter at Perth Amboy, then a flourishing commercial rival of New York. In a building adjoining his dwelling-house he established the first picture-gallery in America. The collection was probably of little value. Watson, who combined the art of portrait painting with the business of a money-lender, amassed a considerable fortune. He never married, and dying in 1768, at the age of eighty-three, left his wealth and his pictures to a nephew. Taking sides with the loyalists in 1776, the nephew was compelled to flee the country. The deserted picture-gallery, left to the mercies of the undisciplined militia, was broken up, and the collection of paintings was so effectually scattered that all trace of them was lost. None of the portraits executed by Watson are known to be in existence, and he is remembered only as an obscure pioneer in the culture and development of a taste for the fine arts in this country.

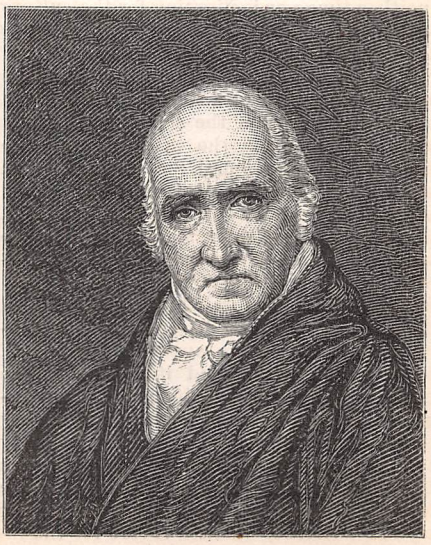
To John Smybert, also a Scotchman, American art is more largely indebted. He came to this country in 1728 with Dean Berkeley, afterward Bishop of Cloyne, whose fellow-traveler he had been in Italy. The failure of the dean's grand scheme for the estab-

JOHN SINGLETON COPLEY.—[1737-1815.]

lishment of a "universal college of science and arts for the instruction of heathen children in Christian duties and civil knowledge" left Smybert to the free exercise of his profession. In early youth he had served his time, says Horace Walpole, "with a common house painter; but eager to handle a pencil in a more elevated style, he came to London, where, however, for a subsistence he was compelled to content himself at first with working for coach painters. It was a little rise to be employed in copying for dealers, and from thence he obtained admittance into the Academy. His efforts and ardor at last carried him to Italy, where he spent three years in copying Raphael, Titian, Vandyck, and Rubens, and improved enough to meet with much business at his return." Thus accomplished, Smybert was well fitted for a career in the New World, which presented no rival in culture and experience. His talents appear to have been in great demand, and they were certainly used to good purpose. To his pencil we owe many excellent portraits of eminent divines and magistrates of his time, and the only authentic portrait of Jonathan Edwards. His picture of the Berkeley household, now in the Yale College Gallery, is said to have been the first containing more than one figure ever painted in this country. He may be said to have been the first teacher of art in America, as it was from his copy of a painting by Vandyck that Allston, Copley, and Trumbull received their earliest inspiration and their first impressions of color and drawing.

It was long before art received popular encouragement and support in this country. True, Benjamin Franklin, in a letter to Charles Wilson Peale, dated London, July 4, 1771, prophesied the future prosperity of art among his countrymen. "The arts," he says, "have always traveled westward; and there is no doubt of their flourishing hereafter on our side of the Atlantic, as the number of wealthy inhabitants shall increase who may be able and willing suitably to reward them, since, from several instances, it appears that our people are not deficient in genius." But Trumbull, who spoke from experience, bluntly told a young aspirant for fame that he "had better learn to make shoes or dig potatoes than become a painter in this country." Year by year, however, partly through the influence of art associations, and partly through the influx of the works of foreign artists, the love of art became diffused among our people, and it is many years since American painters and sculptors could justly complain of the want of popular appreciation.

One cause of the slow growth of art sentiment and art knowledge among Americans was the absence, even in the larger cities, of public and private galleries of paintings like those to which the people of every European city have constant access, and where they may become familiar with the works of the great masters of almost every age and country. Of late years these opportunities have notably increased among us. Wealthy citizens of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington, Cincinnati, and other cities have accumulated extensive and valuable private galleries of the best works of native and foreign artists, and have evinced commendable liberality in opening their doors to the public. There are also fine galleries



BENJAMIN WEST.—[1738-1820.]

of paintings and statuary belonging to societies, like the Boston Athenæum and our own Historical Society; but to most of these the general public can not claim admission, and their usefulness as a means of art culture is, therefore, comparatively restricted. There should be in every large city a public gallery of art, as in Paris, Berlin, Munich, London, Dresden, Florence, and other European cities, to which, on certain days of the week, access should be free to all. The influence of such institutions would be immense. There is many a working-man in Paris who knows more about pictures and statues than the majority of cultivated people in this country. He visits freely the magnificent galleries of the Louvre, hears artists and connoisseurs converse, and if he is a man of ordinary intelligence and perception, he acquires a knowledge of pictures and artists which can not be attained in a country where such opportunities are rare, or only to be enjoyed either by paying for them or by the favor of some private collector. True, the want of public art galleries has been in a measure supplied, in most of our large cities, by the collections of art dealers like Schaus and Goupil, who of late years have imported many of the finest specimens of the works of foreign artists, and who admit the public to their exhibition rooms without fee. But this privilege is, for the most part, confined to the educated and the wealthy. Rarely is a working-man or working-woman seen in these rooms, although no respectable and well-behaved person would be denied admission. Enter the galleries of Paris, of Munich, or Dresden, on a holiday, and you will find hundreds of people belonging to the working classes, men, women, and children, feasting their eyes on the treasures of art, and filling their minds with love for the beautiful. The refining influence of such an education can not be overvalued. It may not be quite as useful as the practical instruction of our common schools; but while we can not subscribe to Ruskin's opinion that it is more important that a child should learn to draw than that he should learn to write, there can be no question as to the ennobling and refining influence of art upon personal character and upon the community. The lack of this culture among our people only a few years ago was manifested by the commotion which Powers's "Greek Slave" made on its arrival in this country. Many persons questioned the propriety of exhibiting a nude statue. A delegation of distinguished clergymen was sent to view it, when it was at Cincinnati, for the purpose of deciding whether it should be "countenanced by religious people." Not many years ago a well-educated country lady, visiting Boston for the first time in her life, was shocked to find a pretty and modest-looking young woman seated at the ticket table in the statue gallery of the Athenæum. The young woman was engaged in sewing-work. "She ought to employ her time in making aprons for these horrid, shameful statues," remarked the indignant visitor, as she left the room. Prejudices like these, the fruit of ignorance, are happily dying out, and few traces of them will be found in the next generation.

The American Art Union, founded in 1839, in imitation of the French *Société des Amis des Arts*, exerted an important influence upon American art culture. For upward of ten years it distributed annually from five hundred to more than a thousand works of art. Its yearly subscriptions reached the sum of one hundred thousand dollars. It issued a series of fine engravings from the works of American artists, and for several years published a bulletin embracing a complete record of the progress of art in this country, together with much valuable and interesting information regarding the arts and artists of Europe. Through the agency of its commissions several American artists, who have since attained high rank in their profession, were first brought to public notice. The institution was broken up about ten years after its organization on account of the violation, by its method of distributing prizes, of the State laws against lotteries. But during the period of its existence it accomplished much toward awakening a love of art throughout the country, and it deserves to be gratefully remembered for its services in this direction.

GILBERT STUART.—[1754–1828.]

In one respect, however, the Art Union was the indirect means of temporary harm.

COLONEL JOHN TRUMBULL.—[1756-1843.]

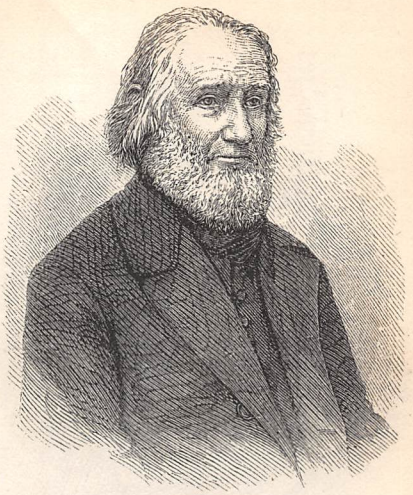
Through its activity America was revealed to the proprietors of the great picture manufactories of Italy and Belgium as a new and promising field for the sale of their wretched copies and imitations. Thousands of these vile productions were palmed off upon innocent persons in this country as genuine works by old or modern masters of note. The writer was once present at an auction sale of such a collection in a flourishing city in the western part of this State. There was great excitement over it. Here were "old masters" by the dozen, their genuineness attested by printed labels on the back of the frames giving names and dates, while the catalogue, filled with glowing praises of the artists and their works, made no mention of copies. The pictures were marvelously cheap. A Madonna by Raphael sold for thirty dollars, frame and all; a large picture by Rubens for about the same price; and landscapes by Claude, Ruysdael, and others brought from ten to twenty dollars each, according to the expensiveness of the frames. This was about twenty-five years ago. Thanks to the general advance of culture and knowledge, there is now probably hardly a village, and certainly not a city, in the country where such an imposition could be attempted without detection. Most of the "old masters" purchased at these sales have long since found their appropriate resting-place in the lumber-room.

The National Academy of Design, in this city, has unquestionably exerted a most important influence on the culture of art in America, and in the diffusion of the knowledge and love of art among the people. The present organization was preceded by an association of artists formed in 1801 under the name of the New York Academy of Fine Arts. Seven years later it received the act of incorporation, under the name of the American Academy of Fine Arts, and Chancellor Livingston was chosen president; Colonel John Trumbull, vice-president; De Witt Clinton, David Hosack, John R. Murray, William Cutting, and Charles Wilkes, directors. Through the instrumentality of the American minister at Paris, the Emperor Napoleon presented to the institution many valuable busts, antique statues, and rare prints. There was still, however, so little general support afforded by the community, and picture buyers were so few, that the enterprise languished from the first, and it was saved from total dissolution only by the temporary accession of Vanderlyn's celebrated "Ariadne," afterward so admirably engraved by Durand, and certain pictures of West, in 1816. These important additions to its collection enabled the institution for a time to tide over the danger which threatened its existence. A school of instruction, with models and art lectures, was also organized, in the hope of reviving popular interest in the Academy, but want of means to carry out the plan on a broad and liberal foundation interfered with the working of the project; and a fire, which destroyed a great part of its models and drawings, in 1828, gave the *coup de grâce* to an institution which had been dying by slow degrees.

The American Academy of Fine Arts having given up the ghost, another institution was formed to take its place and carry on the work it had begun—the National Academy of Design, of which the first president was Professor Morse, whose invention of the electric telegraph, some years later, cast his artistic career wholly in the shade. Founded on a broader basis than its predecessor, and meeting more fully the wishes and aims of the artists, the new institution speedily acquired strength and popularity, and it is to-day the most important and most influential art society in the United States. The most eminent painters and sculptors of America are enrolled among its members. Its management has frequently subjected the Academy to sharp animadversion, sometimes not undeserved, from those who deemed it too conservative, not to say illiberal, for the progressive tendency of the age; but none can be so unjust as to deny that its general course has tended to the elevation of American art and the popular diffusion of art culture. Nor should fault be too rashly found with its acknowledged conservatism. The best and most enduring reforms are those which come slowly, in obedience to the demands of long experience and mature consideration, while nothing can be worse, in a society as well as in the state, than capricious and hasty changes, which frequently introduce abuses more objectionable than the old.

For more than a third of a century the National Academy, to use the words of Bryant's address on laying the corner-stone of the Academy building, "had a nomadic existence, pitching its tent now here, now there, as convenience might dictate, but never possessing a permanent seat." At length the munificence of art-loving citizens of New York enabled the society to erect a building well suited to its purposes and worthy of the great city in which it stands. The corner-stone was laid October 19, 1863, and the first exhibition was held in the completed building in the spring of 1865. The Academy building, on the corner of Twenty-third Street and Fourth Avenue, is a handsome structure in the style of the celebrated Doge's palace at Venice. It is built of marble, banded with graywacke, with simple and appropriate decorations. The cost of the ground and building was about two hundred thousand dollars, a large part of which was contributed by citizens of New York. There are six exhibition galleries, including the corridor, which for the present afford all the space required for the Academy and water-color exhibitions; but an enlargement will be necessary in the near future to meet the increasing demands for room.

Philadelphia was not far behind New York in establishing an Academy of Art. In December, 1805, a meeting of seventy gentlemen of that city, most of them members of the bar, was held in Independence Hall for the purpose of considering the project. Their deliberations resulted in the signing of articles of agreement, the original of which is still preserved, providing for the creation of an Art Academy, which was pledged "to promote the cultivation of the Fine Arts in the United States of America, by introducing correct and elegant copies from works of the first masters in Sculpture and Painting." George Clymer, a signer of the Declaration of Independence, was elected first president of the association; of the twelve directors only two were professional artists—William Rush and Charles Wilson Peale. Benjamin West, as the most distinguished son of Pennsylvania in the ranks of art, was elected an honorary member of the Academy. He was then under a cloud in his adopted country. His royal patron had become insane, and the Prince Regent had withdrawn the commission for the decoration of Windsor Chapel with a series of large pictures on the progress of Revealed Religion. He was sixty-seven years old, and this recognition from his native State, coming at a time when he was smarting under a sharp disappointment, deeply touched the venerable painter's heart. "Be assured, gentlemen," he wrote in reply, "that that election I shall ever retain as an honor from a relative." Robert Fulton, artist and inventor, and Bushrod Washington were the next honorary members after West.



ALEXANDER ANDERSON.—[1775-1870.]

Unlike its New York rival, the Philadelphia Academy made haste to provide for itself a permanent home. The society's charter, procured in the spring of 1806, makes mention of a building then near completion. It was of simple design and well proportioned. Its main feature was the "Rotunda"—a handsome circular room with a domed ceiling. The first exhibition was held in March, 1806. The collection of works of art contained over fifty casts of antique statues from the Louvre, two Shakspearean paintings by West, and a few other pictures by European artists. The ladies of Philadelphia appear to have been peculiarly sensitive on the subject of nude statuary, and one day in the week the Academy was thrown open for their exclusive benefit. Gradually the Academy acquired a large and valuable collection of paintings and casts, many of them bequests from wealthy citizens. In 1811, in conjunction with the Society of Artists, it gave its first annual exhibition. The second, in 1812, was marked by the presence of several important works by American artists, evincing the progress made by native talent. In 1816 the Academy collection was enriched with a noble painting by Allston, "The dead Man revived by touching the Relics of Elisha," and also by Leslie's "Clifford"—a fine composition, taken from the scene in *Henry VI.* where Clifford murders the young Plantagenet, Rutland.

The collection gradually increased in value by gifts and judicious purchases, and at the time of the destruction of the building by fire, in 1845, it was without a rival in America. A valuable Murillo, a representation of the "Carità Romana," or Roman

REMBRANDT PEALE.—[1778–1860.]

Daughter, bought in Spain from the collection of Joseph Bonaparte, perished in the flames, with many other paintings, casts, and statues in marble. The Academy soon recovered from this disaster. It now possesses a valuable gallery of statuary, comprising modern works in marble and casts from the antique, a permanent gallery of paintings, consisting of about a hundred and fifty works by native and foreign artists, and an excellent library. Its new building, the opening of which will be one of the most interesting features of the Centennial celebration, is a noble structure, admirably suited to the purposes for which it is designed.

It is only within a recent period that the beautiful art of painting in water-color, long since carried to perfection in England, became popular in this country. It had many stubborn prejudices to contend with. Works in water-color looked slight and unsubstantial compared with those in oil, and a taste for them had to be created and fostered. In the Academy exhibitions a corner was usually set apart for them, but they were generally few in number and of trifling value. The first organized movement in the direction of a water-color society in this country was made in 1850, when a class was started in New York for study from life, the sketches being made in water-color. The members were for the most part well-known designers or engravers. They held their meetings every fortnight. In December, 1850, this "class" adopted a constitution, and thus formed the first Society of Painters in Water-Colors in the United States. There are records of meetings held from time to time until the opening of the Crystal Palace in this city in 1853. Then each member of the society contributed a specimen of his work. The collection was hung by itself on a screen, and was specified in the catalogue of the exhibition as "Water-color Paintings by Members of the New York Water-color Society." This was a dying effort. Nothing was ever heard of the society again.

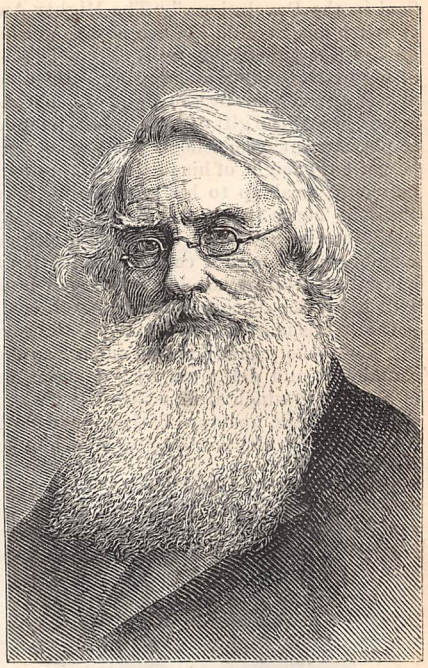
With the exception of one or two foreign collections, nothing more was seen of water-color paintings in this country until the autumn of 1866, when the Artists' Fund Society, in its annual exhibition held in the National Academy of Design, made a feature of this branch of art. Mainly through the efforts of Mr. John M. Falconer, an enthusiast in water-colors, the society was able to fill the East Gallery and part of the corridor with a fine collection of works by native and foreign artists. Encouraged by the pleasure manifested by the art-loving public, which then for the first time had the opportunity to judge of the real capabilities of water-color painting, a number of artists at once started a project for the organization of a water-color society which might popularize this beautiful art on this side of the Atlantic. A call signed by Samuel Colman, William Hart, Gilbert Burling, and William Craig was sent out to all the professional and amateur artists who were known to be interested in the movement. The result was the organization, in December, 1866, of the present flourishing institution of "The American Society of Painters in Water-Colors."

The first exhibition of the new society was held in the galleries of the National Academy of Design, under Academy manage-

WASHINGTON ALLSTON.—[1779–1843.]

ment, in connection with the fall and winter exhibition of oil-paintings. It was in many respects a successful experiment. The collection contained nearly three hundred works, among which were many crude and insipid compositions side by side with works of great value and still greater promise. The public was pleased with the novelty; the water-color galleries were crowded day and evening with admiring spectators. But the sales were few. The public admired, but did not buy. But the water-colorists were not discouraged. They clung to their work, firm in the faith that as knowledge ripened, their reward would come. Each year witnessed a marked improvement in their exhibition, both in the number and quality of the works exposed to view. The exhibition of 1874 filled all the Academy galleries except one, which is considered unfavorable to the proper display of water-colors, and the hanging committee was obliged, for want of room and other reasons, to return almost as many pictures as were exhibited in 1867. The popular prejudice against water-colors gave way to a just appreciation. During the first four exhibitions the number of sales could almost be counted upon one's fingers; but during the six weeks of the exhibition of 1874 the sales of water-colors on the walls amounted to $20,000, a success unprecedented in this country. Now that it pays to paint in water-colors, the permanent success of the society depends only upon the members and the exercise of good judgment in the conduct of its affairs. Its exhibitions, although held in the Academy building, are no longer under the management of the National Academy, nor in connection with its exhibitions.

THOMAS SULLY.—[1783–1872.]



PROFESSOR MORSE.—[1791–1872.]

The water-color society has an active membership of fifty-four artists. Its financial affairs are in a flourishing condition, and there is every reason to predict for it a brilliant future. Plans have already been perfected which will secure for the society a creditable display at the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia, when the country will have an opportunity to see what our artists have been able to do toward rivaling those of England in this important branch of painting.

Turning from these societies, the most important art associations in the United States, to special departments of art, we come first to the consideration of portraiture, which was pursued with more success than any other branch before and immediately after the Revolution. Benjamin West, whose career, like that of John Singleton Copley, belongs mainly to England, began portrait painting in 1753, and had he not forsaken it for historical and religious painting, his fame would probably have been more enduring. Of the immense number of paintings executed by him during his long career, estimated at upward of three thousand, only one—"The Death of Wolfe"—rises appreciably above the dead level of Academical mediocrity. His mind, hopelessly devoid of imagination, constantly aspired to the treatment of themes which might well appall the most daring genius—such, for example, as "Moses receiving the Law on Mount Sinai," "The Opening of the Seventh

Seal in the Revelations," "The Mighty Angel with one Foot on the Sea and the other on the Earth," etc. A pretty story is told of his first attempts at painting. Inspired at the age of nine by the sight of some engravings and the gift of a paint-box, he used to play truant from school, "and as soon as he got out of sight of his father and mother, he would steal up to his garret, and there pass the hours in a world of his own. At last, after he had been absent from school some days, the master called at his father's house to inquire what had become of him. This led to the discovery of his secret occupation. His mother, proceeding to the garret, found the truant; but so much was she astonished and delighted by the creations of his pencil, which also met her view when she entered the apartment, that, instead of rebuking him, she could only take him in

HENRY INMAN.—[1801–1846.]

her arms and kiss him with transports of affection." Doubtless many other soft-hearted mothers have thus greeted what they fondly imagined to be the dawning of genius in their offspring, but with consequences less appalling. The young artist went early to Rome, where his appearance, coming from the far Western world, excited curious interest and attention. Crowds followed him to observe the impressions created by the marvels he encountered. On the completion of his studies, which he pursued with assiduity, he went to England, there soon afterward married, and there remained until his death, at the age of seventy-nine. But a very small number of his works are owned in this country. His "Christ healing the Sick," presented by the artist to the Pennsylvania Hospital, is still in the possession of that institution. It was once greatly admired. The Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts owns his "Death on the Pale Horse;" his "Christ Rejected" and his "Cupid" are also owned in that city. His "Lear" may be seen in the gallery of the Boston Athenæum. Two of his pictures, illustrating scenes from the Iliad, belong to the collection of the New York Historical Society. It must be remembered to his honor that he was the first historical painter to break through the absurd Academical traditions which required modern subjects to be painted in the so-called classic style. When his "Death of Wolfe" was exhibited at the Royal Academy of London, the adherents of the old style "complained of the barbarism of boots, buttons, and blunderbusses, and cried out for naked warriors with bows, bucklers, and battering-rams." Reynolds and the Archbishop of York remonstrated with West against his daring innovation. The artist calmly replied that "the event to be commemorated happened in the year 1758, in a region of the world unknown to the Greeks and Romans, and at a period when no warrior who wore classic costume existed. The same rule which gave law to the historian should govern the painter." Reynolds was at length compelled to acknowledge the justice of the popular verdict in favor of the new style, and to declare that "West has conquered. I foresee that this picture will not only become one of the most popular, but will occasion a revolution in art." West was a sensible, kindly man, of pure life and lofty aims. His ambition, unhappily, was far beyond his capacity as an artist, and his fame has steadily declined since his death. His highest distinction as an artist was his elevation to the presidency of the Royal Academy.

Copley's American career closed with the beginning of the Revolution. He was born in Boston on the 3d of July, 1737, and died in London on the 25th of September, 1815. He was the only native painter of real genius and culture of whom the New World could boast prior to the Declaration of Independence; and the skill and assiduity with which he pursued his profession are attested by the number of portraits from his pencil which still exist in the possession of old families in New England, and occasionally in the Southern States. It has been said that the possession of one of these ancestral portraits is an American's best title of nobility. Chiefly celebrated for his portraits, Copley also attempted historical compositions, a department of art in which he received but little encouragement, although the "Death of Chatham," and "The Death of Major Pierson," the latter being regarded as his greatest work, evinced considerable power of composition and color.

Dunlap, in his scrappy but entertaining history of the arts of design in America, gives the names of a large number of por-

trait painters, native and foreign, who flourished during colonial and Revolutionary times in this country. Most of them have been long forgotten, and but few merit attention at the present day. There was Wollaston, who painted several portraits in Philadelphia in 1758, and afterward in Maryland. His portrait of Mrs. Washington was engraved for Sparks's biography of our first President. Judge Hopkinson paid him a tribute in commonplace verse in the *American Magazine* for September, 1758. In many of the older dwellings in Maryland may be found portraits from the pencil of Hesselius, an English painter of respectable capacity, settled in Annapolis in 1763. Cosmo Alexander, who came to this country in 1770 and remained a year, was Stuart's first instructor in art. His best-known work is a portrait of the Hon. John Ross, a prominent member of the Philadelphia bar. Blackburn, an Englishman, a contemporary of Smybert, painted several excellent portraits during a brief visit to this country, which are still held in high esteem. The name of Robert E. Pine is chiefly remembered for his portrait of Washington. This artist brought to America the earliest cast of the Venus de' Medici, "which was privately exhibited to the select few—the manners and morals of the Quaker City forbidding its exposure to the common eye." Pine sympathized with the American cause, and projected a grand series of historical paintings to illustrate the events of the Revolutionary war. His plan also comprehended the portraits of leading generals and statesmen. Invited to Mount Vernon in 1785, he passed three weeks at that place, and produced a portrait of Washington which is believed by many to be a more correct and characteristic likeness of

THOMAS COLE.—[1801–1848.]

HORATIO GREENOUGH.—[1805–1852.]

the man than the later and better-known portrait by Stuart.

Passing over several names on which it would be pleasant to dwell if space permitted, we come to Charles Wilson Peale, the first painter of Washington. He was born in Chestertown, Maryland, in 1741. Determining at an early age on the profession of portrait painting, he first sought instruction in Philadelphia, and afterward in Boston, where he studied Copley's pictures. In 1770 he went to England, and there studied with West, who, with his usual kindness, opened his heart and purse to the poor and struggling artist. Peale returned home after a residence of about four years abroad, and became an officer in the Revolutionary army. "He did not," says Tuckerman, "forget the artist in the soldier, but sedulously improved his leisure in camp by sketching from nature, and.....by transferring to his portfolio many heads which afterward he elaborated for his gallery of national portraits." His portrait of Washington as a Virginia colonel, well known through the art of engraving, possesses a historical value as great as its artistic merit. It was painted in 1772, and is the earliest authentic likeness of Washington in existence. A subsequent portrait was executed by Peale in compliance with a resolution of Congress, passed before the occupation of Philadelphia. "Its progress," writes Titian R. Peale to a friend, "marks the vicissitudes of the Revolutionary struggle. Commenced in the gloomy winter and half-famished encampment at Valley Forge in 1778, the battles of Trenton, Princeton, and Monmouth intervened before its completion. At the last place Washington suggested that the view from the window of the farm-house opposite to which he was sitting would form a desirable background.

Peale adopted the idea, and represented Monmouth Court-house, and a party of Hessians under guard marching out of it." Congress adjourned without making an appropriation for the payment of the artist, and the portrait remained on his hands. The testimony of contemporaries stamps this picture as a most faithful likeness of Washington in the prime of life. Peale painted fourteen portraits of Washington, of which the two we have mentioned are the most important. His career was long and honorable. His talent as a portrait painter in oil and miniature was in constant demand far and wide, not only in this country, but by sitters from Canada and the West Indies. He died, revered and regretted, at the age of eighty-four, in 1826. His son, Rembrandt Peale, at the age of eighteen, made a pencil sketch of Washington, and long afterward painted a portrait of him from memory, assisted by Houdin's bust.

We must pass with only brief mention the names of William Dunlap, chiefly known for his history of the arts of design; Robert Fulton, more celebrated as an inventor than as an artist; John Wesley Jarvis, genial, gifted, and erratic; Malbone, like Jarvis, celebrated for his success in miniature painting; Chester Harding, once the rival of Stuart in portraiture; Gilbert Stuart Newton, whose memory is affectionately honored in Leslie's autobiography; C. C. Ingham, one of the last of the old generation of portrait painters; and Morse, who early forsook painting, and whose name is connected with the most important invention of this century, the electric telegraph. Contemporary with these artists were many who achieved high reputation in their day, but whose names are now known only through the annals of art societies.

One of the greatest portrait painters of America, Gilbert Charles Stuart, was also one of the earliest. He was born in Narraganset, Rhode Island, in 1754, according to an anecdote of his own, quoted by Dunlap, in a snuff mill, the first in New England, erected by his father. In after-years he dropped his middle name, which had been given to him at his baptism to signify his father's fidelity to the royal house of Stuart. He commenced portrait painting at Newport, Rhode Island; was taken to Edinburgh at the age of eighteen; resided several years in London, where his success was marked, and passed some time in Dublin and Paris. In 1793 Stuart returned to this country, and from that time till his death, at Boston, in 1828, pursued a career of remarkable industry and ability. Many of the most famous statesmen of America sat to him, and his portraits of Washington, John Adams, Jefferson, Monroe, and other distinguished men are well known through engravings. Our ideas of Washington's personal appearance are derived from Stuart rather than from Pine or Peale. He also painted an immense number of society portraits. His works are widely scattered on both sides of the Atlantic. In power of drawing and expression, and in truth and purity of color, his portraits stand almost without rival in American or European art. He was great in the portrayal of individual character. Allston declared that he "seemed to dive into the thoughts of men, for they were made to live and speak on the surface." The same admirable artist has also well said that Stuart "was, in its widest sense, a philosopher in his art. He thoroughly understood its principles, as his works bear witness, whether as to harmony of colors or of lines, or of light and shadow, showing that exquisite sense of a whole which only a man of genius can realize and embody. Of this not the least admirable instance is his portrait of John Adams, whose bodily tenement at the time seemed rather to present the image of a dilapidated castle than the habitation of the unbroken mind. But not such is the picture. Called forth from its crumbling recesses, the living tenant is there, still ennobling the ruin, and upholding it, as it were, by the strength of his inner life." Stuart painted but three portraits of Washington from life, but made twenty-six copies of these originals. There is a certain weakness about the mouth, Washington having lost his teeth when the originals were painted, but the general bearing is noble and dignified; and we may congratulate ourselves, with Leslie, "that a painter existed in the time of Washington who could hand him down looking like a gentleman."

To sketch even in outline the career of every American artist who has achieved celebrity in portraiture or any other branch of art would extend this article into a good-sized volume. Among those artists who belonged partly to the last and partly to the present century, and whose genius has left a deep impression upon American art, may be mentioned John Vanderlyn, whose "Ariadne" and "Marius" are justly celebrated, and who has given us the best portraits extant of Madison, Monroe, Randolph, Clinton, Calhoun, and other eminent Americans; and Thomas Sully, a native of England, but whose career belongs to America, and whose portraits are distinguished by exquisite grace and refinement. To the present century belong many eminent names, such as Henry Inman, happiest in portraiture, but also charming in landscape, and the first American artist who attempted *genre* painting with success; William Page, who emulates Titian and Veronese as a colorist, whose portraits rank among the noblest of modern times, and whose Venetian reproductions have excited the highest admiration as well as the severest criticism; Charles

Loring Elliot, whose portraits are distinguished by richness of color, a manly simplicity and force of execution, combined with a subtile grasp of individuality which no other American portrait painter has evinced in an equal degree; Daniel Huntington, whose versatile pencil, not confined to any single branch of art, is equally happy in portraiture, landscape, *genre*, and historical painting; Oliver Stone, recently deceased, whose portraits of women and children, in which he chiefly excelled, are characterized by a peculiar grace and refinement; Thomas Le Clear; Richard M. Staigg, who, besides the exquisite ivory miniatures by which he is chiefly known, has shown a happy talent in *genre* painting; George A. Baker, whose portraits of women and children are of rare beauty and refinement. Other names might be mentioned did not want of space forbid.

Historical painting has not found in America the encouragement accorded to other branches of art, partly, perhaps, because we have never had a really great historical painter, and partly because the genius of the age does not favor it. Colonel John Trumbull attempted to depict the events of the Revolution in a series of large historical *tableaux*, which are now chiefly valued for the faithful portraits they contain of the soldiers and statesmen of that time. His sketches and studies for these works show a vigor and grasp which are wanting in the larger canvases. His "Death of Montgomery," the "Signing of the Declaration of Independence," and the "Battle of Bunker Hill," and others of his important works, exhibit considerable skill in grouping and composition, but it would have been better for his fame had nothing remained but the original sketches and portraits. His talent is displayed to greater advantage in the "Trumbull Gallery" at New Haven than in the national Capitol. As aid-de-camp to General Washington in the early part of the Revolution, Colonel Trumbull enjoyed peculiar facilities for studying his character and features under the most varied circumstances, and his portrait of him now in the gallery at New Haven is full of soldierly spirit. By contemporaries, to whom it recalled the leader of the American armies, it was preferred to Stuart's.

Pre-eminent among American historical painters stands the honored name of Washington Allston; yet even of him it must be said that performance lagged far behind design, and that his fame is in great part the legacy of contemporary admiration. The quality of his genius was akin to that of the old masters of religious art. It might be said of him that he painted for antiquity. His mind, even in youth inclined to serious contemplation, was moulded by early study of the old masters, and the results of this training may be traced in all his works. It

HIRAM POWERS.—[1805–1873.]

was to him that Fuseli bluntly said, "You have come a great way to starve," when the young American, on his first visit to London, announced his purpose to devote himself to historical painting. Nothing daunted, Allston pursued his studies in England, France, and Italy with unflagging diligence, and with the grand goal of his ambition constantly in view. His earliest large picture, "The Dead Man Revived," obtained the prize of two hundred guineas from the British Institution, and was soon after purchased by the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts. This was followed by a long list of important works, many of which are owned in England, where Allston enjoys even greater repute than in his own country. He suffered much from feeble health and from pecuniary embarrassment, and one of his most important works, "Belshazzar's Feast," remained, in consequence, unfinished at his death. His first studies for this painting were made in London in 1817. At intervals he worked upon it for nearly thirty years, and was engaged upon it on the last day of his life. Even in its unfinished state it attests the grandeur of the artist's conception, but it also reveals in a striking degree the limitations of his genius, chiefly the vacillation of thought, the wavering choice, displayed in changes of plan and apparent dissatisfaction with parts of the work as it proceeded. Allston himself regarded this picture as his greatest composition; to finish it worthily was the desire of his heart; but his genius found its best expression in some of his less ambitious paintings, in which his refined sense of the beautiful, his love of the graceful, and his intimate knowledge of form are

allowed free play, untrammeled by the struggle to paint in the "grand style."

Historical painting in America has been mainly, thus far at least, the reflex of European schools of art. Trumbull's style was formed in London under the tuition of Benjamin West, Allston's by long and conscientious study of the great masters of the Venetian schools, and Emanuel Leutze, our most vigorous and prolific historical painter in recent times, the engraving from whose picture of "Washington crossing the Delaware" has carried his name into every American household, was the disciple of Lessing, with whom he studied at Düsseldorf. The conditions of American society are not, indeed, favorable to the development of this branch of art, which can not flourish without a patronage which does not exist in this country. Our government patronage has been a positive detriment to art. With few exceptions, the national commissions have been awarded to artists of inferior merit, whose success was often due to lobby influence. The consequence is that the national paintings at Washington are, with a few worthy exceptions, a national disgrace. A blank white wall would be less displeasing to the cultivated eye. It is, perhaps, vain to hope for a remedy. In the scramble for government art patronage, charlatans alone enter the course; men of genius, whose productions would do the nation honor, will never descend to an unseemly scrub race with "artists" who could hardly paint a respectable sign for a village tavern. Hence it is that while we occasionally see an American historical painting of high merit, the branches of art which most flourish in this country, and which have reached a degree of excellence unsurpassed in Europe, are portraiture, landscape, and *genre* painting. For correct drawing, truth of color, and a fidelity to expression as nearly absolute as the art can be carried, American portrait painters, as a class, stand in advance of their European brethren. There are no portraits in the world, if we except those of the old Venetian masters, superior in the highest qualities of art to those of Stuart, Elliot, Page, Huntington, Le Clear, Stone, Baker, and others who have devoted their genius to this branch of art. American portraiture may not display so much Academical "effect" as the French, but effect is not in itself an essential quality of high art. It is often an artistic trick to catch the uncultivated eye and hide defects of drawing.

In landscape painting, as in portraiture, America very early declared her independence of European schools. Our artists have gone directly to nature for inspiration, and each, following the tendency of his own genius, has found in her varied aspects of loveliness and grandeur what no Academical training could have taught. Fidelity to nature is a characteristic trait of American landscape art; a fidelity not servile, but conscientious and loving, with none of the conventional trickery and Academical effects characteristic of every European school of landscape except the English; a fidelity not inconsistent with the widest display of imagination and fancy, nor with freedom of individual expression. If characteristic specimens of the art of each of our landscape painters, from the venerable Durand, whose hand has not yet forgot its cunning, to the youngest aspirant for a place on the walls of the Academy, could be gathered into one gallery, they would form an exhibition unrivaled in the world in all the higher qualities of art, in individuality, and in truth to nature. Such a collection—a nucleus already exists in our Metropolitan Museum of Art—ought to find a place in New York. How interesting to the student would it be to trace the development of landscape art in the pictures of Durand, Cole, Huntington, Inness, Church, Bierstadt, Gifford, Kensett, Whittredge, M'Entee, Colman, Hubbard, and a host of others who have won deserved honors by their faithful delineations of nature! The limits of this sketch preclude extended personal characterizations where so many deserve special notice; and equally out of the question is even the briefest account of what the most eminent have accomplished toward bringing American landscape art to its present high position.

In more senses than one such an exhibition would be essentially American; for although many of our foremost landscape painters have gone abroad for study or in search of special aspects of nature, they have found in the grandeur and in the beauty of our own country the highest inspiration. Gifford brings nothing from Venice or the East superior to his magnificent transcripts of the scenery of the Hudson and the sea-coast, although that element of the picturesque afforded by the architecture of the Old World is wanting in the New; nor did Church find in the Andes inspiration for a nobler picture than his "Niagara." Bierstadt's splendid delineations of the sublime scenery of California and the Rocky Mountains far surpass his "Vesuvius." Thomas Cole found in the Catskills the material for his most beautiful pictures; and where but in America could M'Entee have become the interpreter of those autumnal effects which he renders with such beauty and fidelity? The happiest efforts of Kensett were inspired by years of patient study among the mountains of New England and New York, the lakes and rivers of the Middle States, and along the Eastern sea-coast. Whittredge's magnificent pictures of Western scenery cast into the shade his earlier though beautiful views on the Rhine. But the list is almost inexhaustible; it would

include nearly every eminent landscape painter in America.

Several of our most eminent landscapists are known also as successful marine painters. Colman began his artistic career by painting shipping and sea views. Many of the finest pictures of Kensett and Gifford represent various aspects of the sea in connection with views of the coast. One of Church's most important compositions is his picture of a gigantic iceberg floating majestically in a tranquil expanse of ocean. William Bradford has devoted himself almost exclusively to the delineation of the arctic seas, with their rugged glacier-riven coasts, their icebergs, and their terrible ice-plains, the scene of adventure and disaster. Among our most noteworthy marine painters may be mentioned F. H. De Haas, a native of Rotterdam, but for many years a resident of this country. His pictures of sea storms are strong and effective; and he has also painted many beautiful coast scenes. Charles Temple Dix, had his life been spared, would have achieved great success in this branch of painting.

In figure and *genre* painting we have the names of many gifted and accomplished artists, such as Eastman Johnson, Edwin White, E. W. Perry, Matteson, S. Mount, J. Wood, J. G. Brown, John W. Ehninger, Elihu Vedder, George H. Boughton, W. J. Hennessy, R. C. Woodville, and others. Mr. White is also a careful and admired portrait painter, and has essayed historical composition with marked success. Mr. Johnson stands at the head of American *genre* painters. He was among the first to recognize in American life the picturesque and characteristic traits which our artists were once fain to seek abroad. Thanks to his intuition and to the example of his admirable achievements, American *genre* painting now rivals that of any European nation in variety and excellence, and gives promise of greater triumphs in the future.

The best animal painter in America is W. H. Beard, whose half-humorous, half-serious compositions have not been excelled by any other artist at home or abroad. He has a special *penchant* for bears, and has made them the medium of caustic satire on humanity, as in his "Bears on a Bender"—a picture which established his name, and the great success of which influenced his career. His brother, James H. Beard, also an animal painter of merit, employs his pencil almost exclusively in the delineation of domestic animals. The late William Hays painted many admirable animal pictures, of which the most important are "The Stampede" and "The Herd on the Move." The names of Tait and Bispham must also be included in the list of painters who have made special study of animal life, and have been successful in the delineation of it.

THOMAS CRAWFORD.—[1813–1857.]

The list of American sculptors embraces a number of eminent names, beginning with that of Horatio Greenough, from whose hand came the first marble group executed by an American. Sculpture, as is well known, was not popular in this country for some years after the Revolution. Nude statuary was especially an abomination not to be tolerated; and Greenough, Crawford, and Powers waited many years and endured keen disappointments before they received popular recognition. Their residence abroad, rendered necessary by the absence of the proper facilities for the prosecution of their art at home, removed them in a great measure from popular sympathy, and their achievements, except by report, were known to a comparatively small number of people. But travel, culture, familiarity with foreign galleries, and the more general distribution of casts and statuary throughout the country have produced a marked change in popular ideas. Statuary forms a more or less important part of every Academy exhibition, and it is no longer necessary to set apart a day exclusively for the admission of ladies. Nor is it longer essential that an American sculptor should reside in Italy, or go abroad at all, except for the purpose of study among the masterpieces of antique art. Several of our most eminent sculptors pursue their art at home, and retain an individuality which might be endangered, in some degree at least, by a foreign residence. Our foremost living sculptor, J. Q. A. Ward, achieved several signal triumphs in his art, without the advantages supposed to be only attainable abroad. His "Indian Hunter," his "Freedman," his statue of Shakspeare, now in Central Park, and his numerous portrait busts, all attest the vigor and originality of his genius. Ward is the most thoroughly American of all our sculptors. Greenough, Crawford, Powers, Story, went early to the studios of Florence or Rome, and in the contempla-

tion of ancient art they lost the inspiration of the New World, and became European artists, not to be distinguished, by any characteristic of their work, from the English, French, German, and Italian sculptors surrounding them. Palmer, like Ward, never studied abroad, and yet, despite certain peculiar theories in regard to his art, he has produced some admirable work. Besides the artists already named, among those who have acquired distinction as American sculptors may be named Thomas Ball, Henry Kirke Brown, Randolph Rogers; Joel T. Hart, of Kentucky; and Launt Thompson, who, though born in Ireland, has become thoroughly Americanized. He acquired his art with Palmer, in whose studio he remained about nine years. Thompson has executed some very characteristic portrait busts and several statues of great merit, the most important being that of General Sedgwick. The varied *genre* groups of John Rogers, chiefly representing scenes and episodes of the late war, entitle this artist to a permanent, if not very lofty, place among American sculptors. Several American women, among them Miss Harriet Hosmer, Miss Margaret Foley, and Miss Emma Stebbins, have also attained high repute as sculptors.

JOHN F. KENSETT.—[1818–1872.]

The art of engraving has reached a high degree of excellence in America during the hundred years which have elapsed since Paul Revere, the hero of the memorable ride celebrated in Longfellow's verse, engraved caricatures and historical subjects in Boston. Revere worked on copper, an art which, like lithography, has been almost driven out of existence by wood-engraving. The first wood-engraver in America was Dr. Anderson, who died a few years since at the age of ninety-five, having, in the course of his long career, seen the art advance from a rude state to the finish and refinement it has attained in the hands of such men as Linton and Anthony, and of men who are second to these masters only. Wood-engraving has been a powerful agent in the dissemination of a knowledge and love of art throughout the country, not only by the reproduction of the works of eminent masters of Europe and America, but by spreading broadcast through illustrated books, magazines, and journals the artistic creations of Darley, Hoppin, Fredricks, Nast, Moran, Sol Eytinge, and a hundred others who have devoted their talents to illustration.

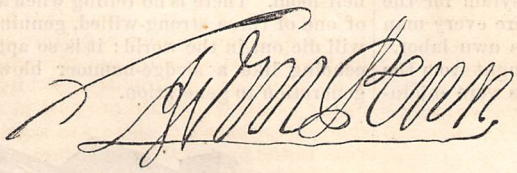
The history of caricature in the United States has been so recently and so amply given by Mr. Parton in the pages of this Magazine that it is only necessary here to note some of the leading names in this department of art. Among political caricaturists Thomas Nast stands without a rival in the vigor and sharpness of his satire and in versatility of invention. In social caricature we have Sol Eytinge, whose inimitable delineations of the humorous side of negro character excite genial amusement, but never derisive laughter; Bellew, Woolf, Reinhart, Frost, Wust, Thomas Worth, Hopkins, and many others, whose names would fill a large catalogue.

Looking back through the hundred years of our existence as an independent nation, we see a steady and healthful growth of art in all sections of the country. Year by year the number of American artists has increased with the diffusion of culture among the people; art societies are springing up in all parts of the country; exhibitions worthy of the Old World are held in cities where fifty years ago there was scarcely a break in the primeval forest. Europe sends us yearly an accession of artists, who become American, as West, Copley, and Leslie became English painters. Schools of art spread culture and knowledge all over the land. Massachusetts has made drawing a part of her system of common-school education with admirable results. The art school connected with the Cooper Union in this city has also done great service in the way of elementary training in drawing, painting, wood-engraving, etc. The work begun by the American Institute of Architects awakens the hope that another generation will see a vast improvement in the architecture of our public and private buildings. As wealth and culture increase, the fine arts will find increasing support, and the coming century will witness a development in the sculpture, painting, and architecture of this country as marvelous as its progress has been in the mechanical and industrial arts.

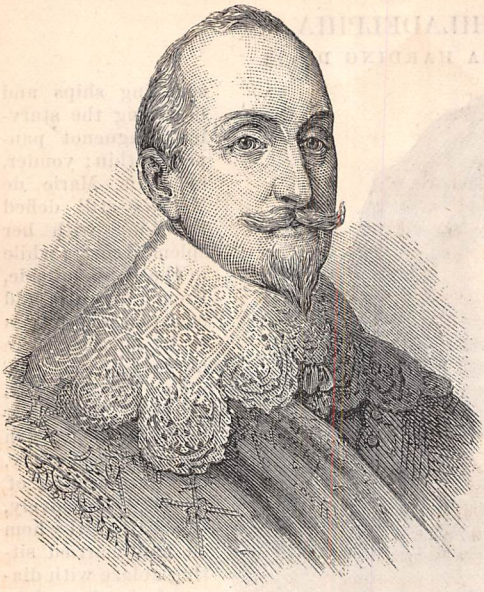
NEW YORK. S S CONANT.

OLD PHILADELPHIA.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



THERE is a curious bit of history concerning the city of Philadelphia, dating back to the time when it was no city at all, but an absolute wilderness, traveled only by the bear and wolf, and the Lenni-Lennappé, who built their mud lodges in fishing season between the two rivers. It is that, twenty years before Penn was born, the great Swede, Gustavus Adolphus, conceived the idea of a city of brotherly love in this very wilderness, made a plan for it, and signed a contract pledging himself to found and support it. There was very little brotherly love in the world about him just then. Catholic and Protestant, all over Europe, had clutched in what threatened to be a death-grip to both; and that other unending struggle between poor and rich was going on just as fiercely as to-day. In the little harbor of Rochelle, Richelieu, with all the power of the papacy to back him, was scuttling ships and besieging the starving Huguenot paupers within; yonder, in Paris, Marie de Medicis still defied the king with her splendid court; while in the fields outside, French paupers, old men, and women soon to be mothers, were harnessed to the plow. In London, Charles had just been crowned: "in appearance stately, like unto a pillar of jewels," the lovely, silly little girl whom he had married sitting ablaze with diamonds in the palace gate, laughing at him, his crown, and his religion, while just in sight English paupers were hung for stealing a loaf of bread. In Germany, Wallenstein, with his bilious, gloomy face, surrounded by astrologers and the pomp of an Eastern prince, made swift fierce marches over the country, burning towns and villages, and leaving death and famine behind him. In a word, while in the courts of the civilized world there were diamonds, beauty, such learning as was to be had, and a chance for a man of force and nimble brain to show the stuff that was in him, for the poor there was nothing but hunger of soul and body. It is easy to understand how Gustavus, whose nature was heroic and generous, just as his body was healthy and gigantic, turned, disgusted, from this real world to his Utopia, the city which he meant to build, "where every man should have enough to eat, and toleration to worship God as he chose." The fancy became a hobby with him. There was no place nearer on which he could found his colony than the shores of the Delaware—the "terrible wilderness, *Terra Magellanicæ*, peopled by wild beasts and cannibals." In 1626 he issued an *octroi* to Usselinx empowering a trading company to emigrate to this land, which



GUSTAVUS ADOLPHUS.

was as dreadful a suburb of the world to the Swedes then as Franklin's polar sea is now to us.

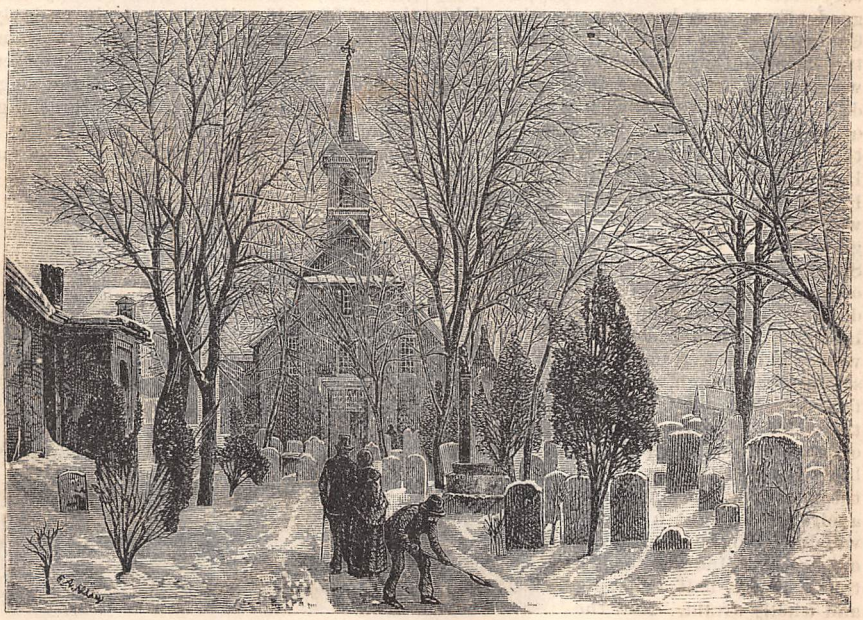
It is curious to note how all the freedom, the justice, the higher purposes, which America has ever aimed to embody are clearly prophesied in this *octroi* of Gustavus. He commands that the emigrants shall "found a state absolutely free, an asylum for the oppressed of every creed, where every man should enjoy the fruits of his own labor." The land was "to be fairly bought from the wild peoples," and the colonists were enjoined to instruct them in the truths of Christ's religion. No slavery of any kind was to be permitted, the king adding, shrewdly, "for the Swedes are industrious and intelligent citizens, whereas slaves cost much, labor with reluctance, and soon perish." There is no prophetic afflatus, after all, like common-sense.

Before the expedition set out, however, the Polish campaign began, followed by the Thirty Years' War, and Gustavus died, his dream unfulfilled. Christina, a child of eleven, and the Chancellor Oxenstiern sent out the expedition in the name of Gustavus in 1637, and during the two centuries that followed, the zeal and high purpose of the dead king seem to have lingered with and affected both the emigrants and the government in its dealings with them. Convicts or persons of dissolute character were forbidden to emigrate to "New Sweden," and the settlers who came appear to have carried the memory of the great Gustavus along with them as a sacred idea, which made their lives in their caves at Wicaco exceptionally honest, just, and chaste. Even at the great distance, and impoverished as was the Swedish government, it maintained its position as foster-mother of the settlement until forty-five years ago, building churches and supplying them with ministers at no slight cost. The little far-off colonies at Wicaco and Christina Creek were spoken of in Stockholm as "the jewel of the Swedish crown." Some of the most learned men in the kingdom adventured the long journey (three times as long as from New York to Australia now) to preach to this insignificant settlement or to bring back an account of it. Every sovereign, even Christina in her mad flights, and Charles XII. through his terrible campaigns, kept the same affectionate watch over it. This favorite idea of Gustavus became an heir-loom. There is no telling when an idea of one of these strong-willed, genuine men will die out in the world: it is so apt to go echoing like a sledge-hammer blow from generation to generation.

OLD SWEDES' HOUSES, CHRISTIAN STREET, BETWEEN FRONT AND WATER STREETS.

THE FIRST CHURCH IN PHILADELPHIA.

The Swedes meanwhile occupied a narrow strip of ground along the rivers on the edge of the forest, now known as Southwark, in Philadelphia. It begins below South Street, and runs down to the Neck. If you explore it, you will find yourself bewildered by ship stores, junk shops, and salty, tarry smells, while a bulwark of the dirty hulls of steamers and ships walls you in from the river. The Swedes found, instead, green banks on the edge of a gloomy, unbroken wilderness, with hemlocks and nut trees nodding atop: they dug caves in them and lived there for a year or two, building, when the time seemed ripe for such a bold move, log-huts, calked with mud and lighted by holes cut in the wall. There the Swansons, Keens, Bengtsens, Kocks, and Rambos lived "in great quiet and great idleness," as Campanius reports, taking life much more easily, perhaps, than do their wealthier descendants nowadays. They barely worked the ground enough to furnish the winter's food, dressed in skins, and were content. They were a kindly though hot-tempered folk, too; gave their open hand to the English, who asked leave to settle on the land, and shut it against the Dutch, who claimed the land as a right. The little dark hut swarmed with babies and "Swans," or young men, whom Penn, when he came, declared to be more sober and industrious than those of other nations; they knew just about as much as Sir Walter taught his boy—could fish, hunt, and tell the truth. There was among them all a touching loyalty to the country and religion of their forefathers. Nothing can be more pathetic than the letters which they sent to old Sweden by every chance voyager to Europe, setting forth that they were in a strange and heathen land, far away from their own dear fatherland, and begging "that godly men might be sent to them to instruct their children, and help themselves to lead lives well-

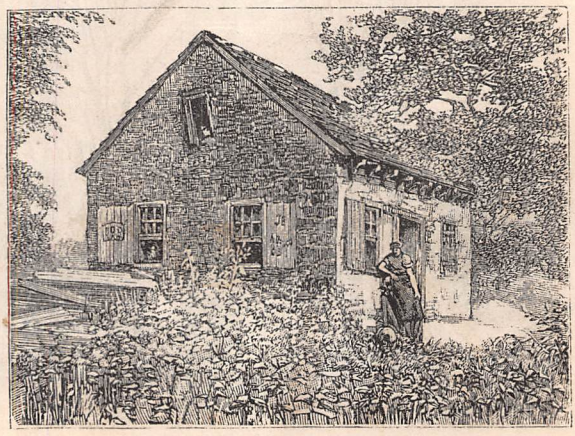


OLD SWEDES' CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

ALEXANDER WILSON.

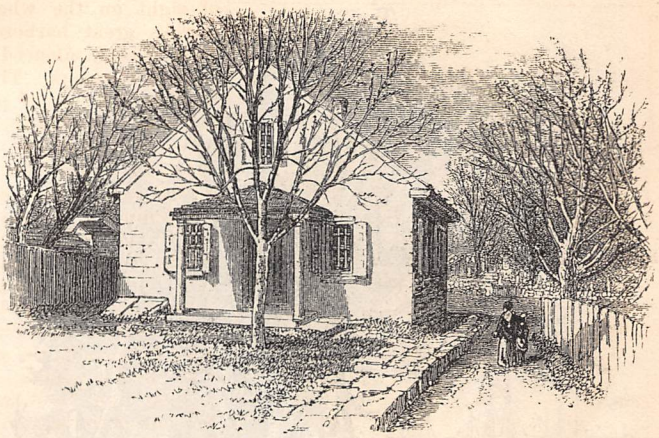
pleasing to God." It was six years before the letter was answered by the arrival of Rudman and Bjork, the first clergymen sent out by the Swedish king. They wrote home that they "found a block-house in use as a church, and but three books among the colonists: yet these for sixty years had been so carefully cherished and loaned from house to house that every child could read." They report a thorough good fellowship existing between the Swedes and Indians—a friendship which had been established half a century before Penn's famous treaty, of whose good effects such boasts are made. John Campanius, who came with Printz in 1642, translated Luther's catechism into the Delaware tongue, freely rendering "Give us our daily bread" into "Give us always plenty of venison and corn." Immediately after the arrival of Rudman and Bjork, Gloria Dei Church, known now in Philadelphia as Old Swedes', was built. It stood upon a green bank of the quiet river, Swan Swanson's being the only hut near by. On Sunday mornings the men came tramping on foot beside the women's horses from Kingsessing, Passajungh, and even far-away Matzongh, hanging their muddied outer leggings or skirts of wolf-skin on the branches of the trees before they went in. Now and then a pirogue brought a chance worshiper up the lonely river, or a solitary Indian stood in the doorway, half believing and wholly afraid. Now the little church is crowded out of sight on the wharves of one of the world's great harbors, and its feeble *Te Deum* is often silenced by the cannon of incoming steamers. The church itself was built in a fervor of pious zeal, carpenters and masons giving their work, and the good pastor selling or pawning the best articles out of his house when money did not come in fast enough, and carrying the hod every day himself. The main body of the building is unaltered to the present day; the tablets in the chancel record the sacrifices and sufferings of the early missionaries who sleep below; and the chubby gilt cherubs in the choir, sent out from Sweden, still sustain the open Bible, with the significant inscription, "The people who sat in darkness have seen a great light." Wilson, the ornithologist, lies buried in its grave-yard. He was teaching a little school at Kingsessing when, obtaining some rare specimens of birds from Bartram, the botanist, he formed the idea of making a collection of American birds, and started on his first exploring tour through the wilderness of Western New York.

We have many glimpses in old Swedish records of that first society in Philadelphia: histories of tedious squabbles with the Dutch; the rare book by Campanius on the wonders of Nye Swerige, published in Stockholm; and the pictorial maps of Lindström, wherein are a plenty of wild beasts, gigantic rattlesnakes, and shads as long as a ship. There are mildewed old manuscript records of the first courts of justice; their "fynes of wampum and beaver," and the decree of flogging, which an Indian laid on with hearty good-will; orders of the court for "y^e^ setting of 52 wolfe pitts, to restrain y^e^ dayly spoyle and damadge wh. y^e^ woolves commit on y^e^ people;" and a "fyne imposed on oele oelssen" for falling upon the magistrate and giving him a sound thrashing. Upon Oele's public statement that he was a poor man with a large charge of children,



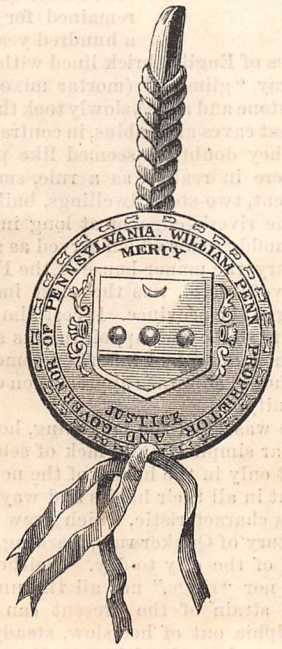
WILSON SCHOOL-HOUSE AT KINGSESSING.

the fine was remitted, on condition that he should humbly and publicly submit himself to the pummeled magistrate. This practice, by-the-way, of remission of punishment when the criminal publicly humiliated himself was continued until long after 1776 in Philadelphia.



THE DUNKER MEETING-HOUSE, GERMANTOWN.

We have glimpses, too, in these first days, of a certain fair and haughty Dame Armgart Papegoija, the daughter of Governor Printz, who drove away her husband, took her maiden name, and lived in great poverty and pride on the island of Tinicum, descending now and then on the Swedes at Wicaco, keen and chilly as an east wind. A brick from her house at Tinicum in the National Museum is all the trace now left of her in the world. Before the coming of Rudman and Bjork there were some buccaneers of clergymen let loose among the honest folk: Fabritius, who was a wild, quarrelsome fellow, even in the pulpit, but who, in his old age and blindness, settled down to the "pickling of shadds" to earn his bread, and was led up and down from church to church to tell what he knew of the truth; and before him Lokenius, "whose only fault," says good Acrelius, "was a love of liquor." Even in his sober moments, however, the pastor apparently took the reins into his own hands, as, when a layman ran away with his wife, he followed them, not to regain his lost love, but to break into their chest; returning, he applied for a divorce, to be granted in ten days, declaring his family affairs required him to marry in that time; and the court declining to be convinced, he quietly married himself, and kept his wife, too, in the teeth of court and public opinion.



THE PENN SEAL.

After all, it was the same human nature, going through the same great processes, playing the same small tricks in the huts and wolf tracks as now in the streets of Philadelphia, when she takes her place as hostess of the world.

The old people complained that the girls looked askance at the "Swans" over their prayer-books, and that the young men only came to church that they might race in sight of their sweethearts. Men of intelligence and force came to the front, as now. Among these was Swan Swanson, from whose three sons Penn, when he came, bought the land to lay out his town of Philadelphia, and whose descendants on the female side are still to be found in the city. Otto Kock, another prominent Swede, and Andrew Bengtsen founded long lines of modern Coxes and Banksons. There is much mention, too, in the old records, of a big burly mill-wright, Olof Stillé, of Techoherassi, who "was much reverenced by the Indians in spite of his great black beard." He served as magistrate, and engineered the difficulties with the Dutch with wisdom and discretion, but seems to have had a weak side toward the lads and their love-making, for we find him slyly helping off runaway couples, and shielding disorderly

LANDING OF WILLIAM PENN AT PHILADELPHIA.

old Fabritius for marrying them. This Olof was the great-grandfather of Charles Stillé, provost of the Pennsylvania University.

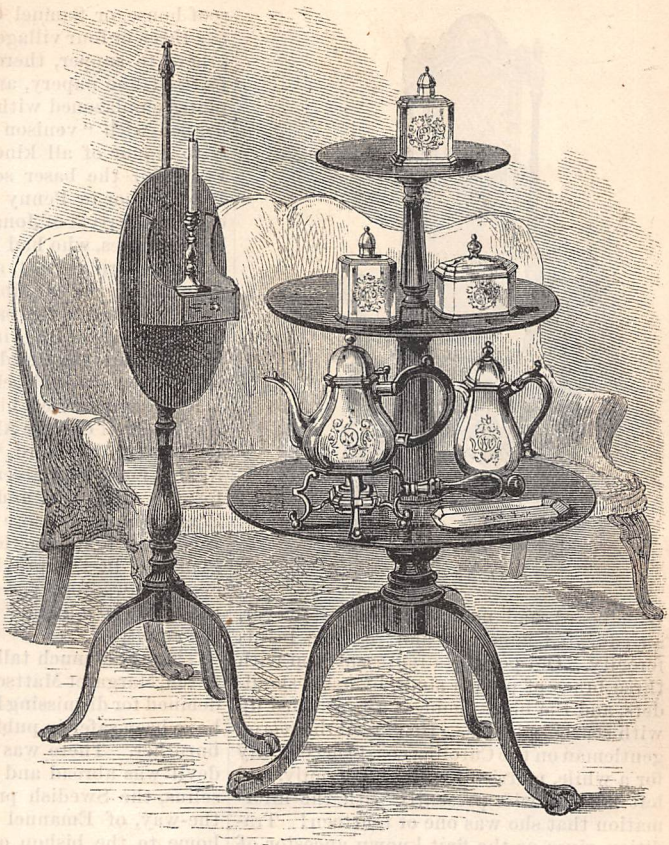
English families of the laboring class began to find their way to New Sweden, and dug their caves or built log-huts in Delaware County or along the river as far as Kensington. People who had the courage, grit, and religious enthusiasm to leave England and venture into the wilderness to defend their faith would be likely to improve their new chances to the farthest limit. We are not surprised, therefore, to find their immediate descendants taking a leading part in the Revolution, or, still later, in trade. Among these were General Thomas Mifflin, the Sharplesses, and many Germantown families.

The pioneers of Penn's settlement arrived in 1682. The Proprietor himself landed the next October on the gravelly shore in front of Andrew Bengtsen's door. Twenty-three ships followed, filled for the most part with Quakers of all classes—educated gentlemen, mechanics, and servants or slaves. Nothing can be more admirable than the lofty faith with which these people entered on their desperate adventure, and nothing more whimsical than their prim regard to details. We might have expected from Penn, a young man of courtly breeding and strong individuality, the frame of government which he provided, which is conceived with keen intelligence and a broad justice, but hardly the minute directions as to the marks to be put on hogs yet unborn. The city was laid out by Thomas Holme, straight-lined, square, magnificent on paper, from river to river, from Cedar Street to Vine. In reality, it was a gloomy forest, drained by creeks which crept through a jungle of undergrowth. The newcomers huddled down in the corner by the Delaware near to the kindly Swedes, and in that corner the town remained for nearly a hundred years.

Houses of English brick lined with black, or of gray "glimmer" (mortar mixed with broken stone and mica), slowly took the place of the first caves and cabins, in contrast with which they doubtless seemed like palaces. They were in reality, as a rule, small, inconvenient, two-story dwellings, built close along the river's edge, or at long intervals on the muddy roads which served as streets. Pennsbury, the manor-house of the Proprietor, above Bristol, was the most imposing building in the province. It cost him £5000, and in its shape and appointments showed that young Penn had inherited some of his father the old admiral's appreciation of state and dignity.

There was from the beginning, however, a singular simplicity and lack of self-assertion, not only in the houses of the new colonists, but in all their habits and ways. We find this characteristic, which grew out of the century of Quaker rule, marking the social life of the city to-day. Neither newcomers, nor "rings," nor all the universal nervous strain of the present can budge Philadelphia out of her slow, steady pace, her inborn hatred of brag. Her solidly

wealthy men hide their luxury in unpretentious brick dwellings. It is a rule of etiquette with the best lawyer, artist, milliner, or caterer to step back into a shady corner and keep carefully out of the newspapers. Owing to this very abhorrence of puffery or advertising, Penn's colony never received the credit which history owed to it. The Swedes and Friends did not, like the Puritans, shake the forests with their hymns of lofty cheer, nor din the ears of succeeding generations with tales of the persecution from which they fled, but they quietly made their little village the only home of religious liberty then in the New World.



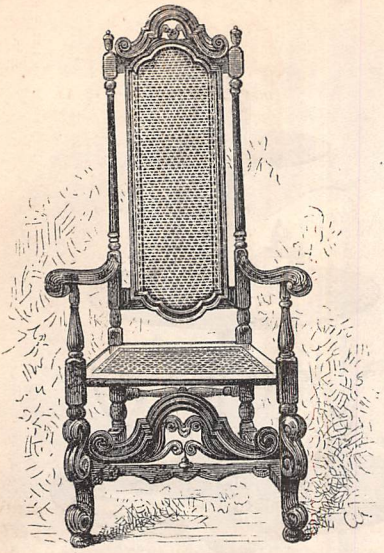
PENN RELICS.

Thither Edward Shippen fled when he had been whipped for his faith in Boston; there Baptists and Presbyterians prayed and preached in the same little building, and Swedish Lutherans and English Episcopalians exchanged pulpits, or preached in the Provincial Hall; forty Germans, led by a nobleman from Transylvania, formed an ascetic band, called the Society of the Woman of the Wilderness, and lived as hermits in the hills of the Wissahickon; and over all the calm, ruddy Englishman, Penn, held firm but generous control.*

There was very little stir of any sort in the village. We find a curious account of it written by one Gabriel Thomas soon after his landing. There were thirty carts in it—the only vehicles excepting Penn's calash. Laboring-men were paid three times as much as in England, Gabriel himself having to pay two shillings for a pair of boots. Women's wages he writes down as "most exorbitant—from £5 to £10 per annum." They had the game in their own hands, as "a wench, if not paid enough, will take land and turn farmer. There are no begars nor olde maydes, neither Lawyers nor Doctors, with lycense to kill and make mischeef."

Gabriel and his fellows were wont to assemble at the Blue Anchor Tavern to gossip; and the news, brought once in six months, had a flavor of mystery and dramatic horror lacking to the telegrams in the daily paper of a country town nowadays. The village lay on the edge of an impregnable wilderness stretching to the Pacific Ocean; on the other side was the river, an open highway to the sea, where Kidd and other pirates raged to and fro—a highway so open that several of their ships, bearing the black flag, were used to winter as near the town as Cohocksink Creek, the pirates themselves, having their allies in the town, and in but scant disguise, frequenting undisturbed the lower class of houses, and storing away their plunder in certain dens along the river. Chief among these was the famous Teach, or Drummond, known as Blackbeard. Kidd, it was said, had intervals of humanity:

* The only portrait of William Penn known for a long period was that representing him in armor. The one which heads this article was discovered lately in an old family mansion of the Penns at Darlington, in Durham, England. A copy was brought to this country by Mr. John Jay Smith, and is now in Independence Hall. It was painted when Penn was about thirty-eight.



PENN'S CHAIR.

Blackbeard had none. He was, however, an educated man, gay and reckless in his ferocity. Old portraits represent him with three brace of pistols slung over his shoulders, and the black mane of a beard tied up with scarlet ribbons. He played the *rôle* of gentleman on the Carolina coast successfully for a while, married into a good family, and left his fair wife presently with the information that she was one of fourteen! Tradition gives as the first known ancestor of one or two of the proudest of Virginian and Carolinian families members of Blackbeard's gang. A visit from the bold buccaneer, cutlass, red ribbons, and all, sent a quake of terror through the town of Philadelphia on many a winter's day; and there was public rejoicing when news came that his ship of forty guns, the *Queen Anne's Revenge*, had been captured by Maynard, of Virginia, the pirate's head cut off and carried home in triumph as a grim figure-head on the conquering vessel. The skull was made into a punch-bowl, bound with silver, and used for years in the Raleigh Tavern, at Williamsburg, Virginia.

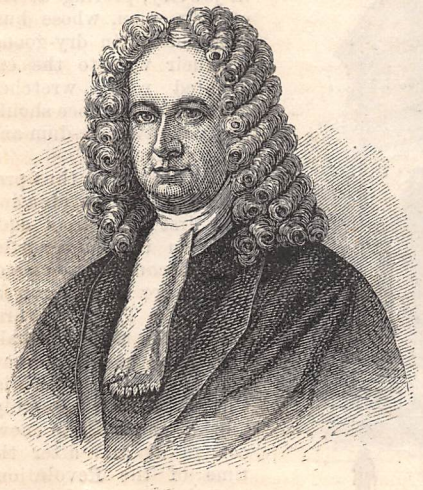
At long intervals came to the settlement men of means, cadets of respectable families driven by persecution from England, or emigrants from the Barbadoes, bringing their slaves and household goods with them. Of these were Nicholas Waln, Samuel Carpenter, Robert Turner, and Thomas Budd. Honest Gabriel writes home with delight of their "big housen and orchards." The Quakers were "good providers" then as now. The bins and pantries of their plain houses were filled with substantial fare, not forgetting wine from the Proprietor's vineyards. When James Logan, in the old slate-roof house, or Samuel Carpenter, or any of the three or four village magnates, bade the others to supper, there was much setting forth of fine napery, and glittering pewter plates emblazoned with the family arms and heaped with "venison and smoakt hams," with liquor of all kinds to wash it down. People of the baser sort gathered in the Blue Anchor or Penny Pot house, and talked of the arrival of Jonathan Dickinson and his comrades, who had been wrecked on the savage Florida coast, and wandered for a year among the cannibals. The story went that the lives of the party had been spared for the sake of Dickinson's baby, and we may be sure the child—a laughing, ruddy boy of two—was closely watched when his black nurse carried him abroad. Or they tried to spell out the Almynack just printed by William Bradford, wherein the date of Noah's flood was given as "3979 years before y^e^ Almynack, and y^e^ rule of y^e^ Lord Penn as 5 years before y^e^ Almynack." This was the "first practice of y^e^ Mystery of Printing" in the province, and Penn commanded Bradford peremptorily to let it be the last, "as a danger to the printer and to the country."

There was much talk, too, of the Swedish witch, Margaret Mattson, and Penn was condemned for dismissing her on trial. It would have been safer in public opinion to hang or burn her. There was little doubt that the devil was abroad and close at hand. Hesselius, the Swedish priest (the cousin, by-the-way, of Emanuel Swedenborg), writes home to the bishop of certain miraculous occurrences not to be doubted but by the profane: of rain which fell for fifteen days on a black oak-tree, while all the rest of the forest was dry; of a wicked captain of a ship, who, coming up the Delaware on his way home from the Barbadoes, was seized by the devil and thrown into the river, in full sight of the people. "God grant," cries good Hesselius, "that these things forebode us no evil!"

With us, news from all nations crowding in every hour keeps spiritual agencies very much in the background of both our thought and talk. But to the people of this solitary little village on the edge of an unexplored continent, without newspapers, telegraphs, and with little friction of any sort with other human beings, God and the devil and witches were real every-day matters. The more ignorant of Penn's followers were daily seized by the spirit and their bodies shaken (whence their name of Quakers). There are some cynical stories by two Labadists, who visited the godly settlement, of how "fat women of the low sort professed to be prophetesses, and at the inn table would eat and quake and preach, and then fall to gorging themselves again." But who wants to go back two centuries to find the familiar hum-

bugging of to-day hiding under shad-bellied coat or muslin coif? There are other figures which better suit the dignity of the dusky past. There is old Robert Barrow, who, at the age of eighty, was driven by the spirit from his home in Cheshire across the sea to the wilderness to preach. He prayed, with tears, to be suffered to die in old England, but "durst not disobey the heavenly call," and embarked to share Dickinson's terrible shipwreck. There is Jane Fenn too, whose story, more pathetic than Evangeline's, has, oddly enough, never been made the theme of song or novel. Jane was a sickly, pretty girl of sixteen, the daughter of a poor Welsh farmer, when the word of the Lord came to her to go preach His Gospel in Penn's settlement. She embarked without a penny, was sold on her arrival as a redemptionist, and imprisoned to compel a double term of slavery. "In the Friends' meeting one day, after her release, when she saw David Lloyd and his wife come in, she was told by the spirit that these were the people to whom she was sent. They, seeing the wan, poorly clad stranger sitting there, were miraculously *tendered* toward her. After the meeting was over they walked to her and she to them, and they joined hands, without a word being spoken, and she went with them to their own house." Jane Fenn became afterward a noted preacher, going to and fro along the coast and to the Indian tribes. She was, we are told, "of a tender spirit, but weighty and awful in prayer."

In the upper class of Friends, composed of Penn's family, when he was in this country, his secretary, James Logan, Thomas Lloyd, the first colonial Governor, and their half dozen educated associates, there was, it is likely, very little religious enthusiasm of this kind. But this society seems to have



JAMES LOGAN.

DEBORAH LOGAN.

possessed other traits quite as rare and admirable: high culture for the times, a perfect simplicity, and that repose which can belong only to the men or women who never have doubted their own social position. Penn, the Governors of Pennsylvania appointed by him and his sons, and their immediate friends did, in fact, constitute a court in which lay all the power of royalty up to 1776. But it was the most unique, domestic of courts. There were several great houses in which we have glimpses of this Quaker governing class in their social life. There was Springettsberry, the Penn dwelling, built where the Preston Retreat now stands; Isaac Norris's great house on Third Street; the Pemberton country-seat, which was removed to make way for the Naval Asylum; and, chief of all, Stenton, which is still standing. James Logan, the owner of Stenton, who represented Penn during his absence, was a young man descended from a noble Scottish family, grave and mild in manner, of scholarly attainments not only in the European but Oriental tongues. He stood between Penn and his debts on one side, and the dissatisfied, grasping public on the other, and served both faithfully, leaving to the latter the splendid bequest of the Loganian Library—as a sign, let us hope, of forgiveness for the long worry and vexation they had caused him. One of the pleasantest figures in those sunny rooms of Stenton is that of Deborah Logan, the compiler of the Penn and Logan correspondence—a very fair and gracious woman in youth and old age.*

Among the frequent guests of James Logan were William Allen, whose family fell out of notice through Tory proclivities dur-

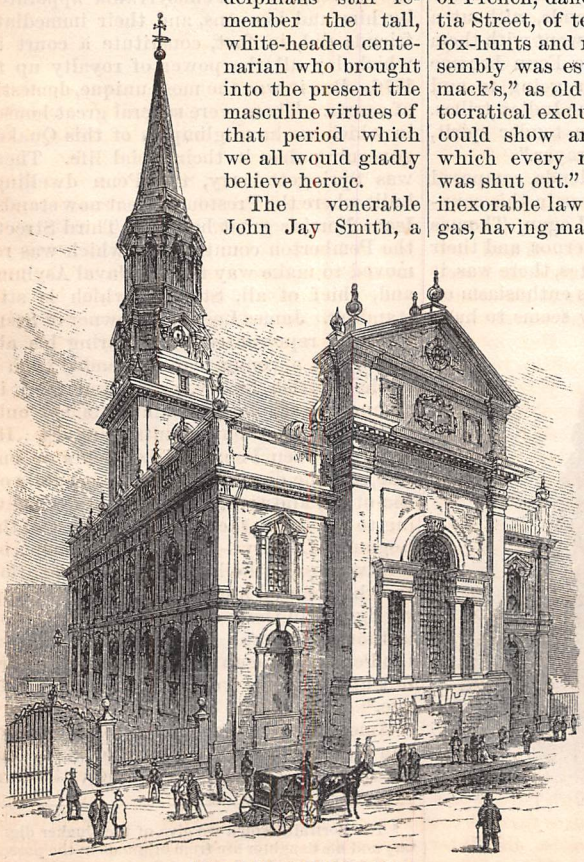
* The portraits which we give of the Quaker dignitary and his daughter are from originals in the possession of Mr. John Jay Smith, of Germantown.

ing the Revolution, Isaac Norris, Speaker of Assembly, the three Pembertons, and a young man of twenty, Charles Thomson, then teacher of the Friends' Academy. It was known to the older Quakers that Charles came to this country from Ireland, poor and friendless, at the age of eleven, and by some means gained entrance to a country school in Maryland. Books were so scarce in those days that a single lexicon served the whole school. One of the boys bringing an old volume of the *Spectator* to class one day, Thomson read it with delight, and learning that the other volumes were for sale at a second-hand book-stall in Philadelphia, saved his wages until he had enough to buy them, walked to the city, and brought them home under his arm. This Charles Thomson became afterward the Perpetual Secretary of the Continental Congress. It was the custom to call upon him to verify disputed points, by saying, "Let us have Truth, or Thomson," his word being considered equal to any man's oath; the Indians also received him formally into the tribe as Weh-wo-la-ent, or the Man who speaks Truth. He lived until 1824. Many Philadelphians still remember the tall, white-headed centenarian who brought into the present the masculine virtues of that period which we all would gladly believe heroic.

The venerable John Jay Smith, a descendant of James Logan's, in a MS. volume written for his children, has given his remembrances of the sober stateliness of social life at Stenton.

He says: "The Quaker rulers carried out their principles with indomitable firmness. What they accomplished here could only have been done by able and earnest men. The men and women who met at Stenton talked no scandal and spoke not of money. With their departure, stately respect for others has given way to more familiarity of address, which, I can not but think, has not improved the tone of social life; nor can I think the sordid present, with its enlarged commercial interests, much improvement on the preceding *régime*."

The successful growth of the little town attracted to it during the first half of the last century several men, not followers of Penn, possessed of much solid wealth. Their dwellings were more showy than those of the Friends, their religion, tastes, habits, all different. The social life of the two classes was at every point widely distinct. We begin to hear now of clubs among the young men, of Mrs. Ball's school for the teaching of French, dancing, and the spinet, in Letitia Street, of teachers of sword exercise, of fox-hunts and races. The City Dancing Assembly was established—a "miniature Almack's," as old Watson assures us, "of aristocratical exclusiveness, whose members all could show ancestral bearings, and from which every mechanic, however wealthy, was shut out." He tells us, rejoicing in the inexorable law of gentility, how Miss Hillegas, having married an extensive goldsmith on High Street, was stricken from the roll, and leaves us to picture the poor exile, whose husband dealt in jewelry, peering at the other women, whose husbands dealt in dry-goods, on their way to the enchanted room, wretched that such difference should be 'twixt tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee.



CHRIST CHURCH, PHILADELPHIA.

We have been thus prolix in noting the planting and first growth of each class in the new settlement, because these classes have never been thoroughly united. There were first the Swedes, then the Quakers, then the "aristocratical exclusives" of Christ Church and the Assembly, and afterward the newcomers at and after the time of the Revolution; and the lines of demarkation are still strongly

drawn between them. Hence it is that social life in Philadelphia is noted for a certain formal conventionalism, a want of *esprit de corps*, a provincial lack of metropolitan breadth of feeling, unknown to any other city of its size.

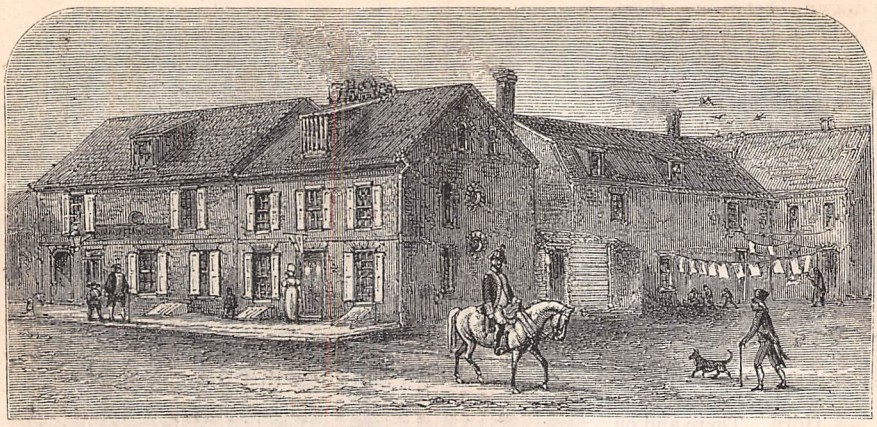
In every other regard there is an absolute change of manners and habits. The dame of fashion in Philadelphia during the earlier part of the last century lived most probably on Market Street below Third. There and on the river-front the merchants had their dwellings and shops, usually under the same roof. Many of these merchants opened a shipping trade to the West Indies and England, and from small ventures grew colossal fortunes almost as rapidly as Whittington's. Our "dame of high degree" had no carpet on her floors; her dress at home was chintz, the brocade or satin being kept for state evening wear, while thin muslins were left solely to the children. She had but little jewelry; but she followed afar off the reports of English fashions, curled her hair down on her neck, or heaped it four feet high with oil and toupee, straw or flowers. She rode on horseback or went in a sedan-chair to pay visits. Her gardener and confidential servants she had held for many years. Her kitchen swarmed with slaves and white redemptionists. Once or twice a year Messrs. Willing and Morris and other shippers advertised a consignment of blacks for sale from the Barbary coast; and every incoming vessel brought emigrants, Irish or Palatines, whom the captain kept nailed under the hatchways until they were sold to some of the towns-people. Many strange stories, tragical enough, have come down to us concerning these white slaves and their treatment. One was with Franklin, a fellow-'prentice in Kermer's shop; he was an Englishman named Webb, belonging to a family of birth and property, who while at Oxford had become involved in debt, and been caught up in the fields by a "crimp," brought to America, and sold. About this time, too, James Annesley, afterward Lord Altham, was sold at the block in High Street to a Dutch farmer. His adventures formed the groundwork of *Roderick Random*, and later for Charles Reade's *Wandering Heir*. When

WILLIAM KEITH'S HOUSE.

there was any difficulty in managing these slaves, white or black, their mistress in town sent them up to the jail on High Street for as many lashes as she judged fitting.

When her husband received a visit from a friend from England, or the smaller neighboring town of New York, he usually gave him a lunch in the warehouse of crackers, sprats, wine, and brandy, which having provoked an appetite, he was brought home to a state dinner, where our fashionable lady, being also a notable housekeeper, would set forth "ducks, hams, venison, twenty sorts of tarts, syllabubs, wine, and brandy." In all probability they with their guest were invited out to supper (for Philadelphia hospitality is of ancient and sturdy growth), and ate again "turtle, sweetmeats, pies, and drank brandy, porter, and sherries." There are many MS. journals kept by well-fed guests still existing which testify to the zeal with which the hostesses catered for them, wine and brandy regularly punctuating every hour of the day, as commas a sentence.

The guest was taken out, very probably, to see the wonders of the growing town, which, be it remembered, was then the metropolis of the country; but as there were but eight four-wheeled carriages in all Pennsylvania, it is most likely that he had to ride on horseback or pick his way on foot along the clayey streets. Indeed, if the Governor's coach, or the landau just imported by Charles Willing, the great merchant, hap-



THE LÆTITIA COTTAGE.

pened to come dashing along, his hosts, no doubt, were glad of the chance to show him these boasted splendors of the town. Another matter of public gratulation was the pavement just laid on Second Street between High (Market) and Chestnut. The other streets were bogged with mud, a narrow footway in some places laid at one side. The town extended no farther west than Fourth Street until after the Revolution. At Fourth and High streets was the great pond to which the boys went to fish; between Fourth and the Schuylkill lay the Governor's woods, where the girls picked wild strawberries in the spring or walked with their lovers in summer evenings. Our traveler was, no doubt, taken first to see the Town-house which stood at Second and High streets, with the pillory on one side and the Friends' meeting-house on the other. Its window-frames were lead, the panes diamond-shaped. Here the Colonial Assembly sat the year round to fight James Logan and the Proprietaries; from the balcony the Governors sent by Penn addressed the people on their arrival. The stranger, no doubt, heard much gossip of these Governors, of Sir William Keith's intrigues and debts and lying promises, and of how Governor Evans, in order to try the fighting qualities of the Quakers, had forged letters from the Governor of Maryland, stating that French privateers were on the coast ravaging all the colonies, and afterward caused the town bell to be rung, and rode up and down with a drawn sword, crying that the river was full of pirates, and calling upon Friends to arm. Only four Friends repaired, sword in hand, to the hall; the others threw their plate, etc., down wells or buried them, and fled for their lives across the Schuylkill. Some of these bags of buried coin were dug up as late as 1874. The visitor was told, too, of bloody elections which took place on the Town-hall steps, the Norris and Allen partisans beating each other back with clubs. From these steps, too, Whitefield preached on being refused admission to the churches, and could be heard, Franklin declares, as far as the Delaware.

The new State-house was the next place to be visited, and the stranger was shown how thoroughly honest and solid was the work upon it, and upon the half-finished Christ Church. Dr. John Kearsley had been the architect of both. The State-house yard next to Walnut Street was then but half its present depth, and on the Sixth Street side was a long shed under which the Indians coming to town on business took shelter. There was no bell for about twenty years after the building was in use; one was imported from England in 1752, and having been cracked on the first attempt to ring it, was recast. Isaac Norris, it is said, suggested the strangely prophetic motto, "Proclaim liberty throughout the land, and to all the inhabitants thereof."

There were some other houses sure to be shown to the stranger—the Lætitia Cottage, the first brick building in Philadelphia, given by Penn to his daughter, and his own dwelling when in town. The visitor to the Centennial who wishes to follow the steps of our long-ago guest will find the little building still standing in Letitia Street.

When that first traveler saw it, however, it stood alone, with an open frontage to the river, surrounded by orchards and sunny sweeps of grass. The old slate-roof house, also occupied by the Penns, had been opened as a fashionable boarding-house. Its projecting wings, like bastions, gave it an air of imposing stateliness, but within it was full of queer little nooks of rooms and crooked passages. There was a great wooden structure on Fourth Street below Arch, called the New Building, erected for Whitefield by his friends, or, rather, as young Franklin, the printer, who was an intimate friend of the great preacher, declared, "It

A BIT OF OLD PHILADELPHIA.

was for the use of any preacher of any religious persuasion who wished to say something to the people, so that if the Mufti of Constantinople were to send a missionary to preach Mohammedanism, he would find a pulpit at his service." The shrewd young mechanic and some of his comrades were, however, determined to give nothing to Whitefield for his orphan house in Georgia when they went to hear his sermon in its behalf. "At first," says Franklin, "I concluded to give him the coppers in my pocket, but after listening a little longer determined to add the silver; and he finished so admirably that I emptied my pockets, gold and all." Young Hopkinson, who had gone with him, had taken the precaution to leave his money at home, but applied to a neighbor to lend him some. "At any other time, Friend Hopkinson," said the calm Quaker, "I will loan to thee freely. But now thee is out of thy senses." Very probably the phlegmatic neighbor had precisely the same opinion of Francis Hopkinson and the other impulsive radical, Ben Franklin, when, some years later, they stood in the State-house to sign away "their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor." The house built for Whitefield was afterward, at Franklin's instance, converted into a public academy, and was the original University of Pennsylvania.

There were certain country-seats to which the casual visitor was sure to be led, in order to impress him with the solid wealth of the new settlement. Among these were the Carpenter mansion, which stood at Seventh and Chestnut streets, quite out of town, surrounded by magnificent grounds; Governor Hamilton's great house at Bush Hill; Wilton, the estate of Joseph Turner, in the Neck; the Wharton house, in Southwark —all of which became historic in the war of the Revolution, the larger being taken as hospitals. Sir William Keith, when in town, used Shippen's house, but lived most of the time at Graeme Park, in Montgomery. Lady Keith, who reigned for a while in the great house, lived afterward for years in miserable poverty, hidden in an obscure house in the town, where she died. Gossips even then did not lack material for significant nods and whispers. At Graeme Park Keith's daughter, the noted Mrs. Ferguson, brought her beauty and wit to bear upon the American officers, offering sometimes, it was hinted, more substantial bribes of place and money.

Our guest, however, visited Penn's town long before the word Revolution had been whispered. The mere fact that he was from Old England insured him a certain social homage. When he had seen all the fine houses, including Charles Willing's great mansion and Clarke Hall, the grounds of which sloped down to Third Street (where was then a wide creek up which a schooner could sail), he was led by his entertainer to Pegg Mullin's famous chop-house to eat a rump-steak red-hot, where he was sure to meet the Governor or some of the city gentry. This was a more select resort than the London Coffee-house, outside of which vendues of horses, cattle, and slaves were held. Or he was taken out to Bartram's botanic garden, the first in America, and shown the ground which the old Quaker had drained, leveled, or raised to imitate the condition of different zones, and planted with trees and flowers gathered by himself in thousands of journeys through the wilderness, as far west as Ontario and south as Florida. Or, if it was winter, he was taken to the Schuylkill to see the skating matches, the gentlemen dressed in red coat and buckskin tights; or perhaps to the plebeian Queen Anne's Place, where mechanics and their wives took "rides" on a whirligig or on wooden horses. If he had a mind for further explorations, there was the Tunker Church, or the Monastery, an oblong stone building in the depths of the wilderness about the Wissahickon, whose purpose and

BEN FRANKLIN.

inmates were objects of mysterious awe to the common people. It is probable they were a branch of the society at Ephratah, who at that time were good Latinists and versed in the humanities, and went about wrapped in mystical abstraction and white gowns and cowls, but who in later times turned to making money, and betook themselves to pig-raising and the breeches and coats of ordinary people.

If our visitor had the good luck to be bidden to the City Dancing Assembly at night, his invitation was printed on the back of a playing-card; he saw his hostess set off in full dress on horseback, escorted by slaves with torches. When he arrived, one of the six married managers drew partner and place for him by lot, and he could not change either all evening.

After dancing minuets for two or three hours, a supper of tea, chocolate, and rusk was served. Each gentleman drank tea with his partner next day, at which interview her mother was present. The young lady played upon the spinet, and we may be sure her filigree-work was in sight, or landscapes made of countless bits of feather, ribbon, and paper. Why should her accomplishments be hidden from a possible suitor? But there was no such airy, touch-and-go talk as we hear nowadays, wherein art, science, religion, and politics are brought to the bar and dismissed in a twenty-minutes' call. The lovely Miss Dolly or Peggy of that day was wooed and won through the formal barriers of profound respect, and, even when a wife, was treated with a stately courtesy which has invested her in our eyes with a dignity which it is not at all certain she possessed. It is difficult for us to believe that these courtly beaux and belles talked little else than gossip, and that in very faulty grammar. It is certain, however, that while the society of the little colonial capital loyally imitated the far-off fashions and manners of the mother country, it caught none of the filthiness which then stained every grade of English social life. The visitor from London found the little community here full of reverence for that unknown sty of abominations, Caroline's court, while they were themselves exceptionally modest, chaste, and God-fearing.

If the guest's taste led him outside of the petty matters of dancing assemblies and social tittle-tattle to the larger interests of the town, he, no doubt, heard at every turn discussion of the young printer, Franklin, who, at work in his shop from dawn until night, going about High Street in his leather apron, was yet already recognized as a leader in the town. People were quite willing that he should bring the tremendous force of his common-sense to bear on the politics of the province, its education, the lightnings of heaven, the properest way to sweep the street, or the best kind of stove for their houses or lamps for the crossings. Added to this common-sense, which actually took on itself the nature of a divine afflatus, the young man had a keen, fine humor of his own and strong personal magnetism. The old respectabilities of the town shivered and shook their heads, but followed him as sheep the bell-wether, made him Clerk of Assembly, postmaster, agent to England to conduct their fight with the Proprietaries, looked on with half-hearted assent as he established his junto or philosophic club, founded the first subscription library in the country, the first fire-company in the province, the first militia regiment, and the acad-

emy, just as, nearly half a century later, they stood back while he, with two or three other Philadelphia radicals, united with Virginians and New Englanders in signing the paper which gave freedom to the country and immortality to the town. Franklin lived in a little house on High Street, which was made an object of wonder to the towns-people by the lightning-rod fastened to the chimney. This rod was attached to a chime of bells in his chamber, that rang violently during storms, to Mrs. Franklin's great terror. The good woman was a faithful helper to the young mechanic —cooked, scrubbed, sewed, and ate contentedly the fare of bread, milk, and vegetables which his economy prescribed. There is a pretty story of how he came down to breakfast one day to find a china bowl and silver spoon in place of the usual twopenny porringer, and how she quietly assured him that her husband deserved china and silver as well as his neighbors.

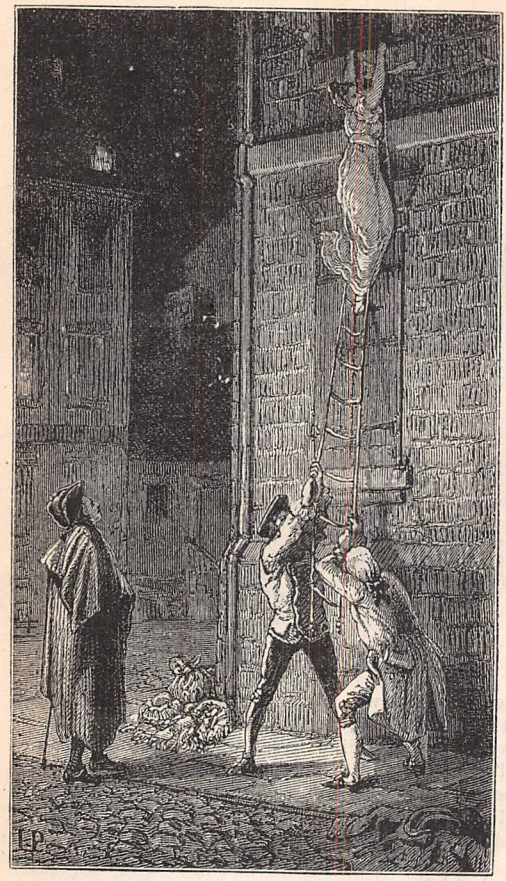
BIRTH-PLACE OF BENJAMIN WEST.

We can readily believe, however, that "good society" did not hold her opinion. Although the town was to a certain extent impregnated by Franklin's dominant intellect, he found its mental atmosphere somewhat heavy and clammy, and breathed more freely in London and Paris among scholars and statesmen who did not understand how to measure him by his leather apron. It is certain he never was in a hurry to shorten his long years of exile.

The recollections of Graydon, a captain in the American service, give us glimpses of Philadelphia from another outlook than that of Franklin's. Graydon's mother kept a fashionable boarding-house in the old slate-roof house, and the boy saw society in its would-be genteel aspect, his mother's lodgers numbering many titled adventurers and British officers, who drank, diced, and swore gallantly, and treated all "mohairs," or colonial civil dignitaries, with an open contempt, which, as Graydon remarks, no doubt did much to nourish the growing discontent with the mother country. Mrs. Graydon, a pretty widow, was "Desdemona" to these young blades, and "Desdy's" son was early inaugurated into the drinking clubs which were then the mode. The theatre, too, just opened over a sail-maker's shop in Pine Street, was a fashionable place of resort. The players waited every morning at the houses of persons of distinction to solicit their patronage. The play began at six in the afternoon, but ladies sent their black slaves to hold their seats as early as four.

About the time of their advent the orderly Quaker city was agitated by a gratuitous bit of theatricals in the scare given by the Paxton Boys. After the massacre of the Indians at Lancaster, this band of ruffians threatened to follow a small number of Delawares who had taken shelter with the Friends in Philadelphia. The good Quakers proved themselves true grit, but were no doubt terribly frightened. The Indians were shut up in the barracks, and the militia, with part of a British regiment, called out for their defense. A half dozen butcher boys galloping in from Germantown terrified the town. Every householder that night was ordered to affix a candle over his door, to help the military to take better aim. The Paxton Boys came no nearer than Germantown, where a few words from sensible Ben Franklin dispersed them; but their name remained a terror to children for two generations. The Indians died by the score, and were buried in pits in the old Potter's Field, now Washington Square.

Before the quarrel with the mother country a little matter made a stir upon the surface of Philadelphia society. Occasionally



THE ELOPEMENT.

a wedding would startle the community into life. The groom and bride, if Quakers, "passed the meeting" twice. Each time, in the houses of wealthy Friends, from one to two hundred guests dined and supped. For two or three days punch and cake were dealt out, says Watson, and all gentlemen who called kissed the bride—sometimes two hundred in a day. For two weeks the wedded couple entertained large parties in state in their own house, sending out punch, cakes, and meats to the neighborhood, even to strangers.

Now and then a caricature by Dove, the ill-conditioned satirical teacher, would be handed about, or the boys from his school would be seen escorting a delinquent pupil through the streets with bell, book, and lighted candles; or the privateer *Britannia*, owned in Philadelphia, would put into port, Captain Macpherson reporting a French sloop captured; or two hot-headed young British officers would go out in the woods, where Kensington now stands, to fight a duel—all of which events made a little bruit and talk. When the printer, Franklin, took his natural son Billy with him one rainy day out to "the commons," and going under a cow-shed (near the place where Thirteenth Street now crosses Ridge Road), sent up a kite in the midst of a thunder-storm, it was not a matter to excite attention in the dancing assembly or Friends' meeting; nor would any body in either have cared to know that a spark passed from the key at the end of the string to his finger. Probably when the story came back to town from Paris, it had acquired more interest, though the ladies appreciated Franklin more highly years afterward, when they heard that he had succeeded in inducing Queen Charlotte to promise to wear in public the silk gown spun and woven in Philadelphia, and sent as a specimen of the manufactures of the colony.

The funeral of a well-known citizen made a solemn silence through the town; and the failure of a man in business produced as deep a gloom. The dwelling of the unfortunate merchant was darkened, his family put on mourning, and their friends wore sorrowful faces, and received condolences as for a public calamity.

The simplicity and meagreness of this social condition belonged, our readers must remember, to the days before the Revolution. When Philadelphia became the capital of the new republic, the Congress and Washington's court attracted into it whatever elements of splendor or state the country possessed. Men of mark and brilliant women then crowded the "houses of the Pennsylvania lords," as Adams calls them; but before 1773 the town, although the largest in the colonies, was isolated, as were the others, and its customs and habits of thought were those of a village.

About the middle of the century young West had an obscure lodging in Strawberry Alley, and painted portraits at a guinea a head—painted signs too, for a few shillings, when portraits and guineas were not to be had—"The Cask of Beer," or "The Jolly Fiddlers." A picture of St. Ignatius, after Murillo, having been captured on a Spanish brigantine by the *Britannia*, fell into the possession of Governor Hamilton at Bush Hill. West copied it, and humored some of his portly patrons by painting them in the attitude of the saint. Mad Anthony Wayne, then a handsome, gallant, showily dressed young fellow, was often seen on the streets with the mild-mannered, apple-cheeked Quaker lad. He brought as many of his fashionable friends as he could persuade to sit for their portraits to the hungry young artist, and it is hinted not only made

a military man of him, but introduced him to charming Miss Betty Shewell, with whom West, in his orderly proper way, fell in love. Miss Shewell's brother, however, being a man with an income, had no mind that his pretty sister should marry a man who had none, and whose occupation was held to be not half so genteel as that of a tailor. He therefore locked Miss Betty up in her room, just about the time that one of the Allens, who was sending a ship laden with grain to the starving Italians, offered Benjamin a passage on her to Leghorn. But love laughed at locksmiths then as now. The Quaker Romeo and his Juliet saw each other, though one was in the garden and the other in the window, and vowed eternal faith. West promised to win fame and money, and his sweetheart promised to come to him to the ends of the earth as soon as he should send her word he had enough of the latter necessary to keep them from starvation. The remainder of the story Bishop White told to Dr. Swift, of Easton, Pennsylvania. West, as we all know, succeeded rapidly in winning both the fame and money, and as soon as he was established first favorite at Hampton Court, sent to Miss Shewell to claim her part of the promise. Her brother was still inexorable, and did not consider a painter, though he were George's Own, a fit match for the daughter of a blue-blooded Philadelphia family. He locked Miss Betty up again in her chamber. The story went out through the town. Popular sympathy was with the lovers; Stephen Shewell was denounced as a tyrant; and many glances of pity and encouragement were cast at the high latticed window behind which was the fair captive maiden. The ship was in the harbor, ready to sail, in which West had arranged that his bride should come to him, under the escort of his father. The day arrived for her departure. At this crisis Dr. Franklin appeared as the good angel, and proved himself quite as competent to direct a love affair as the lightning or the draught in a stove. With Bishop White, then a lad of eighteen, and Francis Hopkinson, he went to the ship's captain, and arranged with him to delay starting until night, but to be ready to weigh anchor at a moment's warning. Old Mr. West was then taken on board, and at midnight Franklin, young White, and Hopkinson repaired to Stephen Shewell's house, fastened a rope-ladder to Miss Betty's window, held it while she descended, and conducted her safely to the ship, which set sail as soon as she was on board. The lovers were married when she landed, and lived long and happily together. But Stephen Shewell never forgave his sister, nor did she or her husband ever return to this country.

The story is romantic enough for fiction, but bears every weight of authority. Dr. Swift states that when he rallied the venerable bishop on his part as knight-errant to this modern Dolorida, he replied that he had done right, adding, with warmth, that "if it were to do over again, I should act in precisely the same way. God meant them to come together."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

WHAT IS YOUR NAME?

A New England Sketch.

I.

IN a chamber in a country tavern, fifty years ago, *the* doctor, whose professional circuit covered Horseshoe Cove and all the precincts thereof within a ten-mile radius, stood carefully and kindly regarding a stranger patient whom fate had thrown into his hands. Bending over the bed, the doctor asked, "What is your name?"

The person thus addressed, if not unconscious, was, as to his perceptions, in a torpid condition. The doctor was not unfeeling—few doctors are; but they see too much of sickness and sorrow to betray any outward and unprofessional manifestation of concern. Maladies and pains are their daily study. Naturally the doctor comes to regard disease as a common enough condition of humanity. The chief interest in a case is that various symptoms indicate the exhibition of different remedies. So the doctor asked the question as a formal preliminary to other inquiries of more importance, if the young stranger could speak. He watched and waited for the answer with a strictly professional and placid countenance.

Not so placid, but, in its way, professional too, was the aspect of Mrs. Wallis, the landlady, fat and fifty, in whose face curiosity, thrift, and some womanly mercy were blended. Deep considerations were at work in her not very expanded mind. "What *is* in his sachel? If there is nothing, who will pay? Will he live or die? Is his sickness *catching?*" The doctor does not think of *his* fee. The landlady must think of her reckoning, for why else should she serve the public? And Mrs. Wallis had a fair share of human inquisitiveness, of female impatience of silence, and of volubility of tongue. Like all free talkers, she was careless what she said or who it harmed. She *must* talk. The chamber was silent, but ominous sounds came from below. Her ear caught the subdued rattle of glasses. She more than suspected that her husband was at one of his old tricks—the serving of impecunious customers with drinks under the specious plea that his own was to be included, and all to be *charged.*

Mrs. Wallis's suspicions imparted a shrewish expression to her features as she listened with all her ears *to* the rattle of glass be-

low and *for* the answer which the patient delayed to make. The sick stranger was a young man—say, twenty-five or thirty—and moaned with pain and fever and delirium. He had not been in the house an hour. He had landed from the stage-coach, stumbled into the tavern, and fallen on the floor. With the quick instinct of a rude nature, Wallis, the landlord, prepared himself for the occasion. He was about to administer the rough discipline due to an impostor who had invaded his premises in a condition for which his till was none the richer. Such a provoking fraud merited prompt ejection, enlivened with kicks. But the practiced eye of the dealer in intoxicants soon discovered that the stranger was not intoxicated. And as, moreover, he had with him a respectable-looking traveling sachel, he was taken up stairs and cared for. Dr. Theophilus Quiner was sent for, and, as already stated, commenced his examination of the case by asking, "What is your name?"

No immediate reply being made, Mrs. Wallis was determined to be recognized in her double capacity of presumptive nurse and actual landlady. The tantalizing noise in the bar below infuriated her, and she piped out in acute accents a repetition of the question, "What is your name?"

"Theophilus Quiner," moaned out the patient.

"Hey! what!" cried the doctor, surprised into a tone an octave above the suave professional key—"hey! what! Who gave you this name?"

"My sponsors in baptism, wherein I was made—" And here the poor fellow's words sank into incoherence and indistinctness. It was evident he was not in a fit condition to be catechized further.

"Curious coincidence!" said Dr. Quiner, puzzled and musing, while the landlady's ears were erect and her eyes sparkled. "But we must be quick," he added, recovering himself. "Warm water for his feet, cold water and towels for his head!"

"Coincidence! I guess so," said the landlady to herself, as she moved off with some show of alacrity, for a heart was hidden somewhere in her adipose bulk—"coincidence! I reckon so. The Scripture says we shall repossess the sins of our youth. Co-in-ci-dence!"

"Hurry, Mrs. Wallis," cried the doctor, from the head of the stairs. "Warm water first."

The patient was gently drawn to the side of the bed, and the water applied to his feet. "Come, now," said the doctor, "cold water and towels." For Mrs. Wallis had waited, and was staring, unnoticed by the doctor, first at the face of the patient, and then at the features of the physician.

"Coincidence! I shouldn't wonder," said the landlady again, as she proceeded for the cold water. "I do think their noses are alike, but I can't get a look at the poor boy's eyes."

"Hurry, Mrs. Wallis," sounded again from the stair head. Mrs. Wallis brought her husband with her, her face all full of malicious intelligence, his only expressing an imperfect wonder at something which he had not fairly taken in. The doctor's calls were so urgent that even Mrs. Wallis's alacrity of tongue and significance of hints and viciousness of nudge had not time to introduce into her husband's sodden pate the idea of which she was possessed. After the patient had been comfortably arranged, the doctor dismissed his assistants. The woman took a long studious look at the patient, as was only natural. The man scratched his head and looked at nothing—as was natural too.

The doctor, as he came down stairs at "shutting-up time," signified to Wallis that he should return and remain all night with his patient.

"Very kind of *him*," said Mrs. Wallis to her husband when the doctor's intention was announced to her; "*very* kind indeed. As if a woman who had seen her own children through scarlet fever and measles could not be trusted to take a night's charge of a vagrant!" Now Mrs. Wallis had mentally devoted the long hours of night to "interviewing" her sick guest, as the phrase now is. The word "interview" as a verb active and exasperating was not in vogue in her day. But Mrs. Wallis intended all that the word in its modern sense implies, and was as much and as righteously disappointed as a reporter to whom the doors will not open. "Very kind indeed," she repeated. "Wonder how long since old Calamy took up the trades of nurse and doctor too!"

"Why, you see," expostulated her husband, "the poor young fellow is a stranger here."

"Just as if I didn't know *that!* But perhaps he *is* more of a stranger to you and me than he is to some other people that might be mentioned."

"Goodness only knows, Ma'am Wallis, what you can be driving and hinting at. You are the beatermost woman for finding a mare's-nest that *ever* I come across."

"Blood *is* blood," continued the landlady, as she tied the strings of her night-cap. "Blood *is* blood, if it does wander round like into amazing crooked channels." And more she said of the same mysterious purport, and more still she would have said, and more directly to the point, if a familiar sound from the pillows had not caught her attention. "I declare to man!" she exclaimed, "if he is not asleep and snoring! Well, it is wonderful, the stupidity of men. But it's none of my business anyhow." Thereby Mrs. Wallis meant that she would make the mystery her especial business.

Meanwhile the doctor dozed in his chair at the patient's bedside, ready to start up upon the least intimation of necessity. He had not fallen asleep without "wondering *and* wondering" how that young man happened to wear such baptismal names as Theophilus Quiner. He knew of no connection who could have paid him the compliment to perpetuate such a name upon a child. The doctor had been nobody's godfather. Perhaps he had scarcely heard the term in his Puritanical district fifty years ago. It could not, therefore, have been for any tie of blood or any connection of marriage or of friendship that the young man stertorously breathing there was doomed to wear to his grave the name of Theophilus Quiner. The doctor knew enough of infant baptism to understand that the family name is not mentioned in that ceremony. And he knew enough of the Church catechism to gather that the poor fellow thought the first two questions in that manual were being put to him. The doctor bethought himself of the sachel. It was locked, and on the name plate were simply graven the initials "T. Q. B."

And in his dreams the doctor dreamed a rebus—a tea-chest, a queue, and a bumble-bee. He waked with his hand holding his own queue, for he was one of the old-fashioned men who wore the hair in a rat-tail; and he thought he heard the buzzing of a bee. It was the hard breathing of his patient. The doctor gently changed the position of Theophilus Quiner, repeating the name as he did so. The young man's eyes opened, but he only murmured "Mother," and fell asleep again.

"Who is his mother? I wonder," said the doctor to himself. Mrs. Wallis was wondering the same thing in her dreams. But she did *not* dream that Dr. Theophilus Quiner could not tell if he would—the dreadful man! And he a member of the church, too, in good standing and all!

II.

"Pretty as a picture," was the village verdict in favor of Rachel, Dr. Theophilus Quiner's only daughter. Hers was not a mere doll-like and childish beauty. The early loss of her mother had forced upon Rachel a development of mind and womanly resource which added a rare charm to her deportment and countenance. When, during Rachel's infancy, Dr. Quiner entered upon his residence at Horseshoe Cove, almost his first introduction was an appeal to public sympathy in behalf of his dying wife. He had since lived on in his widowerhood, and in calm polite defiance of the arts of match-makers and the advances of husband seekers. One of the most importunate of the latter was the present landlady of the village tavern, in those earlier days a village belle. Disappointed of the doctor, she took refuge in the arms of the tavern-keeper, but never forgave the doctor for his insensibility to her charms.

Every body said the doctor's only child would grow up wild and be spoiled, without a mother's care. And those who said this most confidently were those gentle creatures—the future Mrs. Wallis, for one instance—who were ready to sacrifice themselves to the care of a lone widower merely for the sake of his dear child. But every body was mistaken, as not seldom happens. For Rachel, under such untoward circumstances as often prove the best educators, had grown up free and natural in manner, but possessed of innate modesty. She was a creature of such rare grace and wisdom as might have challenged the admiration of a place of much more pretension than the little fishing hamlet where she dwelt. The daughter was a popular favorite. It would be too much to say that the father was also; but his skill commanded confidence, and his character respect.

Accustomed to the professional absences of her father, Rachel awaited his return in the morning without anxiety, and yet, as the old housekeeper thought, with more than usual impatience. She certainly did not like that the breakfast should spoil by waiting, especially the early and extra breakfast prepared to recruit her father after his long night's watch. She was a model housekeeper. And so young Dr. Squills thought—exactly the wife for a professional man. Of him, more anon. What Rachel thought of Dr. Squills might account for the relief she found in pretended impatience about her father's breakfast. There must be a reason found for every thing, and Rachel, country girl as she was, had art enough to let the household put its own construction on the vexed look which, contrary to her usual wont, she had worn all the morning. Her father was her confidant, and she was prepared with a revelation for his ears regarding this same Dr. Squills as soon as he should reach home. The busy Fates had, however, ordained that the said revelation should be deferred, and never thought worthy of being called up.

Dr. Quiner had dozed on in his chair at the stranger's bedside long past the hour when,

> "Like lobster boiled, the morn
> From black to red began to turn."

He wakened from his weary sleep all unconscious of what a pretty kettle of fish at Horseshoe Cove the sun was shining upon. Tarpaulin, the square-built old vendor of fresh clams and other edible products of the cove and the bay, had furnished Mrs. Wallis, the landlady, with a nice fry. He had gone on his way to the next customer lighter in fish, lighter as to his naturally flighty head,

a trifle heavier in pocket, and a great deal heavier in gossip. There is virtue in early rising, and poets say that the old, old story is sung in country maidens' ears at five o'clock in the morning. There is mischief in early rising, for the old, old story of slander and innuendo is told by country gossips before the city folk open their eyes. Mrs. Wallis, whose dull husband would not wait to listen to her, poured her suspicions into the ears of Tarpaulin, and likewise into those of all the bibbers who came for their morning dram. Dr. Quiner bestowed upon the group of early birds who came to catch the worm of the still a look of huge contempt as he passed the bar-room door, and mentally computed the hundreds of dollars which he could not collect from them. Their voices hushed as he appeared. He did not suspect that they were talking of *him* in any way that they wished he should not hear. But if he gave them any credit for shame at being caught toping at that early hour, his moral diagnosis was singularly faulty.

On the doctor walked, conscious of nothing but a good conscience. He had enjoined Mrs. Wallis not to disturb his patient with questions during his short absence. And she, grown more impertinent than ever by daylight, had "humphed" in reply. The ejaculation had no other effect on the doctor than to cause the resolution that he would remove the patient at once to his own house.

Presently, as he walked, he could not help observing that people looked very strangely at him. He took off his hat and examined it, and surveyed himself generally to find what was amiss, but could discover nothing. He overtook old Tarpaulin, in busy confabulation with a housewife who had been pricing fish. Their voices ceased as the doctor approached. The old fisherman, with a leer, bade him good-morning, which was well enough; but added the inquiry, "How are *all* your family?" which was a strange familiarity. The woman reproved him with the exclamation, "Why, Tarpaulin!" and with a silly simper ran into the house. The worthy doctor wondered what could be in the wind; but when once he had passed the fisherman he perceived that the people he met were in their normal condition. The plague, or bewitchment, or whatever it was, had not passed the fish vendor, and the doctor began to suspect that the old merman must be vending something more fishy than fish, and that he, the doctor, must be in some way the subject of it. Innocent mortal! he could not imagine why.

When he reached his own pleasant breakfast he might have observed that Rachel looked like a person very much preoccupied if he had not been himself absorbed in thought. To relieve his mind of the burden upon it was the first consideration. When Rachel heard the remarkable story of the young gentleman—Dr. Quiner was sure he was a gentleman—whose sponsors in baptism had called him Theophilus Quiner (Dr. Quiner could narrate circumstantially), she was the first to propose that the stranger should be brought home at once from "that horrid tavern." The doctor hastened to take immediate measures for his removal.

A "stretcher" was improvised, and a mattress placed upon it. Tarpaulin was pressed into the service, and the aid of other wondering idlers was invited, among whom Dr. Squills pushed himself in professionally. More mystery was at this point added to the circumstances. The senior doctor requested the junior to go back to the office for a moment. Dr. Quiner there transferred to Dr. Squills all his medical engagements for the next day or two, or more, perhaps. In some respects this proposition was to the satisfaction of Dr. Squills, in others to his intense disgust; for *the* case in which all Horseshoe Cove was by this time interested was reserved by Dr. Quiner to himself exclusively.

Rachel, when the "detail" moved off, applied herself instantly to preparing "sick-quarters." The whole household helped with a will. "Something to do," as is not unfrequently the case, had restored Rachel's animation, and chased the cloud from her brow. While her hands were busy, she applied her thoughts to wondering what a *young gentleman* should be like. Rachel's knowledge of people—"society," as the word is—was not extensive. She had among her own sex some approaches to companionship, but of the other she knew only two types of humanity. One was her father; but he was only a father. Of the younger part of eligible mankind she only knew Dr. Squills; and the only idea of a young gentleman she could conceive was a something as unlike Squills as possible.

Landlady Wallis stood in her door looking up the road, shading her eyes from the sun, as the procession approached, Dr. Theophilus Quiner in the lead. She did not at first take it in, but had a vague suspicion that her inquisitorial functions were to be interrupted, if not estopped entirely. She had not quite dared to put the young man to the torture, to discover who he was and all about him; but she had just determined to open that sachel and see. The difficulty was that it was locked. She had already rummaged the young man's pockets and possessed herself of the key, and was making sure that the coast was clear, when the litter arrived. Her fury knew no bounds. "It would be the death of him to move him!" Dr. Quiner took her at a disadvantage by asking her for her bill before all those people, leaving the Wallis male and the Wallis female no opportunity to cook a demand or mix a charge. And he paid it,

too. The poor young fellow who stumbled into the tavern one day sick nigh unto death was carefully removed the very next morning.

But, oh! the wealth and the significance of Mrs. Wallis's suspicions now weighted with confirmation strong! Did not Dr. Quiner pay *that* bill? And why should *he* go about paying stragglers' bills? And why should this particular straggler straggle into the very town where Dr. Quiner lived? No doubt the doctor *had* the best right to pay that bill; but what could you think of such a bold, shameless man? It was to be hoped that the poor young fellow would come out of the doctor's house alive. Stranger things had happened than a death just at the right time. Dr. Squills ought to have that case all to himself, and old Quiner have nothing to do with it. But some folks would find out that some folks could see, even if some folks did put on innocent airs! There was a little confusion in Mrs. Wallis's parts of speech. But the poor soul had been weak that morning, and had taken "restoratives."

III.

Dr. Theophilus Quiner had lived and practiced at Horseshoe Cove about twenty-five years. He came in at the death of a physician celebrated in all that region as a better doctor *drunk* than any other doctor *sober*—a high test of professional capacity once not uncommon in certain districts. Dr. Quiner was from the very first pronounced unsocial. The invitation to "take something" at his patients' houses was always declined. He never indorsed the favorite idea that "sperits" are a panacea. Nay, he had never been known in twenty-five years to take a single glass at Wallis's bar, or to sit down in a social way on one of the hacked chairs of that establishment. This was a course of reprehensible conduct, which was all the worse because on no legitimate grounds could it be reprehended. And then, again, there was the charge of social treason against him—that, charm she never so wisely, neither maid nor widow in Horseshoe Cove could make Dr. Quiner heed her voice.

Young Dr. Squills was not a remarkable personage. He was well enough, as young doctors go, and very much like other doctors expectant who are waiting to step into the older doctors' shoes. Dr. Quiner was by no means anxious to give place to a younger practitioner; but he had the good sense not to protest against what must ultimately happen. So he silently recognized young Squills as his possible successor, and, far from putting any obstacle in his way, quietly turned over to him his most wearisome (and least profitable) business. Fortunate for Dr. Squills, as he thought, was Dr. Quiner's widowerhood, and more fortunate the fact that he had an only daughter. Of course she would be delivered with the other fixtures, perquisites, and good-will. Upon this Dr. Squills counted so confidently that he did not even take the trouble to woo, scarce the trouble to make himself tolerable to, Miss Rachel Quiner. There was, he reasoned, no other chance for her. The minister was married, so was the lawyer, and so was the shop-keeper; and there was among them all never a son for whom Rachel could afford to wait. Even Dr. Quiner himself began to consider the arrangement uppermost in Squills's mind as among things probable. Not so the young lady; for if there is any cause wanting why a woman should hate a man, intimate to her that she is to fall to him as a matter of course or of convenience, and all that is necessary to make her both hate and despise him is supplied at once. And at the very time when, on the evening before, Dr. Quiner was trying to revive his stranger patient, Dr. Squills was receiving his quietus at the hands, or rather at the tongue, of Miss Rachel. Such opposite events may be happening under the same moon even in a quiet village like Horseshoe Cove. The reader will hereby understand, what nobody else but Rachel knows, why on this memorable morning the village belle awoke unrefreshed and with a clouded brow. She kept her secret, for the sufficient reason that the course of events left her no need, opportunity, or temptation to reveal it.

Two days before—or even one—the confidence reposed in him by Dr. Quiner—the granting to Squills a roving commission among his patients—would have been joyfully received as another of the sure indications. But a capital link had fallen out of the chain of circumstances. Dr. Squills had pressed Rachel for an understanding, and had obtained one. And on this very morning his mind had not been at all relieved by the demeanor of Miss Quiner; for her manner showed him that she, at least, had settled the question forever, and that he was of no more interest to her than the pestle and mortar which stood in the corner. He had decided that he would marry Rachel at once, and step into her father's practice. The unreasonable maiden had presumed to defeat the nice arrangement. And the old doctor, notwithstanding his night's vigil, looked good for twenty years more, at the very shortest. Dr. Squills was resolved on doing something desperate—if he only knew what!

He was not long in discovering leading indications. The state of public opinion, as he made his treacherous rounds, was found to be unexpectedly ready for his purpose. Horseshoe Cove, long in incipient rebellion against Dr. Quiner, had now exploded into open revolt. The old doctor had not so much as "stood treat" to Tar-

paulin and the others who had borne the burden of the sick man, to say nothing of what would have been proper conduct to the whole thirsty community. Any man with the soul of a mouse would have recounted the whole case to the public at Wallis's, and would have illustrated it with "glasses round"—more potent to show the points of a case than microscope or any other scientific invention.

Horseshoe Cove was in agitation. Be sure that Dr. Squills did not apply a sedative course of treatment, but rather that he did, under pretense of emollients, apply cantharides. The movement only wanted a leader; and that leader was found in Dr. Squills.

"Oh!"

"Ah!"

"Alas!"

Such were the exclamations that he encountered—all but the third. But as "alas!" is given among the interjections by good old Lindley Murray, we must not misquote him, especially as the people of Horseshoe Cove would have cried Alas! if they had studied the grammar, or remembered after they had learned it. There is a vast deal which passes into the domain of useless knowledge after the young of the human species leave school, but there are certain propensities which never leave the race. And among these is the disposition to rejoice when a man whose blameless life is a rebuke to others comes under suspicion himself. Dr. Squills did not say a word against Dr. Quiner—not he. He only apologized for poor human nature. He affirmed nothing. He only asked questions, and sifted evidence, and referred to the respectable character of his dear old friend, as he still *must* call him. Appearances might be against him, but nobody could judge him unheard. And even if it were all true, he was sure that Dr. Quiner was making the very best amends for the past by his kind solicitude in the present. Much more did Dr. Squills say of the same ingenuous and candid sort. Before night, if the popular indictment could have been precisely formulated against Dr. Theophilus Quiner, it would have run thus: That the sin of his youth had found him out, and followed him to the quiet and refined precints of Horseshoe Cove, said sin coming in the stage with a sachel; that Dr. Theophilus Quiner had boldly conveyed the said traveler with a sachel to his own domicile; and that he, the said Dr. Quiner, was at that very moment in debate with himself whether he should buy the future silence of the said young man, or secure it by means familiar to unprincipled dealers in deadly drugs. All this was plain as the nose on your face. For the young man who declared himself to be Theophilus Quiner, in the hearing of Mrs. Wallis, must, in the necessity of the case, be the son of Theophilus Quiner, M.D., and of no one else—except his mother. What say you, gentlemen of the jury? Guilty or not guilty? "Guilty," said Tarpaulin. "Guilty," said Wallis. "Guilty," said they all.

"Gentlemen, I beg—" faintly expostulated Dr. Squills.

"Oh, you be quiet!" said Mrs. Wallis, peeping and listening at the bar-room door. "You doctors all stand up for one another. There's no doubt you and old Quiner will go shares in making a 'natomy of him!"

Dr. Squills shrugged his shoulders in a deprecating way, and walked off, in happier frame of malicious mind than he cared to seem. Meanwhile Dr. Quiner and his household, in utter unconsciousness of all that was going on without, had carefully disposed of their patient, whose stupor had not yet been relieved. The doctor was unremitting in his attention, and his daughter in her anxiety. The patient's sleep became more natural; and as the morning wore on, he was evidently finding rest. As Rachel watched at his side she saw his eyelids trembling, and touched her father's arm. Slowly the eyes opened. The doctor thought their expression was most re-assuring. And the daughter thought that the gentle wonder of those hazel eyes was one of the pleasantest puzzles into which she had ever looked.

IV.

Life at Horseshoe Cove did not so much abound in incidents that Rachel Quiner could have been indifferent to her unexpected guest, even had he been an old man and ugly. But he was young and, Rachel thought, handsome. Moreover, her father had announced him to her as a gentleman; and children are always ready to believe their parents when they find it agreeable to do so. It was now the morning of the second day. Dr. Quiner said his patient was getting on famously. We shall not undertake to define his disease, as we are not writing for a medical journal. If we have a medical reader, we wish him success in giving the case a name.

It was a cheerful morning. The doctor was cheerful. Rachel was animated, and prettier than ever. And they both stood at the patient's bedside. The young fellow awoke, and turned from one face to the other with a puzzled look. "Where am I?" at length he asked.

"Among friends," said the doctor. "But you must answer a few questions from me before I let you ask any. What is your name?"

"Bartlett, if I have not lost it and every thing else."

"Bartlett," repeated the doctor—"Theophilus Quiner Bartlett."

The young man looked weary and perplexed.

"I see you wonder," the doctor continued, "how we know so much. Now tell me, have you a father living, and where?"

These questions answered and the purport jotted down, the doctor said,

"Now shut your eyes close. Rachel, give him his medicine and darken the room. Go to sleep again."

The young man complied, or seemed to do so; for of all helpless creatures a reasonable man, faint and sick and weary, in the custody of strangers, however kind, has the least idea of resistance.

The doctor went away to write and post a letter, which he would have written before if he could have found the key of the sachel. Mrs. Wallis knew all about *that*.

"Bartlett," said the postmaster, as he took in the letter—"John Bartlett." And then he put the letter in his hat and walked over to consult the justice of the peace before he mailed it. "There was no knowing," as they both said, "*what* might be wanted as evidence." Dr. Squills was consulted. He was not *sure*, he said, but he thought there was an eminent lawyer of that name. At any rate, when he graduated there was a smart young fellow in his class who afterward read law.

Oh, Dr. Quiner, hoary-headed sinner! But you are in a fair way to be found out. So the people said and continued to say, the nine days' wonder dying out only to be revived by some new "audacious" circumstance. The climax of outrage upon public propriety was reached when, about two weeks from the date of the arrival of the stranger at the doctor's house, Dr. Quiner had the effrontery to take the convalescent out to ride.

That two weeks had furnished rather a pleasant sick-room experience to Theophilus Quiner Bartlett. The injunction to silence, darkness, and rest faded into oblivion. As the young man gained in strength he increased in the modest assurance which goes far in obtaining indulgence for sick persons, especially for such as are neither ugly nor peevish. He soon demanded that his nurse should sit where he could see her; and while he seemed to sleep, his eyes took in wonderfully well at stolen glances the young lady's every feature and expression. And as to Rachel herself, was she not charged to watch her patient? At the very first glimpse she had of him he was a study to her; now he was more interesting than ever. She had heard his voice and learned the color of his eyes—keys to character without which much can not be known or even imagined of any body. It is very doubtful whether the young couple could fix the date when they first began to talk to each other. But the sick-quarters were soon enlarged by the addition of a sitting-room. There the invalid rested in state in an easy-chair, and the family flitted in and out, and frequent appetizing lunches were served by the faithful nurse. They lived a lifetime in a week, and it seemed in their innocent and easy confidence as if they had always known each other.

There is an end to every thing, even to being an invalid. Bartlett had the run of the house. And he had free use of his tongue. And he had cut his way into his sachel, and brought to light his vouchers and credentials. He imparted to his kind hostess the tradition of his Christian name; and as New England youth are wont to contend for their faith, he explained to her Puritan ears the meaning of his catechetical reminiscences when during his delirium he was asked his name. There were Episcopalians in New England fifty years ago, though few and far between, and religious topics have always been legitimate confidential themes in a State which owed its foundation to religious scruples. Rachel could not help being convinced that the "Church with a bishop" can have some worthy adherents. How could she doubt, with such an advocate before her?

But we will reserve particulars till we shall have welcomed to Horseshoe Cove John Bartlett, Esq. He reached the doctor's residence just at the time when Theophilus Quiner, M.D., and Theophilus Quiner Bartlett were incensing the propriety of Horseshoe Cove by riding about with the gig top down in full view of the virtuously outraged community. Mr. Bartlett was no classmate of Dr. Squills, but thirty years his senior. He was no criminal lawyer, but a country squire, *quasi* farmer, whose real profession was the cultivation of bonds and mortgages. He had answered the summons to his son's sick-bed as early as the imperfect mail and coach service of fifty years ago would admit. In the absence of her father, Miss Rachel received him. After the first questions and answers, by which the visitor understood that his son was recovering, and that the young lady was Dr. Quiner's daughter, Mr. John Bartlett said, "It is wonderful, Miss Quiner, how vividly you recall the appearance of your mother at your age. She was a beautiful woman, and as good as beautiful—"

"You mistake, Sir," said Rachel, smiling, "my mother was not my mother at my age."

"And as cheerful and witty as her daughter is now," continued Mr. Bartlett, smiling in his turn. "You are right not to have your years overstated. Theophilus is two or three years older than you are."

Why in the world does the young woman blush? What was his age to her? Her father, who now entered, followed by the young convalescent, noted Rachel's embar-

rassment, and turning to learn the cause, was warmly greeted by Mr. John Bartlett. Bartlett junior, the hero of the hour, came in for his share of hand-shaking, and Rachel, still crimson, made her escape. The announcement of dinner gave the thoughts of all a practical turn, and Rachel, as hostess, was at her post, calm and self-possessed.

They are an unconscionably long time at the table, and certainly enjoy both their meat and their words. Out of the topics of that pleasant interchange of notes and memories, and the professions of gratitude, met by more blushes on the part of Rachel and by bluff disclaimers on her father's part, the reader will thank us for presenting a summary.

Some thirty years previously to the date of our story there came to an out-of-the-way settlement a young physician, traveling with his young wife. That physician was Dr. Theophilus Quiner, with the world before him where to choose.

Next came another couple, farther advanced in the experiences of wedlock, but not much. Their only child was but a few months old. To all appearance, the infant did not promise to add many days, not to say months, to his living record. So slight was his tenure of life that his parents had not seriously decided on his name. This party was made up of Mr. John Bartlett, wife, and child.

Mrs. Bartlett was profoundly melancholy, and, of course, helpless. Mrs. Dr. Quiner was cheerful and efficient. Her husband was skillful and hopeful. Under their influence, and that of a healthy atmosphere, the child revived and returned home with his parents. Dr. Quiner discovered that the field for his profession was not a promising one. After due surveys he found his way to Horseshoe Cove. There Rachel was born and her mother died, and there the doctor lived on and labored, as hereinbefore related.

In his own cares and perplexities the sick child and his parents passed entirely out of Dr. Quiner's memory. But the Bartletts did not so easily forget the doctor. In the first flush of their gratitude they decided to commemorate the services of Dr. Theophilus Quiner by inflicting his name upon the infant. And so the child became Theophilus Quiner Bartlett. If any uncourteous reader presumes to doubt, the writer hereof informs him that this baptismal gratitude is the one literal fact around which all the poetry and imagination of this history cluster.

The child grew and flourished. Whether or not the gratitude of his parents influenced the choice of a profession for him as well as a name, he had at the opening of our sketch the right by diploma to the title of doctor. The two families had lost sight of each other until the road-side mishap to young Bartlett. By that adventure, while yet his parchment was new, and *hic jacet* had not been inscribed over his first patient, the sick man revived between the families the acquaintance which was commenced over the sick baby.

They have risen from the table at last, and are out upon the veranda. Mr. John Bartlett is devoting himself assiduously to Miss Rachel. His son eyes him askance, with an aspect which, if not ferocious, is certainly not filial. But, as the French say, "What would you have?" Mr. John Bartlett is an old man, and to old men is conceded the right of being gallant. He is, moreover, a widower of a couple of years' standing, and widowers claim the privilege of gallantry, whether it is conceded to them or not. And he is only talking about young Bartlett all the while. "Your mother," he was overheard to say, "saved the child's life, and you have saved the man's." Much more he added to the same purport, never forgetting how much he, the father, owed to Rachel for her care and hospitality to the son. Rachel could only blush and protest.

But Bartlett junior felt that *he* was quite as much indebted to Rachel and to her mother before her as any other person, even his father, could be. Perhaps his apprehension was quickened by the recollection of certain experiences, said to be common in widowers' families, demanding prompt and decisive yet prudent action on the part of widowers' children. He embraced the first opportunity to let Rachel know that all the gratitude was not monopolized by his assiduous parent. Probably he embraced more than the opportunity, for the tree under which the couple stood was out of window range. In fine, Bartlett junior made a flank movement on Bartlett senior. He spelled grateful to Rachel in a superlative degree, but in five letters. He offered to consolidate his obligations by a contract, sealed then and there, and afterward to be clerically affirmed and witnessed. And then he went and sought her father, for she said he might.

"Rachel!" said Dr. Theophilus Quiner, calling his daughter into his study the next morning—"Rachel, is not this thing rather sudden?"

Rachel hung her head.

"Hey, Rachel?" the doctor persisted.

"Why, father," said Rachel, "it is really the only way in which I can get rid of the old gentleman!"

Dr. Theophilus Quiner's loud laugh shook the gallipots, and almost waked the snake preserved in an old dusty bottle.

In this year of grace, 1876, we learn that Dr. Squills is dead. But he built a mansion as his monument, from the profits of the sale of the Universal Tautological Catholicon, for which not only children cried,

but adults thirsted. In this celebrated preparation the taste of "new rum" was disguised without impairing its exhilarating properties. Poor old Mrs. Wallis, before she died, indorsed it as "the sovereignest thing on earth," though not in those precise words. Perhaps she said "beatermost." The Squills mansion, now in process of dilapidation, is tenanted by forty families. Wallis and wife retired to it, and died there, and so did old Tarpaulin. One day the old fisherman sent for Dr. T. Q. Bartlett. He was *in extremis* when the doctor came. "Take down that old ditty-bag," he said, pointing to an old canvas sachel with a round bottom.

The doctor did so, and pricked his finger in drawing out an old rusty mackerel hook.

"Try again," said the fisherman.

The second haul was a little old brass key.

"Ma'am Wallis told me to give you that after she was dead and gone." Farther the moribund deponent said not, on that or any other subject. It was the key of the doctor's valise, and opened a long and interesting conversation between him and Rachel his wife. Their chief regret was that neither of their fathers was alive to aid them in their revival of the past.

Dr. John Bartlett, son of Theophilus, is just introducing *his* son into practice. What once was Horseshoe Cove is now a city by the sea, and the young man has a fine field for tentative essays, especially upon the nerves of summer visitors. He is not afflicted with his grandfather's baptismal names—for there is a limit to respect, even for ancestry.

BEFORE, AT, AND AFTER MEALS.

THERE are some people who affect to treat with the greatest contempt all the processes of eating and drinking. Like old Sir Thomas Browne, the author of the *Religio Medici*, they seem to think an operation which is common to man and brute is quite below the dignity of the human being. They would wish that so spiritual-minded a creature were constituted in such a way that he might continue to exist and thrive without the groveling necessity of thrusting his nose and chaps into vessel and platter. While, however, the consciousness of the possession of a stomach and a sense of its cravings remain, there is no one, ethereally inclined as he may be, capable of dispensing with the solidities of beef and pudding.

What science, with all its marvelous powers, may be able in the course of time to do for aspiring man, it would be presumptuous to attempt to assert or deny. Whether the *cordon bleu* of the cook is to be given to the chemist, and the kitchen be turned into a laboratory, and human beings are destined to take in directly from the nozzle of the retort or the stop-cock of a Florence flask the due proportions of oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, and other elements which the philosophers tell us compose, in the abstract, the essential nutriment of the body, who can venture to say? In the mean time, however, while awaiting the further revelations of science, hunger and the requirements of living demand the frequent use of the familiar knife and fork, and a sufficient supply of the gross and commonplace materials of which human diet in the concrete consists, and it behooves us to use such imperfect means as are provided in the manner most conducive to health and enjoyment.

The inclination to eat and drink is deemed by most people all that is requisite, provided they have the means for the purpose, for doing either one or the other, or both. Appetite for food is undoubtedly essential to its enjoyment, but a good deal more besides is required for its proper digestion.

A right choice and preparation of the articles to be eaten are, it will be considered by all, necessary for the due performance of this process of digestion, but few seem to recognize the fact that the condition of the eater, apart from the health and appetite which may be conceded to him, is also of importance.

Most people in this country, where every thing is treated as if it was in the way of something else, and disposed of in the quickest possible manner, hurry to and from each meal with a dispatch which seems to abolish time. Its relation to the "before" and "after" is not recognized, but the whole process of American eating is but one undistinguishable flash of knife and fork.

Every solid repast should be regarded as an affair of deliberation, not to be disposed of any more than a serious negotiation without its due preliminaries and proper ratification. A certain period and formal mode of action are required for both, and may be regarded as essential to the wholesomeness of a meal as the soundness of the appetite and excellence of the food.

No one who has any knowledge of and regard for a horse sets before him a full manger of oats and bucket of water just as he comes in panting and sweating from the race or day's work. Not until he has been rubbed down, covered with a dry blanket, his mouth washed out, and he is cooled, refreshed, and allowed half an hour or so to recover his natural equine composure, is he permitted to plunge his head, as horses will, into the profundities of abounding manger and overflowing bucket. Man, in this country at least, treats himself less rationally than he does his beast. He allows no pause between his own work and meal. He rushes, with all the heat and agitation of business

upon him, straight to the bar-room trough or restaurant slab; and while the sweat of labor is still dropping from his brow, and his whole frame is tremulous with excitement, he is wallowing with a voracity equal to, and a discretion less than, that of his horse, in the ample mangers of food and buckets of drink, rarely so innocent as water, usually provided for the self-styled intelligent human being.

If the breakfast were always the light and unceremonious meal it generally is in most parts of the continent of Europe, it might be disposed of without any preliminaries. When, however, it becomes the substantial and serious repast of Scotland and the United States, it should not be approached without due formality and preparation. In France and Germany the light roll and diluted *café au lait* which constitute the first refreshment of the morning may be safely taken as soon as the consumer is sufficiently wakeful to be conscious of an appetite. We doubt the propriety of "walking on an empty stomach"—an odd phrase, but very well understood, notwithstanding Sydney Smith's droll inquiry, "Upon whose?"—or, in fact, of making any effort calling upon the serious energy of body or mind, without having satisfied to some extent the first cravings of appetite. Most healthy people, after the long fast of a sleepful night, are no sooner awake than they feel a certain emptiness of the stomach, which seems to require an immediate supply of food to remove the sensation of discomfort and the indisposition to activity which usually accompany it. This feeling, however, though it may have the longing of appetite, is seldom associated with the vigor of function essential to good digestion. The organs for some time are affected with the apathy of the long sleep to which they have been subjected, and require to be aroused before they become equal to the execution of their proper offices. On first arising, or even awaking, in bed, let the eager consumer, if he will, take his bit of bread or sip of coffee, for the merest morsel of food or driblet of drink will suffice to relieve the sense of emptiness and craving of his stomach. His comfort will be promoted and his condition invigorated at once for the subsequent operations of the day, whether of work or diet. Let him, however, by no means venture to assault the solid fortifications of beefsteak, mutton-chops, veal cutlets, ham, eggs boiled, scrambled, poached, and stiffened into omelet, with the heaped-up outworks of hot biscuit, hominy, and fried potatoes, upon which the American appetite daily exercises its astounding prowess, until he is awakened to a full sense of the enormity of the undertaking, and in wide-awake possession of all his faculties of appetite and digestion.

The ordinary American breakfast is, in fact, too various, substantial, and abundant for any one meal. Its lighter parts should only be consumed in the early morning, and its heavier reserved for the noonday luncheon, or *déjeuner à la fourchette*. If, however, our countrymen will persist in taking, like the boa-constrictor, their whole food in one swallow, they should be prepared for the undertaking. They must be up betimes, wide awake, and shake off all the accumulated lethargy of the night by brisk exercise in the fresh air for half an hour, at least, previous to sitting down before and attempting the strength of the usual American breakfast. Who, even then, would guarantee the most robust against the chances of an overthrow by that ever-lurking enemy, the dyspepsia?

Besides the brisk walk or other rousing exercise during the interval of half an hour or more between waking from sleep and eating, a full draught of pure water will be found an excellent means of not only insuring the regular performance of an essential function, but of sharpening the appetite and invigorating the digestion for a substantial breakfast.

Woman, who, in this country at least, has an equality of dietetical privileges with man, whatever may be her relative condition in other respects, shows no less disposition than he to enjoy them freely. To eat the solid meal is as much her prerogative, and she exercises it with no more reserve; but how, with the usual habits of female life, its pampered indolence and weakness, she contrives to do so is a marvel of feminine accomplishment. That the delicate being of ideal ladyhood, who might be supposed hardly capable of eating "just so much as you may take upon a knife's point and choke a daw withal," should be equal to the consumption of the American breakfast, shows, indeed, a remarkable dietetic capacity. Mark, too, with what careless confidence and recklessness of consequence she will attempt and perform the formidable feat. Before she is well awake, and while still reposing on her couch, she will often undertake it, as if it hardly required a conscious effort.

It is not desirable that women should subsist exclusively upon a diet of rose leaves; but while they pass the inactive lives they do, it is hardly safe to venture upon any more substantial food. Those who would eat like a horse must do something of the work of a horse. Close stabling, soft litters, with full mangers, are quite incompatible with vigor and health of condition.

With the consummation of the American breakfast on the conscience, and a full sense of its weight on the stomach, it might be supposed there would be no disposition, for many hours at least, to provoke nature to a

further trial of its patience and powers. The early dinner, however, in this country generally succeeds to the solid breakfast, and while the digestion is still in the throes of its struggle with one antagonist, it is called upon to wrestle with another. It is not surprising, therefore, that it should be often worsted in so unequal a contest.

It may be questioned whether even a man of the most robust constitution and active habits of life requires more than one substantial meal, of which meat constitutes the chief part, in the day. There can be no doubt that the men and women whom neither occupation compels nor taste attracts to severe out-of-door exercise could better sustain such health and strength as they may possess by one solid repast daily than by more. If such people, however, will persist in duplicating and even triplicating their daily acts of voraciousness, it behooves them to prepare themselves duly for each successive strain that will surely be demanded of their powers of digestion.

Though, as a general rule, when the meals are moderate in quantity and of an easily digestible kind, there should be an interval of about five hours between them, a much longer period ought to be allowed to intervene between the ordinary solid American breakfast and the usual substantial dinner. If the former is taken early in the morning, the latter should not be attempted until late in the afternoon. During this long interval, which is necessary for the digestive powers to recover their full activity, absolute fasting, however, is not advisable. If the breakfast has been eaten at about eight o'clock in the morning, toward noon or a little later there will be a sense of emptiness and a flagging of strength, which require relief. To give this, a very small quantity of food only will be required, and it ought to be of the mildest kind. A cup of *bouillon*—plain beef broth—free from fat and hot condiments of all kinds, with a bit of toast or well-baked bread, is the best possible restorative for the occasion. The half dozen of raw oysters, with a biscuit or two, so universally relished by the American palate, may be allowed, provided the peppery sauces and still more inflammatory drink which commonly accompany them are eschewed.

A substantial dinner, eaten during the hours of a business pursued with the eagerness it generally is in our stirring cities, is fatal to good digestion. This requires a freshness of bodily energy, a calmness of nerve, and an ease of mind which are seldom to be found in the bank parlor, the exchange, or the counting-room during their periods of activity. The chop-house and restaurant systems of dining, which have been adopted to economize time and supply the necessaries of life which the niggardliness or unskillfulness of our American homes has failed to provide, are responsible for most of the broken-down constitutions and premature deaths of the business people of this country. The facility with which their ever-ready spreads can be reached, and such provisions as they offer consumed, does away with all the necessity of preparation for or deliberation in dining. With a hop, skip, and a jump the merchant is out of his counting-room, into the eating-house, and before the ink is dry in his ledger he is drenching himself with brandy-and-water at the dinner table. With the sweat of labor and the tremor of business anxiety and excitement still upon him, he begins his hurried play of knife and fork, and it is so soon over that he is again at his desk before the effects of the care and work he took away with him have had a chance to disappear. He has in the mean time almost unconsciously gorged his stomach, having filled it with every thing at hand that it blindly craved for. Digestion—an operation which demands a concentration of nervous energy to which exhaustion and agitation of all kinds, and especially mental anxiety, are particularly unfavorable—is hardly possible under the circumstances. Business and eating can be carried on together, as may be daily witnessed in our mercantile quarters, but the result is sure to be some blow, sooner or later, fatal to health or life.

The home dinner presents the conditions most favorable for good digestion and all its beneficial consequences. In a well-ordered family the usual preliminaries to the chief meal of the day are just such as predispose to its satisfactory enjoyment and healthful assimilation. The gathering together of the members of the family, after the morning's separation and the completion for the most part of their daily work, re-awakens the domestic sentiment, and inclines to social pleasure. The worry of business and the anxieties of personal responsibility yield to the delights of companionship and the soothing effects of mutual sympathy. The master of the house, be his occupation what it may, is especially benefited. The scene of his life is at once entirely shifted, and we can conceive of nothing better calculated to refresh and invigorate all his vital powers, in fact, but especially those of digestion, than a daily recurrence of this change. From the world and its cares he is welcomed to his home and its enjoyments, and, for a time at least, loses in the tender embrace of wife and children all sense of the painful struggle of the day, while he is strengthened for that of the morrow. However desirable, in some respects, an early dinner may be, it is, we think, advisable for men of business to defer this meal to so late an hour that it may be eaten at home, and no further work of the day allowed to in-

terrupt the full enjoyment of its benign domestic influence.

There are the decent proprieties, moreover, which belong essentially to the well-ordered home dinner, which not only heighten its pleasures, but render it more healthful. There is the preliminary refreshment of the toilet, not only securing cleanliness, but compelling delay before sitting down to the table, and thus preventing that dangerous practice of eating and drinking when fevered with the heat and agitated with the flurry of excitement and exercise. There is no part of the toilet before dinner more important than cleansing the teeth and thoroughly rinsing the mouth—operations which are hardly practicable in the hasty "down-town feed," but which no nice person would fail to make a preliminary of his deliberate domestic meal.

The cigar, if permissible at any time, should never be smoked within the two hours preceding any solid meal. If it is, it will not only deaden the appetite, but pervert the taste and weaken digestion; and yet it is no uncommon practice to take a cigar at the very moment of starting out for dinner. When this meal is dispatched in the restaurant, the last puff has hardly passed away, and the taste of the fetid remnant is still clinging to the mouth, while the first morsels of food are being swallowed. Nicotine has never been commended, so far as is known, either as an appetizer or a condiment, but is universally believed to be a nauseous poison. Should the dinner be eaten at home, the cigar will be thrown away, at least by most decorous persons, at the door-step, and there will be some chance of its vile smack passing off in the course of the anteprandial purification.

All provocatives of the appetite in the form of "bitters," absinthe, and glasses of sherry are hurtful to digestion, and especially dangerous to morals, for nothing is more conducive to habits of intoxication. Strong spirituous or vinous drinks are probably hardly ever safe, but they are certainly never so when taken into an empty stomach, and especially at the moment just as it is ready for a hearty meal, and its powers of absorption are at their height.

Dressing for dinner, as that process is generally understood by our dressy dames, is by no means a preparation favorable to the enjoyment of a hearty meal and its good digestion. The constraints of the fashionable costume, with its constricted waist and multiple pressure upon the very organs the free service of which is imperiously demanded on the occasion, are hardly consistent with the full reception of the necessary food or an easy disposition of it. If the old epicure, with all the looseness of male habiliment, is irresistibly led, toward the third course or so, to fumble about the lower buttons of his tightening waistcoat, it is not conceivable how a woman, bound in with all the tightness of fashion, can eat at all, or make the attempt, without bursting.

Some worthy persons—plain folk, as they would term themselves—denounce all formalities of diet as so many fashionable frivolities and provocatives to prodigal expense and sensual indulgence. They scorn all the refinements of eating and drinking. They will not sit down to table with the silver-fork gentry, but prefer the company of Hodge and his friends and their rude simplicity. They refuse to rise to the appreciation of the æsthetics of diet, and rest

"Content to dwell in decencies forever."

There are many who believe that a regard for the delicacies and elegancies of eating and drinking implies the encouragement of an undue fondness for them. They insist that it tends to make mere belly gods of human creatures, causing them to live that they may eat, instead of eating that they may live. They are, however, mistaken; for a gross manner is more conducive to gluttony than the most refined styles of satisfying the requirements of appetite. The boor's meal is nothing but feeding; that of gentlemen, with its formalities, its mutual courtesies, its pauses and occasions for talk, is not a satisfaction of hunger only, but a refined social enjoyment. Love of guzzling can alone be the result of the former, while the latter will further all the best influences of decorous companionship with our fellows.

A sense of complete ease of body and mind is essential to the full enjoyment, as it is to the thorough digestion, of a meal. All anxiety and serious mental preoccupation are hinderances to nice gustation and discriminating appreciation of food. The appetite and all the senses which wait upon it should have free play, undeterred by any distraction of nervous force, to concentrate their full powers in the fruition of the food, which, if properly prepared, will appeal to their most delicate sensibilities. The eye, the nose, the tongue, the stomach, and the system generally, in fact, must be allowed to awaken to those pleasurable sensations which a well-ordered meal, with its agreeable vistas, savory odors, appetizing tastes, assurances of satisfaction, and circumstances of comfort, is so well calculated to excite.

Thackeray, on sitting down to one of Delmonico's consummate spreads, exclaimed, "Now, boys, don't let us say a word." This showed, undoubtedly, a nice appreciation of the good things before him, and a general sense of the requirements for the satisfactory disposition of a choice feast. Though serious discourse of any kind, involving the wrangle of argument or the tediousness of long narrative and stolid sermonizing, should

be banished from the table and be relegated to the political hall, the bar, the newspaper office, and the pulpit, whence they usually come, entire silence while eating is by no means desirable. "Chatted food," says the old proverb, "is half digested," and there is no doubt that quiet and agreeable conversation at meals increases enjoyment and facilitates digestion. The crisp remark, the brisk banter, the tart gossip, the spicy anecdote, the sparkling wit and bubbling humor, when served up in the intervals between the various courses of a meal, have all the exhilarating effect of wine without its dangers, prevent dull pauses, and sustain that lively flow of the animal spirits so favorable to the due performance of every function, especially that of the stomach and its associated organs. The intrusion, however, of serious discourse and topics of business requiring deep thought and awakening grave reflection or anxious emotion is fatal to good digestion.

The reputation of many a wit, humorist, and philosopher is greatly due to their sayings at the dinner or supper. From Rabelais down to Charles Lamb eating and drinking have ever been associated with wit and humor, and they and Johnson, Burke, Sheridan, Rogers, Sydney Smith, Hook, and many others would without their table-talk lose half their fame. Ben Jonson was in his best and merriest mood over his sack or ale, and is it not Shakspeare himself who speaks of "setting the table in a roar?" These were all, for the most part, hearty and thriving feeders, and who can doubt that the Attic salt with which they seasoned their feasts stimulated the taste, excited desire, and strengthened the digestion which waits on appetite?

Ease of body is as essential at the table as ease of mind. The ancient Romans showed a high sense of the physical requirements for comfortable feeding by the practice of reclining at their feasts. The moderns, of this republic at least, stand at theirs, and nothing could better illustrate the total disregard by the American of the essentials of enjoyable and healthful eating and drinking. We need not dwell upon the obvious indecorum of a crowd of human creatures rushing to a meal like a herd of swine to the swill trough, jostling and pushing each other aside, and every one striving with his hungry competitors as to who may be the foremost to thrust in his paws and mouth and get the first supply of such slush as the restaurant bar usually offers to its voracious frequenters. Men feeding under such circumstances can hardly be more discriminate in the choice of their food than the hogs which they so much resemble in action, and would need the devouring power of these brutes to digest the messes they gulp down.

There may be some excuse for hungry travelers, with only the hurried minutes spared to them by railroad speed, getting their food and swallowing it running, struggling, or standing, as they best can; but even these had better exercise the strictest abstinence during a journey than resort to such hasty, higgledy-piggledy methods of *satisfying* the appetite as railway directors have in their authoritative wisdom sanctioned. In fact, under any circumstances of the most comfortable provision possible for the traveler, he had better not eat *en route* any substantial meal whatsoever. The fatigues of travel will be easier borne, and with less risks to health, if he confine himself to a few of the simplest articles of food, to be carried with him and eaten at leisure.

A certain degree of ceremony in serving a meal is favorable to its enjoyment and digestion. It will be wise to adhere to the conventional "three courses and a dessert." This is commended from no disposition to encourage luxurious living, which is not by any means implied, for a dinner composed of the most ordinary and least expensive articles of diet admits of order and decorous arrangement, though Hodge, who scorns all the refinements of eating and drinking, and as he shovels in with his knife his daily heaps of diet, in which fish and meat, roast and boiled, pie and potato, are confusedly mixed together, will insist that it makes no difference, and triumphantly ask, "Don't they all go into the same stomach?" It is true that they finally do; but food requires something more than merely to be cast into that convenient receptacle with the indifference that so much stuff is thrown into the garbage box. Food, not only to please the taste, but properly to satisfy the appetite and give full nourishment to the body, ought to undergo various processes besides being swallowed before it passes into the stomach. The teeth should masticate it—a duty to which American grinders are often recreant—that it may be thoroughly broken up and softened; the tongue and the muscles of the mouth should turn it over and over again, that it may be well mixed with the saliva, and move it to and fro slowly and frequently in contact with the palate, that it may be thus allowed to discriminate and enjoy its flavor. These are important preliminaries of the enjoyment and assimilation of food, and can not be duly performed by any hurried higgledy-piggledy mode of feeding. The orderly meal, with its regular number of courses of separated articles of diet, alone supplies the time and establishes the distinctions necessary for the proper performance of all the varieties of eating and drinking.

The desires and all those functions of the body more or less under the control of the will are greatly furthered by setting a fixed

time for their gratification and performance, and keeping it punctually. This is especially so in regard to appetite and digestion. A certain hour should be set for each meal, and be kept to the minute. When once the habit of regularity in eating and drinking is established, the desire for food and the power of digesting it present themselves always in their perfection at the appointed time and no other. If this should be anticipated or delayed, the meal will neither be thoroughly enjoyed nor assimilated. When circumstances compel irregularity, care should be taken to humor, as it were, the temper of the stomach, which is sure to be deranged by the least intrusion upon its usual moments of rest from work, or by neglect of a punctual call when ready for activity of service. If the meal has necessarily to be eaten in advance of the habitual time, it will be prudent to reduce its dimensions to much less than those of the regular one. If, on the contrary, there is delay, a morsel of bread or biscuit or a cup of *bouillon*, taken at the moment when the meal ought to be and is ordinarily eaten, will serve to stay the stomach and sustain its strength and patience for the postponed action and enjoyment.

The conventional hour allowed to the workman for his dinner is little enough, but it is, however, not only often encroached upon by the greediness of gain, but seldom given up wholly to the purpose intended. A much longer time should be spared for the family dinner, which can be readily done, especially if the meal is taken in the evening, after the exacting work of the day is over.

There was once a practice universal among those who called themselves gentlemen of turning out of the dining-room—with a bow, it is true, but none the less peremptorily—all the ladies as soon as dinner was over. Then closing up every thing but a free communication with the cellar, they began, with never-ceasing supplies of bottles of fiery port, Madeira, and sherry, to test each other's utmost capacity for strong drink and powers of resistance to its intoxicating effects. The trial lasted until the endurance of the drinkers yielded to the strength of the drink, and its potency and their comparative weakness were manifested by all the varied phases of intoxication. Some fell senseless under the table, while those remaining above, if not so prostrate in body, were no less besotted in mind. These raised, balanced themselves as best they could, and staggered away at last to the company of the ladies in the drawing-room, where they hiccoughed nonsense and maudlin sentiment over their tea, if not too stupefied to be able to talk, or too brutalized to be allowed to do so. This barbarous and disgusting practice hardly exists any longer, unless it may still linger, with some compulsory modifications, in the hall of some rare specimen of the generally extinct fox-hunting and deep-drinking Squire Westerns of England.

Apart from the brutality of the process and the disgusting effects of drinking to excess after dinner, or at any other time, in fact, there can be nothing more hurtful to health than to flood the stomach with wine, spirits, or any other liquid immediately after filling it with food. It should be left undisturbed, that it may fulfill its function of digestion, the powers of which, it might be supposed, the substantiality of an ordinary good dinner, as it is termed, would strain to the utmost without any supplementary labor. Wine should only be drunk, if ever, as a beverage in the course of the meal, and neither it nor any other stimulant taken by a healthy person as a provocative to appetite or an aid to digestion.

A good many people profess to derive permanent benefit, as they seem to do momentary comfort, from the *demi-tasse* of coffee. We doubt its utility generally, and certainly it has the particular disadvantage, after a late dinner, of tending to sleeplessness, especially when not drunk habitually. The cup of tea or coffee should be taken immediately at the close of the dinner, or put off sufficiently long to form a part of another and considerably later meal. Nothing either solid or liquid should be swallowed during the intervals between the regular repasts while the stomach is occupied with the process of digestion, which is sure to be interrupted and disordered if in the course of its advanced stages it is called upon to begin fresh work.

As a general rule, the somnolency so common after a hearty dinner should not be encouraged. There are cases in which, in consequence of some nervous peculiarity or derangement, it is difficult to obtain during the night the required quantity of sleep. In such as these the *siesta* may be indulged; but when there is nothing exceptional in the condition of the person, calling for supplementary occasions for sleeping, it will be better for him to postpone it until its proper time in the night. The after-dinner nap has never the same refreshing effect as the ordinary sleepful repose of the night. The inclination to it comes rather from the oppressiveness of satiety than from the weariness of exhaustion, and is more like stupor than sleep. On waking from it there is generally felt a sense of weight about the eyes and head, not infrequently accompanied by dull pain, and other indications not wanting to show that the state is one more closely approaching *coma* than healthful repose.

The *siesta*, too, is an expensive indulgence, for its half hour during the day will cost two hours of the night's sleep, which, moreover, will lose much of its soundness and benefi-

cial influence. All persons in robust health, and especially those who are ordinarily recognized as being of a "full habit of body," should resist somnolency after a hearty meal, for it predisposes to apoplexy and congestive affections of various kinds.

As we have ventured to dispute the first clause of the time-honored proverb, "After dinner, sleep a while," so we shall not hesitate to question the narrow limitation of the latter, "After supper, walk a mile." Moderate exercise, whether it be walking or any thing else requiring gentle physical effort, provided it is not carried to such a degree as greatly to heat or fatigue the body, is beneficial after every meal, be it light or substantial. A gentle stroll in the fresh air immediately after dinner is infinitely more conducive to good digestion than the usual state of torpor into which the man replete with dinner, in common with the gorged anaconda, is apt to sink.

Every one should so subject himself to the laws of good living as to make obedience to them the habit of his life. There is nothing more calculated to derange physical function of all kinds than the constant interference of the mind with its performance. This is especially true in regard to the digestion, which, like a good workman, does its systematically ordered labor well and thoroughly, but becomes perplexed and inefficient if officiously meddled with. An orderly domestic management, securing a selection of wholesome food, skill in cookery, nicety in the appointments and regularity in the formalities of the table, and that social intercourse of the well-regulated family which not only takes away the grossness of feeding, but adds to the delight of refinement the satisfaction of health, will offer just the requisites to wholesome living. There will then be no occasion for inquiring as to the healthfulness of this or that mode of eating or drinking, or the digestibility of this or that article of food, or the raising of any question which may disturb the mind with anxiety about the needs and capabilities of the body, which is so apt to derange the functions of the digestive organs. We say with Shakspeare,

"Let us dine and never fret."

[The following lines were written many years ago by Richard Monckton Milnes, now Lord Houghton, who has been quite recently traveling in the United States. Naturally enough, they gave great offense to some of the dignitaries of the Established Church in England, and one of the consequences was that they do not appear in the later edition of his works. The copy from which we print was furnished by Lord Houghton himself to a friend who had once read the lines, and had tried in vain to find them in print. He has kindly allowed us to place them before our readers. Are there any church dignitaries or church-goers in this country whom these verses can offend?]

THE CHURCH OF THE WORLD.

By RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (LORD HOUGHTON).

I stood one Sunday morning
Before a large church door;
The congregation gathered,
And carriages a score.
From one outstepped a lady
I oft had seen before.

Her hand was on a prayer-book,
And held a vinaigrette;
The sign of man's redemption
Clear on the book was set,
Above the cross there glistened
A golden coronet.

For her the obsequious beadle
The inner door flung wide.
Lightly, as up a ball-room,
Her footsteps seemed to glide:
There might be good thoughts in her,
For all her evil pride.

But after her a woman
Peeped wistfully within,
On whose wan face was graven
Life's hardest discipline,
The trace of the sad trinity
Of weakness, pain, and sin.

The few free seats were crowded
Where she could rest and pray.
With her worn garb contrasted
Each side in fair array.
"God's house holds no poor sinners,"
She sighed, and walked away.

Old Heathendom's vast temples
Hold men of every state;
The steps of far Benares
Commingle small and great;
The dome of Saint Sophia
Confounds all human state;

The aisles of blessed Peter
Are open all the year:
Throughout wide Christian Europe
The Christian's right is clear
To use God's house in freedom,
Each man the other's peer,

Save only in that England
Where this disgrace I saw—
England, where no one crouches
In Tyranny's base awe—
England, where all are equal
Beneath the eye of Law.

Yet there, too, each cathedral
Contrasts its ample room;
No weary beggar resting
Within the holy gloom;
No earnest student musing
Beside the famous tomb.

Who shall remove this evil
That desecrates our age—
A scandal great as ever
Iconoclastic rage?
Who to this Christian people
Restore their heritage?

THE LAST DAYS OF ROYALTY IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

I.

ON a pleasant May afternoon, more than a century ago, pretty Frances Wentworth sat reading a letter in a room in Wentworth Hall. The apartment was grand with all the magnificence of the time. The wood-work was of oak exquisitely carved by hand, the walls were richly tapestried, the centre of the oaken floor was covered with a square Turkish rug. The remaining furniture was the fashionable furniture of the day—as stiff, as clumsy, as uncomfortable as can well be imagined.

In one of these chairs sat the young girl, simply attired in white. An expression of unqualified delight rippled with smiles her beautiful mouth. The picture is exquisite in its repose and perfect harmony, and I linger over it lovingly. A soft breeze stirred the tender foliage of the elms, and the checker of sunlight and shadow lying upon her form and beyond it on the floor shifted in response. The same zephyr bore through the open window the heavy fragrance of unseen lilacs. Far beyond in the slanting afternoon light glistened the waves of the Piscataqua and the sea, while the Isles of Shoals lay a faint blue line in the horizon.

It was the spring-time of the year and the spring-time of the heart. The subtle underlying thought that makes spring fair with a beauty above and beyond its actual tangible beauty—the thought of bleak winter left behind, and of coming summer, with its wealth and fruition—had its counterpart in the thought of what might lie in the young girl's future. She was young and beautiful, and the pet of a large, wealthy, and influential family, held in no mean estimation at the English court. What were her thoughts as she sat reading this letter?

"My dear Cousin,—I am loath to send you this letter, as you know I should much prefer to come myself. My father has guests here from Ipswich, and I am needed in the compting-house. They will return to-morrow morning, and to-morrow night I shall have the honor of assisting in the celebration of my uncle's birthday, and the sweet pleasure of meeting again my dear cousin. My dear uncle and all kind friends at Wentworth Hall will accept my most cordial and attached salutations.

"Your very affectionate cousin,

"J. Wentworth."

To ordinary eyes, it was only a simple note of extremely slight consequence; to Frances Wentworth, every word bore a hidden and precious meaning. She had read it till she knew it by heart, and yet it still lay open before her, and her pleased eyes rested on its "you know I should much prefer to come myself," and its "sweet pleasure of meeting again my dear cousin," with a joy that did not pall. By-and-by she raised her eyes from the letter and turned them toward the lawn, where, here and there upon the rich greensward, the sunlight lay in warm golden bars. Was she dreaming of future glory, and was it that that made her eyes bright with a sudden glow? And was there anything prophetic in the regret that burdened them with tears as her gaze wandered farther and farther away until it rested on the hazy Isles of Shoals?

Soon they brightened again, for youth is the season of smiles and tears—an April field over which flies sunshine and shadow.

II.

It was the anniversary of the Governor's birthday. Men out at sea descried the glow of the windows of Wentworth Hall, and knew that some stately merry-making was going on within its walls. The soft stars shone above it, the warm south wind scarcely stirred the branches of the trees which surrounded it. Within, the grand room glowed with the light of costly waxen tapers. The walls were adorned with garlands of common flowers, while in costly antique vases were rare and brilliant exotics. In the tiled fire-places were green boughs and branches of flowering shrubs. The aristocracy and beauty and wealth of Portsmouth were assembled there.

The feet that danced the stately figures that night, the lips that framed courteous salutation and witty repartee, the eyes that beheld so much elegance and beauty, have returned long since to the dust from which they sprang; but the descendants of those old famous families still walk the quiet streets of the aristocratic town, and their willing lips repeat many a tradition of its old-time grandeur.

Among the guests assembled that night at Wentworth Hall there were two with whom my sketch has most to deal—John, son of Mark Wentworth, of Portsmouth, and his cousin Frances, daughter of Samuel Wentworth, of Boston. She was still a school-girl; he was many years her senior, and about to leave this country for England. He was the son of a merchant, and had been bred in the mercantile business, but he was also a scholar, being a graduate of Harvard. His manners were extremely graceful and elegant, and bore the impress of truth, for they sprang from a good heart. His gentle and easy address was all the more charming in that it did not conceal an effeminate nature. Like the grass which covered the granite of his native hills, his affability was a graceful covering for his Wentworth pride and firmness. His cousin Frances did not endeavor to conceal her admiration for him. That would have been a difficult matter, for her nature was frank.

"You show your fondness for your cousin a little too plainly, Frances," said an intimate friend of the family, as Mr. Wentworth made the former his bow at the close of a

dance, and went to pay his *devoirs* elsewhere.

"Well, fondness is a more amiable quality than jealousy, *Miss* Elizabeth," retorted Frances, coolly. "Besides, one may be fond of one's cousin, I suppose, and, as near as I can judge, the affection is mutual, and that, I believe, isn't always the case."

Miss Elizabeth understood, and blushed uncomfortably.

"You are a very impertinent child, as well as a spoiled one, Frances, and 'tis a great pity that some elderly lady couldn't have the charge of you for the next few years. If you continue to have your own way until you are eighteen, nobody will love you."

"Hadn't you better apply for the situation? Perhaps you could teach me, from experience, how hearts are won. I think my cousin is the most elegant man in the room, and I know you think so too, and 'tis a pity he should have asked me three times to dance, and you not once. Next time I'll refuse him, and tell him the reason."

"Are you sure he'll invite you again?" asked Miss Elizabeth, sweetly, while her eyes sparkled with venom.

"Can you doubt the evidence of your senses?" returned Frances, with exasperating *nonchalance*, as she saw the object of their little tilt approaching.

Mr. Wentworth offered Frances his arm, and they went toward the outer hall together.

"Will you get your shawl and come out on the lawn?" he asked. "A number of persons are there; we shall not be alone."

"And what if we were?" asked Frances, with heat and defiance still in her voice. "Whose business would it be? All of a sudden every body is saying to me, 'Frances, you're not modest;' 'Frances, you're making yourself ridiculous;' 'Frances, your cousin is a very honorable young man, as men go, but the best of them are vain and—oh, well, you'll see the folly of your conduct by-and-by!' I'm sure I don't know what they mean—the horrid, spiteful things! I treated you just the same last summer when I was at Uncle Mark's for vacation, and nobody took any notice. What makes the difference, John?"

She stood looking up at him with eager eyes and flushed cheeks. She had motioned, meantime, to a slave to bring her shawl, and stood with the costly Indian fabric hanging across her arm and trailing upon the oaken floor.

Mr. Wentworth looked down at her with gentle eyes, in which lurked, in spite of himself, something of amusement struggling with gratified vanity, and, with a smile that was infinitely kind and re-assuring, only said, "Don't mind them, Fanny."

He took the shawl, and wrapping it around her shoulders, offered his arm, and they went out of doors. Ladies and gentlemen in groups were promenading up and down the avenues, and sitting on rustic benches under the trees. The night was intensely sultry—more like July than May.

"My head aches," said Frances, "and I'm tired of these people. Every body is tiresome and disagreeable to-night except you. You never are. What's the reason, John?"

"I'm too fond of pleasing, I suspect," he replied, with quiet amusement.

"Are you fond of pleasing people you *hate*?"

"I don't think I *hate* any body, Fanny. It is too great a waste of time and temper."

"What do you do, then, when you find people so disagreeable and exasperating that you'd like to snap their heads off?"

"I'm sorry for them, with all my heart, because I know that they are much more uncomfortable than they can make me. There isn't much substance, after all, Fanny, in any of the unkind things people can say to us and of us. If we're only honest, and *do* what we believe to be right, we don't have much *real* trouble in the long-run."

They were moving away from the lawn in the direction of the garden; as he uttered these last words they entered it. The air was laden with the fragrance of lilacs, a few early roses, and other old-fashioned flowers which one sees now occasionally, and which recall traditions of that by-gone time as powerfully as an old portrait or square-necked brocade dress. They strayed down the path to the summer-house which overlooked the water.

"I don't think it is best to go in; do you, Fanny?"

"Yes; come along, please," replied Frances, imperatively and coaxingly.

So they went in together and conversed on many subjects. They spoke of the happy days they had spent together, of his intended departure for England, and of his return in a few years, and how glad they should be to see each other. By degrees Frances recovered her equanimity.

"This is better than the crowd, isn't it, John?" she said, presently. "It's very queer, John: I like people and pretty dresses and dancing and music and games *ever* so much; but I don't think that all of it put together is as pleasant as hearing you talk and being out here in the dark with you in the garden."

"O innocence of childhood!" exclaimed Mr. Wentworth, laughing outright. "Frances, you're well named. Be careful how you make such speeches when you're a few years older."

Here they were interrupted by footsteps crunching over the gravel.

"It is Cousin Theodore," said Frances, peering out. "Theodore, I suppose you're looking for me. Next time I go to a party, I'll go labeled."

"I'm sorry to interrupt you," answered Theodore, meekly; "but Miss Elizabeth said you left the house an hour ago, and asked me to look you up, as she was afraid you would take cold."

"You go back and tell Miss Elizabeth that my cousin John is taking very good care of me."

III.

John Wentworth sailed for England. Many an eye was wet at the parting; for he had not a few warm friends, and a voyage to Europe was a hazardous undertaking in those days. Perhaps among all the crowd of friends and acquaintances assembled on the wharf to bid him godspeed, none bore a heavier heart than his little cousin Frances. She fancied she should not see another happy day until his return. She had yet to learn that time mercifully lessens all griefs. If it were not so, how many of us would live to grow old? The accumulation of dolorous burdens would cause the most of us to sink down exhausted before middle age. The fact that in a little time we accustom ourselves to think resignedly of the death and absence of friends is not a fact to regret or be ashamed of, but thankful for.

Frances Wentworth, after a few years, left school and became the queen in the circle in which she moved. As time passed, and she ripened into a beautiful womanhood, she had many offers of marriage. Finally, to every one's surprise, she decided in favor of her cousin Theodore Atkinson. That she had been as much in love with her cousin John as she could ever be with any one she did not once doubt; but he, perhaps, had forgotten her. He had been several years in England, and there was no prospect of his return. Her family were anxious for the match, Theodore was as much attached to her as was possible to a person of his nature, and in a moment of weakness, acting against her true, pure instincts of right and wrong, Frances gave her consent. She led the same kind of life with him, I suppose, that other women lead with husbands to whom they are indifferent, and season succeeded season.

In the year 1766 Governor Benning Wentworth, who had been in office twenty-five years, was removed in favor of his nephew, John. The Province had long groaned under his iron rule, and the Stamp Act caused an open revolt. John Wentworth, the last of the royal governors of New Hampshire, received his commission as "Governor of the Province and Surveyor of the King's Woods" on the 11th of August, 1766.

IV.

Portsmouth was on the *qui vive*, and after several hours of impatient waiting, was rewarded by the appearance of a brilliant cavalcade which rode at stately pace up the principal street. The jubilant populace, in holiday attire, thronged the sidewalks, and occupied every available window and doorway. The crimson cross of St. George fluttered overhead, repeated from roof to roof. Cannon thundered, bells rang, music played, hearty *vivas* rolled resonant up the long street, and the man to whom was extended this joyous welcome rode in the midst of the *cortége*, bowing graciously right and left. Over all, in a stainless sky, stood the sun at high noon. The bright spring day, the sincere joy of the people, the very moment itself—the moment of noon—were auspicious to the new royal Governor. Added to the *éclat* of family prestige, he had been preceded by a reputation of gentleman, scholar, and practical man of business. His well-known character gave promise of wise and good rule. The procession gradually disappeared, the tumult lessened, the throng dispersed, and shadows crept slowly across the quaint streets. Toward the close of the day, at the conclusion of the august ceremonies, the procession waited upon the Governor to his residence, where an affectionate family eagerly longed for his appearance. Late that evening he went to the house of his cousin Theodore. He had not seen Frances yet, for she had been detained at home by a sick husband. He waited in the drawing-room while a servant went to announce him. Presently a beautiful woman, attired in rich brocade and gleaming with jewels, entered the room.

"Frances! is this my little cousin? I have fancied you beautiful, but not like this."

"And you—you are scarcely older than when you went away, and not married yet."

"No, not married yet, Frances. I had always thought of you as my wife, and unreasonably supposed you understood my feelings and would wait."

"A woman doesn't understand *that* until she hears it, Cousin John."

"And when I heard that you were married to Theodore, I said to myself, 'John, you will go to your grave childless and wifeless,' and went on with my work."

Mrs. Atkinson looked at the Governor a moment in astonishment, then her eyes grew blind with thick hot tears.

"What have I done! What have I done!" she exclaimed, bitterly. "Oh, what have I done! You, with all the glory they have heaped upon you, are not happy, and as for me, I am wretched. I committed a sin in marrying Theodore, for I knew I did not love him as well as I was capable of loving. Young as I was, John, I believe I loved you before you went to England better than I have ever loved him. And now—*now* I am punished. O God! the wretchedness of knowing it might have been!"

"Well, all regret is vain. Now let us

bury the past, and not forget that, wretched as we are, any step to relieve our wretchedness would only increase it. We will bear our fate with brave hearts, Fanny dear; for it shall never be said a Wentworth was a coward."

"That is true, John. It would be unpardonably selfish, to say the least, for us to let a proud name touch the dust."

Men and women of the world will hardly believe, perhaps, that a famous belle, and a gentleman of brilliant talents and accomplishments who was familiar with the dissolute court of George the Third, laid firm hands upon the passion in their hearts and bade it be still.

Great men do not lie upon beds of roses, and the bay and laurel often conceal a crown of thorns. During the same month in which Governor Wentworth arrived in Portsmouth was passed the famous bill levying duties upon tea, glass, etc.—the odious spirit of the Stamp Act in a new guise. Also one in July, for establishing the Board of Trade; and still another, making illegal any act not compliant with the requisition of the Mutiny Act. This arbitrary taxation roused anew the old fire of revolt, which had smouldered since the repeal of the Stamp Act on the 18th of the preceding March. Governor Wentworth, owing to his own strong personal influence, in addition to that of numerous and wealthy connections, and the crown officers for a time repressed the indignation of the people of his Province. Faithful to the interests of the English crown, of which he was a sworn servant, faithful also to the interests of the provincialists where those separate interests did not clash, he endeavored to preserve his integrity in his narrow way between two parties. He was soon to prove the truth of the saying that one can not serve two masters. While these first low mutterings of the yet far-distant Revolution were echoing from Maine to Georgia, Theodore Atkinson lay dying. Frances, sitting at his bedside, and noting the slow passage of time, pondered during many a weary watch upon the condition of her country. Governor Wentworth found that the exercise of power was not sufficient to bring happiness to his lonely heart. Flattered and deceived by the temporary acquiescence of the people, he followed the instincts of his heart—the instinct of all energetic souls in grief—that of *hard work*. He determined, as soon as spring opened, to commence the exercise of his prerogative of Surveyor of the King's Woods. He adhered to his purpose, and one day having penetrated as far as the region near which stands the present town of Wolfsborough, he found the reward of his exertions in the landscape which lay spread out before him. The incomparable beauty of the place fascinated him. Hope, the spirit of spring and peacefulness, the spirit of the place, suggested to him the idea of a home in these wilds—a place of retreat from the cares of state. That very year the plan ripened into execution. He erected a magnificent house near the eastern shore of the lake, known by the Indians as the Smile of the Great Spirit. In its neighborhood sprang up the scattered dwellings of farmers, who, encouraged by him, had emigrated from England and congregated from different parts of the Province.

V.

On Saturday, the 28th of October, 1769, Theodore Atkinson, Jun., one of his Majesty's Council, and Secretary of the Province, departed this life. The funeral took place on the following Wednesday. It was a solemn day in Portsmouth. By order of the Governor public buildings were draped in mourning, flags were hung at half-mast on the vessels of war in the harbor, and during the procession to the family tomb in Queen's Chapel, all the bells were tolled, and the boom of minute-guns from Fort William and Mary shook the town.

On a rainy November evening, a few days later, Mrs. Atkinson, in deep mourning, sat before her drawing-room fire. The cheerful flames leaped and darted and roared up the wide windy flue, casting flickering grotesque lights and shadows upon the portraits and oaken panels and ceiling. Her cousin, the Governor, was announced, and she arose and went down the room to receive him. He led her back to the hearth, and they both seated themselves before the ruddy blaze. For a while each was silent—seeing pictures, perhaps, in the coals, for in each heart memories of the olden time were stirring. Since their last unfettered private interview, on their uncle Benning's birthnight years ago, in the summer-house at Wentworth Hall, how much had transpired! How still the house was! The slow ticktack of the hall clock and the occasional dropping of a coal were the only sounds. It was as if the presence of death still lingered in the room above. Presently the Governor's voice, low with repressed emotion, interrupted this solemn silence.

"Frances, I beg your pardon for what I am going to say, but speak I must. Will you allow me to ask you a question which will probably strike you as extremely inopportune?"

"Certainly," replied Mrs. Atkinson.

"Of course you remember my arrival in Portsmouth two years and a half ago, and the brief interview we had that night?"

"Yes."

"Have you changed since then, Frances?"

Mrs. Atkinson sat for a moment with downcast eyes, but her reverie had more the character of reflection than lover-like bashful-

ness. Finally she raised her large beautiful eyes, and flashed a splendid glance upon him.

"There's nobody listening, John, so there's no need of pretending that you don't know exactly how matters stand," she said, with something of her old childish straightforwardness and impatience.

"Very well, then, Frances," he said, with the old amusement at her bluntness in his eyes, "I will come to the point. I love you. Will you promise me your hand after your period of mourning has passed?"

She looked at him a moment meditatively, then looked down, and did not answer for a moment. Presently she stood up, a splendid light glowing in her eyes. The Governor instantly arose also.

"John, you're the first man in the Province, and fond of glory, or else you belie your name."

"Yes."

"Honor and power are not all-satisfying?"

"No, Frances."

"You are a lonely man, in spite of your hosts of friends and the glory of Wentworth Hall?"

"Yes, Frances."

"I no longer owe Theodore any thing, do I?"

"No."

"If I should say yes, should you wish the two years were gone?"

"We are all impatient when we love. Yes."

"Very well. A week of waiting is a year when one loves. So my two years' mourning shall be just two weeks. I love you, John, with all my heart. I have loved you ever since I can remember. I've expiated my sin in marrying Theodore—for it *was* a sin—and next Saturday, please God, I'll be a *happy* wife at last."

He clasped her in his arms and showered a hundred kisses upon her lips.

"*My* Frances! mine at last!" he exclaimed. Presently, in calmer tones, but with his arms still folded about her, he said, "I understand your generosity, but you shall not make a sacrifice of yourself. How Portsmouth would talk!"

"Nobody will *dare* to use *my* name in gossip," replied Mrs. Atkinson, freeing herself from his embrace, and drawing her form up until it seemed as if all the pride of all the Wentworths was condensed in her attitude and eyes. "With regard to Theodore, I've kept the law of God and man to the letter. *Now* nothing but law shall stand between us and happiness."

"There spoke your father's daughter," said the Governor, looking at her with admiration, and catching the fire of her independent spirit.

Thus it happened that Mrs. Atkinson realized, after many years, the sweet dream of her early girlhood. They were married on Saturday, November 11, 1769, by the Rev. Arthur Brown, in Queen's Chapel, and entered upon an eventful life together.

About a month after his marriage Governor Wentworth granted the charter to Dartmouth College. With the opening spring the spirit of resistance again showed itself in Portsmouth, but was subdued.

In June, 1774, a cargo of tea from England was brought into Portsmouth Harbor. It was immediately returned. Soon after, another cargo arrived, consigned to the same person. The result of this was a riot. The indignant citizens broke the doors and windows of the consignee, compelling him to apply to the Governor for protection. Up to this moment the magnetism of Governor Wentworth's personal influence had held the Province in restraint, but the star of his popularity had reached the zenith, whence it rapidly declined. In direct opposition to his orders, the Provincial Assembly invited deputies from the various towns to meet in convention at Exeter in order to elect delegates to a General Congress of the American colonies. In his letter to the English ministry at that time he sorrowfully acknowledged the fact that New Hampshire had taken side with the other colonies. In September the Continental Congress met at Philadelphia. At this time Boston was occupied by British troops. They were destitute of barracks, and no carpenters would work for them. In this extremity, General Gage applied for aid to Governor Wentworth, who secretly employed an agent to hire carpenters in Portsmouth. This act was the death-blow to his already failing popularity, and he became only nominal Governor, the real power being vested in a Committee of Safety. Following upon this, one disturbance after another kept the Province in a turmoil, and thus the winter of 1774–75 passed away. Governor Wentworth, in his speech to the Assembly on the 4th of May, desired them to adopt such measures as would tend to secure a final reconciliation with England, and he laid before them Lord North's propositions of peace. In order to consider this advice, the House adjourned to the 12th of June. After this, the Governor retired to his seat on Lake Winnipiseogee. Here he occupied himself in the pursuits so congenial to his nature—the planning of roads, the improvement of his farm and the farms and general condition of the neighboring families. Meantime the Revolution was making rapid strides in New York, but New Hampshire was outwardly quiet.

VI.

In the midst of this rural repose the Governor's confidential servant made his appearance. A large gathering of the country people was assembled at the Governor's

house, and watching and participating in their merry games, and engaging in grave but pleasant conversation relative to agriculture, the Governor had almost forgotten that he also was not a simple farmer. Suddenly his ears, which almost unconsciously had been strained for weeks to catch the sound of approaching danger, heard, above the confusion of careless and merry voices and all the cheerful stir that filled the grand rooms, a sound that was the death-knell to all royal festivities there. No one else noticed, but he heard the clatter of approaching hoofs. A moment later a servant whispered in his ear that some one was waiting to see him in the Government House. Begging his guests to excuse him a moment, and leaving the house and passing through the garden, he entered the apartment where he had spent so many hours in the serene past planning for the prosperity of his Province.

"What has happened, Thomas? Make haste and let me know the worst, for I must return to my guests."

"Your Excellency, three days ago General Gage issued a proclamation declaring all Americans in arms rebels and traitors, but offering a free pardon to all who returned immediately to their allegiance, excepting John Hancock and Samuel Adams, whom, he says, he will send to England to be hung. The news of the proclamation reached Portsmouth the next day. Some of your Excellency's enemies have made bold to say that Hancock and Adams shall never be hung, or, if they are, that they will retaliate. Their intention is to seize you and some other loyal subject as hostages."

"Has it come to this!" exclaimed the Governor, when Thomas ceased speaking. "And from a people to whom I have been a true friend!" he added, with a tinge of bitterness that was but natural. "Well, remain here until the party breaks up. I would not have them see you. I must have time for thought before I arouse suspicion. I will send you some refreshments, and then you can rest yourself on that couch." Saying this, he returned to the house, and moved easily among his guests until the great hall door closed on the last, an hour later. Then he offered his wife his arm, saying, "The night is almost too fair to squander in sleep. Come into the garden, Frances."

For a few moments he hesitated to tell his wife what had happened, and they paced silently up and down the quiet walks. It was a June night, warm and still and sweet. The dew-laden shrubs and flowers emitted that double fragrance which night distills. The landscape stretched away, dim and mysterious in the light of the setting moon. The distant lap of waves fell softly upon the ear—a sound so low and monotonous that it seemed only to heighten the solemn calm. Wordsworth has spoken of

> "The light that never was on sea or land."

It is the sweet rose-color with which the imagination of youth invests the future. Another light, as sad as this is sweet, is that magical but mournful beauty which dawns over every thing when we are about to bid it a final farewell.

Presently the Governor told his wife that Thomas had come to warn him of danger, and explained that danger. "And now," he said, "there is much to do, and only to-morrow to accomplish it in, for we must fly to-morrow night."

"And something tells me we shall never return," said Mrs. Wentworth. "For a few hours, John, this pleasant home is ours. Whose will it be to-morrow night, when we are fugitives? Let us have one more little hour of happiness here. Come down to the bridge." He silently acquiesced, and they went down the narrow path together.

"What are your plans?" she asked, presently.

"I can form but one that seems feasible," he replied. "I don't wish to start before to-morrow night, because that will enable us to arrive in Portsmouth under cover of darkness. To-morrow we must make all necessary preparations. On our arrival we shall go at once to the fort, to place ourselves under British protection."

"What a situation that will be! In your own town, under protection, from death, of your country's enemies! Oh, John, the wheel has turned! I can't tell how I know it, but our brightest days are over."

They had reached the little stone bridge, and stood under the black shadow of a large willow, whose pensile branches touched their tips in the water. Out beyond the shadow was the star-lit lake and the dim outlines of the opposite shore and hills.

"I came down here this morning," said Mrs. Wentworth, "and the shadow seemed grateful, and the water looked so shallow and clear that I could count the yellow stones lying at the bottom. But to-night the shadow seems ominous, and the water is as black and fearful as if it were a thousand fathoms deep. I wish we hadn't come. I would rather have remembered the pretty spot as it looked in the sunshine. *Now* the recollection of it will always be gloomy. Why are you so still, John?"

"I was thinking of something that happened years and years ago. Some subtle association has recalled it."

"What is it?"

"Don't you remember that birthday party of Uncle Benning's just before I went to England?"

"Yes, well. It was my first."

"You and I were in the summer-house,

and you made one of the frank speeches for which you were famous in those days."

"I don't remember."

"It was this, and it is singular it should come to me to-night. 'It is very queer, John, but I like people and handsome gowns and dancing and music *ever* so much; but all of it together isn't as pleasant as listening to you, and being out here in the dark with you in the garden.' They were the thoughtless words of a child, Frances, but you see I've remembered them."

"It's as true now, John dear, as it was then," said Mrs. Wentworth, in a tremulous voice, as she drew closer to his side. "All these years have been full of people and dazzle and glitter and sweet sounds, but, dear, if the coming years are all out in the dark, they'll be pleasant if *you* are with me."

He stooped down and kissed her, and then said, "Come; the dawn is breaking."

They turned toward the house, and took up the burden of the first in a long series of weary, doubtful days. During the forenoon hasty verbal invitations were issued to the neighboring farmers and their families, requesting their presence at the Governor's house early in the evening. News traveled slowly in those days, and the inhabitants of that secluded and remote region were ignorant of the events which had recently transpired in Massachusetts. About sunset they arrived, and then the Governor explained to them why he had called them together. In conclusion he said: "I must leave you for the present, but, I hope, *only* for the present. When happier times return, I hope to return with them." When he had finished, there was hardly a dry eye in the room, for Governor Wentworth had been to these simple, warm-hearted people what the patriarchs of old were to their families. They went, one by one, to bid him farewell, and not a man of them all but felt a pang at the parting, whatever his political sentiments were. After that they went slowly, in little groups, out of his presence, and, as they went, turned their backs, all unwittingly, on royalty forever. That night Governor Wentworth, with his wife and child, left their pleasant home among the hills, and two days later placed themselves under British protection at Fort William and Mary. Ten weeks of wearing suspense followed their arrival. The Governor, being determined, come what might, to be faithful to the crown, calmly awaited the issue of events. With Mrs. Wentworth it was different. She was a true and devoted wife, but there was not a heart more loyal to American liberty than hers. There was something generous in her nature, or the fact that her countrymen had threatened her husband's life would have imbittered her against her country. Time wore slowly on to July. On the 3d, Washington took command of the army at Cambridge. On the 11th, Governor Wentworth, trusting that the rebellion would be crushed by that time, sent a message from the fort to the Provincial Assembly, adjourning it to the 28th of September. On the evening of the 23d of August, the Governor decided to leave the fort. His wife's health was evidently failing, and if they continued there, might become seriously impaired. On the evening of the 24th, they took passage in the frigate *Scarborough* for Boston. As the vessel moved slowly away from the fort, guns were fired —the last that were ever to be fired in that harbor in Governor Wentworth's honor, but that he could not know. The night was warm, and the Governor and Mrs. Wentworth remained on deck until a late hour. For weeks the political condition of the country had been their sole topic of conversation. To-night their talk was partly of that, and partly of their life in Portsmouth before these troubles began. How remote now seemed those halcyon years! As they talked, the shores so dear to each receded, and were lost in night and distance.

Governor Wentworth remained in Boston some weeks. Then the man who, less than ten years before, had made a triumphant entry into Portsmouth, with every prospect of a brilliant career, landed on the desolate Isles of Shoals. Water-worn rocks surrounded him, while above loomed a leaden sky, and at his feet roared the angry waves of the equinox. Here he read a proclamation adjourning the Assembly to the next April. This was the final act of his administration, and low overhead circled the seagulls, his most attentive auditors, uttering their shrill screams prophetic of storms.

A few weeks later, on the deck of an outward-bound vessel, holding his little son by the hand, and supporting his weeping wife upon his arm, stood John Wentworth, the last royal Governor of New Hampshire. A damp wind was sweeping the deck, and the boy complained of the cold.

"Take him below," said the Governor to an attendant.

The two stood looking westward, and presently observed that the gray pall of cloud lifted in the horizon, and that a golden sunset broke through. It gilded the spires and roofs of Portsmouth.

"It is a good omen," said Mrs. Wentworth. "God bless thee, my country—God bless thee!" she exclaimed.

They gazed with straining eyes at those beloved shores as they lessened and faded in the distance and early gloaming. Then the Governor, turning away with a sigh, said, wearily, "Come, darling, it is too cold for you on deck."

With one last look, through a blinding rain of tears, at the shores she was leaving

forever, and sobbing, "Exiles! exiles!" Frances Wentworth turned away and followed her husband.

VII.

A little eastward of Lake Winnipiseogee are ruins that still attract attention—the ruins of an elegant English mansion. Tradition says that a fine lawn surrounded it, and that orchards and gardens swept away from its rear. Dissolving time has left of the house only the cellar. This is choked with wild brush. Graceful blackberry vines riot luxuriantly against its ancient walls, broad dock leaves overlie them, velvet-leaved, golden-flowered mullein stalks rise stately and tall from its rubbish. In the orchards the trees, from long want of cultivation, have returned to their wild state. In the direction of the lake a moss-covered stone bridge crosses a little stream, on the farther side of which is a tract of land, formerly a deer park. On the southern side of the cellar is the garden. Towering above its other trees, and almost gone to decay, the gigantic column of a Lombardy poplar seems a meet type not only of the general desolation of a spot now so silent but teeming with historical recollections, but also of a former government, exotic and dead like itself. Tradition and history still speak of the men and women who once gathered here. Death and distance give a tinge of romantic melancholy to the place. Persons whose names are celebrated in history once gathered within those vanished walls, promenaded those garden walks, and gazed upon the unfading beauty of this landscape: Dr. Wheelock, who first conceived the plan of Dartmouth College, and who became its first president; Benjamin Thompson, afterward the illustrious Count Rumford; Rev. George Whitefield; the *élite* of Portsmouth society, its fair women and brave men, strong, honored, powerful once, less than shadows now, fading memories in the minds of mankind. *Sic transit gloria mundi.* More than fifty years ago the builder of the house, Sir John Wentworth,* died, and—a somewhat singular and poetical coincidence—the house was accidentally burned the following month. But the revolving years in their silent course have enveloped in verdure these remains of royalty in the old Granite State, and as the freshness of spring-time has sprung from the ruins of the dwelling, so out of the ruins of oppression has grown the beauty of freedom.

* Now that the smoke and din of its battles have cleared away, and we are able to look dispassionately at the men and events of the Revolution, the character of Governor Wentworth appears in its true light. The fact that after the lapse of a century his memory is still held in reverent and loving estimation by the people of that region proves that he was all that tradition and the scant records of history portray him—a warm-hearted, sympathetic friend, an able Governor, a practical business man, a profound scholar both as to science and *belles-lettres*, and, in short, a Christian gentleman. Although compelled by the force of circumstances to sustain the Tory side in the Revolution, we may well believe that the result of that war was not wholly dissatisfactory to him. It was one of the principles of his character to keep a promise to the letter. A spoken promise was to him as sacred as a written one. He had taken solemn oath of allegiance to the English government, and perhaps that, and that only, was the cause of his not espousing the American side of the question, for *at heart* he was a democrat.

THE TULIP MANIA.

MANKIND is undoubtedly the most reasoning of all the animal race: yet how often does it happen that whole peoples appear to have lost their reasoning faculties! There is something wonderful in the extent to which popular delusions are sometimes carried. Breaking out suddenly, they run through nations like an epidemic; nay, occasionally all civilized nations are infected by them. The frenzy of the Crusades was not confined to one country nor to a single age. Beginning in the tenth century, it was as late as the fifteenth that Columbus assigned as a reason for attempting the discovery of America that thereby money could be obtained for the recovery of the Holy Sepulchre. At one time all France is carried away by the tremendous extravagance of the Mississippi scheme, which raised real estate to such a price that it was valued at one hundred years' purchase, that is, its rent only paid one per cent. on its cost. A little later and England burst out with her South Sea Bubble, creating such a hunger for special corporations that one man who advertised an unknown scheme, to be revealed at the end of the month, ten dollars to be paid down for each share subscribed for, took in $10,000 the first day. The sturdy burghers of Holland took the tulip mania so badly that single bulbs that could not flower till another year would sell for more than $2000 apiece. Nor has our own country been free from these financial epidemics. Many of our readers can remember the *Morus multicaulis* speculation of forty years ago, and the Eastern land investments a little later. Within ten years Bavaria has been seduced into pouring all its movable wealth into the lap of a woman who had no security to offer, simply because she paid high rates of interest, and covered her banking operations with the flowered robe of priestly confidence. No people is so wise that it is not occasionally carried away by popular frenzy, none so prudent that it will not occasionally make large investments in hopes that to-morrow's rise will greatly overpay to-day's risks. And nothing is better calculated to show to the world the danger of schemes that promise too much than to give their true history; for these schemes always offer to benefit communities without making any addition to their productive

powers, and they ask each capitalist to invest not on the intrinsic strength of the plan, but because every body else is investing.

Such delusions are most fertile in an age of financial ignorance. There has been too large a development of educated commonsense, too much of a study of the principles that underlie the making of money, and, above all, the press is too enlightened and powerful to permit them to beggar whole nations as they once did. The financial crises of the present day are short-lived and confined to commercial centres, but three centuries ago they ruined whole peoples. And what singular speculations they were! Of all things in the world in which to make a corner, to excite a speculation, to be puffed by brokers, it would seem as if flowers would be the last. But that a whole nation should grow mad over bulbs, that the industry of a people should be turned aside from the pursuits of agriculture to that of horticulture, and that the mania should spread from the phlegmatic Dutchman to the phlegmatic Englishman, seems almost incredible. Yet in the beginning of the seventeenth century the desire for tulips had so spread over Europe that no wealthy man considered his garden perfect without his rare collection of tulips. From the aristocracy the rage spread to the middle and the agricultural classes, and merchants and shop-keepers began to vie with each other in the rarity of their flowers and in the prices paid for them. A trader at Haarlem was actually known to pay half his fortune for a single root, not from any expectation of profit in its propagation, but to keep it in his conservatory for the admiration of his acquaintances.

The first tulip seen in Europe was beheld at Augsburg, in Germany, in 1559, and was imported from Constantinople, where it had long been a favorite. Ten or eleven years after this the plant was in great demand in Holland and Germany. Wealthy burghers of Amsterdam sent direct to Constantinople for their precious bulbs, and paid extravagant prices for them. The first roots planted in England were brought from Vienna in the year 1600, and were considered a great rarity. For thirty years tulips continued to grow in reputation. One would suppose there must have been some virtue in this flower that made it so valuable in the eyes of so prudent a people as the Dutch. Yet it has neither the beauty or the perfume of the violet nor the fragrance of the rose. It hardly possesses the beauty of the humble sweet-pea. Its only recommendation is its aristocratic stateliness, and this should hardly have commended it to the only democratic republic on the globe. But it is by no means the first time that fashion has turned ugliness into beauty and rarity into wealth.

In 1634 the rage for tulips among the Dutch was so great that the ordinary industry of the country was neglected, and the whole people turned to the production of tulips. As this mania increased, prices increased with it, until in 1635 merchants were known to have spent $40,000 in the purchase of forty tulips. At this time each species was sold by weight. A tulip of the kind known as the Admiral Lietkin, and weighing 400 grains, would sell for $1800; the Admiral Von der Eycke, weighing 450 grains, was worth $500; a Viceroy of 400 grains would bring $1200. Most precious of all, a Semper Augustus, weighing only 200 grains, was thought to be cheap at $2200. This last species was much sought after, and even an inferior plant would readily sell for $800. When this species was first known, in 1636, there were only two roots of it in Holland, and those not of the best. One belonged to a dealer in Amsterdam, and the other was owned in Haarlem. So anxious were the purchasers for this new variety that one person offered twelve acres of valuable building land for the Haarlem tulip. That of Amsterdam was sold for $1840, a new carriage, two gray horses, and a complete suit of harness. As a specimen of the value of these bulbs we give the actual copy of a bill of sale of certain articles given in exchange for one single root of the Viceroy species:

Two lasts of wheat	$179
Two lasts of rye	223
Four fat oxen	192
Eight fat swine	96
Twelve fat sheep	48
Two hogsheads wine	28
Four tuns beer	13
Two tons butter	77
One thousand pounds cheese	48
One bed, complete	40
One suit clothes	32
One silver cup	24
	$1000

Since that day tulips have declined in value, but wine, butter, and cheese have decidedly advanced.

Strangers who came for the first time into Holland were wholly unable to comprehend the great mania that spread among the people. One wealthy merchant, who prided himself not a little on his magnificent tulip bed, and on the new flowers he was expecting to grow the coming year, received a call one morning early from a sailor, who told him that a ship of his had just arrived, and that he was sent to give him the news. The glad merchant immediately went to the back of his store, selected a nice red herring, and gave it to the sailor for his breakfast. The sailor loved herring much, and onion more; and having just arrived from a foreign voyage, his appetite for vegetables was proportionately sharpened. Seeing a small pile of onions, as he supposed, lying on the merchant's counter, he slyly seized his opportunity, took the top onion, and deposited it in

his pocket as a companion to his herring. He then left the store and proceeded to his ship and his breakfast. Hardly had he left when the merchant missed his valuable Semper Augustus bulb, worth $1400. The establishment was soon in an uproar, for the valuable root had just been brought in that morning, and had been noticed by many. After every clerk had been examined, and had declared his innocence, one of them remembered to have seen the sailor drawing his hand away from the pile of roots and putting it in his pocket. The merchant instantly started for the door, and hurried down to his vessel. The first thing he saw was the sailor sitting on a coil of ropes eating his breakfast. No sooner had the merchant sprung on board and advanced toward him than the sailor put the last bite of his onion into his mouth, and leaned forward to hear what the owner had to say. He sternly denied stealing any tulip, but admitted he did take one onion, "but it didn't have much of the taste of an onion either." The merchant, as he turned away, told the astonished sailor that "it would have been cheaper for him to have breakfasted the Prince of Orange and all his court."

Another story of an English traveler is not less ludicrous. This gentleman was an amateur botanist, traveling to perfect himself in the study of his favorite science. Happening to see a large tulip root on a stand in the conservatory of a wealthy Dutchman, he quietly took out his penknife and began to peel off its coats; for he too took it for an onion, and wanted to discover of what species it was. After he had peeled off half its coverings, he cut it in two to inspect the heart. Just at this moment the old gentleman who owned the conservatory and the bulb turned round to see his precious root cut in two. Seizing the Englishman by the collar, he shouted out, "Do you know what you are about?" "Certainly; I am peeling an onion—a most extraordinary onion too." "Extraordinary!" said the Dutchman. "I should think it was. Why, Sir, it is an Admiral Von der Eycke." "Is it?" replied the Englishman, taking out his pocket-book to note down the name. "And are there many onions of this kind in your country?" The Dutchman could stand it no longer. He instantly forced the Englishman out of his grounds, and led him to the syndic, followed by a great crowd. Here the Englishman was arraigned and tried for stealing and cutting up one tulip worth $1600. The magistrate found the evidence sufficient (especially as the Englishman admitted that he did take and cut up something), fined him $1600, and imprisoned him till the fine was paid.

The demand for tulips of rare species continued to grow till 1636, when it reached its height. Regular marts for their sale were opened on the Stock Exchange of Amsterdam, and at Haarlem, Leyden, and other places. Symptoms of gambling and of time sales soon became prevalent every where. Stock-jobbers, ever alert for new subjects of speculation, dealt largely in tulips. As in all speculative movements, at first every thing rose and every body gained. Tulip jobbers gambled on the rise and fall of bulbs, making large profits by buying when prices were low and selling when they rose. Many individuals grew suddenly rich. It was believed that this mania for flowers was to spread to other lands, and that the wealthy of all nations would send to Holland for tulips, paying whatever price horticulturists might ask. Holland was expected to be the tulip market of the world, and the riches of Europe were to be concentrated on the shores of the Zuyder-Zee. Nobles, citizens, farmers, mechanics, footmen, and even chimney-sweeps dabbled in tulips. Houses and lands were offered at ruinously low rates that their proceeds might be invested in bulbs that were expected to return a golden crop. To a certain extent the mania did spread beyond the borders of Holland, and money began to flow in from all directions. The prices of the necessaries of life rose, and houses and lands, horses and carriages, and luxuries of every sort rose with the rise of tulips: all commerce rested on a flower bed. So extensive were the operations in roots that it became necessary to draw up a code of laws for the guidance of dealers. Notaries and clerks were appointed, who devoted themselves exclusively to the interests of the tulip trade. In the smaller towns, where there was no exchange, the principal tavern was usually selected as the show place, where high and low traded in tulips, and confirmed their bargains over a good dinner. These dinners were sometimes attended by two or three hundred persons, and large vases of tulips in full bloom were placed at regular intervals along the tables and sideboards.

At last prudent people saw that this could not last forever. Even the wealthy could no longer afford to keep up with the rise of commodities. It was evident that prices must soon fall; and this expectation hastened the crisis. The suspicion became a panic, and every body began to sell, and prices to fall. The difficulty was not only in the actual sales and purchases, but in the purchases on time, which, like all such purchases, were speculative gambling. A suit at law the following year developed the fact that one A had agreed to purchase ten Semper Augustuses from B at $1600 each, flowers to be delivered and prices paid in six weeks. The bargain was made just as prices were trembling in the balance. Before the six weeks had expired every thing was

flat, tulips were unsalable, and Semper Augustuses were plenty at $120 each. A refused to take the flowers or pay the difference of $14,800. Defaulters became common through all Holland. Every body had bulbs and nobody had money. The most prudent had sold out in time and invested their profits in English funds. Many substantial merchants were, however, reduced to beggary.

When the financial panic had somewhat subsided, the tulip-holders in the several towns and cities held public meetings to restore public credit. Deputies were sent from all parts of Holland to Amsterdam to concert with the ministry; for the whole nation was affected. Government refused to interfere, but advised the tulip-sellers to settle among themselves. But complaints rose high, and the meetings became of a stormy character. At last it was agreed, after much bickering and ill-will, by all the deputies assembled at Amsterdam that contracts made in the height of the mania, or prior to November, 1636, should be declared null and void, and that all after that date should be released on payment of ten per cent. But this decision only gave satisfaction to those whom it relieved. Those who had tulips on hand which they had sold at high prices, but had not delivered, became greatly discontented. Tulips worth at one time $2400 now sold at $200, so that one-tenth was more than they were worth. Again the whole matter was referred to government, and again government refused to interfere. Those who were unlucky enough to have a large stock of tulips on hand at the time of the fall were left to bear their own loss. But the commerce of the country received a shock from which it took years to recover.

The example of the Dutch was, to some extent, imitated in England. In 1636 tulips were publicly sold on the London Exchange, while in Paris jobbers strove in vain to create a tulip mania. They only succeeded in bringing these flowers into great favor, a favor they still retain, after the lapse of two centuries. But the Dutch are to-day prouder of their tulips and their tulip beds than any other nation. In England they are still highly valued, and a tulip will produce more money than an oak. In 1800 rare bulbs sold for $75; and from that time the mania began to spread, so that in 1835 a tulip of the Miss Fanny Kemble species sold at public auction for $370. The principal horticulturist in England has on his catalogue tulips labeled at $1000 each; but this is an exception. The prices in England to-day for the best kinds are from $25 to $75, according to the rarity of the species.

HOW MY SHIP CAME FROM OVER THE SEA.

I BELONG to a sea-faring race—I, the last of my family—"only a little girl," as father used to call me, shaking his head, as if to be only a girl were the direst calamity that could befall this old home of ours. Such an odd home for a child, and yet such a weird, beautiful place to live and grow to be a woman in—that old light-house on Stony Point, of which my father had been keeper for many a year. We two were alone in the world, except for the faithful old woman who had taken care of us ever since I, a baby girl, had been placed in her arms by a dying mother. Janet taught me womanly, housewifely ways when I was out of school, and, even as a child, I knew how to mend, and keep the bright rooms neat and clean against the time when Ben dropped in after the work was done.

Ben was a stout young fisherman, and owned as neat a little craft as any along shore, and Ben—why, Ben had been my lover ever since I was old enough to lisp his name. I can not remember when, in some way, my life was not bound up with his. He held my hand and guided me over the rocks to the village school with more than the care and fondness of an elder brother, when I was a curly-haired lassie of four years and he a stout tall lad of ten. Yes, Ben loved me then just as truly and honestly as when, years afterward, I came home from a pretentious country boarding-school, full of grand ideas and longings to be a lady, and a little shy unrest at my heart when I met my boy lover on the sands. But he—he kissed me before father and Janet, and said, without any hesitation, "Oh, Jetty, how beautiful you have grown!" And then I knew that his love was just the same—indeed, how would it have been possible for such a man to change? But he was no longer a fisherman. He was mate of the *Betsey Jane*, a stanch new ship that lay rocking in the bay, with white sails folded—rocking idly on the summer sea, as if there were no such thing as storm and tempest for it to brave. He was going away just as I was coming home—going far off to foreign ports; but never a day passed by without his stopping at our door, never an evening that he did not drop in for a smoke and talk, with father, it is true, but most of his glances I found out furtively were given to me.

One night, when a sudden storm was swooping over the sea, Ben came in with a hearty ejaculation of thankfulness that all the fishing boats were safely hauled up along shore an hour before. I sat by the table knitting a crimson scarf, and as the bright worsted fell from my fingers, my

thoughts, like birds of passage flying hither and thither, scarcely kept pace with my flashing needles. I remember how cheery the room looked, with its white sanded floor and the square of gay striped carpet in the centre of it; the big bunch of syringas on the table filling the whole air with dead sweetness; the light from the lamp dancing on the picture-frames, the tinted shells, and strange things that sailors had brought to us from foreign ports. I remember, too, how the wind roared and how hoarse was the cry that sounded from the rocks below. How the waves were seething around them, and thundering along the beach. Woe and wreck it was crying to many a heart; but what had I to fear, and what did I know of woe and loss? Perhaps when Ben was gone I might think of him in the roaring gale, but now—ah, the wind sings a different song to us when we are young! And then I stole a glance at him, met his eyes, and mine dropped upon my work again. When another and a louder blast surged around the house I was glad to hear father say, "It's a dreadful night! Jetty, I can't rest easy till the lamp's lit, child. It's early, but suppose you see to it."

"Yes, father," I said, hurrying away.

I went up to the tower, but before lighting the match I opened the small window and leaned out. The wind blew in, drenching my face and hair with sudden gusts of spray; but still I knelt there, looking out over the tossing waters, the rain beating against my hot cheeks like dusky wings, the roar of the surf sounding in my ears, and yet hearing, or thinking that I heard, above it all the beating of my own heart. I think in that moment it came to me what it was to be a woman in that sense of the word which implies a consciousness of a different nature and existence. I pulled down the window and struck a match. Just as I lifted my hand to the lamp I heard a footstep on the stairs; then Ben stood beside me.

"Let me do it for you, Jetty," he said; "there'll be time enough afterward for you to come up here alone. How your hand trembles, dear!"

And in a moment more I stood under the full blaze, with folded arms and beating heart, looking out over the great wide circle of sea that spread itself before the window a dark, heaving mass, the white-caps rolling in and crashing on the rocks below. He drew me to him, leaning over me and looking out, though it was much too dark for either of us to see any thing but the line of breakers.

"You will be lighting the lamp for me one of these days, Jetty," he said, softly, with that pathetic tone into which the voice slides so easily when one is breaking away from home and friends for the first time. And then, as I tried to free my hand from his, he put one arm about me and drew me closer to him, kissing me on my forehead and lips. "When I come home," he went on, "may I claim my little wife? I've never asked you before—I don't know why—I took things for granted like; but I can't go away now without a promise. Can you be content with such a rough fellow to love you, dear?—and I'll be good to you, Jetty, all my life." I leaned my head against his breast, and tried to hide my flaming cheeks. "Hasn't she a word to say?" he asked; "hasn't she one word to say, after all these years?"

I nestled upon his broad shoulder with a feeling of infinite content. "You ought to have known, Ben," I said, with a little laugh. "I never loved any body else in all my life;" and I put both my hands in his, and hid my face again.

"When I take my next voyage, my wife shall go with me," he whispered; and then I heard father's voice at the foot of the stairs, calling, "Ben! my boy, Ben! Dirk's come up to tell me there's a vessel in the offing steering straight on to Roy's Reef. There'll be trouble as sure as fate, and we'd better see what we can do." Ben caught me in his arms and kissed me. "Good-by, sweetheart!" he called out, as he ran down the steep stairs, and left me alone. I went up to the window again, shading my eyes with my hand and trying to see, but the night had fallen swiftly; and while we had been dallying in the tower, perhaps poor souls out yonder were drifting toward the fatal reef. I knew it well. When the tide was out, and the sea still and calm as a sleeping child, the great jagged rocks, black with slime, would rear their treacherous heads. Sometimes, when the spray dashed wildly over them, it seemed to me they were colossal sea-lions tossing their manes and roaring for their prey. Sometimes they grew human in their shape almost as I watched them. Ah, yes, I knew Roy's Reef very well. If a vessel were driving straight on it, God help the women who waited at home, if, indeed, any of the doomed men were husbands or lovers. For the first time in my life I felt, with a sickening thrill, what such woe and loss might mean. I ran down to Janet; but the room, so pleasant only an hour before, was full of eerie shadows, and the solemn stillness within oppressed me, while the strife and roar of the storm outside seemed changed to the sobbing and wailing of women and little children about our door. Twice did the tall clock strike off the hours while we kept our weary vigil, and still they did not return. I could not stand it any longer, with only Janet to croon out doleful tales of death and shipwreck which she had seen along this very coast. I wrapped a light shawl about me, and crouched under shelter of the doorway,

peering into the darkness, and hearing the sobbing and wailing louder all the time. Then the slow steps of men sounded along the shingle, and before I could dart back into the house, father and Ben came up the rocks, and two or three fishermen with them.

"This storm is making a power o' trouble 'long shore," said old Dirk Van Brunt, as he saw me shivering in the doorway; and then Ben whispered, "Go in, Jetty, quick, and tell Janet to get blankets and a bed ready. Here's a poor young fellow just about drowned, and a cut on his head besides. Do what you can, dear, and I'll fetch a doctor."

The faces of the men were grave as they bore their burden past me; but I laid a detaining hand on father as I gasped, "Was it a ship?"

"No, child," he answered; "one o' them frisky little yachts, I reckon. It went straight on to the reef, and split up like an egg-shell."

"Were the men all killed?"

"Swum 'shore—all but this fellow; suthin struck him on the head, and Ben had to bring him in."

And then the men crowded about him, and began to strip off his wet coat and see to his bruises, while father was slowly arranging bed and blankets with that steadiness and gravity that come with age and experience.

"Here, Jetty," he called to me, when they had gone quietly away again, and we were left alone, "come here and look at him, child, and see what you can do. Women's fingers are kind o' handier than ourn."

I remember how I stooped over the bed, saying, under my breath, "What a handsome man!" I dipped a handkerchief in water and bound it about his temples, where a deep cut was visible, while every nerve tingled with youthful eagerness. I sat down beside him, studying his face, wondering all the time who and what he was, if he were really ill, and if he would die. It was almost an hour before the doctor came, and all the time father and I sat by him, watching patiently, and saying very little. Sometimes our charge would lie with closed eyes and scarcely perceptible breath; again he would turn his face toward me, seeming to study me in a puzzled, dreamy way. He was very quiet, and appeared grateful for all we did, but his voice was so low we could scarcely hear what he attempted to say. I had plenty of time to study him in return. I often wondered, as I sat there, what kind of a life it was we had saved—if, indeed, it were saved. He was very handsome, though brown and tanned by exposure; but his forehead was broad, and white as a girl's, and his hands exquisitely shaped, though large and strong, and on the third finger of the left hand glittered a heavy ring. Was this man by whom I sat, quietly ministering to his wants, a living power for good or evil, for truth or falsehood, in the world? Were pure, loving women waiting for him at home, or was his life so worthless and void of love that, were he to die, he would never be missed at all? I wondered if he had a father or mother, a sister or brother;

> "Or was there a dearer one
> Still, and a nearer one
> Yet, than all other?"

And when his large blue eyes opened and fastened themselves upon me, wandering over my face, my hands, my dress, and on to father's gray hairs, then back to me again, I felt myself blushing, and thinking surely it were a blessed thing to save one life in the world.

When the doctor came I was released while the stranger's wounds were dressed. They proved slight, after all; it was more the shock given his system; the wounds were really nothing; yet, buffeted as he had been by the waves, life had so nearly ebbed away that it was necessary to have quiet and gentle care for a few days. And father insisted, even when our guest was well enough to sit up, that he should stay with us.

"'Tain't any trouble to help a human being live, let alone a handsome young feller like that," he argued to me. "He can haul a rope as good as any on us along shore, too—an outspoken, free-hearted chap, an' quite a sailor. 'Twa'n't his fault his boat split up on them rocks; nobody could ha' done any better in such a gale."

So he staid. We knew him just as well in four days as if it were as many years. I had to wait on him a good deal at first, and often read to him, answering his questions about the books that had fallen in my way. I thought him a little inquisitive; but then I was very proud of my reading, having just come out of school, with all my knowledge at my tongue's end, as it were. I often wondered what made him look at me so much; not rudely—indeed, nothing that he could do would ever have seemed rude; but he looked at me with a sort of studying expression, as if he were longing to read and understand me. And I was so simple, and such a child, it surely was not a hard task—at least it did not seem to be hard to him. When, in return, I studied him furtively, as indemnity for his persistent scrutiny of me, he seemed a sort of incarnation of high art, while poor Ben was reduced to the lowest level of manhood. It was surely no wonder I felt as if I were in a dream. Ben came and went just as usual; but after a time—why, I could not tell—I began to dread his coming. For one thing, I was afraid he would talk to me again as he did that night the *Butterfly* ran on the rocks and Mr. Arnold came to live us. What should I say to him if he were to ask me again if I loved him?

"Stay with me, Jetty dear," said Ben one morning, as I tied on my hat and prepared to go down on the beach with Mr. Arnold. "I haven't had you one minute to myself since that night we lit the lamp together. I shall be jealous of this city chap if you give so much of your time to him."

"But father don't think him strong enough to go off alone," I said, hastily. "And he wants so much to see the rocks the *Butterfly* struck when she went down. The tide is at ebb now, and we can see them plainly from the Point. Come too, won't you, Ben?" I amended.

"No," said he, stoutly, "I won't come, Jetty. I can't talk like city chaps. He and I'd never have a feeling in common if we was together all our lives. Sometimes—sometimes" (and his tone was a little bitter) "I've wished I hadn't a-been the one to haul him in. If he'd a-gone down, we two'd been happier, I dare say."

"Oh, Ben," I said, with an indignant flush, "how dare you speak so cruelly?—as if a human life weren't worth saving!"

"Dear," said he, in a grieved voice, "I'm a-going away in a few days, and I'll be gone years, mebbe. Can't you forgive my being exacting and cruel? Love makes me cruel, child."

"I don't see what your going away has to do with Mr. Arnold's desire to see Roy's Reef," I muttered, sulkily. "And I shall be home in a little while. Come in then, and I'll hear all you have to say."

"I shall have nothing to say then," said Ben, going out before I could answer him.

I laughed softly to myself as I went out to meet the solitary figure lounging along the sands. Ben jealous! What a very odd sensation it must seem! But the spell which Mr. Arnold had cast over me was not to be broken by Ben's silly words and moods. Sometimes I wondered if it were really my duty to tie myself down for life to such a being as Ben. He would never be any thing else than a rough, free-hearted sailor, while Mr. Arnold's simplest expressed thought seemed to lift me up and transport me to a new world. Surely it was my duty to be with him as much as possible, since all the rest of my life, if Ben had his way, was doomed to such a commonplace level. So I saw very little of him while his vessel was being made ready, and Mr. Arnold and I spent our days in wandering about the shore or exploring the rocks, straying far enough away from home to give us a perfect and complete oneness in our isolation. We stood together in the sunlight and the moonlight under the solemn cliffs whose rugged front had braved the drifting waves for years. We dallied idly with the days, both of us forgetting the inexorable march of Time, and feeling as if all the world were an Eden and we alone in it.

And Ben's vessel was ready to sail. Indeed, he would leave, when the tide served, the very next day, he said one evening, as he dropped in for a smoke with father and a place at the table, as usual. Mr. Arnold had gone away for one day to make some preparations about a speedy departure too; but still Ben had not relaxed the grave, injured air that of late he had assumed toward me. I also had very little to say to him; and before the soft summer twilight had faded quite away, our guest returned. He brought dainty volumes in blue and gold of Jean Ingelow and Miss Procter, and begged my acceptance of them with that ready and deferential grace that was his greatest charm. And all the time Ben sat silent, as if he had nothing to occupy him but the filling of his pipe, or watching us as we bent over the books, talking of poetry and things that Ben could never understand—at last rising and proposing a smoke outside with father, and so leaving us alone. I had dropped my head upon my hand, dreamily looking beyond the open page, and seeing something else besides the tender words there written, when I felt his hand upon my arm.

"I wish you read German," he said, "so I could have brought you Goethe to-day. I should so love to have you study and understand him. I wonder you didn't take it up when you broke loose from all these surroundings and went away to school."

"Father thought I'd better learn English"—a sudden blush suffusing my face as I remembered how little he and Ben cared for my scant knowledge of even that one language.

"You must understand elective affinity by intuition, then," he said, softly, "for some subtile, magnetic influence has drawn me to you ever since that night I woke to find you at my bedside;" and then, as I looked up, a triumphant glow flushed his face that I had never seen there before. "Darling!" he whispered, "you love me a little, don't you?" his eyes still searching mine. I could not veil them and hide their tenderness, so I looked steadily down, uttering not a word. He took my face in his hands, and held it up to him. "I was sure," he cried, exultingly.

In the early dawn Ben came to me to say good-by. He knew where to find me, and that I would be alone in the stillness of the breaking morning. And he drew me to him, all pride and coldness gone now that the supreme moment of parting had come.

"I may have been hard on you, Jetty, of late," he said, "but it was like taking my life to see you a-trifling with that stranger. And now I'm going away, and we've had nothing but cold looks betwixt us too long. Say you forgive me, Jetty, and love me just as well as ever. I can't part from you in

anger, dear. Only tell me you love me as you did before Mr. Arnold came."

"I can't tell you that, Ben," I stammered. "You've waited too long to speak, and now —now it's too late."

He took away his hand, turning his face from me with a groan. "Jetty! Jetty! you say this to punish me. Think again—think well. It's hard to turn one off that's been a-loving you more than twenty years for a stranger who's only known you a few weeks. Twenty years! It's a long time, my lass—think of it a minute."

I did think of it. For one moment the honest face lifted to mine brought before me all that I was losing; the next the remembrance of the night before, the whispered words, "Darling, you love me a little," the one swift glance that was as a seal to our love, obliterated all the past, and I cried out, "Oh, Ben! don't talk to me so—don't! I like you—why shouldn't I like you?—you've been so good to me all my life; but I wish—I wish I might never see you again."

"If you'd said any thing but that, Jetty," he whispered, in a dazed, broken kind of way, staring at me incredulously. God knows what weight of agony held him in that dead, helpless pause before he spoke again. "I haven't one word to upbraid you with, dear. When two people have been to each other what we have, it's a good-by forever or not at all. You don't know what this parting is to me—you're such a child —how should you?" And then he pushed past me, and rushed out of the house.

For a minute or two after he was gone I stood leaning against the windows, with a frightened, pitying feeling in my heart, conscious that even Ben's dull nature had been tried and wounded sorely. Then I went up to my room and made some unreasonable excuse about a headache, so I might avoid father's or Mr. Arnold's questions. After a time I heard them both go out. Then I rose from my bed, dressed myself, and went up to the tower, turning the glass toward the *Betsey Jane*, watching the little boat go to and from the shore for the last time. I wanted to see her off; so I shut up the glass, tied on my bonnet, and went down to the beach with desperate haste, though with no especial aim. I was full of inward wrath and mortification. I wanted to get away and think. Ben had been very cruel to leave me in anger, yet conscience said all the time, "You only are to blame," as I stared moodily seaward toward the vessel with spread sails that was slowly drifting away. I did not observe any one near me. The soft sand gave no echo of footsteps, and it was not until a shadow fell across my path that I turned and found myself face to face with Mr. Arnold.

"Why have you staid away from me so long?" he said, reproachfully. "I have been looking every where for you. Didn't your heart tell you that I wanted you?" gracefully drawing my arm within his. "Come up on the rocks with me, won't you? We have so little time to ourselves, remember."

"But there are days and days and days coming," I argued, with a light laugh, instantly forgetting Ben, and, like a child, wholly absorbed in present happiness.

We went up to the rocks above, and sat down side by side on the grassy bank. It was a day steeped in sunshine and beauty, a day on which to lose one's self in pleasant dreams. If Ben with his glass had been looking at us across the crisp waves, he would have thought we were only idling away our time, neither thinking of the other, sitting in the glare of sea and sun, and looking with far-away eyes over the water, scarcely speaking, and yet wrapped in a dream of delight.

"See," I said at last, rousing myself and pointing out where a phantom ship was fading slowly in the mist of sea and sky, "there goes the *Betsey Jane*—there; that's the last of her. I—I'm so sorry!" drawing in my breath like a sob.

"Why, darling?"

"Because Ben left me in anger this morning. It was the first time that we ever quarreled in our lives—oh, you need not smile—and I am very sorry, though I wouldn't own it to him if he were here," willfully shaking my head. "Don't you think it is hard to say good-by even when one is not angry?"

"Jetty," he said, impulsively, "what a little child of nature you are! I've seen hundreds of women more beautiful than you, accomplished, elegant, full of grace; but I never saw such a simple, lovable, childish nature in all my life. You are a revelation to me, darling, every day of my stay here; you are my inspiration, my delight. Life was nothing until you became a part of it; and now—now upon the soulless clod out yonder," sweeping the air with one white hand, "you are wasting the sweet regrets that ought to be mine, and mine alone. Darling, I am jealous," lifting my face to his. "And I too am going away. You don't stop to realize that."

"You are not going now?" I said; "*that* is all I care to know. Let us put off the evil day."

"But I can't, my love. My new yacht is coming down from the city, and I may even go to-day, certainly to-morrow. Now you know, darling, why I crave every moment of your time and thought."

My hand dropped the grasses I had been gathering and crept nearer to his, and in the hush and silence that followed his words it seemed as if the sun were veiled and the summer day lay dead.

"Then I shall never be happy any more," I faltered.

"But I shall come back soon, darling. Besides, I shall be unhappy too."

"You can not miss me as I shall miss you. You will be back in the whirl of the city—just think—I have never been there at all, and all I know about it is what you have told me. And I shall have nothing to do but pore over the books you have marked, and wonder when you will come again. I shall be with you all the time. I couldn't be absent from you if I would, you see," trying to smile through my tears.

"Shall you try?"

I shook my head.

"I have been thinking of a plan," he said, dreamily, after a moment's silence. "Shall I tell it to you now, or shall I wait until you have known me longer, and loved and trusted me more?"

"Tell me now," I whispered. "I could not love you better if I waited years."

"I am going away, Jetty," he said, with that caressing voice that went to my heart at once. "I have another yacht, another *Butterfly*"—and he smiled down into my face—"to take the place of the one that was lost. She will be here before the sun is down. Shall you be with me, Jetty?"

"I?" I stammered. "I do not know what you mean."

"Then let me tell you, darling," taking my hand in his. "I want you to go away with me to-night. I want that all the rest of our lives should be spent together—yours bound up into mine. I want you for my very own, the dearest joy that life holds for me."

"To leave father?" I asked, tremblingly.

"But my love surely would comfort you for any thing you might lose through trust in me."

"I do not dare risk that loss even to be your wife," I said, in so low a tone that he had to bend down his head to hear, dreading to hurt him by my answer.

"I have no sympathy with an old time-worn creed," he said, softly, still keeping my hand in his, while a smile hovered about his handsome lips. "There are some who argue that love is not an enduring bond unless fastened firmly by the iron fetters of law. I own no such necessity. Were you not mine from the moment our eyes met? Soul touched soul then; heart spoke to heart. We will make us a world of our own, darling, unfettered by bonds. I want you, love—I need you. Come away with me, then, this very night."

My hands were cold enough now, and they trembled in his clasp. I looked up through proud tears, then down to the slender circlet of gold—my mother's wedding-ring—that I had worn for many years. As my eyes fell upon it, it made me strong.

"Say it is all a dream," I gasped. "Tell me that you take your cruel words back. Life would not be worth having if I believed as you do, and love itself would be a torment and a mockery."

"Then you can not have faith in me," he said, coldly; "then your lips have framed a lie when you said you loved and trusted me. A true love imposes no conditions."

I sprang from the bank on which we had been sitting. All at once the scales were lifted, and "whereas once I was blind, now I could see." I breathed a purer, freer air. "Great God! can such things be?" I cried, seeing for the first time the gulf yawning at my feet. Then I turned swiftly from him and fled away, as if for life.

Time went by. It seemed slow enough to count off the days and months that made up the years, with a consuming pain and regret always in my heart. How I waited! If only I could hear from Ben—just one line to say he forgave me! But none came. Father never asked me any questions of Mr. Arnold or Ben. I never heard from either. Both of them had sailed out of my sight, out of my life. Sometimes in those long three years we had news of Ben; sometimes a letter drifted over from foreign ports; but never a word to me. Once a paper told us the ship had been spoken off the Azores, sails set for home; and so we knew, as the days went by, that she was drifting nearer. Every sail that I saw skimming over the blue, staggering up from an under world, as it were, through faint lines of sea and sky, set my heart beating like a drum and my nerves tingling with anxiety. How would he meet me, and what could I say to him? Many a morning did I rise with the first flush of dawn, turning the glass so it might sweep the whole great arc of blue, making every white-winged gull a homeward-bound ship, holding my breath and praying, "Lord, send him safely back." I did not dare add, "to me." And when dark nights of storm swooped down upon us, I would light the lamp in the tower with a dull agony at my heart, lest even then, in the teeth of the wild storm, Ben's ship would be drifting toward the fatal rocks.

"A watched pot never boils," old Janet once said, dryly, to me; and then I knew that I had not been able to hide my impatient longing from one pair of fond, anxious old eyes, at the least, though I had tried to hide it even from myself. After that I would not go up to the tower only to light the lamp very early each night.

One day, when I was quietly mending by the table, Janet suddenly opened the door. "He's come!" she said, her old face working all over with joy; and then I heard a ringing, familiar voice asking for father—not me—and I sprang up, all flushed and trembling with excitement, for in the doorway he stood holding out his hand and saying something—what, I never knew; for as soon

as he began to speak, a chill crept over me, and the hand I gave him was as cold as his own. It was all over between us two—that I knew before he had done speaking. So pride came to my aid, and I took up my work again, giving him a chair and asking him to wait until father came in, drifting into commonplace talk, as if the past were forever blotted out and we the merest strangers in the world chatting together. We talked of who had died and who had sailed away, the new boats that had been built, the old ones that had gone to wreck, and the changes that had crept along the shore; and while we talked I watched his face—sometimes furtively, at last openly, when I saw how indifferent he had grown. Finally father came, and I left them alone to smoke their pipes together, while I went up to my own room to dash away the hot tears and make my eyes look prouder and colder than ever.

I did not see him for many days after this—not until his vessel was unloaded and put into dock for repairs, and then there was a great deal of merry-making in the neighborhood, for the crew of the *Betsey Jane* was made up from men along the shore, and her coming in with every man aboard safe and well was a signal of general rejoicing. I rarely went out, and never joined in any of the festivities.

One night when I came in from a walk I saw Ben's tall figure lounging in our doorway. He took off his cap when he saw me, bowed, and let me pass in without a word. Then suddenly, as if he could bear the silence no longer, he stepped forward and walked by my side into the house.

"Father is not at home," I said, looking around the room, and longing to get away from his eyes.

"I did not come in to see your father this time," said Ben, steadily. "I came to see you."

"But it is nearly dark," I persisted, "and I must light the lamp in the tower."

"Let me do it for you, Jetty," he said, in a low voice. "I lit it once before, you remember—the very happiest night of my life it was, too. Why, the memory of it has kept me from utter despair, dear; and—I had a talk with your father to-day. He says there never was any thing between you and that stranger—that Mr. Arnold. It was all my own fault, I know now. Can you forgive me, Jetty dear? I've never seen any one in my life since to take you out of my heart. Let me begin all over again."

"I take you back?—I forgive you? Oh, Ben, you have every thing to forgive, and I nothing. You can never know all the remorse I have suffered for that one fatal delusion of mine. I began *my* life over again the very day you sailed away."

Ben is mate of the *Betsey Jane* no longer, and I—why, I am Ben's wife.

A FADED GLOVE.

My little granddaughter, who fain would know
  Why, folded close in scented satin fine,
I keep a relic faded long ago—
  This pearl-gray, dainty, withered glove of mine.

Listen: I'll tell you. It is fifty years
  Since the fair day I laid my treasure here.
But yesterday to me the time appears;
  Ages ago to you, I know, my dear.

Upon this palm, now withered as my cheek,
  Love laid his first kiss, doubting and afraid:
Oh, swift and strong across me while I speak
  Comes memory of Love's might, my little maid!

I yet was so unconscious! 'Twas a night—
  Some festal night; my sisters were above,
Not ready quite; but I, cloaked all in white,
  Waited below, and, fastening my glove,

Looked up with smiling speech to him who stood
  Observing me, so still and so intent,
I wondered somewhat at his quiet mood,
  Till it flashed on me what the silence meant.

What sudden fire of dawn my sky o'erspread!
  What low melodious thunder broke my calm!
Could I be dreaming that this glorious head
  Was bending low above my girlish palm?

His majesty of mien proclaimed him king;
  His lowly gesture said, "I am your slave;"
Beneath my feet the firm earth seemed to swing,
  Unstable as storm-driven wind and wave.

Ah, beautiful and terrible and sweet
  The matchless moment! Was it life or death,
Or day or night? For my heart ceased to beat,
  And heaven and earth changed in a single breath.

And, like a harp some hand of power doth smite
  To sudden harmony, my soul awoke,
And, answering, rose to match his spirit's height,
  While not a word the mystic silence broke.

'Twas but an instant. Down the echoing stair
  Swept voices, laughter, wafts of melody—
My sisters three, in draperies light as air;
  But like a dream the whole world seemed to me,

As, steadying my whirling thoughts, I strove
  To grasp a truth so wondrous, so divine.
I shut this hand, this little tinted glove,
  To keep its secret mine, and only mine.

And, like an empty show, the brilliant hours
  Passed by, with beauty, music, pleasure thronged,
Phantasmagoria of light and flowers;
  But only one delight to me belonged,

One thought, one wish, one hope, one joy, one fear,
  One dizzy rapture, one star in the sky—
The solemn sky that bent to bring God near:
  I would have been content that night to die.

Only a touch upon this little glove,
  And, lo! the lofty marvel which it wrought!
You wonder; for as yet you know not love,
  Oh, sweet my child, my lily yet unsought!

The glove is faded, but immortal joy
  Lives in the kiss; its memory can not fade;
And when Death's clasp this pale hand shall destroy,
  The sacred glove shall in my grave be laid.

CELIA THAXTER.

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DANIEL DERONDA.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "MIDDLEMARCH," "SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE," ETC.

BOOK II.—MEETING STREAMS.

CHAPTER XV.

"*Festina lente*—celerity should be contempered with cunctation."—SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

GWENDOLEN, we have seen, passed her time abroad in the new excitement of gambling, and in imagining herself an empress of luck, having brought from her late experience a vague impression that in this confused world it signified nothing what any one did, so that they amused themselves. We have seen, too, that certain persons, mysteriously symbolized as Grapnell and Co., having also thought of reigning in the realm of luck, and being also bent on amusing themselves, no matter how, had brought about a painful change in her family circumstances; whence she had returned home, carrying with her, against her inclination, a necklace which she had pawned and some one else had redeemed.

While she was going back to England, Grandcourt was coming to find her; coming, that is, after his own manner—not in haste by express straight from Diplow to Leubronn, where she was understood to be; but so entirely without hurry that he was induced by the presence of some Russian acquaintances to linger at Baden-Baden and make various appointments with them, which, however, his desire to be at Leubronn ultimately caused him to break. Grandcourt's passions were of the intermittent, flickering kind: never flaming out strongly. But a great deal of life goes on without strong passion: myriads of cravats are carefully tied, dinners attended, even speeches made proposing the health of august personages, without the zest arising from a strong desire. And a man may make a good appearance in high social positions, may be supposed to know the classics, to have his reserves on science, a strong though repressed opinion on politics, and all the sentiments of the English gentleman, at a small expense of vital energy. Also, he may be obstinate or persistent at the same low rate, and may even show sudden impulses which have a false air of dæmonic strength because they seem inexplicable, though perhaps their secret lies merely in the want of regulated channels for the soul to move in—good and sufficient ducts of habit, without which our nature easily turns to mere ooze and mud, and at any pressure yields nothing but a spurt or a puddle.

Grandcourt had not been altogether displeased by Gwendolen's running away from the splendid chance he was holding out to her. The act had some piquancy for him. He liked to think that it was due to resentment of his careless behavior in Cardell Chase, which, when he came to consider it, did appear rather cool. To have brought her so near a tender admission, and then to have walked headlong away from further opportunities of winning the consent which he had made her understand him to be asking for, was enough to provoke a girl of spirit; and to be worth his mastering it was proper that she should have some spirit. Doubtless she meant him to follow her, and it was what he meant too. But for a whole week he took no measures toward starting, and did not even inquire where Miss Harleth was gone. Mr. Lush felt a triumph that was mingled with much distrust; for Grandcourt had said no word to him about her, and looked as neutral as an alligator: there was no telling what might turn up in the slowly churning chances of his mind. Still, to have put off a decision was to have made room for the waste of Grandcourt's energy.

The guests at Diplow felt more curiosity than their host. How was it that nothing more was heard of Miss Harleth? Was it credible that she had refused Mr. Grandcourt? Lady Flora Hollis, a lively middle-aged woman, well endowed with curiosity, felt a sudden interest in making a round of calls with Mrs. Torrington, including the Rectory, Offendene, and Quetcham, and thus not only got twice over, but also discussed with the Arrowpoints, the information that Miss Harleth was gone to Leubronn with some old friends, the Baron and Baroness von Langen; for the immediate agitation and disappointment of Mrs. Davilow and the Gascoignes had resolved themselves into a wish that Gwendolen's disappearance should not be interpreted as any thing eccentric or needful to be kept secret. The Rector's mind, indeed, entertained the possibility that the marriage was only a little deferred, for Mrs. Davilow had not dared to tell him of the bitter determination with which Gwendolen had spoken. And in spite of his practical ability, some of his experience had petrified into maxims and quotations. Amaryllis fleeing desired that her hiding-place should be known; and that love will find out the way "over the mountain and over the wave" may be said without hyperbole in this age of steam. Gwendolen, he conceived, was an Amaryllis of excellent sense but coquettish daring; the question was whether she had dared too much.

Lady Flora, coming back charged with news about Miss Harleth, saw no good reason why she should not try whether she could electrify Mr. Grandcourt by mentioning it to him at table; and in doing so shot a few hints of a notion having got abroad that he was a disappointed adorer. Grandcourt heard with quietude, but with attention; and the next day he ordered Lush to bring about a decent reason for breaking up the party at Diplow by the end of another week, as he meant to go yachting to the Baltic or somewhere—it being impossible to stay at Diplow as if he were a prisoner on parole, with a set of people whom

he had never wanted. Lush needed no clearer announcement that Grandcourt was going to Leubronn; but he might go after the manner of a creeping billiard-ball, and stick on the way. What Mr. Lush intended was to make himself indispensable so that he might go too, and he succeeded; Gwendolen's repulsion for him being a fact that only amused his patron, and made him none the less willing to have Lush always at hand.

This was how it happened that Grandcourt arrived at the *Czarina* on the fifth day after Gwendolen had left Leubronn, and found there his uncle, Sir Hugo Mallinger, with his family, including Deronda. It is not necessarily a pleasure either to the reigning power or the heir-presumptive when their separate affairs—a touch of gout, say, in the one, and a touch of willfulness in the other—happen to bring them to the same spot. Sir Hugo was an easy-tempered man, tolerant both of differences and defects; but a point of view different from his own concerning the settlement of the family estates fretted him rather more than if it had concerned Church discipline or the ballot, and faults were the less venial for belonging to a person whose existence was inconvenient to him. In no case could Grandcourt have been a nephew after his own heart; but as the presumptive heir to the Mallinger estates he was the sign and embodiment of a chief grievance in the Baronet's life—the want of a son to inherit the lands, in no portion of which had he himself more than a life-interest. For in the ill-advised settlement which his father, Sir Francis, had chosen to make by will, even Diplow with its modicum of land had been left under the same conditions as the ancient and wide inheritance of the two Toppings—Diplow, where Sir Hugo had lived and hunted through many a season in his younger years, and where his wife and daughters ought to have been able to retire after his death.

This grievance had naturally gathered emphasis as the years advanced, and Lady Mallinger, after having had three daughters in quick succession, had remained for eight years, till now that she was over forty, without producing so much as another girl; while Sir Hugo, almost twenty years older, was at a time of life when, notwithstanding the fashionable retardation of most things, from dinners to marriages, a man's hopefulness is apt to show signs of wear, until restored by second childhood.

In fact, he had begun to despair of a son, and this confirmation of Grandcourt's interest in the estates certainly tended to make his image and presence the more unwelcome; but, on the other hand, it carried circumstances which disposed Sir Hugo to take care that the relation between them should be kept as friendly as possible. It led him to dwell on a plan which had grown up side by side with his disappointment of an heir, namely, to try and secure Diplow as a future residence for Lady Mallinger and her daughters, and keep this pretty bit of the family inheritance for his own offspring in spite of that disappointment. Such knowledge as he had of his nephew's disposition and affairs encouraged the belief that Grandcourt might consent to a transaction by which he would get a good sum of ready money as an equivalent for his prospective interest in the domain of Diplow and the moderate amount of land attached to it. If, after all, the unhoped-for son should be born, the money would have been thrown away, and Grandcourt would have been paid for giving up interests that had turned out good for nothing; but Sir Hugo set down this risk as *nil*, and of late years he had husbanded his fortune so well by the working of mines and the sale of leases that he was prepared for an outlay.

Here was an object that made him careful to avoid any quarrel with Grandcourt. Some years before, when he was making improvements at the Abbey, and needed Grandcourt's concurrence in his felling an obstructive mass of timber on the demesne, he had congratulated himself on finding that there was no active spite against him in his nephew's peculiar mind; and nothing had since occurred to make them hate each other more than was compatible with perfect politeness, or with any accommodation that could be strictly mutual.

Grandcourt, on his side, thought his uncle a superfluity and a bore, and felt that the list of things in general would be improved whenever Sir Hugo came to be expunged. But he had been made aware through Lush, always a useful medium, of the Baronet's inclinations concerning Diplow, and he was gratified to have the alternative of the money in his mind: even if he had not thought it in the least likely that he would choose to accept it, his sense of power would have been flattered by his being able to refuse what Sir Hugo desired. The hinted transaction had told for something among the motives which had made him ask for a year's tenancy of Diplow, which it had rather annoyed Sir Hugo to grant, because the excellent hunting in the neighborhood might decide Grandcourt not to part with his chance of future possession—a man who has two places, in one of which the hunting is less good, naturally desiring a third where it is better. Also, Lush had thrown out to Sir Hugo the probability that Grandcourt would woo and win Miss Arrowpoint, and in that case ready money might be less of a temptation to him. Hence, on this unexpected meeting at Leubronn, the Baronet felt much curiosity to know how things had been going on at Diplow, was bent on being as civil as possible to his nephew, and looked forward to some private chat with Lush.

Between Deronda and Grandcourt there was a more faintly marked but peculiar relation, depending on circumstances which have yet to be made known. But on no side was there any sign of suppressed chagrin on the first meeting at the *table d'hôte*, an hour after Grandcourt's arrival; and when the quartette of gentlemen afterward met on the terrace, without Lady Mallinger, they moved off together to saunter through the rooms, Sir Hugo saying as they entered the large *saal*,

"Did you play much at Baden, Grandcourt?"

"No; I looked on and betted a little with some Russians there."

"Had you luck?"

"What did I win, Lush?"

"You brought away about two hundred," said Lush.

"You are not here for the sake of the play, then?" said Sir Hugo.

"No; I don't care about play now. It's a confounded strain," said Grandcourt, whose diamond ring and demeanor, as he moved along, playing slightly with his whisker, were being a good deal stared at by rouged foreigners interested in a new milord.

"The fact is, somebody should invent a mill to

do amusements for you, my dear fellow," said Sir Hugo, "as the Tartars get their praying done. But I agree with you; I never cared for play. It's monotonous—knits the brain up into meshes. And it knocks me up to watch it now. I suppose one gets poisoned with the bad air. I never stay here more than ten minutes. But where's your gambling beauty, Deronda? Have you seen her lately?"

"She's gone," said Deronda, curtly.

"An uncommonly fine girl—a perfect Diana," said Sir Hugo, turning to Grandcourt again. "Really worth a little straining to look at her. I saw her winning, and she took it as coolly as if she had known it all beforehand. The same day Deronda happened to see her losing like wildfire, and she bore it with immense pluck. I suppose she was cleaned out, or was wise enough to stop in time. How do you know she's gone?"

"Oh, by the visitor list," said Deronda, with a scarcely perceptible shrug. "Vandernoodt told me her name was Harleth, and she was with the Baron and Baroness von Langen. I saw by the list that Miss Harleth was no longer there."

This held no further information for Lush than that Gwendolen had been gambling. He had already looked at the list, and ascertained that Gwendolen had gone, but he had no intention of thrusting this knowledge on Grandcourt before he asked for it; and he had not asked, finding it enough to believe that the object of search would turn up somewhere or other.

But now Grandcourt had heard what was rather piquant, and not a word about Miss Harleth had been missed by him. After a moment's pause he said to Deronda,

"Do you know those people—the Langens?"

"I have talked with them a little since Miss Harleth went away. I knew nothing of them before."

"Where is she gone—do you know?"

"She is gone home," said Deronda, coldly, as if he wished to say no more. But then, from a fresh impulse, he turned to look markedly at Grandcourt, and added, "But it is possible you know her. Her home is not far from Diplow: Offendene, near Wancester."

Deronda, turning to look straight at Grandcourt, who was on his left hand, might have been a subject for those old painters who liked contrasts of temperament. There was a calm intensity of life and richness of tint in his face that on a sudden gaze from him was rather startling, and often made him seem to have spoken, so that servants and officials asked him, automatically, "What did you say, Sir?" when he had been quite silent. Grandcourt himself felt an irritation, which he did not show except by a slight movement of the eyelids, at Deronda's turning round on him when he was not asked to do more than speak. But he answered, with his usual drawl, "Yes, I know her," and paused, with his shoulder toward Deronda, to look at the gambling.

"What of her, eh?" asked Sir Hugo of Lush, as the three moved on a little way. "She must be a new-comer at Offendene. Old Blenny lived there after the dowager died."

"A little too much of her," said Lush, in a low, significant tone, not sorry to let Sir Hugo know the state of affairs.

"Why? how?" said the Baronet. They all moved out of the *salon* into a more airy promenade.

"He has been on the brink of marrying her," Lush went on. "But I hope it's off now. She's a niece of the clergyman—Gascoigne—at Pennicote. Her mother is a widow with a brood of daughters. This girl will have nothing, and is as dangerous as gunpowder. It would be a foolish marriage. But she has taken a freak against him, for she ran off here without notice, when he had agreed to call the next day. The fact is, he's here after her; but he was in no great hurry, and between his caprice and hers, they are likely enough not to get together again. But of course he has lost his chance with the heiress."

Grandcourt, joining them, said, "What a beastly den this is!—a worse hole than Baden! I shall go back to the hotel."

When Sir Hugo and Deronda were alone, the Baronet began:

"Rather a pretty story. That girl has some drama in her. She must be worth running after—has *de l'imprévu*. I think her appearance on the scene has bettered my chance of getting Diplow, whether the marriage comes off or not."

"I should hope a marriage like that would not come off," said Deronda, in a tone of disgust.

"What! are you a little touched with the sublime lash?" said Sir Hugo, putting up his glasses to help his short sight in looking at his companion. "Are you inclined to run after her?"

"On the contrary," said Deronda, "I should rather be inclined to run away from her."

"Why, you would easily cut out Grandcourt. A girl with her spirit would think you the finer match of the two," said Sir Hugo, who often tried Deronda's patience by finding a joke in impossible advice. (A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections.)

"I suppose pedigree and land belong to a fine match," said Deronda, coldly.

"The best horse will win in spite of pedigree, my boy. You remember Napoleon's *mot—Je suis ancêtre*," said Sir Hugo, who habitually undervalued birth, as men after dining well often agree that the good of life is distributed with wonderful equality.

"I am not sure that I want to be an ancestor," said Deronda. "It doesn't seem to me the rarest sort of origination."

"You won't run after the pretty gambler, then?" said Sir Hugo, putting down his glasses.

"Decidedly not."

This answer was perfectly truthful; nevertheless it had passed through Deronda's mind that under other circumstances he should have given way to the interest this girl had raised in him, and tried to know more of her. But his history had given him a stronger bias in another direction. He felt himself in no sense free.

CHAPTER XVI.

Men, like planets, have both a visible and an invisible history. The astronomer threads the darkness with strict deduction, accounting so for every visible arc in the wanderer's orbit; and the narrator of human actions, if he did his work with the same completeness, would have to thread the hidden pathways of feeling and thought which lead up to every moment of action, and to those moments of intense suffering which take the quality of action—like the cry of Prometheus, whose chained anguish seems a greater energy than the sea and sky he invokes and the deity he defies.

DERONDA'S circumstances, indeed, had been exceptional. One moment had been burned into

his life as its chief epoch—a moment full of July sunshine and large pink roses shedding their last petals on a grassy court inclosed on three sides by a Gothic cloister. Imagine him in such a scene: a boy of thirteen, stretched prone on the grass where it was in shadow, his curly head propped on his arms over a book, while his tutor, also reading, sat on a camp-stool under shelter. Deronda's book was Sismondi's *History of the Italian Republics:* the lad had a passion for history, eager to know how time had been filled up since the Flood, and how things were carried on in the dull periods. Suddenly he let down his left arm and looked at his tutor, saying, in purest boyish tones,

"Mr. Fraser, how was it that the popes and cardinals always had so many nephews?"

The tutor, an able young Scotchman who acted as Sir Hugo Mallinger's secretary, roused rather unwillingly from his political economy, answered, with the clear-cut, emphatic chant which makes a truth doubly telling in Scotch utterance,

"Their own children were called nephews."

"Why?" said Deronda.

"It was just for the propriety of the thing; because, as you know very well, priests don't marry, and the children were illegitimate."

Mr. Fraser, thrusting out his lower lip and making his chant of the last word the more emphatic for a little impatience at being interrupted, had already turned his eyes on his book again, while Deronda, as if something had stung him, started up in a sitting attitude with his back to the tutor.

He had always called Sir Hugo Mallinger his uncle, and when it once occurred to him to ask about his father and mother, the Baronet had answered, "You lost your father and mother when you were quite a little one; that is why I take care of you." Daniel then straining to discern something in that early twilight, had a dim sense of having been kissed very much, and surrounded by thin, cloudy, scented drapery, till his fingers caught in something hard, which hurt him, and he began to cry. Every other memory he had was of the little world in which he still lived. And at that time he did not mind about learning more, for he was too fond of Sir Hugo to be sorry for the loss of unknown parents. Life was very delightful to the lad, with an uncle who was always indulgent and cheerful—a fine man in the bright noon of life, whom Daniel thought absolutely perfect, and whose place was one of the finest in England, at once historical, romantic, and home-like: a picturesque architectural outgrowth from an abbey, which had still remnants of the old monastic trunk. Diplow lay in another county, and was a comparatively landless place which had come into the family from a rich lawyer on the female side, who wore the perruque of the Restoration; whereas the Mallingers had the grant of Monk's Topping under Henry the Eighth, and ages before had held the neighboring lands of King's Topping, tracing indeed their origin to a certain Hugues le Malingre, who came in with the Conqueror—and also apparently with a sickly complexion, which had been happily corrected in his descendants. Two rows of these descendants, direct and collateral, females of the male line, and males of the female, looked down in the gallery over the cloisters on the nephew Daniel as he walked there: men in armor with pointed beards and arched eyebrows, pinched ladies in hoops and ruffs with no face to speak of; grave-looking men in black velvet and stuffed hips, and fair, frightened women holding little boys by the hand; smiling politicians in magnificent perruques, and ladies of the prize-animal kind, with rose-bud mouths and full eyelids, according to Lely; then a generation whose faces were revised and embellished in the taste of Kneller; and so on through refined editions of the family types in the time of Reynolds and Romney, till the line ended with Sir Hugo and his younger brother Henleigh. This last had married Miss Grandcourt, and taken her name along with her estates, thus making a junction between two equally old families, impaling the three Saracens' heads proper and three bezants of the one with the tower and falcons *argent* of the other, and, as it happened, uniting their highest advantages in the prospects of that Henleigh Mallinger Grandcourt who is at present more of an acquaintance to us than either Sir Hugo or his nephew Daniel Deronda.

In Sir Hugo's youthful portrait, with rolled collar and high cravat, Sir Thomas Lawrence had done justice to the agreeable alacrity of expression and sanguine temperament still to be seen in the original, but had done something more than justice in slightly lengthening the nose, which was in reality shorter than might have been expected in a Mallinger. Happily the appropriate nose of the family re-appeared in his younger brother, and was to be seen in all its refined regularity in his nephew Mallinger Grandcourt. But in the nephew Daniel Deronda the family faces of various types, seen on the walls of the gallery, found no reflex. Still he was handsomer than any of them, and when he was thirteen might have served as model for any painter who wanted to image the most memorable of boys: you could hardly have seen his face thoroughly meeting yours without believing that human creatures had done nobly in times past, and might do more nobly in time to come. The finest child-like faces have this consecrating power, and make us shudder anew at all the grossness and basely wrought griefs of the world, lest they should enter here and defile.

But at this moment on the grass among the rose petals Daniel Deronda was making a first acquaintance with those griefs. A new idea had entered his mind, and was beginning to change the aspect of his habitual feelings, as happy careless voyagers are changed when the sky suddenly threatens and the thought of danger arises. He sat perfectly still with his back to the tutor, while his face expressed rapid inward transition. The deep blush, which had come when he first started up, gradually subsided; but his features kept that indescribable look of subdued activity which often accompanies a new mental survey of familiar facts. He had not lived with other boys, and his mind showed the same blending of child's ignorance with surprising knowledge which is oftener seen in bright girls. Having read Shakspeare as well as a great deal of history, he could have talked with the wisdom of a bookish child about men who were born out of wedlock and were held unfortunate in consequence, being under disadvantages which required them to be a sort of heroes if they were to work themselves up to an equal standing with their legally born brothers. But he had never brought such knowledge

into any association with his own lot, which had been too easy for him ever to think about it—until this moment when there had darted into his mind with the magic of quick comparison the possibility that here was the secret of his own birth, and that the man whom he called uncle was really his father. Some children, even younger than Daniel, have known the first arrival of care, like an ominous irremovable guest in their tender lives, on the discovery that their parents, whom they had imagined able to buy every thing, were poor and in hard money troubles. Daniel felt the presence of a new guest who seemed to come with an enigmatic veiled face, and to carry dimly conjectured, dreaded revelations. The ardor which he had given to the imaginary world in his books suddenly rushed toward his own history and spent its pictorial energy there, explaining what he knew, representing the unknown. The uncle whom he loved very dearly took the aspect of a father who held secrets about him, who had done him a wrong—yes, a wrong: and what had become of his mother, from whom he must have been taken away?—secrets about which he, Daniel, could never inquire; for to speak or be spoken to about these new thoughts seemed like falling flakes of fire to his imagination. Those who have known an impassioned childhood will understand this dread of utterance about any shame connected with their parents. The impetuous advent of new images took possession of him with the force of fact for the first time told, and left him no immediate power for the reflection that he might be trembling at a fiction of his own. The shocking sense of collision between a strong rush of feeling and the dread of its betrayal found relief at length in big slow tears, which fell without restraint until the voice of Mr. Fraser was heard, saying,

"Daniel, do you see that you are sitting on the bent pages of your book?"

Daniel immediately moved the book without turning round, and after holding it before him for an instant, rose with it and walked away into the open grounds, where he could dry his tears unobserved. The first shock of suggestion past, he could remember that he had no certainty how things really had been, and that he had been making conjectures about his own history, as he had often made stories about Pericles or Columbus, just to fill up the blanks before they became famous. Only there came back certain facts which had an obstinate reality—almost like the fragments of a bridge, telling you unmistakably how the arches lay. And again there came a mood in which his conjectures seemed like a doubt of religion, to be banished as an offense, and a mean prying after what he was not meant to know; for there was hardly a delicacy of feeling this lad was not capable of. But the summing up of all his fluctuating experience at this epoch was that a secret impression had come to him which had given him something like a new sense in relation to all the elements of his life. And the idea that others probably knew things concerning him which they did not choose to mention, and which he would not have had them mention, set up in him a premature reserve which helped to intensify his inward experience. His ears were open now to words which before that July day would have passed by him unnoted; and round every trivial incident which imagination could connect with his suspicions a newly roused set of feelings were ready to cluster themselves.

One such incident a month later wrought itself deeply into his life. Daniel had not only one of those thrilling boy voices which seem to bring an idyllic heaven and earth before our eyes, but a fine musical instinct, and had early made out accompaniments for himself on the piano, while he sang from memory. Since then he had had some teaching, and Sir Hugo, who delighted in the boy, used to ask for his music in the presence of guests. One morning after he had been singing "Sweet Echo" before a small party of gentlemen whom the rain had kept in the house, the Baronet, passing from a smiling remark to his next neighbor, said,

"Come here, Dan!"

The boy came forward with unusual reluctance. He wore an embroidered holland blouse which set off the rich coloring of his head and throat, and the resistant gravity about his mouth and eyes as he was being smiled upon made their beauty the more impressive. Every one was admiring him.

"What do you say to being a great singer? Should you like to be adored by the world and take the house by storm, like Mario and Tamberlik?"

Daniel reddened instantaneously, but there was a just perceptible interval before he answered, with angry decision,

"No; I should hate it!"

"Well, well, well," said Sir Hugo, with surprised kindliness intended to be soothing. But Daniel turned away quickly, left the room, and going to his own chamber, threw himself on the broad window-sill, which was a favorite retreat of his when he had nothing particular to do. Here he could see the rain gradually subsiding with gleams through the parting clouds which lit up a great reach of the park, where the old oaks stood apart from each other, and the bordering wood was pierced with a green glade which met the eastern sky. This was a scene which had always been part of his home—part of the dignified ease which had been a matter of course in his life. And his ardent clinging nature had appropriated it all with affection. He knew a great deal of what it was to be a gentleman by inheritance, and without thinking much about himself—for he was a boy of active perceptions, and easily forgot his own existence in that of Robert Bruce—he had never supposed that he could be shut out from such a lot, or have a very different part in the world from that of the uncle who petted him. It is possible (though not greatly believed in at present) to be fond of poverty and take it for a bride, to prefer scoured deal, red quarries, and whitewash for one's private surroundings, to delight in no splendor but what has open doors for the whole nation, and to glory in having no privilege except such as nature insists on; and noblemen have been known to run away from elaborate ease and the option of idleness, that they might bind themselves for small pay to hard-handed labor. But Daniel's tastes were altogether in keeping with his nurture: his disposition was one in which every-day scenes and habits beget not *ennui* or rebellion, but delight, affection, aptitudes; and now the lad had been stung to the quick by the idea that his uncle—perhaps his father—thought of a career for him

which was totally unlike his own, and which he knew very well was not thought of among possible destinations for the sons of English gentlemen. He had often staid in London with Sir Hugo, who to indulge the boy's ear had carried him to the opera to hear the great tenors, so that the image of a singer taking the house by storm was very vivid to him; but now, spite of his musical gift, he set himself bitterly against the notion of being dressed up to sing before all those fine people who would not care about him except as a wonderful toy. That Sir Hugo should have thought of him in that position for a moment seemed to Daniel an unmistakable proof that there was something about his birth which threw him out from the class of gentlemen to which the Baronet belonged. Would it ever be mentioned to him? Would the time come when his uncle would tell him every thing? He shrank from the prospect: in his imagination he preferred ignorance. If his father had been wicked —Daniel inwardly used strong words, for he was feeling the injury done him as a maimed boy feels the crushed limb which for others is merely reckoned in an average of accidents—if his father had done any wrong, he wished it might never be spoken of to him: it was already a cutting thought that such knowledge might be in other minds. Was it in Mr. Fraser's? probably not, else he would not have spoken in that way about the popes' nephews: Daniel fancied, as older people do, that every one else's consciousness was as active as his own on a matter which was vital to him. Did Turvey, the valet, know? and old Mrs. French, the housekeeper? and Banks, the bailiff, with whom he had ridden about the farms on his pony? And now there came back the recollection of a day some years before when he was drinking Mrs. Banks's whey, and Banks said to his wife, with a wink and a cunning laugh, "He features the mother, eh?" At that time little Daniel had merely thought that Banks made a silly face, as the common farming men often did—laughing at what was not laughable; and he rather resented being winked at and talked of as if he did not understand every thing. But now that small incident became information: it was to be reasoned on. How could he be like his mother and not like his father? His mother must have been a Mallinger, if Sir Hugo were his uncle. But no! His father might have been Sir Hugo's brother and have changed his name, as Mr. Henleigh Mallinger did when he married Miss Grandcourt. But then, why had he never heard Sir Hugo speak of his brother Deronda, as he spoke of his brother Grandcourt? Daniel had never before cared about the family tree—only about that ancestor who had killed three Saracens in one encounter. But now his mind turned to a cabinet of estate maps in the library, where he had once seen an illuminated parchment hanging out, that Sir Hugo said was the family tree. The phrase was new and odd to him—he was a little fellow then, hardly more than half his present age—and he gave it no precise meaning. He knew more now, and wished that he could examine that parchment. He imagined that the cabinet was always locked, and longed to try it. But here he checked himself. He might be seen; and he would never bring himself near even a silent admission of the sore that had opened in him.

It is in such experiences of boy or girlhood, while elders are debating whether most education lies in science or literature, that the main lines of character are often laid down. If Daniel had been of a less ardently affectionate nature, the reserve about himself and the supposition that others had something to his disadvantage in their minds, might have turned into a hard, proud antagonism. But inborn lovingness was strong enough to keep itself level with resentment. There was hardly any creature in his habitual world that he was not fond of; teasing them occasionally, of course —all except his uncle, or "Nunc," as Sir Hugo had taught him to say; for the Baronet was the reverse of a strait-laced man, and left his dignity to take care of itself. Him Daniel loved in that deep-rooted filial way which makes children always the happier for being in the same room with father or mother, though their occupations may be quite apart. Sir Hugo's watch-chain and seals, his handwriting, his mode of smoking and of talking to his dogs and horses, had all a rightness and charm about them to the boy which went along with the happiness of morning and breakfast-time. That Sir Hugo had always been a Whig made Tories and Radicals equally opponents of the truest and best; and the books he had written were all seen under the same consecration of loving belief which differenced what was his from what was not his, in spite of general resemblance. Those writings were various, from volumes of travel in the brilliant style to articles on things in general, and pamphlets on political crises; but to Daniel they were alike in having an unquestionable rightness by which other people's information could be tested.

Who can not imagine the bitterness of a first suspicion that something in this object of complete love was *not* quite right? Children demand that their heroes should be fleckless, and easily believe them so: perhaps a first discovery to the contrary is hardly a less revolutionary shock to a passionate child than the threatened downfall of habitual beliefs which makes the world seem to totter for us in maturer life.

But some time after this renewal of Daniel's agitation it appeared that Sir Hugo must have been making a merely playful experiment in his question about the singing. He sent for Daniel into the library, and looking up from his writing as the boy entered, threw himself sideways in his arm-chair. "Ah, Dan!" he said, kindly, drawing one of the old embroidered stools close to him. "Come and sit down here."

Daniel obeyed, and Sir Hugo put a gentle hand on his shoulder, looking at him affectionately.

"What is it, my boy? Have you heard any thing that has put you out of spirits lately?"

Daniel was determined not to let the tears come, but he could not speak.

"All changes are painful when people have been happy, you know," said Sir Hugo, lifting his hand from the boy's shoulder to his dark curls and rubbing them gently. "You can't be educated exactly as I wish you to be without our parting. And I think you will find a great deal to like at school."

This was not what Daniel expected, and was so far a relief, which gave him spirit to answer,

"Am I to go to school?"

"Yes, I mean you to go to Eton. I wish you to have the education of an English gentleman; and for that it is necessary that you should go to

a public school in preparation for the university: Cambridge I mean you to go to; it was my own university."

Daniel's color came and went.

"What do you say, Sirrah?" said Sir Hugo, smiling.

"I should like to be a gentleman," said Daniel, with firm distinctness, "and go to school, if that is what a gentleman's son must do."

Sir Hugo watched him silently for a few moments, thinking he understood now why the lad had seemed angry at the notion of becoming a singer. Then he said, tenderly,

"And so you won't mind about leaving your old Nunc?"

"Yes, I shall," said Daniel, clasping Sir Hugo's caressing arm with both his hands. "But sha'n't I come home and be with you in the holidays?"

"Oh yes, generally," said Sir Hugo. "But now I mean you to go at once to a new tutor, to break the change for you before you go to Eton."

After this interview Daniel's spirit rose again. He was meant to be a gentleman, and in some unaccountable way it might be that his conjectures were all wrong. The very keenness of the lad taught him to find comfort in his ignorance. While he was busying his mind in the construction of possibilities, it became plain to him that there must be possibilities of which he knew nothing. He left off brooding, young joy and the spirit of adventure not being easily quenched within him, and in the interval before his going away he sang about the house, danced among the old servants, making them parting gifts, and insisted many times to the groom on the care that was to be taken of the black pony.

"Do you think I shall know much less than the other boys, Mr. Fraser?" said Daniel. It was his bent to think that every stranger would be surprised at his ignorance.

"There are dunces to be found every where," said the judicious Fraser. "You'll not be the biggest; but you've not the makings of a Porson in you, or a Leibnitz either."

"I don't want to be a Porson or a Leibnitz," said Daniel. "I would rather be a greater leader, like Pericles or Washington."

"Ay, ay; you've a notion they did with little parsing, and less algebra," said Fraser. But in reality he thought his pupil a remarkable lad, to whom one thing was as easy as another if he had only a mind to it.

Things went very well with Daniel in his new world, except that a boy with whom he was at once inclined to strike up a close friendship talked to him a great deal about his home and parents, and seemed to expect a like expansiveness in return. Daniel immediately shrank into reserve, and this experience remained a check on his naturally strong bent toward the formation of intimate friendships. Every one, his tutor included, set him down as a reserved boy, though he was so good-humored and unassuming, as well as quick both at study and sport, that nobody called his reserve disagreeable. Certainly his face had a great deal to do with that favorable interpretation; but in this instance the beauty of the closed lips told no falsehood.

A surprise that came to him before his first vacation strengthened the silent consciousness of a grief within, which might be compared in some ways with Byron's susceptibility about his deformed foot. Sir Hugo wrote word that he was married to Miss Raymond, a sweet lady whom Daniel must remember having seen. The event would make no difference about his spending the vacation at the Abbey; he would find Lady Mallinger a new friend whom he would be sure to love—and much more to the usual effect when a man, having done something agreeable to himself, is disposed to congratulate others on his own good fortune, and the deducible satisfactoriness of events in general.

Let Sir Hugo be partly excused until the grounds of his action can be more fully known. The mistakes in his behavior to Deronda were due to that dullness toward what may be going on in other minds, especially the minds of children, which is among the commonest deficiencies even in good-natured men like him, when life has been generally easy to themselves, and their energies have been quietly spent in feeling gratified. No one was better aware than he that Daniel was generally suspected to be his own son. But he was pleased with that suspicion; and his imagination had never once been troubled with the way in which the boy himself might be affected, either then or in the future, by the enigmatic aspect of his circumstances. He was as fond of him as could be, and meant the best by him. And considering the lightness with which the preparation of young lives seems to lie on respectable consciences, Sir Hugo Mallinger can hardly be held open to exceptional reproach. He had been a bachelor till he was five-and-forty, had always been regarded as a fascinating man of elegant tastes: what could be more natural, even according to the index of language, than that he should have a beautiful boy like the little Deronda to take care of? The mother might even perhaps be in the great world—met with in Sir Hugo's residences abroad. The only person to feel any objection was the boy himself, who could not have been consulted. And the boy's objections had never been dreamed of by any body but himself.

By the time Deronda was ready to go to Cambridge, Lady Mallinger had already three daughters—charming babies, all three, but whose sex was announced as a melancholy alternative, the offspring desired being a son: if Sir Hugo had no son, the succession must go to his nephew Mallinger Grandcourt. Daniel no longer held a wavering opinion about his own birth. His fuller knowledge had tended to convince him that Sir Hugo was his father, and he conceived that the Baronet, since he never approached a communication on the subject, wished him to have a tacit understanding of the fact, and to accept in silence what would be generally considered more than the due love and nurture. Sir Hugo's marriage might certainly have been felt as a new ground of resentment by some youths in Deronda's position, and the timid Lady Mallinger with her fast-coming little ones might have been images to scowl at, as likely to divert much that was disposable in the feelings and possessions of the Baronet from one who felt his own claim to be prior. But hatred of innocent human obstacles was a form of moral stupidity not in Deronda's grain; even the indignation which had long mingled itself with his affection for Sir Hugo took the quality of pain rather than of temper; and as his mind ripened to the idea of tolerance to-

ward error, he habitually linked the idea with his own silent grievances.

The sense of an entailed disadvantage—the deformed foot doubtfully hidden by the shoe—makes a restlessly active spiritual yeast, and easily turns a self-centred, unloving nature into an Ishmaelite. But in the rarer sort, who presently see their own frustrated claim as one among a myriad, the inexorable sorrow takes the form of fellowship and makes the imagination tender. Deronda's early-wakened susceptibility, charged at first with ready indignation and resistant pride, had raised in him a premature reflection on certain questions of life; it had given a bias to his conscience, a sympathy with certain ills, and a tension of resolve in certain directions, which marked him off from other youths much more than any talents he possessed.

One day near the end of the Long Vacation, when he had been making a tour in the Rhineland with his Eton tutor, and was come for a farewell stay at the Abbey before going to Cambridge, he said to Sir Hugo,

"What do you intend me to be, Sir?" They were in the library, and it was the fresh morning. Sir Hugo had called him in to read a letter from a Cambridge Don who was to be interested in him; and since the Baronet wore an air at once business-like and leisurely, the moment seemed propitious for entering on a grave subject which had never yet been thoroughly discussed.

"Whatever your inclination leads you to, my boy. I thought it right to give you the option of the army, but you shut the door on that, and I was glad. I don't expect you to choose just yet—by-and-by, when you have looked about you a little more and tried your mettle among older men. The university has a good wide opening into the forum. There are prizes to be won, and a bit of good fortune often gives the turn to a man's taste. From what I see and hear, I should think you can take up any thing you like. You are in deeper water with your classics than I ever got into, and if you are rather sick of that swimming, Cambridge is the place where you can go into mathematics with a will, and disport yourself on the dry sand as much as you like. I floundered along like a carp."

"I suppose money will make some difference, Sir," said Daniel, blushing. "I shall have to keep myself by-and-by."

"Not exactly. I recommend you not to be extravagant—yes, yes, I know; you are not inclined to that—but you need not take up any thing against the grain. You will have a bachelor's income—enough for you to look about with. Perhaps I had better tell you that you may consider yourself secure of seven hundred a year. You might make yourself a barrister—be a writer—take up politics. I confess that is what would please me best. I should like to have you at my elbow and pulling with me."

Deronda looked embarrassed. He felt that he ought to make some sign of gratitude, but other feelings clogged his tongue. A moment was passing by in which a question about his birth was throbbing within him, and yet it seemed more impossible than ever that the question should find vent—more impossible than ever that he could hear certain things from Sir Hugo's lips. The liberal way in which he was dealt with was the more striking because the Baronet had of late cared particularly for money, and for making the utmost of his life-interest in the estate by way of providing for his daughters; and as all this flashed through Daniel's mind, it was momentarily within his imagination that the provision for him might come in some way from his mother. But such vaporous conjecture passed away as quickly as it came.

Sir Hugo appeared not to notice any thing peculiar in Daniel's manner, and presently went on with his usual chatty liveliness.

"I'm glad you have done some good reading outside your classics, and have got a grip of French and German. The truth is, unless a man can get the prestige and income of a Don and write donnish books, it's hardly worth while for him to make a Greek and Latin machine of himself and be able to spin you out pages of the Greek dramatists at any verse you'll give him as a cue. That's all very fine, but in practical life nobody does give you the cue for pages of Greek. In fact, it's a nicety of conversation which I would have you attend to—much quotation of any sort, even in English, is bad. It tends to choke ordinary remark. One couldn't carry on life comfortably without a little blindness to the fact that every thing has been said better than we can put it ourselves. But talking of Dons, I have seen Dons make a capital figure in society; and occasionally he can shoot you down a cart-load of learning in the right place, which will tell in politics. Such men are wanted; and if you have any turn for being a Don, I say nothing against it."

"I think there's not much chance of that. Quicksett and Puller are both stronger than I am. I hope you will not be much disappointed if I don't come out with high honors."

"No, no. I should like you to do yourself credit, but for God's sake don't come out as a superior expensive kind of idiot, like young Brecon, who got a Double-First, and has been learning to knit braces ever since. What I wish you to get is a passport in life. I don't go against our university system: we want a little disinterested culture to make head against cotton and capital, especially in the House. My Greek has all evaporated: if I had to construe a verse on a sudden, I should get an apoplectic fit. But it formed my taste. I dare say my English is the better for it."

On this point Daniel kept a respectful silence. The enthusiastic belief in Sir Hugo's writings as a standard, and in the Whigs as the chosen race among politicians, had gradually vanished along with the seraphic boy's face. He had not been the hardest of workers at Eton. Though some kinds of study and reading came as easily as boating to him, he was not of the material that usually makes the first-rate Eton scholar. There had sprung up in him a meditative yearning after wide knowledge which is likely always to abate ardor in the fight for prize acquirement in narrow tracks. Happily he was modest, and took any second-rateness in himself simply as a fact, not as a marvel necessarily to be accounted for by a superiority. Still Mr. Fraser's high opinion of the lad had not been altogether belied by the youth: Daniel had the stamp of rarity in a subdued fervor of sympathy, an activity of imagination on behalf of others, which did not show itself effusively, but was continually seen in acts of considerateness that struck his companions as moral eccentricity. "Deronda would have been first-rate

if he had had more ambition," was a frequent remark about him. But how could a fellow push his way properly when he objected to swop for his own advantage, knocked under by choice when he was within an inch of victory, and, unlike the great Clive, would rather be the calf than the butcher? It was a mistake, however, to suppose that Deronda had not his share of ambition: we know he had suffered keenly from the belief that there was a tinge of dishonor in his lot; but there are some cases, and his was one of them, in which the sense of injury breeds—not the will to inflict injuries and climb over them as a ladder, but—a hatred of all injury. He had his flashes of fierceness, and could hit out upon occasion, but the occasions were not always what might have been expected. For in what related to himself his resentful impulses had been early checked by a mastering affectionateness. Love has a habit of saying "Never mind" to angry self, who, sitting down for the nonce in the lower place, by-and-by gets used to it. So it was that as Deronda approached manhood his feeling for Sir Hugo, while it was getting more and more mixed with criticism, was gaining in that sort of allowance which reconciles criticism with tenderness. The dear old beautiful home and every thing within it, Lady Mallinger and her little ones included, were consecrated for the youth as they had been for the boy—only with a certain difference of light on the objects. The altarpiece was no longer miraculously perfect, painted under infallible guidance, but the human hand discerned in the work was appealing to a reverent tenderness safer from the gusts of discovery. Certainly Deronda's ambition, even in his spring-time, lay exceptionally aloof from conspicuous, vulgar triumph, and from other ugly forms of boyish energy; perhaps because he was early impassioned by ideas, and burned his fire on those heights. One may spend a good deal of energy in disliking and resisting what others pursue, and a boy who is fond of somebody else's pencil-case may not be more energetic than another who is fond of giving his own pencil-case away. Still, it was not Deronda's disposition to escape from ugly scenes: he was more inclined to sit through them and take care of the fellow least able to take care of himself. It had helped to make him popular that he was sometimes a little compromised by this apparent comradeship. For a meditative interest in learning how human miseries are wrought —as precocious in him as another sort of genius in the poet who writes a Queen Mab at nineteen —was so infused with kindliness that it easily passed for comradeship. Enough. In many of our neighbors' lives there is much not only of error and lapse, but of a certain exquisite goodness which can never be written or even spoken —only divined by each of us, according to the inward instruction of our own privacy.

The impression he made at Cambridge corresponded to his position at Eton. Every one interested in him agreed that he might have taken a high place if his motives had been of a more pushing sort, and if he had not, instead of regarding studies as instruments of success, hampered himself with the notion that they were to feed motive and opinion—a notion which set him criticising methods and arguing against his freight and harness when he should have been using all his might to pull. In the beginning his work at the university had a new zest for him: indifferent to the continuation of the Eton classical drill, he applied himself vigorously to mathematics, for which he had shown an early aptitude under Mr. Fraser, and he had the delight of feeling his strength in a comparatively fresh exercise of thought. That delight, and the favorable opinion of his tutor, determined him to try for a mathematical scholarship in the Easter of his second year: he wished to gratify Sir Hugo by some achievement, and the study of the higher mathematics, having the growing fascination inherent in all thinking which demands intensity, was making him a more exclusive worker than he had been before.

But here came the old check which had been growing with his growth. He found the inward bent toward comprehension and thoroughness diverging more and more from the track marked out by the standards of examination: he felt a heightening discontent with the wearing futility and enfeebling strain of a demand for excessive retention and dexterity without any insight into the principles which form the vital connections of knowledge. (Deronda's under-graduateship occurred fifteen years ago, when the perfection of our university methods was not yet indisputable.) In hours when his dissatisfaction was strong upon him he reproached himself for having been attracted by the conventional advantage of belonging to an English university, and was tempted toward the project of asking Sir Hugo to let him quit Cambridge and pursue a more independent line of study abroad. The germs of this inclination had been already stirring in his boyish love of universal history, which made him want to be at home in foreign countries, and follow in imagination the traveling students of the Middle Ages. He longed now to have the sort of apprenticeship to life which would not shape him too definitely, and rob him of the choice that might come from a free growth. One sees that Deronda's demerits were likely to be on the side of reflective hesitation, and this tendency was encouraged by his position: there was no need for him to get an immediate income, or to fit himself in haste for a profession; and his sensibility to the half-known facts of his parentage made him an excuse for lingering longer than others in a state of social neutrality. Other men, he inwardly said, had a more definite place and duties. But the project which flattered his inclination might not have gone beyond the stage of ineffective brooding, if certain circumstances had not quickened it into action.

The circumstances arose out of an enthusiastic friendship which extended into his after-life. Of the same year with himself, and occupying small rooms close to his, was a youth who had come as an exhibitioner from Christ's Hospital, and had eccentricities enough for a Charles Lamb. Only to look at his pinched features and blonde hair hanging over his collar reminded one of pale quaint heads by early German painters; and when this faint coloring was lit up by a joke, there came sudden creases about the mouth and eyes which might have been moulded by the soul of an aged humorist. His father, an engraver of some distinction, had been dead eleven years, and his mother had three girls to educate and maintain on a meagre annuity. Hans Meyrick—he had been daringly christened after Holbein—felt

himself the pillar, or rather the knotted and twisted trunk, round which these feeble climbing plants must cling. There was no want of ability or of honest well-meaning affection to make the prop trustworthy: the ease and quickness with which he studied might serve him to win prizes at Cambridge, as he had done among the Blue Coats, in spite of irregularities. The only danger was that the incalculable tendencies in him might be fatally timed, and that his good intentions might be frustrated by some act which was not due to habit, but to capricious, scattered impulses. He could not be said to have any one bad habit; yet at longer or shorter intervals he had fits of impish recklessness, and did things that would have made the worst habits.

Hans in his right mind, however, was a lovable creature, and in Deronda he had happened to find a friend who was likely to stand by him with the more constancy, from compassion for these brief aberrations that might bring a long repentance. Hans, indeed, shared Deronda's rooms nearly as much as he used his own: to Deronda he poured himself out on his studies, his affairs, his hopes; the poverty of his home, and his love for the creatures there; the itching of his fingers to draw, and his determination to fight it away for the sake of getting some sort of plum that he might divide with his mother and the girls. He wanted no confidence in return, but seemed to take Deronda as an Olympian who needed nothing—an egotism in friendship which is common enough with mercurial, expansive natures. Deronda was content, and gave Meyrick all the interest he claimed, getting at last a brotherly anxiety about him, looking after him in his erratic moments, and contriving by adroitly delicate devices not only to make up for his friend's lack of pence, but to save him from threatening chances. Such friendship easily becomes tender: the one spreads strong sheltering wings that delight in spreading; the other gets the warm protection which is also a delight. Meyrick was going in for a classical scholarship, and his success, in various ways momentous, was the more probable from the steadying influence of Deronda's friendship.

But an imprudence of Meyrick's, committed at the beginning of the autumn term, threatened to disappoint his hopes. With his usual alternation between unnecessary expense and self-privation, he had given too much money for an old engraving which fascinated him, and, to make up for it, had come from London in a third-class carriage, with his eyes exposed to a bitter wind and any irritating particles the wind might drive before it. The consequence was a severe inflammation of the eyes, which for some time hung over him the threat of a lasting injury. This crushing trouble called out all Deronda's readiness to devote himself, and he made every other occupation secondary to that of being companion and eyes to Hans, working with him and for him at his classics, that if possible his chance of the classical scholarship might be saved. Hans, to keep the knowledge of his suffering from his mother and sisters, alleged his work as a reason for passing the Christmas at Cambridge, and his friend staid up with him.

Meanwhile Deronda relaxed his hold on his mathematics, and Hans, reflecting on this, at length said, "Old fellow, while you are hoisting me you are risking yourself. With your mathematical cram one may be like Moses or Mohammed or somebody of that sort who had to cram, and forgot in one day what it had taken him forty to learn."

Deronda would not admit that he cared about the risk, and he had really been beguiled into a little indifference by double sympathy: he was very anxious that Hans should not miss the much-needed scholarship, and he felt a revival of interest in the old studies. Still, when Hans, rather late in the day, got able to use his own eyes, Deronda had tenacity enough to try hard and recover his lost ground. He failed, however; but he had the satisfaction of seeing Meyrick win.

Success, as a sort of beginning that urged completion, might have reconciled Deronda to his university course; but the emptiness of all things, from politics to pastimes, is never so striking to us as when we fail in them. The loss of the personal triumph had no severity for him, but the sense of having spent his time ineffectively in a mode of working which had been against the grain gave him a distaste for any renewal of the process, which turned his imagined project of quitting Cambridge into a serious intention. In speaking of his intention to Meyrick he made it appear that he was glad of the turn events had taken—glad to have the balance dip decidedly, and feel freed from his hesitations; but he observed that he must, of course, submit to any strong objection on the part of Sir Hugo.

Meyrick's joy and gratitude were disturbed by much uneasiness. He believed in Deronda's alleged preference, but he felt keenly that in serving him, Daniel had placed himself at a disadvantage in Sir Hugo's opinion, and he said, mournfully, "If you had got the scholarship, Sir Hugo would have thought that you asked to leave us with a better grace. You have spoiled your luck for my sake, and I can do nothing to mend it."

"Yes, you can; you are to be a first-rate fellow. I call that a first-rate investment of my luck."

"Oh, confound it! You save an ugly mongrel from drowning, and expect him to cut a fine figure. The poets have made tragedies enough about signing one's self over to wickedness for the sake of getting something plummy; I shall write a tragedy of a fellow who signed himself over to be good, and was uncomfortable ever after."

But Hans lost no time in secretly writing the history of the affair to Sir Hugo, making it plain that but for Deronda's generous devotion he could hardly have failed to win the prize he had been working for.

The two friends went up to town together: Meyrick to rejoice with his mother and the girls in their little home at Chelsea; Deronda to carry out the less easy task of opening his mind to Sir Hugo. He relied a little on the Baronet's general tolerance of eccentricities, but he expected more opposition than he met with. He was received with even warmer kindness than usual, the failure was passed over lightly, and when he detailed his reasons for wishing to quit the university and go to study abroad, Sir Hugo sat for some time in a silence which was rather meditative than surprised. At last he said, looking at Daniel with examination, "So you don't want to be an Englishman to the backbone, after all?"

"I want to be an Englishman, but I want to understand other points of view. And I want to get rid of a merely English attitude in studies."

"I see; you don't want to be turned out in the same mould as every other youngster. And I have nothing to say against your doffing some of our national prejudices. I feel the better myself for having spent a good deal of my time abroad. But, for God's sake, keep an English cut, and don't become indifferent to bad tobacco! And—my dear boy—it is good to be unselfish and generous; but don't carry that too far. It will not do to give yourself to be melted down for the benefit of the tallow trade; you must know where to find yourself. However, I shall put no veto on your going. Wait until I can get off Committee, and I'll run over with you."

So Deronda went according to his will. But not before he had spent some hours with Hans Meyrick, and been introduced to the mother and sisters in the Chelsea home. The shy girls watched and registered every look of their brother's friend, declared by Hans to have been the salvation of him, a fellow like nobody else, and, in fine, a brick. They so thoroughly accepted Deronda as an ideal that when he was gone the youngest set to work, under the criticism of the two elder girls, to paint him as Prince Camaralzaman.

CHAPTER XVII.

"This is truth the poet sings,
That a sorrow's crown of sorrow
Is remembering happier things."
TENNYSON: *Locksley Hall.*

ON a fine evening near the end of July Deronda was rowing himself on the Thames. It was already a year or more since he had come back to England, with the understanding that his education was finished, and that he was somehow to take his place in English society; but though, in deference to Sir Hugo's wish, and to fence off idleness, he had begun to read law, this apparent decision had been without other result than to deepen the roots of indecision. His old love of boating had revived with the more force now that he was in town with the Mallingers, because he could nowhere else get the same still seclusion which the river gave him. He had a boat of his own at Putney, and whenever Sir Hugo did not want him, it was his chief holiday to row till past sunset and come in again with the stars. Not that he was in a sentimental stage; but he was in another sort of contemplative mood perhaps more common in the young men of our day—that of questioning whether it were worth while to take part in the battle of the world: I mean, of course, the young men in whom the unproductive labor of questioning is sustained by three or five per cent. on capital which somebody else has battled for. It puzzled Sir Hugo that one who made a splendid contrast with all that was sickly and puling should be hampered with ideas which, since they left an accomplished Whig like himself unobstructed, could be no better than spectral illusions; especially as Deronda set himself against authorship—a vocation which is understood to turn foolish thinking into funds.

Rowing in his dark blue shirt and skull-cap, his curls closely clipped, his mouth beset with abundant soft waves of beard, he bore only disguised traces of the seraphic boy "trailing clouds of glory." Still, even one who had never seen him since his boyhood might have looked at him with slow recognition, due perhaps to the peculiarity of the gaze which Gwendolen chose to call "dreadful," though it had really a very mild sort of scrutiny. The voice, sometimes audible in subdued snatches of song, had turned out merely a high barytone; indeed, only to look at his lithe powerful frame and the firm gravity of his face would have been enough for an experienced guess that he had no rare and ravishing tenor such as nature reluctantly makes at some sacrifice. Look at his hands: they are not small and dimpled, with tapering fingers that seem to have only a deprecating touch: they are long, flexible, firmly grasping hands, such as Titian has painted in a picture where he wanted to show the combination of refinement with force. And there is something of a likeness, too, between the faces belonging to the hands—in both the uniform pale brown skin, the perpendicular brow, the calmly penetrating eyes. Not seraphic any longer: thoroughly terrestrial and manly; but still of a kind to raise belief in a human dignity which can afford to acknowledge poor relations.

Such types meet us here and there among average conditions; in a workman, for example, whistling over a bit of measurement and lifting his eyes to answer our question about the road. And often the grand meanings of faces as well as of written words may lie chiefly in the impressions of those who look on them. But it is precisely such impressions that happen just now to be of importance in relation to Deronda, rowing on the Thames in a very ordinary equipment for a young Englishman at leisure, and passing under Kew Bridge with no thought of an adventure in which his appearance was likely to play any part. In fact, he objected very strongly to the notion, which others had not allowed him to escape, that his appearance was of a kind to draw attention; and hints of this, intended to be complimentary, found an angry resonance in him, coming from mingled experiences, to which a clew has already been given. His own face in the glass had during many years been associated for him with thoughts of some one whom he must be like—one about whose character and lot he continually wondered, and never dared to ask.

In the neighborhood of Kew Bridge, between six and seven o'clock, the river was no solitude. Several persons were sauntering on the towing-path, and here and there a boat was plying. Deronda had been rowing fast to get over this spot, when, becoming aware of a great barge advancing toward him, he guided his boat aside, and rested on his oar within a couple of yards of the river-brink. He was all the while unconsciously continuing the low-toned chant which had haunted his throat all the way up the river—the gondolier's song in the *Otello*, where Rossini has worthily set to music the immortal words of Dante,

"Nessun maggior dolore
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice
Nella miseria;"*

and, as he rested on his oar, the pianissimo fall of the melodic wail "nella miseria" was distinctly audible on the brink of the water. Three or four persons had paused at various spots to watch the barge passing the bridge, and doubtless included in their notice the young gentleman in the boat;

* Dante's words are best rendered by our own poet in the lines at the head of the chapter.

but probably it was only to one ear that the low vocal sounds came with more significance than if they had been an insect murmur amidst the sum of current noises. Deronda, awaiting the barge, now turned his head to the river-side, and saw at a few yards' distance from him a figure which might have been an impersonation of the misery he was unconsciously giving voice to: a girl hardly more than eighteen, of low slim figure, with most delicate little face, her dark curls pushed behind her ears under a large black hat, a long woolen cloak over her shoulders. Her hands were hanging down clasped before her, and her eyes were fixed on the river with a look of immovable, statue-like despair. This strong arrest of his attention made him cease singing: apparently his voice had entered her inner world without her having taken any note of whence it came, for when it suddenly ceased, she changed her attitude slightly, and, looking round with a frightened glance, met Deronda's face. It was but a couple of moments, but that seems a long while for two people to look straight at each other. Her look was something like that of a fawn or other gentle animal before it turns to run away: no blush, no special alarm, but only some timidity which yet could not hinder her from a long look before she turned. In fact, it seemed to Deronda that she was only half conscious of her surroundings: was she hungry, or was there some other cause of bewilderment? He felt an outleap of interest and compassion toward her; but the next instant she had turned and walked away to a neighboring bench under a tree. He had no right to linger and watch her: poorly dressed, melancholy women are common sights; it was only the delicate beauty, the picturesque lines and color of the image, that were exceptional, and these conditions made it the more markedly impossible that he should obtrude his interest upon her. He began to row away, and was soon far up the river; but no other thoughts were busy enough quite to expel that pale image of unhappy girlhood. He fell again and again to speculating on the probable romance that lay behind that loneliness and look of desolation; then to smile at his own share in the prejudice that interesting faces must have interesting adventures; then to justify himself for feeling that sorrow was the more tragic when it befell delicate, child-like beauty.

"I should not have forgotten the look of misery if she had been ugly and vulgar," he said to himself. But there was no denying that the attractiveness of the image made it likelier to last. It was clear to him as an onyx cameo: the brown-black drapery, the white face with small, small features and dark, long-lashed eyes. His mind glanced over the girl-tragedies that are going on in the world, hidden, unheeded, as if they were but tragedies of the copse or hedgerow, where the helpless drag wounded wings forsakenly, and streak the shadowed moss with the red moment-hand of their own death. Deronda of late, in his solitary excursions, had been occupied chiefly with uncertainties about his own course; but those uncertainties, being much at their leisure, were wont to have such wide-sweeping connections with all life and history that the new image of helpless sorrow easily blent itself with what seemed to him the strong array of reasons why he should shrink from getting into that routine of the world which makes men apologize for all its wrong-doing, and take opinions as mere professional equipment—why he should not draw strongly at any thread in the hopelessly entangled scheme of things.

He used his oars little, satisfied to go with the tide and be taken back by it. It was his habit to indulge himself in that solemn passivity which easily comes with the lengthening shadows and mellowing light, when thinking and desiring melt together imperceptibly, and what in other hours may have seemed argument takes the quality of passionate vision. By the time he had come back again with the tide past Richmond Bridge the sun was near setting; and the approach of his favorite hour—with its deepening stillness, and darkening masses of tree and building between the double glow of the sky and the river—disposed him to linger as if they had been an unfinished strain of music. He looked out for a perfectly solitary spot where he could lodge his boat against the bank, and, throwing himself on his back with his head propped on the cushions, could watch out the light of sunset and the opening of that bead-roll which some Oriental poet describes as God's call to the little stars, who each answer, "Here am I." He chose a spot in the bend of the river just opposite Kew Gardens, where he had a great breadth of water before him reflecting the glory of the sky, while he himself was in shadow. He lay with his hands behind his head propped on a level with the boat's edge, so that he could see all around him, but could not be seen by any one at a few yards' distance; and for a long while he never turned his eyes from the view right in front of him. He was forgetting every thing else in a half-speculative, half-involuntary identification of himself with the objects he was looking at, thinking how far it might be possible habitually to shift his centre till his own personality would be no less outside him than the landscape—when the sense of something moving on the bank opposite him, where it was bordered by a line of willow bushes, made him turn his glance thitherward. In the first moment he had a darting presentiment about the moving figure; and now he could see the small face with the strange dying sunlight upon it. He feared to frighten her by a sudden movement, and watched her with motionless attention. She looked round, but seemed only to gather security from the apparent solitude, hid her hat among the willows, and immediately took off her woolen cloak. Presently she seated herself and deliberately dipped the cloak in the water, holding it there a little while, then taking it out with effort, rising from her seat as she did so. By this time Deronda felt sure that she meant to wrap the wet cloak round her as a drowning shroud; there was no longer time to hesitate about frightening her. He rose and seized his oar to ply across; happily her position lay a little below him. The poor thing, overcome with terror at this sign of discovery from the opposite bank, sank down on the brink again, holding her cloak but half out of the water. She crouched and covered her face as if she kept a faint hope that she had not been seen, and that the boatman was accidentally coming toward her. But soon he was within brief space of her, steadying his boat against the bank, and speaking, but very gently—

"Don't be afraid....You are unhappy....

Pray trust me....Tell me what I can do to help you."

She raised her head and looked up at him. His face now was toward the light, and she knew it again. But she did not speak for a few moments, which were a renewal of their former gaze at each other. At last she said, in a low sweet voice, with an accent so distinct that it suggested foreignness and yet was not foreign, "I saw you before;"....and then added, dreamily, after a like pause, "nella miseria."

Deronda, not understanding the connection of her thought, supposed that her mind was weakened by distress and hunger.

"It was you, singing?" she went on, hesitatingly—"Nessun maggior dolore"....The mere words themselves uttered in her sweet undertones seemed to give the melody to Deronda's ear.

"Ah, yes," he said, understanding now; "I am often singing them. But I fear you will injure yourself staying here. Pray let me carry you in my boat to some place of safety. And that wet cloak—let me take it."

He would not attempt to take it without her leave, dreading lest he should scare her. Even at his words, he fancied that she shrank and clutched the cloak more tenaciously. But her eyes were fixed on him with a question in them as she said, "You look good. Perhaps it is God's command."

"Do trust me. Let me help you. I will die before I will let any harm come to you."

She rose from her sitting posture, first dragging the saturated cloak and then letting it fall on the ground—it was too heavy for her tired arms. Her little woman's figure as she laid her delicate chilled hands together one over the other against her waist, and went a step backward while she leaned her head forward as if not to lose her sight of his face, was unspeakably touching.

"Great God!" the words escaped Deronda in a tone so low and solemn that they seemed like a prayer become unconsciously vocal. The agitating impression this forsaken girl was making on him stirred a fibre that lay close to his deepest interest in the fates of women—"Perhaps my mother was like this one." The old thought had come now with a new impetus of mingled feeling, and urged that exclamation in which both East and West have for ages concentrated their awe in the presence of inexorable calamity.

The low-toned words seemed to have some reassurance in them for the hearer: she stepped forward close to the boat's side, and Deronda put out his hand, hoping now that she would let him help her in. She had already put her tiny hand into his, which closed round it, when some new thought struck her, and drawing back she said,

"I have nowhere to go—nobody belonging to me in all this land."

"I will take you to a lady who has daughters," said Deronda, immediately. He felt a sort of relief in gathering that the wretched home and cruel friends he imagined her to be fleeing from were not in the near background. Still she hesitated, and said, more timidly than ever,

"Do you belong to the theatre?"

"No; I have nothing to do with the theatre," said Deronda, in a decided tone. Then beseechingly, "I will put you in perfect safety at once; with a lady, a good woman; I am sure she will be kind. Let us lose no time: you will make yourself ill. Life may still become sweet to you. There are good people—there are good women who will take care of you."

She drew backward no more, but stepped in easily, as if she were used to such action, and sat down on the cushions.

"You had a covering for your head," said Deronda.

"My hat?" (she lifted up her hands to her head). "It is quite hidden in the bush."

"I will find it," said Deronda, putting out his hand deprecatingly as she attempted to rise. "The boat is fixed."

He jumped out, found the hat, and lifted up the saturated cloak, wringing it, and throwing it into the bottom of the boat.

"We must carry the cloak away, to prevent any one who may have noticed you from thinking you have been drowned," he said, cheerfully, as he got in again and presented the old hat to her. "I wish I had any other garment than my coat to offer you. But shall you mind throwing it over your shoulders while we are on the water? It is quite an ordinary thing to do, when people return late and are not enough provided with wraps." He held out the coat toward her with a smile, and there came a faint melancholy smile in answer, as she took it and put it on very cleverly.

"I have some biscuits—should you like them?" said Deronda.

"No; I can not eat. I had still some money left to buy bread."

He began to ply his oar without further remark, and they went along swiftly for many minutes without speaking. She did not look at him, but was watching the oar, leaning forward in an attitude of repose, as if she were beginning to feel the comfort of returning warmth and the prospect of life instead of death. The twilight was deepening; the red flush was all gone, and the little stars were giving their answer one after another. The moon was rising, but was still entangled among trees and buildings. The light was not such that he could distinctly discern the expression of her features or her glance, but they were distinctly before him nevertheless—features and a glance which seemed to have given a fuller meaning for him to the human face. Among his anxieties one was dominant: his first impression about her, that her mind might be disordered, had not been quite dissipated: the project of suicide was unmistakable, and gave a deeper color to every other suspicious sign. He longed to begin a conversation, but abstained, wishing to encourage the confidence that might induce her to speak first. At last she did speak:

"I like to listen to the oar."

"So do I."

"If you had not come, I should have been dead now."

"I can not bear you to speak of that. I hope you will never be sorry that I came."

"I can not see how I shall be glad to live. The *maggior dolore* and the *miseria* have lasted longer than the *tempo felice*." She paused, and then went on dreamily, "*Dolore—miseria*—I think those words are alive."

Deronda was mute: to question her seemed an unwarrantable freedom; he shrank from appearing to claim the authority of a benefactor, or to

treat her with the less reverence because she was in distress. She went on, musingly,

"I thought it was not wicked. Death and life are one before the Eternal. I know our fathers slew their children and then slew themselves, to keep their souls pure. I meant it so. But now I am commanded to live. I can not see how I shall live."

"You will find friends. I will find them for you."

She shook her head, and said, mournfully, "Not my mother and brother. I can not find them."

"You are English? You must be—speaking English so perfectly."

She did not answer immediately, but looked at Deronda again, straining to see him in the doubtful light. Until now she had been watching the oar. It seemed as if she were half roused, and wondered which part of her impressions was dreaming and which waking. Sorrowful isolation had benumbed her sense of reality, and the power of distinguishing outward and inward was continually slipping away from her. Her look was full of wondering timidity, such as the forsaken one in the desert might have lifted to the angelic vision before she knew whether his message were in anger or in pity.

"You want to know if I am English?" she said at last, while Deronda was reddening nervously under a gaze which he felt more fully than he saw.

"I want to know nothing except what you like to tell me," he said, still uneasy in the fear that her mind was wandering. "Perhaps it is not good for you to talk."

"Yes, I will tell you. I am English-born. But I am a Jewess."

Deronda was silent, inwardly wondering that he had not said this to himself before, though any one who had seen delicate-faced Spanish girls might simply have guessed her to be Spanish.

"Do you despise me for it?" she said, presently, in low tones, which had a sadness that pierced like a cry from a small dumb creature in fear.

"Why should I?" said Deronda. "I am not so foolish."

"I know many Jews are bad."

"So are many Christians. But I should not think it fair for you to despise me because of that."

"My mother and brother were good. But I shall never find them. I am come a long way—from abroad. I ran away; but I can not tell you—I can not speak of it. I thought I might find my mother again—God would guide me. But then I despaired. This morning when the light came, I felt as if one word kept sounding within me—Never! never! But now—I begin—to think"—her words were broken by rising sobs—"I am commanded to live—perhaps we are going to her."

With an outburst of weeping, she buried her head on her knees. He hoped that this passionate weeping might relieve her excitement. Meanwhile he was inwardly picturing in much embarrassment how he should present himself with her in Park Lane—the course which he had at first unreflectingly determined on. No one kinder and more gentle than Lady Mallinger; but it was hardly probable that she would be at home; and he had a shuddering sense of a lackey staring at this delicate, sorrowful image of womanhood—of glaring lights and fine staircases, and perhaps chilling suspicious manners from lady's-maid and housekeeper, that might scare the mind already in a state of dangerous susceptibility. But to take her to any other shelter than a home already known to him was not to be contemplated: he was full of fears about the issue of the adventure which had brought on him a responsibility all the heavier for the strong and agitating impression this child-like creature had made on him. But another resource came to mind: he could venture to take her to Mrs. Meyrick's—to the small home at Chelsea, where he had been often enough since his return from abroad to feel sure that he could appeal there to generous hearts, which had a romantic readiness to believe in innocent need and to help it. Hans Meyrick was safe away in Italy, and Deronda felt the comfort of presenting himself with his charge at a house where he would be met by a motherly figure of Quakerish neatness, and three girls who hardly knew of any evil closer to them than what lay in history books and dramas, and would at once associate a lovely Jewess with Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, besides thinking that every thing they did at Deronda's request would be done for their idol, Hans. The vision of the Chelsea home once raised, Deronda no longer hesitated.

The rumbling thither in the cab after the stillness of the water seemed long. Happily his charge had been quiet since her fit of weeping, and submitted like a tired child. When they were in the cab, she laid down her hat and tried to rest her head, but the jolting movement would not let it rest: still she dozed, and her sweet head hung helpless first on one side, then on the other.

"They are too good to have any fear about taking her in," thought Deronda. Her person, her voice, her exquisite utterance, were one strong appeal to belief and tenderness. Yet what had been the history which had brought her to this desolation? He was going on a strange errand—to ask shelter for this waif. Then there occurred to him the beautiful story Plutarch somewhere tells of the Delphic women: how when the Mænads, outworn with their torch-lit wanderings, lay down to sleep in the market-place, the matrons came and stood silently round them to keep guard over their slumbers; then, when they waked, ministered to them tenderly and saw them safely to their own borders. He could trust the women he was going to for having hearts as good.

Deronda felt himself growing older this evening, and entering on a new phase in finding a life to which his own had come—perhaps as a rescue; but how to make sure that snatching from death was rescue? The moment of finding a fellow-creature is often as full of mingled doubt and exultation as the moment of finding an idea.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Life is a various mother: now she dons
Her plumes and brilliants, climbs the marble stairs
With head aloft, nor ever turns her eyes
On lackeys who attend her; now she dwells
Grim-clad up darksome alleys, breathes hot gin,
And screams in pauper riot.
But to these
She came a frugal matron, neat and deft,
With cheerful morning thoughts and quick device
To find the much in little.

MRS. MEYRICK'S house was not noisy: the front parlor looked on the river, and the back on gar-

dens, so that though she was reading aloud to her daughters, the window could be left open to freshen the air of the small double room where a lamp and two candles were burning. The candles were on a table apart for Kate, who was drawing illustrations for a publisher; the lamp was not only for the reader, but for Amy and Mab, who were embroidering satin cushions for "the great world."

Outside, the house looked very narrow and shabby, the bright light through the holland blind showing the heavy old-fashioned window-frame; but it is pleasant to know that many such grim-walled slices of space in our foggy London have been and still are the homes of a culture the more spotlessly free from vulgarity because poverty has rendered every thing like display an impersonal question, and all the grand shows of the world simply a spectacle which rouses no petty rivalry or vain effort after possession.

The Meyricks' was a home of that kind; and they all clung to this particular house in a row because its interior was filled with objects, always in the same places, which for the mother held memories of her marriage time, and for the young ones seemed as necessary and uncriticised a part of their world as the stars of the Great Bear seen from the back windows. Mrs. Meyrick had borne much stint of other matters that she might be able to keep some engravings specially cherished by her husband; and the narrow spaces of wall held a world-history in scenes and heads which the children had early learned by heart. The chairs and tables were also old friends preferred to new. But in these two little parlors, with no furniture that a broker would have cared to cheapen except the prints and piano, there was space and apparatus for a wide-glancing, nicely select life, open to the highest things in music, painting, and poetry. I am not sure that in the times of greatest scarcity, before Kate could get paid work, these ladies had always had a servant to light their fires and sweep their rooms; yet they were fastidious in some points, and could not believe that the manners of ladies in the fashionable world were so full of coarse selfishness, petty quarreling, and slang as they are represented to be in what are called literary photographs. The Meyricks had their little oddities, streaks of eccentricity from the mother's blood as well as the father's, their minds being like mediæval houses with unexpected recesses and openings from this into that, flights of steps and sudden outlooks.

But mother and daughters were all united by a triple bond—family love; admiration for the finest work, the best action; and habitual industry. Hans's desire to spend some of his money in making their lives more luxurious had been resisted by all of them, and both they and he had been thus saved from regrets at the threatened triumph of his yearning for art over the attractions of secured income—a triumph that would by-and-by oblige him to give up his fellowship. They could all afford to laugh at his Gavarni caricatures, and to hold him blameless in following a natural bent which their unselfishness and independence had left without obstacle. It was enough for them to go on in their old way, only having a grand treat of opera-going (to the gallery) when Hans came home on a visit.

Seeing the group they made this evening, one could hardly wish them to change their way of life. They were all alike small, and so in due proportion with their miniature rooms. Mrs. Meyrick was reading aloud from a French book: she was a lively little woman, half French, half Scotch, with a pretty articulateness of speech that seemed to make daylight in her hearer's understanding. Though she was not yet fifty, her rippling hair, covered by a Quakerish net cap, was chiefly gray, but her eyebrows were brown as the bright eyes below them; her black dress, almost like a priest's cassock with its row of buttons, suited a neat figure hardly five feet high. The daughters were to match the mother, except that Mab had Hans's light hair and complexion, with a bossy irregular brow and other quaintnesses that reminded one of him. Every thing about them was compact, from the firm coils of their hair, fastened back *à la Chinoise*, to their gray skirts in Puritan non-conformity with the fashion, which at that time would have demanded that four feminine circumferences should fill all the free space in the front parlor. All four, if they had been wax-work, might have been packed easily in a fashionable lady's traveling trunk. Their faces seemed full of speech, as if their minds had been shelled, after the manner of horse-chestnuts, and become brightly visible. The only large thing of its kind in the room was Hafiz, the Persian cat, comfortably poised on the brown leather back of a chair, and opening his large eyes now and then to see that the lower animals were not in any mischief.

The book Mrs. Meyrick had before her was Erckmann-Chatrian's *Histoire d'un Conscrit*. She had just finished reading it aloud, and Mab, who had let her work fall on the ground while she stretched her head forward and fixed her eyes on the reader, exclaimed,

"I think that is the finest story in the world."

"Of course, Mab!" said Amy; "it is the last you have heard. Every thing that pleases you is the best in its turn."

"It is hardly to be called a story," said Kate. "It is a bit of history brought near us with a strong telescope. We can see the soldiers' faces: no, it is more than that—we can hear every thing—we can almost hear their hearts beat."

"I don't care what you call it," said Mab, flirting away her thimble. "Call it a chapter in Revelations. It makes me want to do something good, something grand. It makes me so sorry for every body. It makes me like Schiller—I want to take the world in my arms and kiss it. I must kiss you instead, little mother!" She threw her arms round her mother's neck.

"Whenever you are in that mood, Mab, down goes your work," said Amy. "It would be doing something good to finish your cushion without soiling it."

"Oh—oh—oh!" groaned Mab, as she stooped to pick up her work and thimble. "I wish I had three wounded conscripts to take care of."

"You would spill their beef tea while you were talking," said Amy.

"Poor Mab! don't be hard on her," said the mother. "Give me the embroidery now, child. You go on with your enthusiasm, and I will go on with the pink and white poppy."

"Well, ma, I think you are more caustic than Amy," said Kate, while she drew her head back to look at her drawing.

"Oh—oh—oh!" cried Mab again, rising and stretching her arms. "I wish something wonder-

ful would happen. I feel like the deluge. The waters of the great deep are broken up, and the windows of heaven are opened. I must sit down and play the scales."

Mab was opening the piano, while the others were laughing at this climax, when a cab stopped before the house, and there forthwith came a quick rap of the knocker.

"Dear me!" said Mrs. Meyrick, starting up, "it is after ten, and Phœbe is gone to bed." She hastened out, leaving the parlor door open.

"Mr. Deronda!" The girls could hear this exclamation from their mamma. Mab clasped her hands, saying in a loud whisper, "There now! something *is* going to happen;" Kate and Amy gave up their work in amazement. But Deronda's tone in reply was so low that they could not hear his words, and Mrs. Meyrick immediately closed the parlor door.

"I know I am trusting to your goodness in a most extraordinary way," Deronda went on, after giving his brief narrative; "but you can imagine how helpless I feel with a young creature like this on my hands. I could not go with her among strangers, and in her nervous state I should dread taking her into a house full of servants. I have trusted to your mercy. I hope you will not think my act unwarrantable."

"On the contrary. You have honored me by trusting me. I see your difficulty. Pray bring her in. I will go and prepare the girls."

While Deronda went back to the cab, Mrs. Meyrick turned into the parlor again and said: "Here is somebody to take care of instead of your wounded conscripts, Mab: a poor girl who was going to drown herself in despair. Mr. Deronda found her only just in time to save her. He brought her along in his boat, and did not know what else it would be safe to do with her, so he has trusted us and brought her here. It seems she is a Jewess, but quite refined, he says—knowing Italian and music."

The three girls, wondering and expectant, came forward and stood near each other in mute confidence that they were all feeling alike under this appeal to their compassion. Mab looked rather awe-stricken, as if this answer to her wish were something preternatural.

Meanwhile Deronda, going to the door of the cab, where the pale face was now gazing out with roused observation, said, "I have brought you to some of the kindest people in the world: there are daughters like you. It is a happy home. Will you let me take you to them?"

She stepped out obediently, putting her hand in his and forgetting her hat; and when Deronda led her into the full light of the parlor where the four little women stood awaiting her, she made a picture that would have stirred much duller sensibilities than theirs. At first she was a little dazed by the sudden light, and before she had concentrated her glance he had put her hand into the mother's. He was inwardly rejoicing that the Meyricks were so small: the dark-curled head was the highest among them. The poor wanderer could not be afraid of these gentle faces so near hers; and now she was looking at each of them in turn while the mother said, "You must be weary, poor child."

"We will take care of you—we will comfort you—we will love you," cried Mab, no longer able to restrain herself, and taking the small right hand caressingly between both her own. This gentle welcoming warmth was penetrating the bewildered one: she hung back just enough to see better the four faces in front of her, whose good-will was being reflected in hers, not in any smile, but in that undefinable change which tells us that anxiety is passing into contentment. For an instant she looked up at Deronda, as if she were referring all this mercy to him, and then again turning to Mrs. Meyrick, said, with more collectedness in her sweet tones than he had heard before:

"I am a stranger. I am a Jewess. You might have thought I was wicked."

"No, we are sure you are good," burst out Mab.

"We think no evil of you, poor child. You shall be safe with us," said Mrs. Meyrick. "Come now and sit down. You must have some food, and then go to rest."

The stranger looked up again at Deronda, who said,

"You will have no more fears with these friends? You will rest to-night?"

"Oh, I should not fear. I should rest. I think these are the ministering angels."

Mrs. Meyrick wanted to lead her to a seat, but again hanging back gently, the poor weary thing spoke as if with a scruple at being received without a further account of herself:

"My name is Mirah Lapidoth. I am come a long way, all the way from Prague, by myself. I made my escape. I ran away from dreadful things. I came to find my mother and brother in London. I had been taken from my mother when I was little, but I thought I could find her again. I had trouble—the houses were all gone—I could not find her. It has been a long while, and I had not much money. That is why I am in distress."

"Our mother will be good to you," cried Mab. "See what a nice little mother she is!"

"Do sit down now," said Kate, moving a chair forward, while Amy ran to get some tea.

Mirah resisted no longer, but seated herself with perfect grace, crossing her little feet, laying her hands one over the other on her lap, and looking at her friends with placid reverence; whereupon Hafiz, who had been watching the scene restlessly, came forward with tail erect and rubbed himself against her ankles. Deronda felt it time to take his leave.

"Will you allow me to come again and inquire—perhaps at five to-morrow?" he said to Mrs. Meyrick.

"Yes, pray; we shall have had time to make acquaintance then."

"Good-by," said Deronda, looking down at Mirah, and putting out his hand. She rose as she took it, and the moment brought back to them both strongly the other moment when she had first taken that outstretched hand. She lifted her eyes to his and said, with reverential fervor, "The God of our fathers bless you and deliver you from all evil as you have delivered me. I did not believe there was any man so good. None before have thought me worthy of the best. You found me poor and miserable, yet you have given me the best."

Deronda could not speak, but with silent adieux to the Meyricks, hurried away.

APRIL.

I LISTEN for the voice of song,
And hear a murmur in the trees
Of April in a fitful breeze,
Who says the growing wings are strong.

Rise! Burn thy winter robe to-day!
Thus did the poet Omar sing:
The Bird of Time is on the wing,
He flutters but a little way.

Behold the dawning of a voice!
Hold hard the sorrow of thy heart,
For music keener makes the smart;
The singer waits not on our choice.

In the new dawn I hear his note;
He lingers while the roses blow,
Then goes—oh, where?—I do not know
On what bright waves my darlings float.

Editor's Easy Chair.

AMONG the Centennial events there is one that should not be forgotten, yet will not gladly be remembered, because it is associated with a name which is as generally distasteful as any in our history. In the winter of a hundred years ago was published the famous pamphlet, *Common-Sense*, which crystallized into fixed purpose the wishes and hopes for independence which filled the colonial mind. The author was Thomas Paine—a very conspicuous figure in his time, but generally known to us as Tom Paine, the infidel. One little boy whom the Easy Chair well knew heard his name first upon a raw wintry day in a New England town, when his attention was attracted by the firing of guns, and he asked what they were for. The reply was in substance that some disreputable people were celebrating Tom Paine's birthday. The tone implied that he was a dreadful reprobate. But surely Tom Paine had done some good service. He wrote *Common-Sense*, and published it in the dark hour of the Revolution. It was a wholly unselfish service, for he took out no copyright; and even in those days, among a colonial population of three millions only, poor and in the midst of exhausting war, there were a hundred thousand copies of the pamphlet sold. Washington, Franklin, Adams, Jefferson, hailed him as a public benefactor. But among later Americans his name was always mentioned with horror and disdain. It is agreed that no single cause was more effective in producing the Declaration of Independence than his *Common-Sense*. Yet sixteen years ago, when a portrait of Paine was offered to the city of Philadelphia, to be hung in the hall where the Declaration was adopted and signed, it was declined. A likeness of Tom Paine, the infidel, must not hang among the august shades of the fathers. Yet the religious views of "Tom Paine" were essentially those of "Tom Jefferson," whose name will be saluted as among the most illustrious of this illustrious year.

The feeling about Paine in the beginning of the century was largely political. When Jefferson was President, he invited Paine to come to this country from France, where he had narrowly escaped the guillotine, and he arrived in October, 1802. His friends gave him public dinners. His opponents said that Tom Paine and Tom Jefferson ought to dangle from the same gallows. For even in that golden age of the republic, to which so many sighing imaginations revert from the corruption of this age of brass and iron upon which we have fallen, there was some warmth of party feeling and expression. When Paine came to New York he stopped at the old City Hotel, on Broadway, just north of Trinity Church. And the inquisitive little Laurie Todd, or Grant Thorburn, heard one day that the great sinner was standing at the door of the hotel, and he ran out with some friends to see him. But Mr. Paine had gone to his room. The Scotchman was not to be foiled, and he asked a servant who was sweeping the hall if Mr. Paine was at home. Hearing that he was, Thorburn pushed on, and was shown into a large room where the table was set for breakfast. One gentleman was writing, another reading the newspaper, and at the farther end of the room stood a long, lank, coarse-looking figure warming his hind-quarters before the fire. The intruder asked for Mr. Paine. The figure by the fire replied that his name was Paine. Thorburn put out his hand, which Paine took, and the little Scotchman said that he had called from mere curiosity. Mr. Paine replied that he was very glad to satisfy it. Upon which Thorburn made a bow "like a goose ducking his head under water," walked out, and shut the door, while all the gentlemen in the room burst into a laugh, which he heard all the way to the door. He did not care: he had seen the great man. But he had to pay for the pleasure. The great city was a small town then, and the story of the interview grew as it was repeated. Thorburn was clerk of the Scotch Presbyterian church, in Cedar Street, and if he had hobnobbed with Voltaire—as Voltaire was then generally esteemed—or had sworn eternal friendship with David Hume, he could not have struck his brethren with greater horror. The Kirk Session took alarm. A special meeting was called, and Grant Thorburn was suspended from psalm-singing for three months because he had shaken hands with Thomas Paine.

Doubtless Paine has been very harshly treated. His honesty can not be doubted. His political views were those of the men of his time whom we most reverence, and his religious opinions did not differ from those of many men whom we most highly honor. He was not an infidel in the ordinary sense, for his *Age of Reason* was written to oppose atheism. His misfortune was that he had no tact, and the very vigor and simplicity of mind and style which made *Common-Sense* and *The Rights of Man* such efficient political pamphlets, made his

religious treatise, the *Age of Reason*, fatal to his reputation. In the first he trenchantly expressed a great and powerful public opinion. In the last he came into collision with it, and it crushed him. To-day his views would seem very moderate beside many to which the public listens with respect, not necessarily because they are generally received as true, but because they are presented with such skill and charm, with so great a mastery of facts, and such intellectual acumen, that they can not be overborne merely by horror and indignant contradiction. Personally, also, Paine's life does not seem to have impressed his contemporaries favorably. The portraits, indeed, represent a plain man, with hair queued, curled, and powdered in the fashion of the day, and with bright and piercing eyes. His manner, also, is said to have been attractive. But although his disciples stoutly deny his drunkenness, and aver that he did no more than take "a glass of rum and water with sugar in it" after dinner and before going to bed, the story of his later days has a mean and sordid air. But there are excellent stories told of these days. When he was supposed to be dying, an impertinent good woman forced her way to his chamber, and told him that God had sent her to tell him that he would be damned if he did not believe as she did. Paine looked at her, and replied, "Pooh! pooh! go away. God would never send messages by such an ugly old woman. Go away!" Paine's was not a large and generous nature. There is nothing lofty and magnetic in what we read of him, and an impression of vulgarity in the man is almost unavoidable. But if his self-respect did not sustain him, we must not forget, in extenuation, the depressing consciousness of the detestation in which he was held, and which he believed to be, as few will now deny, undeserved. If his companions were not those to whom intellectual ability and sympathy would naturally have attracted him, it was chiefly because they disdained him as an outcast, not because of his conduct, but of his theological opinions. A little later the same hostility of feeling refused Dr. Channing a room in New York in which to preach.

But to us in this Centennial year Thomas Paine is the author of the inspiring paper that nerved the colonies to declare their independence. He put into forcible and resistless form the conviction and the wish which the people hardly dared to confess that they entertained. They had taken arms not to overthrow, but to maintain a government. If the logic of events had shown them that their hope of reconciliation was a dream, they were reluctant to acknowledge it. They were Englishmen still, and their hearts yearned for England. But Paine spoke the right word at the right moment. He dropped seed that sprouted the instant it touched the soil. In January *Common-Sense* was published: in July independence was declared. That fact justified the title of the pamphlet. The common-sense of the situation in January, 1776, was revolution, not reunion with Britain. Let us hope that the portrait of the man who saw this and said it for all America will not be wanting in the Centennial Gallery of 1876.

If good people were always wise people, the world would improve much faster. Those who are actively interested in measures of progress and reform, who are sincerely trying to "help things forward," are constantly and ludicrously baffled by their zealous brethren, and they are half persuaded that the worst foes of every cause are those of its own household. "My dear friend," Sagacity says to Zeal, "could you not have a little tact?" It might as well demand an ear for music of a deaf man. Tact is the priceless jewel, but jewels can not be propagated or cultivated. Good causes, reforms of every kind, forward movements of society, like the advances of population, have, indeed, their frontiers, and the refinement and smooth manners of old settlements can not fairly be expected. Before the steel is burnished with the impalpable diamond powder, it must be shaped by mighty blows. The frontiers-men of reform, Gracchus, Luther, Cromwell, Sam Adams, Garrison, must often seem to be wild, unreasonable, tactless, mad. But we shiver and wince at their attitude and conduct in vain. The work of the trip-hammer, only the trip-hammer can do. The frontiers-man must have an eye and a hand and a heart ready by night and day to cope with savages and wild beasts. The pioneer of reforms must be able to endure the desertion of friends as well as the peril of his life from enemies, and his voice must startle like the alarm-bell at midnight.

Yet to the bravest man and the surest shot tact is invaluable. Frederick Douglass was traveling with a friend of another color in a part of the country where public sentiment was bitterly hostile to the association of colors. They stopped at a tavern and dined together, at which spectacle the village, growling and grumbling about the stove in the bar-room, was immediately disposed to mischief. The bar-room philosophers were sadly troubled for the honor of their color. "What business has a white man to be traveling and eating with a —— nigger, anyhow? If he doesn't know what's decent, we'll teach him." The crowd was, indeed, very anxious to give the offender a few summary lessons in decency. They were like duelists, who have a ludicrous conceit that they know what honor is. Douglass slipped out quietly, and returning after a little while, he remarked to his companion, in a good-humored way, that he had just seen a very singular sight in the stable; and the crowd turned to hear what it was. "You'll hardly believe it," said Douglass, addressing his companion as if there were no one else in the room, "but I gave my white mare and your bay horse four quarts of oats each, and there they are, eating side by side as quietly and contentedly as if they were of the same color! 'Tis most extraordinary!" He did not laugh nor wink, but made his remark with a simple sincerity that was irresistible. There was a moment of silence. Then came the echo. Human wit had spoken, and a human heart answered. "What cussed fools we are!" said one of the crowd, sententiously; and a loud laugh followed, which scattered like a burst of sunlight the gathering cloud of mischievous intention. A little tact had been a hundredfold more effectual in melting a prejudice than a series of solemn lectures.

Why will not good people, good young men and women, members of Christian Associations, for instance, or any body who wishes to be of some practical service to those whom he thinks in a bad way, reflect that what they want first of all is tact? A young Christian who has a comfort-

able and attractive home, and who thinks with sorrow and a sense of responsibility of the more luckless young fellows at the grog-shop and the billiard-room, hurries forth on a winter evening, and opening the door, confronts the company smoking, drinking, and tapping the balls, and says to them, solemnly, "Come, deluded souls, leave these sinful precincts—quit this lip of the mouth of hell upon which you are standing, and go with me to the prayer-meeting." But to what purpose has he himself prayed, since he has forgotten the wise question, "What man is there of you, whom if his son ask bread, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish, will he give him a serpent?" The very first question which the young Christian should have asked himself—and he should have meditated it all the way from his home to the grog-shop—is, "Why are these young fellows here? why are they not at home, as I am?" But what is their home? A cold, dingy chamber, with a bed, a chair, and a chest of drawers. Why should they stay there and freeze in solitude, when just at the corner there is a bright, warm, cozy room, with plenty of good company and good cheer? That is home-like, but their squalid chamber is not home. It is not primarily an unappeasable thirst for fiery liquors that makes men drunkards, but the seductive opportunity, the circumstance, the comfort and good-fellowship. These are the charm; these bait the hook. Beelzebub is no bungler. He knows what is savory to the palate that he would enslave. He does not send to St. Anthony what Paine called "an ugly old woman," but a lovely young woman. He adapts himself to the circumstances.

And so he teaches how he is to be baffled. The practical advice of experience in dealing with the question of the grog-shop and the reclamation of young men is that the devil must be beaten with his own weapons. If a man is starving, don't give him a tract. If a poor ignorant youth leaves his dreary and dark and cold home for an evening of cheerful society, with all its fatal risks, does any body suppose that a formal prayer-meeting will tempt him away? He ought indeed to prefer his soul's health to his bodily comfort. It is not to be denied. Only it happens that he does not. He does not believe that a social glass and a round of the clicking balls do imperil his soul. Exhortations and denunciations and awful warnings are idle wind in his ears. But now suppose that tact should be allowed a voice. Suppose that, instead of offering him the alternative of the saloon or the prayer-meeting, you offered him that of society as numerous and cheerful as that of the saloon, warm drinks and simple food, pleasant seats and bright rooms, entertaining books, magazines, newspapers, and games of every kind. If the saloon has a good billiard-table, let the Christian rooms have two better. As sweet Charles Wesley said, don't let the devil have all the good tunes. Let the vagrant young man see that there can be as much evening pleasure, quite as cheap as that of the saloon, and without drunkenness. Then if he wants the prayer-meeting, he will come, and he will be a thousandfold more likely to want it than if left to the saloon.

Satan, says the old legend, plays for souls. But why should his opponents suffer him to load his dice and hold all the trumps? The more ignorant men are, the more they want to be amused. Bunyan knew that Satan had found that out long ago. But it is one of the good signs of our times, one of the happy aspects of our manners, that his enemies are beginning to discover it. The Young Men's and the Young Women's Christian Associations seek to provide for the natural and inevitable human and social wants of the men and women whom they would befriend. Some less perceptive brother or sister sometimes says, as he surveys the reading-rooms and coffee-rooms and rooms for conversation and games, and all the resources of amusement, that he fears the spiritual part of the work is neglected. But is it no spiritual work to gather these waifs of the street from the saloon into the way of intelligent, self-respecting sobriety? Would it be no spiritual gain if such rooms as those that he sees should supplant all the saloons in his town or his neighborhood? If the saloon be the mouth of the pit, is not the room before him, though it be not a chapel, a door open into the prayer-meeting? Here in the lower ward of New York, as the *Times* tells us, the most poverty-stricken and drunken ward in the city, some public-spirited men have opened a free reading-room and an industrial school. The reading-room has become the club of the district for the evening wanderers. It is light and warm and cheerful. Eighty or a hundred gather there every evening, and the police report a marvelous increase of order and sobriety in the neighborhood.

This is tact applied to practical reform. This is what every Christian association in the land should do in the most various and liberal manner. It is not the starving soul that appeals to them so much as the hungry body—hungry for fair play, for the opportunities that young Christians enjoy and that young vagabonds do not. Relief is useless unless the nature of the trouble to be remedied is understood. You do not offer plum-cake to a man who has fallen and broken his leg, nor propose to soothe sorrow by reading the almanac. Tact is only instinctive common-sense. If the saloons are attractive to the vagabonds, how will you draw them away except by a greater attraction? The brethren who insist that the prayer-meeting rather than the reading-room or the refreshment-room is the proper antithesis of the saloon and bar-room should be gently put aside as well-meaning but not wise. It is upon those who visit the sick and the prisoner, who give the cup of cold water, who, with hearts full of sympathy and hands tender with tact, give a truer direction to the natural desires and impulses of youth, that the blessing falls—inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these My little ones, ye did it unto Me.

If there are any readers of Bulwer's *Pelham* among the young folks of to-day, they will recall what the older public of Bulwer remembers, that in the very first chapter of that story a passion for *bric-à-brac* prevents an elopement and saves, if not the peace of a family, a most promising suit for damages. Mrs. Pelham, at the end of an unusually dull season, looked over her list of engagements, and finding that none of importance remained, decided to elope with Mr. Seymour Conway, who had just caused two divorces, and was therefore the most irresistible man in London. Every thing was arranged, and Mrs. Pelham was just stepping into the carriage, "when she remembered that her favorite China monster and her

French dog were left behind." To go without them was impossible; and returning into the house, she met her husband, who had searched the garret and the kitchen, the cellaret and the maids' bureaus, in vain, and was just about abandoning himself to despair and a lucrative suit. The end was that, like thoroughly well-bred people, as the historian informs us, neither Mr. nor Mrs. Pelham nor Mr. Conway made any noise about the matter, and Mr. Conway dined with the family twice a week for a twelvemonth. This is perhaps as good a moral as a fondness for *bric-à-brac* could be expected to furnish. But the taste for China monsters has been remarkably developed within a few years, and families who have dinner and tea services which have come down to them from a former generation may discover at any moment that their China closet is a Golconda, and that the familiar and clumsy old plates and saucers are royalty in disguise. Let every reader of these lines who is the happy possessor of an old tea-cup turn it over carefully and scrutinize the bottom of the cup, if haply he may read thereon the magic word "Spode," for instance. Yet Spode is but of the commonalty, almost plebeian, as the wondering Easy Chair is assured by some doctors, while, on the other hand, most accomplished experts have been known to handle a solitary Spode saucer as if it were a gossamer web, which even the deftest handling would destroy. As for majolica and the rest of it, the interested student of manners has only to glance at a loan exhibition of the Metropolitan Museum of Art to see the costliest specimens of that precious pottery.

Indeed, to this pottery worship lives are devoted; beautiful and learned books are written about it, and costly rooms are fitted up with it—sacred shrines to which those who are jaded with the march of life may withdraw, and in pensive meditation renew their strength. In his last volume, *Letters and Social Aims*, Mr. Emerson tells the delightful anecdote of the lady who declared that the sense of being perfectly well dressed gave a comfort which religion itself can not impart. That is the gift of *bric-à-brac*. A unique and historic hinge; a china monster for which the Green Vaults themselves can show no parallel; a brass andiron from the kitchen of Queen Elizabeth; a perfect Palissy of any kind—thousands of fascinating bits and fragments and specimens which will crowd at once into the imagination of the connoisseur—would impart to the well-trained disciple of *bric-à-brac* a consolation and joy beyond music or poetry. The taste is a kind of charming infection, a contagious intoxication. A friend shows you one of the great prizes, a cup of Cellini's, perhaps—if the reader can imagine it without losing his breath!—and grounds you a little in the elements. Instantly your eyes are sharpened. You survey your own stores curiously. Then you venture to a sale, and return, modestly triumphant, with inexpressible snuffers or a square teapot. Such beginnings are seductive. They affect your opening mind as "youngling" pigs for roasting affected Charles Lamb. Catalogues begin to reach you. You observe that there are manuals—books. And a new and absorbing world of interest and delight, with a people and a literature and scholars and professors, devotees, and, as it were, saints, is swiftly unveiled around you. You classify men as possessors of this or that treasure. There are majolica people, and Dresden people, and people of other similar distinctions. You have reached a land in which it is always *bric-à-brac*. There is no joy but pottery.

Not that china monsters are confined to pottery. This seems a hard saying, but it is really simple. *Bric-à-brac*, according to the higher arcana, consists of all rare, quaint, curious portable objects—the *débris* of former tastes and fashions, the strange objects revealed by deep-sea dredgings in the antediluvian and pre-Adamite social strata and formations. The larger part will naturally be old china, and from old china, *bric-à-brac* in all its vast proportions proceeds. The Easy Chair will not be at all disturbed by a severe contradiction of this dogma. If an old Chair may not indulge its assertions and theories in regard to an old soup-tureen, what liberty remains? It is a pretty world, that of *bric-à-brac*—a world of the odds and ends of all time, of the rare results of the most skillful and elaborate workmanship to which consummate talent and often a true genius have devoted themselves. There are salt-cellars extant in this world which should bring tears to the eyes of all rightly constituted spectators, not so much because the salt-cellars exist as that the spectators should have seen them. And after all, sincé, as Mr. Tibbins has often remarked, there is plainly a predisposition in human nature to attach our affections to some kind of monster—dogs, cats, hens, rabbits, guinea-pigs, squirrels, canary-birds, or monkeys—why is not the china monster, or brass, bronze, iron, silver, or gold monster, sent from heaven for that very purpose? Mr. Tibbins asks, and with shrewd logic, why, since we have china eggs, we should not have china hens. He declares that he believes he could encounter a brace of brass fire-dogs with perfect equanimity, and show himself a very Saint George in a hand-to-hand combat, as it were, with a bronze dragon. But his is an impure, eclectic faith. The true disciple of *bric-à-brac* reveres a spittoon, not for its uses, but for itself, and would gladly cope with a legion of actual dogs and dragons to secure an unobstructed worship of a rapturously and immitigably hideous china monster.

It is but fair to another not wholly unrelated but very different topic for the Easy Chair to step into a new section before speaking of "household art." This is, indeed, held by some commentators to be but a higher development of *bric-à-brac;* but it has this radical and absolute distinction, that it seeks beauty first. It aims to fill our houses with furniture and objects of common use and convenience which, however quaint and curious and old, or not, shall not be so only or chiefly, but shall be always beautiful, elevated, and refined. This is the doctrine of the new gospel of household art as preached by its "apostle Elliott" in Boston and its apostle Clarence Cook in New York. They are missionaries whom every intelligent heart will wish godspeed. For they lift up their voices to tell us what great multitudes doubt, but what every sane person will gladly believe—that it is as cheap to have pretty and graceful and convenient and agreeable chairs and tables and sofas and household furnishings of every kind as it is to have those that are not so. The observing traveler—not upon the prairies, nor among the Rocky Mountains, nor in the shadow of Shasta—immediately perceives sever-

al things upon entering the homes of thousands of his fellow-citizens. The air, heated by a furnace unintelligently made, is dead, dry, and close; the wall is covered with a paper that vies in ugliness with the carpet, with whose staring colors it is discordant; an ugly, hard, horse-hair sofa is flanked by half a dozen ugly, hard, horse-hair chairs; a clumsy table is covered with gaudily gilded books; and a portrait or two that caricature the faces they would commemorate, and a few daubs or poor chromo-lithographs of landscape, complete the decorations.

There is a favorite picture in agricultural books which represents the farm of Tom Shiftless when that improvident farmer was in possession of the property, and by its side the same farm after Mr. Trusty Careful bought it at the foreclosure sale. It is a most instructive and hortatory performance. Under the ownership of Tom Shiftless, the window-blinds are broken, and hanging by a single hinge; in many windows the panes are gone, and the holes are stuffed with Mrs. Shiftless's old petticoats; the grass grows in the flagged walk to the door, and the front gate swings awry; the fences are all down in the fields, and the cattle are eating from the hay-stack; the hogs have the sweet liberty of the garden; and the results of universal neglect and shiftlessness—from which you might almost suppose Tom's name to have been derived—are painfully apparent every where. But how are the eye and mind of the good man and woman—such as peruse the Chair—relieved upon turning to the opposite side! Mr. Trusty Careful well deserves his name. If it had been given him because of the impression immediately produced by the contemplation of the condition of his real estate, it could not be more appropriate. Every thing is in the order of an apple-pie. The objects are, indeed, precisely the same. But the house is trimly painted, the windows and blinds and doors and gates and walks and fences and garden and barn-yard and fields are all in that condition in which you would expect Mr. Trusty Careful's to be. His mild-eyed cows chew the cud in the nicest of pastures; his sleek porkers repose in the mire of the most unexceptionable sty; and his daughter, neat-handed Phillis Careful, trims her rose-bushes with the most improved shears, and gathers sweet-pea from her weedless garden beds. The moral effect of these pictures is most edifying, and the most heedless of spectators, recalled by them to his better self, humbly resolves, as he closes the book, that Mr. Trusty Careful and not Tom Shiftless shall be his model.

Household art proposes to do for the unattractive home what Mr. Careful did for that melancholy farm. By the gentle magic of taste and thought, it will transform deformity into grace and ugliness into beauty. It will touch the stiff, angular, horse-hair chair, and, lo! a pretty, quaint, comfortable, attractive seat, which is an ornament to the room. It will look upon the coarse, hideous wall-paper, and, behold! a cheap and simple tapestry, harmonious with every color and form within view! The same genius of miracle will pass, renewing, through the house. It will go into the hall, up the stairs, into the chambers, and such a charm will attend it that when it poises itself upon the ridge-pole to seek the heaven whence it descended, the whole house will have become charming. And why not? When we think of it, why should not useful things be pretty? Why should we suppose that wealth has a vested right in beauty? Why, because things are cheap, should they be ugly? In a very interesting lecture which Cardinal Wiseman once delivered in England, he pointed out to his audience that the old vases and cups and boxes and other objects which were kept carefully under glass in museums, which were so graceful and refined in form, and were treasured by us as precious relics of an extinct art, were the ordinary vessels of the uses and conveniences of the life of the times from which they descended. Is there any good reason that the wash-bowls and pitchers and jugs and jars of old Rome and Athens should be beautiful, and ours, designed for the same purposes, clumsy and ugly? And if we can not invent new forms of beauty for ourselves, may we not copy pleasing models rather than unpleasing? Whether we go back for our model a year or a thousand years, there is really no need of selecting an ugly one. So in the cost of finishing and furnishing the house, the pumpkin in Cinderella's kitchen did not more surely hold the gilded coach, nor her own "filthy rags" the most magnificently jeweled robes, than every little dollar is full of neatness, fitness, and beauty, if we have the gift of seeing them and extracting them.

It is a subtle gift, indeed, for it is taste. All the dollars in the world will not buy it. It is like that ear for music which those who have it not deride and deny. Yet good taste is, not the first, but the second, household magician. The first is good temper. Good temper will make a hard, stiff, horse-hair chair delightful; but good taste, without good temper, will make the most luxurious and beautiful lounge uncomfortable. The two combined make the perfect household. The minor magician, indeed, has one advantage over the other, and it is that she develops her. Good taste promotes good temper, but good temper no more promotes good taste than the smile of the gardener ripens strawberries. On the other hand, good temper has an advantage. It can not buy good taste, but it may buy its works. You may not know mushrooms from toad-stools. But if an honest man who, as you know, can distinguish them, offers to sell you mushrooms, you may buy in tolerable confidence that your fillet will not be garnished with poison. It is so with the mystery of household art. You may not perceive the harmony of colors, nor the superior grace of one form to another. But if a person whom you know to be an expert assures you that this paper and that carpet are harmonious, and that this or that table is graceful and pleasing, if you really do not know, why should you not trust him? Mrs. Potiphar perennially shows her confidence in Mr. Marcotte by giving him *carte blanche* to redecorate and furnish. She does it, perhaps, quite as much because of his fashion as of his taste. But what she does expensively for fashion, may not you do economically for taste? In a word, it is the apparent mission of what is known as household art to show that cheap and nasty are not synonymous. Those who prove it, as Mr. Elliott and Mr. Cook are engaged in doing, will be honored as public benefactors.

Editor's Literary Record.

THERE is much in common in the two remarkable lives of Mr. Finney and Mr. Moody—*Memoirs of Rev. Charles G. Finney*, written by himself (A. S. Barnes and Co.); *D. L. Moody and his Work*, by Rev. W. H. DANIELS (American Publishing Company). Both were educated for a secular life—one for the law, the other for trade. Both threw themselves into religious work with a vehement earnestness of purpose characteristic of positive and intense natures. Both went outside of the ordinary church congregations for the materials on which to work. Both dropped, or rather never assumed, the professional language of the schools, and spoke with a plainness and simplicity of diction and illustration which our "schools of the prophets" certainly do not develop, if they do not absolutely discourage. Both were, however, though not in a professional sense, theologians, and both preached in a remarkable degree, perhaps more than most ministers, a clearly defined, pronounced, doctrinal theology. And the ministry of both was accompanied by the most marvelous results. How far these results are to be regarded as transient, how far they are permanent, how far they affect only feeling, and how far they change the current and course of life itself, is a question into which this Literary Recorder does not enter, albeit we must altogether disregard ordinarily credible testimony if we do not accept it as true that in a great many individual cases, at all events, the change was real, and gave not only a new impetus, but an entirely new direction, to the whole life. Nor was the influence of their life labors confined to their immediate fields. It extended in widening circles, often going before and preparing the way for their coming. Mr. Finney particularly narrates some remarkable illustrations of this mysterious and impersonal influence, which accompanied, but can not be directly traced to, his own preaching. Some backwoodsmen, coming down to Philadelphia, became interested in Mr. Finney's ministry. They carried back the story of the New Testament to the wilderness. A revival in the woods followed. It extended over a lumber tract of over eighty miles, without a single church or minister in the entire region. One man, who lived in a little shanty by himself, became impressed, he knew not how, came out of his hermitage to get light or to give it, such as he had, and found his fellow-lumbermen organized in a prayer-meeting. He joined them forthwith. Mr. Finney reports his prayer: "Lord, you have got me down, and I hope you will keep me down. And since you have had so good luck with me, I hope you will try other sinners." A German infidel was very much enraged with his wife because she would persist in attending the meetings. He finally told her if she went again he would kill her. She made light of the threat. But when she came home, she found him ready to fulfill it. He chased her, dagger in hand, over the house. The servant blew out the light, and in the darkness she escaped. The next morning she returned, taking it for granted that the fury of the passion would have passed away. But as soon as she was in the house, her husband locked the door and drew the dagger on her again. He pursued her from room to room till she entered the last, from which there was no escape. "She threw herself upon her knees as he was about to strike her with his dagger, and lifted up her hands to heaven, and cried for mercy upon herself and him. At this point God arrested him. She said he looked at her for a moment, dropped his dagger, and fell upon the floor and cried for mercy himself." He became an earnest Christian, and a year or two after, when Mr. Finney met him, still remained so. These volumes are full of narratives of moral change as marvelous as this. Mr. Finney was the honored president of one of our largest colleges. The men are still living who could correct or confirm the story of these two lives. That the changes wrought were not wholly transient and emotional seems to be certified beyond reasonable question. Years subsequent to the revival in Rochester, the District Attorney of that city reported that with a population three times as great, the prosecutions for crime were not one-third as many as therefore. It does not follow, of course, that the diminution of crime was due to the revival. But the fact is significant.

Mr. Moody's work in "The Sands," and Mr. Finney's revival labors in Western New York, are full of dramatic interest, and afford suggestive material for the study of Christian workers. For though both men are idiosyncratic and peculiar, both have the privilege of genius, neither is an example to be implicitly followed, yet the *principles* of work are every where the same, though the methods are not; and as the military schools make a study of the campaigns of the first Napoleon, though they never can create a second, so our ministers, theological students, and Sabbath-school teachers will do well to make a study of the ways and methods of Mr. Finney and Mr. Moody, though whoever attempts to imitate their methods without first imbibing their spirit will only bring disrepute on that religion which he supposes himself desirous to advance.

Hon. S. S. Cox, in his own character and career, illustrates the advantage of a genial good humor. Being pronounced in his political views, and very hearty in his fealty to his party, he is yet a general if not a universal favorite, because the geniality of his humor effectually thaws the barriers of a party prejudice, and he turns a laugh so neatly upon an opponent that the victim is compelled to relish the joke even though he suffers from it. *Why we Laugh* (Harper and Brothers) is not an attempt to solve that insoluble question. Some very ponderous disquisitions have been written on that subject by men who apparently neither laughed themselves nor knew why other men should do so. Such philosophers have as signally failed, in their dissection of a joke, to find the secret of merriment, as the anatomists, in their dissection of a body, the secret place of the soul. Mr. Cox is not one of this class of metaphysical analysts. Nor is he a mere collector of jokes, a retailer of second-hand wares, nor his book one of those productions which bear about the same relation to genuine humor that a Chatham Street dealer's shop does to an original manufactory. Something between a philosophy and a *répertoire* of humor is this monograph, prepared by a man who has had a large experience of life, who has a keen sense of the humorous,

who has gathered in many fields, both of literature and of life, the amusing, who is content to classify without attempting to analyze, whose personal humor is never either sardonic or coarse, and whose pen rarely compels us to a loud laugh or fails to keep us supplied with a pleasant smile. For further and more minute acquaintance we must refer our readers either to the book itself, or to some specimens of it which have already appeared in single papers in numbers of this Magazine.

In our own home circle we have found SMITH'S *Principia Latina* the best primary instruction book for the use of the beginner in the Latin language. We are very glad to welcome two companion volumes, constructed on precisely the same principles, *The German Principia* and *The French Principia* (Harper and Brothers). The peculiar advantage of this system is its combination of grammar and reading, that is, of principle and application. For the purpose of active use as a spoken language, what is known as the Ollendorff system, or a modification of it, is perhaps preferable. But language is more than an instrument; its acquisition is itself a mental culture; and no one really knows how to use even his mother-tongue who has not studied the principles of grammar as developed and applied in some other and more orderly and systematic language than our own. For this purpose the Latin is perhaps the best; the German is certainly the next best; and Dr. William Smith's method is the one most likely to secure from the outset, and to retain to the end, the interest of the beginner. In each lesson he is taught a few simple rules and principles, and is at the same time trained to apply them. Having once mastered the alphabet, he has the intellectual enjoyment of actually reading something in his first lesson—a real enjoyment, though it be only such sentences as "I am old," "Thou art young."

The bound volume of *The Portfolio*, for 1875, edited by PHILIP GILBERT HAMERTON (J. W. Bouton), is a volume at once curious, interesting, and instructive. In the latter aspect its value will be chiefly appreciated by the artists, to whom it presents a large variety of suggestive and useful studies; but as a curious and interesting art volume its value will be by no means confined to professionally educated men. It contains nearly fifty large illustrations—some wood-cuts, some etchings, some photo-engravings. They represent a great variety of schools of art, and, apart from the rare beauty of some of them, a careful or even a casual comparison can hardly fail to give the non-professional reader some idea of the breadth and largeness of art, and if not an accurate, at least a measurably definite, idea of the distinctions between the different schools.—*Child Life in Pictures* is another of the characteristic heliotype productions of J. R. Osgood and Co. It is in art what Whittier's *Child Life* is in poetry. It comprises illustrations (twenty-four in number) from a variety of celebrated artists, and the phases of child life illustrated are as variant as the genius of the masters who have combined to produce this unique portfolio. It is a book especially for mothers, and to be shown occasionally as a rare treat, and as a rare teacher too, to the children.

The Bible Word-Book, by Professor W. SWINTON (Harper and Brothers), gives a list of a little over three hundred words, the meaning of which has changed since the first publication of the Bible in 1611; these changes are illustrated, and the real meaning interpreted, by apt quotations from early English authors. A single simple illustration, taken from the first page, will give the reader some idea of the character of this useful little volume, which one may carry easily in his pocket.

"*An* (abbreviated *a*) seems to have been nearly related to *on*. Hence we find in Acts, vii. 60, 'fell *a*sleep,' and in Acts, xiii. 36, 'fell *on* sleep;' and in Exodus, xix. 18, it is said, 'Mount Sinai was altogether on a smoke,' properly, all Mount Sinai smoked. To set the people *a* work (2 Chronicles, ii. 18) means to set them to work, to keep them at work, and 'a work' should be written with a hyphen (a-work). 'Skill in the weapon is nothing without sack; for that sets it a-work.'—*Shakspeare.*"

For all careful students of the Bible, even those who use the original tongues, this book will be a very useful help.

Of the *making* of books there is no end, but books that are growths are rare, even in this nineteenth century. Such a one is *Monumental Christianity; or, The Art and Symbolism of the Primitive Church*, by JOHN P. LUNDY (J. W. Bouton). It is, indeed, somewhat curious that Christian archæology has been less investigated apparently, certainly less fully and freely illustrated by pen and pencil, than the archæology of heathen religions and civilizations. Something like the service which, in their departments, has been rendered by Stephens's *Central America* and *Yucatan*, by Layard's *Nineveh and Babylon*, and by Wilkinson's *Ancient Egyptians*, Mr. Lundy here attempts to do for primitive Christianity. His preparation for his work was a personal visit to and exploration of Italy, Egypt, Palestine, and Syria, as well as an examination of the works of previous explorers in the same fields. His object appears to be that of an investigator, not of a controversialist; and though there are traces of ecclesiastical prepossession in his work, it is written with a candor and breadth which are virtues as unhappily rare as they are important in productions of this description. He follows in his narrative the course indicated by the most ancient Christian symbol—the Apostles' Creed—illustrating, from the monumental records, the successive articles in this simple and sublime statement of theological doctrine. Not the least interesting fact educed is the parallel which he discovers between Christian and pagan monumental teachings; and though there may and will be some question as to his conclusion, that the ancient systems of idolatry were "perversions and corruptions of the one primeval truth as held by such patriarchs as Abraham and Job," there can and will be no question that his volume affords, by its material, if not by the author's speculations, a valuable contribution to the science of comparative religion. The volume is elaborately though not elegantly illustrated with nearly two hundred engravings, produced by the photo-engraving process. The author has done well to study economy, and to give a large number of illustrative pictures rather than a small number of beautiful and artistic engravings.

In *Lord Byron, and other Sketches* (Harper and Brothers), EMILIO CASTELAR comes to the defense of an evidently favored poet with all the ardency and enthusiasm of a Southron. He is here not the philosopher who has written, with fervor, in-

deed, but with calmness and with philosophic breadth, in the pages of this Magazine concerning political events, institutions, and probabilities in Europe; he is a poet, whose enthusiasm pours itself out in an excessive imagery; an orator, who writes as though he were addressing a Cortes of the universal kingdom of letters, whose verdict he would secure by the impassioned flow of his burning eloquence. In his imagination Lord Byron is an accused, the Puritanic sentiment of England is the accuser, the world of literature is the tribunal, and he himself is the counsel for the defense, won to the advocacy of the case, not by any fee or by any hope of renown, but by his own personal enthusiasm, and maintaining that advocacy, not by any of the disreputable tricks which belong only to the second class of advocates, not by ignoring evidence against the accused, nor by manufacturing it in his favor, but by the vigor and the vehemence of his own convictions. To one who is already familiar with the career and character of Lord Byron the monogram of Castelar will be a useful counterpoise to the view of ordinary English moralists, who rarely comprehend the subtilty of the strange poet's marvelous nature; but we should not advise any youthful reader to depend on Señor Castelar's glowing pages for either a critical understanding of Lord Byron's works, a true view of his character, or even a safe and comprehensive conception of social morality; and this we say despite his eulogy of domestic fidelity, which constitutes one of the most eloquent passages in what is, throughout, a characteristically eloquent book.

Zell's Illustrated Family Bible (T. Ellwood Zell) is in size of page about the same as *Harper's Illuminated Bible*. Thirty numbers, of thirty-two pages each, finish the Old Testament. The New Testament will occupy a relative proportion. The illustrations are all full-page steel engravings. Two of these are of natural scenery, one representing Mount Sinai, the other the Garden of Gethsemane. One represents the Hebrew Tabernacle, but not according to the latest opinions of the best scholars. It is now tolerably certain that it had a sloping, not a flat, roof. The other illustrations are ideal subjects. Those that have been selected from well-known artists are well chosen. Some of the plates are exquisite—Delaroche's "Going to Calvary," for example. The engravings by W. B. Scott, which we judge to be those prepared expressly for this edition, are less satisfactory, and some of them had better have been omitted altogether. The editor is to be congratulated for his wise self-denial in excluding all of Doré's illustrations. We hope that in succeeding numbers he will give some of the best of Alexander Bida's.

Mr. George Smith, whose discovery of a cuneiform account of the deluge created so great an interest a few years ago, gives some further account of his explorations among the stone records of the past in *The Chaldean Account of Genesis* (Scribner, Armstrong, and Co.). The work of exploration has been itself one of peculiar difficulty. Apart from the hinderances thrown in the way of all explorers by the currish policy of the Turkish government, apart from the dangers and difficulties of conducting an exploration even when the reluctant consent of the government has been procured, the deciphering of the inscriptions on these long-buried books of stone and brick is itself a work of almost incredible difficulty. Professor Smith believes that these tablets occupied the upper story of some palace, constituting, in fact, a library; that the palace being destroyed, perhaps by fire, these ponderous tomes were buried in the falling ruins. Here, at all events, they are found, in tablets broken into scattered fragments. Sometimes a hundred disjointed pieces must be gathered up and put together with no other aid than such as is afforded by the cabalistic characters upon them. This work has now, however, been so far carried on by Professor Smith as to give a tolerably full account of these ancient legends of the creation, the fall, the deluge, etc. The comparison of these legends with the Biblical accounts is certainly suggestive, though scholarship has yet to read the riddle, and offer a clear and intelligible interpretation of its significance. Thus, for example, the Assyrian tablets commence with a description of the world when "without form and void;" then follows an account, not in the Bible, of a war in heaven, in which Satan is conquered, though not wholly subdued, by the God of Heaven; following this rebellion is the creation of the world in successive ages, in a manner very analogous to that described in the first chapter of Genesis; this culminates in the creation of man, when the Deity delivers a long address to the newly created being, instructing him in his duties and privileges, despite which, however, he falls into sin through the instrumentality of the dragon Tiamal, whose precise share in the transactions is narrated, if at all, in fragments not as yet brought to light. Whether these fragmentary records are to be regarded as corruptions of the original purer and simpler account in Genesis, or whether that is to be regarded as borrowed and modified from these, or whether both be considered to be borrowed from the same original sources, the legends are important in their bearing upon both the credibility and the source of the Biblical accounts of the origin of the human race and of sin, because they show, from an entirely independent source, that the oldest known legends—not impossibly older than the Bible—contain traces of a wide-spread and early faith in a Divine creation, a pure manhood, a voluntary transgression, and the imposition, in consequence, of a Divine curse. The illustrations in this book are very few, and hardly adequate.

Volume VI. of *M'Clintock and Strong's Cyclopædia* (Harper and Brothers) begins with the article "Mead," and ends with the article "Nevis." Dr. Strong has been since the last volume making an extended tour through the East for the purpose of gathering the freshest and latest information on the various subjects included in this work. The names of forty-six special contributors on special topics are given in the preface, and this volume contains over 200 illustrations. It is thus by far the most elaborately illustrated of any of our religious cyclopædias, and the illustrations are selected with wisdom as well as with care, so that no space is given to merely meaningless pictures. They do all really illustrate. Among them are a number of valuable maps, which should, however, have been indexed separately for convenience of reference.

From Dr. Samuel Kneeland's *An American in Iceland* (Lockwood, Brooks, and Co.) one may get a broader, though not a more graphic, picture of

Iceland and its scenery, people, and history than from the much smaller volume by Bayard Taylor. Mr. Kneeland gives relatively much less space to the millennial celebration, and more to the history, constitution, character, and probable future of the island. The illustrations are a decided addition to the volume.—The increasing interest in the far East gives a new significance to the well-known work of Rev. JUSTUS DOOLITTLE, *Social Life of the Chinese* (Harper and Brothers). A new edition of this well-known work is issued in one volume, containing about 500 pages, and all the matter and illustrations, the latter over 150 in number, comprised in the original edition. There is no other book in our literature which does for the Chinese nation what this work does, in the fullness of its minute information respecting their government and religion, and especially their social manners and customs, and their national characteristics.

A much smaller and less elaborate journal of travel than *The Land of the White Elephant* is *Through and Through the Tropics* (Harper and Brothers), by the same author—FRANK VINCENT, Jun. It is without illustrations. The author starts for California *via* Cape Horn, on a clipper ship, with three other passengers, from San Francisco goes to the Sandwich Islands, thence to Sydney and Calcutta, and thence northward to and through parts of "High Asia," coming back to Bombay, where this journal leaves him. The route is an uncommon one; it includes observations on lands which are quite off the ordinary paths of travel; and though the volume is small, and the author gives us a glimpse rather than a view of them, his outlines are suggestive, and perhaps fuller of real practical information than a more elaborate picture would be.

As a delineator of character, especially of American character, without exaggeration, without high coloring, without either sarcasm or eulogy, we think, among American novelists, Mr. W. M. BAKER has no superior, if he has any equal; and as a series of character sketches, *Carter Quarterman* (Harper and Brothers) ranks as one of his best stories. It is no secret that many, if not all, of the characters were drawn from life, Rev. Oglethorpe Quarterman being a well-known and prominent revival preacher of the last generation, whose memory is still sacred in the fields of his labor, which were chiefly in the South. The painting is done with painstaking care, and the painter is a true artist. He does not merely copy; he perceives the characteristic features, and so adjusts his colors, his light and shade, his perspective, that his picture fairly presents the features which he wishes to emphasize. The story is lacking in plot, lacking too, perhaps, in incident. It certainly is at the antipodes of the sensational, but it is not without a genuine warmth of feeling, and its religious tone is at once catholic and earnest—a combination rare in American religious literature, especially of the romantic class. The illustrations, by E. J. Whitney, though sketchy in execution, are decidedly superior in conception to the ordinary illustrations of the American novel. Some of them are artistically admirable.

The Squire's Legacy, by CECIL HAY (Harper and Brothers), is by an author whose previous work justifies a reasonable assurance of an interesting novel. The characters are strongly drawn and the story well sustained; and though the element of humor which enlivens *Old Myddelton's Money* is wanting, and there are some passages which the reader can skip without injury, the book will, as a whole, justify the reasonable expectations raised by the recollection of its predecessors.—*His Natural Life*, by MARCUS CLARKE (Harper and Brothers), is intended to expose the horrors of the British transportation system, which rival in atrocity the terrible processes of the Inquisition. The skill with which it is wrought out goes far to redeem its repulsive features. It is a book of wonderfully graphic power, and its perusal has a strange, weird fascination, recalling to the mind the terrific creations of Victor Hugo. A certain vein of humor relieves the fearful details of punishment and torture which compose the dark background of the story. The dialogue is spirited, the incidents exciting. While it describes scenes of the most terrible vice and crime, its moral tone is pure; and while it is not to be recommended in all respects for the young and indiscriminating reader, it is well worthy the perusal of those who are willing and able to look in upon the habitations of cruelty. —*The Devil's Chain* (Harper and Brothers) is one of the strongest temperance tales we have ever read—perhaps the very strongest. The author of *Ginx's Baby* is not accustomed to take hold of social thistles with a delicate or timid touch; this huge thistle of drink and drunkenness he grasps with a muscularity and vigor that command admiration. The various links in the devil's chain of vice and crime he shows to be forged chiefly out of the same raw material; and his book spares not the high in tracing to their roots the excesses and vices of the low. The story is powerfully written. It is throughout a tragedy; from the horrible death of Helena Hurlingham in the opening chapter to the frightful catastrophe at the close, there is not a break of sunshine to redeem the gloom; nor does the book contain any hint of methods of emancipation from the bondage, the evils of which it simply attempts to describe. Powerful in depicting social abuses, but not wise to propose remedies, the author at least comprehends his mission; and if he can only secure from society a reading of his word pictures, he may—he certainly ought to—provoke other minds to study remedies for a disease of which he only suggests the diagnosis.

In *The True Order of Studies* (G. P. Putnam's Sons) Mr. THOMAS HILL undertakes to set forth what is a psychologically necessary order of study, inherent in and growing out of the constitution of the human mind. He places geometry before arithmetic; he includes theology as a part of a necessary education. His suggestions are, many of them, enforced by practical experience. His treatise would have been more widely read if his thoughts had been presented in a manner less abstruse; if less profound, it would have been more efficient.—*Geological Sketches*, second series (J. R. Osgood and Co.), consists of a series of papers from the pen of LOUIS AGASSIZ, heretofore published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, and here presented for the convenience of students. It is hardly necessary to say that they are well-worthy this separate and permanent publication.—*Among my Books*, second series (J. R. Osgood and Co.), contains papers by JAMES R. LOWELL on Dante, Spenser, Wordsworth, Milton, and Keats, at once biographical and critical.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

IN *Astronomy* we have to record the detection during January of two new asteroids—158, discovered by Knorre, and 159, discovered by Henry, of Paris. The first was found during a search for Siwa (140), and is of the 11th-12th magnitude, the second is of the 12.5 magnitude.

One of the most important astronomical events of the month has been the publication of the first part of a work in three volumes which is to be a summary of all the important astronomical writings of Bessel. The first part contains a portrait of Bessel, copied from Mandel's noble engraving, and two lithograph plates of the appearances of Halley's comet, as well as twenty-three memoirs on the theory of the motions of the bodies of the solar system, and fifty-one on different points of spherical astronomy. The editor is Dr. R. Engelmann, late of the Leipsic Observatory. It is to be hoped that this may lead some competent person to undertake a similar compilation of the works of Sir William Herschel, which is so much needed.

Dr. Vogel, lately of the private observatory of Councilor Von Bülow, at Bothkamp, claims to have seen and observed the fainter satellites of Uranus in 1871 with the fine Schröder equatorial (twelve inches aperture) belonging to the observatory. These have so far only been certainly observed with instruments of the largest class. It will be remembered that in 1873 Struve announced the discovery of a minute companion to the bright star Procyon, the existence of this companion having been suspected from observed irregularities in the proper motion of Procyon. This was again seen and measured by Struve in 1874, but we believe he has failed to find it during 1875. This companion has not been seen with the 26-inch telescope of the United States Naval Observatory by any of the observers, in spite of assiduous search, but we learn that three small companions have lately been seen and measured, none of which correspond to the companion announced by Struve. This is of importance as affecting the question of the practicability of accurately predicting the motions of an unknown satellite from variations in the proper motion of a large star, the proper motion itself depending upon the ordinary meridian observations. It may be mentioned in this connection that the companion of Sirius is even now not in its theoretical place, probably owing to the comparative rudeness of the observations on which the determination of the proper motion of Sirius depends, especially those of N. P. D.

The report of the Board of Visitors to the Melbourne Observatory for 1875 records the evidences of activity. A new photo-heliograph and two new equatorials (of eight and four and one-half inches aperture) have been added to the equipment, already good. The great four-foot reflector has been used for the purpose of delineating nebulæ, and ten already figured by Sir John Herschel in 1834 have been redrawn. The only drawings of this kind published as yet are two of the nebula 30 (B) Doradûs, drawn in 1870, at an interval of less than one year, by M. Le Sueur and Mr. M'George, and these show marked changes, to establish which further observations will be indispensable. The great nebula near Eta Argûs has not changed in the course of the year. The meridian circle was employed on the usual objects of observation. The previous work of this instrument was embodied in a catalogue of 1227 stars, which was printed in time to be distributed to the various transit of Venus parties in the southern hemisphere, to whom it was of great service. Magnetic and meteorological observations are carried on, and much extra work has been done, in connection with the late transit of Venus. American astronomers connected with the transit of Venus expeditions bear witness to the courtesy with which their plans were aided by the officers of this and other southern observatories.

The third volume of the Bothkamp observations has just been published by Dr. Löhse, and we learn that the issue of a fourth is contemplated. The present volume of this important series is principally devoted to observations upon the sun. Part I. deals with investigations upon the physical condition of the sun's surface, Part II. with the photographic registration of solar spots, and Part III. with an important series of meteorological observations. It is to be regretted that, owing to the promotion of both Drs. Vogel and Löhse to other important duties in connection with the new "Astrophysikalischen Institut," now building at Potsdam, this fine observatory, which was the first of its kind in Germany, is for the present unoccupied with scientific work.

The Austro-Hungarian government has authorized the building of a national observatory on a grand scale, which will probably be completed in 1877. It will be equipped in the most complete manner with meridian instruments, a 12-inch equatorial by Alvan Clark and Sons, and a 26-inch equatorial by Grubb, of Dublin, besides portable instruments. The great activity in the direction of physico-astronomical observations may also be judged of by the news which reaches us of the completion of the new observatory of the University of Oxford, which will be devoted to celestial physics. This observatory possesses a 12¼-inch achromatic by Grubb, Mr. De la Rue's reflecting telescope, and smaller instruments, meridional and extra-meridional.

In connection with the news of the founding of so many observatories may be mentioned the important scheme which has just been proposed by Tacchini, of Palermo, and adopted by the Italian government. By its provisions the astronomical work to be done is divided among the various observatories of Italy, according to their means, so that no waste of effort may occur, and the governmental grants of money are also so divided as to produce the best results. According to it, the observatories of Naples, Florence, Palermo, and Milan are declared to be institutions of the first class, to the maintenance of which the principal care of the government will be given; those of Parma, Modena, and Bologna are to be physico-meteorological observatories, belonging to their respective universities; and those of Rome, Campidoglio, Turin, and Padua are to be university observatories (astronomical). The increasing demands of science require, or will soon require, similar organization on the part of the observatories of every country.

The reduction of the observations made by the American transit of Venus parties is progressing steadily, Professors Watson, Peters, Hall, and Harkness (chiefs of parties) having undertaken to reduce their own observations, the others being reduced under the direction of Professor Newcomb.

In *Meteorology*, there have been during January several interesting papers. Mr. Ericsson communicates to *Nature* some account of his experiments on a generous scale toward the elucidation of the subject of the amount of heat transmitted to the earth by the sun. As nearly all this heat is consumed in producing meteorological results, it is evident that meteorologists can not be insensible to the importance of his conclusion that the heat radiated from an incandescent plane is not of equal energy in all directions, but is proportionate to the sine of the angle of inclination to the plane.

The Meteorological Commission appointed by the Italian government has made an elaborate investigation and report, recommending certain governmental instructions which will secure almost perfect uniformity in the Italian observations and publications relating to meteorology.

The Imperial Meteorological Observatory at Tokio, Japan, under the direction of Mr. M'Vean, government surveyor, has begun its activity by the publication of five-day means and reports.

The peculiarities of the upper strata of air are being systematically investigated in France, not only by balloon voyages, but by permanent mountain stations, of which three are now occupied—Mont Louis, by Falguere; Pic du Midi, by Nansouty; and the Puy de Dôme, by Alluard.

Mr. S. A. King, of Boston, proposes by means of a captive balloon to also contribute much to the study of the atmosphere.

Lemstrom has developed, in the Geneva *Archives*, his views on the nature and origin of the aurora. His theory regards this as mainly a terrestrial phenomenon, due to electric discharges through the upper regions of thin air (similar to the discharges through a Geissler tube), and also between this air and the earth; according to him, the upper stratum of air forms a great conductor, which is nearer the earth in the polar than in the equatorial regions.

From the detailed study, by Hildebrandsson, of the tornado of August 18, 1875, in Sweden, it is evident that this closely resembled in its details and its surroundings those that so frequently occur in the United States.

The rapid spread of intelligent interest in meteorology is shown by the fact that the Paris papers have followed the lead of those of London, and daily publish reduced copies of the morning weather maps.

Professor Reynolds has made a further communication to the Royal Society on the refraction of sound by the atmosphere, fully confirming the positions previously advanced by himself and by Professor Henry. Interesting relations seem to exist between these phenomena and the state of the atmosphere before or during storms, etc.

With the second part of the 164th volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of London, we receive the complete memoir of Mr. Blanford on the winds of Northern India. This elaborate work is one of the finest examples of inductive reasoning that have graced the recent progress of meteorology. Mr. Blanford has based his studies principally upon the observations made under his direction in Bengal, under Dr. Thomson in the northwestern provinces, under Dr. Townshend in the central provinces, and by Mr. Elliott of Roorkee. His object has been to describe and to trace out the origin and causes of the normal wind currents of Northern India and their annual variations, in so far as these can be discovered in the local physical changes in the atmosphere. For this kind of inquiry India offers many peculiar advantages. Among other results, Blanford partially confirms for India some of the laws deduced by Hann for Carinthia, *e. g.*, that the decrease of temperature with altitude is greater with north and northeast than with south and southwest winds; it is greater in storms; it is greater in the higher than in the lower strata during calm clear weather. The cause of these variations is the variable quantity of moisture diffused through and ascending in the atmosphere, there being at the Himalayan stations a certain inverse ratio between the relative humidity and the decrease of temperature. Mr. Blanford discusses the rain-fall in its connection with the winds, as also the temperature and barometric pressure. His tables and charts, showing for each month the distribution of these elements in India, are by far the most perfect that we have. The upper currents over areas of high pressure are shown by him to move inward, as is now known to be the case in Europe and America, and in general there is in India a system of upper currents opposed to every observed system of lower winds. Mr. Blanford's work has a direct bearing on the subject of the cyclones of the Bay of Bengal, and the conclusion he deduces as to their origin is apparently that which accords best with all that we know of similar storms elsewhere. Cyclones are rare in the Bay of Bengal, except from the middle of May to June, and in October and November. "They form in a region of calms or variable winds; an area of barometric depression and rising temperature is formed several days before the cyclone is generated; currents of air set in converging toward this area; finally, if among these currents there rushes in a strong southwest or west-southwest current of air saturated with moisture," this furnishes the required abundance of vapor, whose rapid condensation gives out the heat required to form and maintain a cyclone, instead of the small tornadoes that would otherwise be the only result.

Mr. Roscoe urges upon meteorologists the importance of maintaining a record of the intensity of the chemical action of sky light, and describes a convenient self-recording apparatus that he has himself used during the past three years.

The important report of the English Royal Science Committee will, it is said, probably result in soon terminating the anomalous and embarrassing position that the London Meteorological Office has long occupied in reference to the government. Dr. Hooker hopes to secure the extension of the English net-work of telegraphic reporting stations, so as to include all the principal cities of the globe.

The Iowa State system of weather reports, under Professor Hinrichs, continues to increase in popularity and efficiency.

In *Physics*, Romilly has published the second part of his memoir on the effect of a jet of air

or vapor in drawing the surrounding air into its course. He has observed that, using a receiver with thin walls, if the jet be removed only a few millimeters from it, and directed not into the opening of this receiver, but just outside of it, and upon the wall itself, a maximum of pressure is produced more than double of that obtained when the jet enters the orifice. Using a jet provided, like the receiver, with lateral walls, there is no longer a pressure, but an aspiration produced, even at considerable distances.

Meunier has observed a quartzose sandstone from the vicinity of Orsay, Department of Seine-et-Oise, France, perforated through and through by the roots of trees. The grains of quartz are held together by a calcareous cement, which is the material upon which the carbonic gas exhaled by the roots has exerted its solvent action. These roots were those of the elm, and were of all sizes, from a centimeter and more to less than a millimeter in diameter. The author thinks that possibly in this way roots may insinuate themselves into rocks far anterior in age, and thus be regarded as much older than they really are in fact.

Duclaux has observed and investigated the curious fact that a homogeneous liquid mixture may, by a change of temperature or by certain additions, become separated into two layers. For instance, a mixture of 15 cubic centimeters of amyl alcohol, 20 cubic centimeters of ordinary alcohol, and 32.9 cubic centimeters of water is homogeneous above 20°; but the least lowering of temperature below this, even by one-tenth of a degree, causes the division of the liquid into two nearly equal layers. The author proposes to use this fact in the construction of an exceedingly delicate minimum thermometer. Convenient volumes of amyl and ethyl alcohols are mixed together, brought to the required temperature, and water gradually added, drop by drop, till a slight turbidity results. The liquid is then sealed in a tube, being first colored with carmine. Whenever the temperature falls below that at which it was prepared, the two layers appear, and of different tints. If methyl alcohol and ether be thus used, a maximum thermometer may thus be made.

Berthelot has given a system of classification of acids and bases founded on the decomposition of their salts by water, as shown by the thermal changes which result. In the first class are placed strong acids and bases. These, when separately dissolved in water and mixed in equal equivalents, produce an amount of heat which is nearly constant for all, and which is not increased by a new addition of water or of the base. Such salts then are not decomposed by water. The second class includes feeble acids. These form salts, even with strong bases, which are decomposable by water, the decomposition progressively increasing with the amount of water added. With some of the bodies of this class, however, the progress of the decomposition is gradual either up to a certain limit or indefinitely, while with others it is effected totally upon the first addition of the water. In the first class are placed chlorides, nitrates, and neutral sulphates of the fixed alkalies; in the second, the borates, carbonates, cyanides, sulphides, alkali-phenates, acetates, butyrates, valerianates, as well as the alcoholates. The author thinks these results are due to the formation of hydrates of the acid and the base by the water added. In the first class the heat set free by the formation of the hydrates is less, in the second greater, than is evolved by the union of the acids and bases themselves.

Champion and Pellet have called attention to the resemblances which exist between the mode of decomposition of explosive bodies and the phenomena of supersaturation. They mention many respects, for example, in which a supersaturated solution of sodium sulphate resembles, in its instability and the means by which it solidifies, the explosive dynamite.

Soret and Sarazin have made a series of measurements to ascertain the rotatory power of quartz upon ultra-violet light, in which they used very successfully the new fluorescent eye-piece for the spectroscope recently devised by Soret. They succeeded in measuring the rotation of rays as far as the line N, and found that it increased from 51.22 at H to 55.88 at L, 59.03 at M, and 64.41 at N. The theoretical values calculated from Boltzmann's formula agreed well with these. Subsequently Croullebois has stated that he had made similar measurements, extending as far as the line O.

H. Vogel has made an examination of the absorption spectra of several salts of the iron group of metals, and has drawn the characteristic absorption curves which belong to them, with a view to utilize the spectro-analytic method in qualitative analysis. By this means he has detected permanganate in a layer one and a half centimeters thick of a solution which contained only 1-250,000th part.

Neeson has experimented at length on the so-called mechanical power of light as manifested in the apparatus of Crookes, and comes to the conclusion that the motions observed are due to heat currents produced in the residual air.

Gaugain, in a paper on the processes of magnetization, has stated that when two magnets have their contrary poles placed in contact with a bar near one of its ends, their action to develop magnetism temporarily at the middle point of the bar is very unequal, while the permanent magnetism thus produced is stronger at this middle point when but a single magnet is used. He gives theoretical considerations in explanation of these phenomena.

Warren de la Rue and Muller have described the method of construction of their new intensity battery, consisting of 3240 cells. This battery is composed of plates of chloride of silver and of zinc, excited by a solution of sodium or ammonium chloride—a form devised by De la Rue in 1868. The electro-motive force of this combination is to that of the Daniell cell as 1.03 to 1; the mean resistance of the entire battery is for each cell 38.5 ohms. It evolves from acidulated water (1 volume sulphuric acid and 8 of water), in a voltameter having a resistance of 11 ohms, 214 cubic centimeters of mixed gases per minute. The length of the spark in air, given by one series of 1080 cells, was 0.098 millimeter; with two such series, 0.629 millimeter; and with three, 1.623 millimeters; being directly as the square of the number of the elements used. In a subsequent paper the luminous effects produced by this spark in vacuum tubes are described, the striking distance being six decimeters.

Becquerel has published an important paper on the determination of the chemical force exerted by two solutions upon each other by means of

the electro-motive force developed. The method is suggestive, especially in its physiological relations, since the strength and direction of the electro-motive forces in living beings are the foundations upon which rest not only all the phenomena of nutrition, but also those of life itself.

Duchemin has proposed the use of nickel for the protection of the needles of marine compasses against rust, and he gives the results of some experiments in this direction, made with his circular compass, which were entirely satisfactory. The deposit of nickel does not seem to affect appreciably the magnetization.

Bleekrode has investigated somewhat exhaustively the question of the use of ebonite plates in electric induction machines in place of glass ones. He maintains that even in ordinary machines they are far preferable, but that in double machines, such as the one devised by him, they are the only kind to be used. Moreover, they have important theoretical advantages in addition.

Edlund has observed a fact of great importance to his theory of electricity, *i. e.*, the fact that the resistance of a conductor varies with the motion of this conductor, being lessened when the conductor and the current move in the same direction, and increased when the directions of the motion are opposite. In Edlund's theory, in which electricity is only the flow of ether through bodies, the strength of the current is measured by the mass of the ether which flows through the cross-section of the conductor in a unit of time.

Fuchs has proposed to use the electrometer as an instrument for measuring current strength, polarization, and resistance. In his experiments he employed a gold-leaf electrometer in communication with a dry pile. By combining this with the compensation method of Poggendorff, the results were satisfactory.

Kerr has been led from theoretical considerations to the discovery of a new relation between electricity and light. He has proved that dielectrified media are doubly refractive during the charge. The media employed were glass, resin, and quartz. The results prove that dielectrified resin acts as if extended along the lines of force, while dielectrified glass and quartz act upon the transmitted light as if they were compressed along the lines of force.

In *General Chemistry*, Precht and Kraut have published the results of experiments made to test the statement of Debray's that the tension of aqueous vapor which is given by a salt containing crystal-water in a vacuum is dependent solely upon the temperature, and hence that this tension may be made use of to ascertain whether all the molecules of this water of crystallization are held with equal force. Their conclusion is that while in individual cases this may be done, it can only be considered reliable when all the collateral circumstances are taken into the account.

Meusel has proposed to account for the occurrence of nitrites in spring waters, not as is usually the case by supposing the oxidation of ammonia therein, but by supposing the reduction of the nitrates in the water through the agency of bacteria. He shows (1) that spring waters which contained bacteria and nitrates, but no ammonia or nitrites, showed the nitrous acid reaction on standing four days; (2) that the production of nitrites in this way is stopped by antiseptics; (3) that aqueduct water containing nitrates produces no nitrites, even in presence of bacteria, unless a carbohydrate be present; (4) that distilled water containing both glucose and nitrates can not be made to generate nitrites if bacteria be absent; and (5) that decomposing albuminates reduce nitrates to nitrites.

Houzeau has given a new method for the volumetric determination of free carbonic acid, which consists in absorbing the gas in a titered solution of sodium hydrate, precipitating the carbonate in an insoluble form by a neutral solution of barium chloride, and then titering back with a graduated solution of sulphuric acid. To prevent the formation of sodium bicarbonate a small quantity of zinc oxide is dissolved in the soda solution before use.

Sainte-Claire Deville and Debray have published some data concerning the density of pure platinum and pure iridium prepared with great care, and also that of several alloys of these metals. They find that the mean density of platinum, estimated from ingots weighing from 200 to 250 grams, is 21.5. Iridium in the ingot has a density of 22.239; after breaking under the rolls, of 22.421. An alloy of 10 per cent. iridium has a density of 21.615; of 15, 21.618; of 33.33, 21.874; of 95, 22.384.

Scheurer-Kestner has communicated additional facts upon the corrosion of platinum stills which are used for the concentration of sulphuric acid. He finds (1) that the loss is not mechanical but chemical, the metal being contained in the acid in solution; (2) that when the acid is free from nitrous compounds, it dissolves about one gram of platinum for every ton of sulphuric acid concentrated to 93–94 per cent., but six to seven grams per ton when the concentration is pushed to 98° and above, rising even to nine grams when the acid marks 99½ per cent.; (3) that the loss is even more considerable if nitrous products are present in the acid.

Mermet has proposed a very delicate test for the so-called sulphocarbonates, now coming into extended use among grape-culturists as remedies for the phylloxera. If to an extremely dilute solution of a salt of nickel in ammonia a few drops of the solution to be tested be added, a characteristic currant-red color is developed. This test is extremely delicate, showing $\frac{1}{60000}$ or even $\frac{1}{80000}$ of sulphocarbonate in a solution. Braun had proposed some time before the sulphocarbonate as a very delicate test for the presence of nickel.

Remsen and Southworth have made the curious observation that carbon monoxide is not oxidized by ozone. The two were passed into a flask, and then through lime-water; but not a trace of turbidity was perceptible in the latter, even when the entire apparatus was placed in full sunlight. The authors discuss the bearing of this fact upon the question of free attractions in carbon monoxide.

In *Organic Chemistry*, Fittig's hypothesis that cumol was isopropylbenzol has been established by Jacobsen, who has succeeded in effecting its synthesis by acting with sodium on isopropyl iodide, resting upon which was an equivalent quantity of brombenzol dissolved in six times its volume of ether. The action proceeded slowly, and after four days was interrupted. On fractionating, a hydrocarbon boiling near 150° was obtained, which had all the properties of cumol.

Michaelis has succeeded in introducing arsenic into the achromatic series by acting upon arsenous

chloride with mercury-diphenyl. A heavy colorless strongly refracting liquid was obtained, which was phenyl-arsenous chloride.

Commaille has given a means of separating cholesterin from the fatty matters with which it is generally accompanied, and for which they are often mistaken, by taking advantage of the property which cholesterin has of resisting the action of concentrated alkalies, even when boiling.

Graebe and Caro have made an extended investigation of rosolic acid, restricting this name to the substance obtained by the action of nitrous acid on rosaniline and subsequent treatment with water. They find that it is capable of giving a series of tetra-substitution products, and is analogous, therefore, with the phthaleins of resorcin and orcin described by Baeyer. Reduction yields both hydrorosolic acid and leucorosolic acid, and from these come tetrabromleucorosolic acid and hydrocyantetrabromrosolic acid.

Mineralogy.—Professor Shepard has recently described a mineral (*Hermannolite*) which he regards as a new species of the columbite group. It occurs at Haddam, Connecticut, and appears in nearly square prisms. In its physical characters and in general appearance it is very like columbite, but differs in having a considerably lower specific gravity. The chemical relations have been determined by Dr. Hermann, of Moscow, after whom the mineral has been named. Hermann makes the composition analogous to, though quite different from, that of columbite.

Since March, 1867, when the first diamond was found at the Cape, it is estimated that diamonds to a value of twelve million pounds sterling have been brought away from there. As stated by Professor Tennant, of London, about ten per cent. of the Cape diamonds may be classified as of the first quality, fifteen per cent. of the second, and twenty of the third. The remainder, under the name of *bort*, is employed for cutting diamonds and for the various economic purposes by the lapidary, the engineer for rock drilling, and so on. Many diamonds containing specks and cavities can be manipulated by skilled workmen acquainted with the cleavage, who are able to remove these blemishes. Some two hundred years since the work of cutting and polishing diamonds was principally done in England; since then this has been mostly carried on in Holland, but the English stone-cutters seem now likely to regain their early reputation. One stone from South Africa, described by Professor Tennant, weighed in its original condition 112 carats; it has been cut into a brilliant weighing sixty-six carats, and this, it is stated, exceeds in size and brilliancy any diamond in the British crown. It is valued at ten thousand pounds sterling.

Herold has investigated the kaolin formations of the triassic sandstone in Thuringia. He finds that the kaolin is never pure, being generally mechanically mixed with more or less quartz. To two varieties of microscopic crystals mixed with the kaolin he has given the names of microdermiculite and microschörlite. They both occur in six-sided prisms. The kaolin he regards as having arisen from the decomposition of mica, not feldspar, as is often the case.

Microscopy.—In a recent number of the *New York Medical Journal* is a report of the Boston Society of Medical Science, in which it is stated that Dr. Webber had found that *granular corpuscles* from preparations of the spinal chord, hardened in chromic acid or bichromate of potassa, and preserved in glycerine, react peculiarly to polarized light. Neither cholesterine nor any other tissues or substances to be found in sections of the brain and spinal chord affected the light in a similar way. Hence Dr. Webber thinks that this characteristic may serve to distinguish the granular corpuscles in doubtful cases.

Some time ago we alluded to the discovery (?) of diatoms in coal by Count Castracane. In the December number of the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* he gives his method of procuring them; and as his treatment is with caustic potassa in part, it is difficult to conceive how the diatoms can escape solution. We consider the discovery (?) as a very doubtful one.

Those plants which possess the peculiar power of absorbing and digesting nitrogenous substances presented to their leaves have from time to time engaged the attention of vegetable physiologists. They are principally insectivorous plants, belonging to the genera *Drosera*, *Pinguicula*, *Dionæa*, and *Utricularia*. In all these, minute glands exist imbedded in the surface of the leaf, reddish-purple in *Dionæa*, and giving a red tinge to the leaf. They are smaller than stomates. In the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for January, 1876, Mr. Alfred W. Bennett describes and figures these curious "absorptive glands" as observed in *Drosera rotundifolia*, *Pinguicula vulgaris*, and *Callitriche verna*. The latter has not been considered hitherto one of the "carnivorous" plants, but as these glands have never been observed, with this exception, in plants which do not possess this power, it will be an interesting question for future research whether *Callitriche* is not also carnivorous.

In the same journal, reprinted from the *Gardener's Chronicle*, October 16 and 23, is an exceedingly interesting and well-illustrated paper, by Worthington G. Smith, F.L.S., on reproduction in the mushroom tribe, from studies of *Coprinus radiatus*—a plant so minute that the whole may be placed under the cover of the microscope. Moreover, it is exceedingly common, and its entire vital functions are performed in a few days. When the cells of the old parent fungus collapse and disappear in the water, their place is, in less than two hours, occupied by innumerable quantities of bacteria, vibriones, and monads. Where these infusoria come from, or how they so speedily come into being, is difficult to say. The author finds when a single specimen of *C. radiatus* has been placed on a slide with a drop of water, under a covering glass, and this again under a propagating glass, that as the millions of fungous cells quickly disappear, so millions of infusoria just as quickly come into being; and he says, "It seems almost reasonable to believe that the fungous cells themselves become suddenly transformed, and re-appear as simple infusoria." Boiling did not destroy either their vitality or form, and those interested in the subject of spontaneous generation will read the result of the following experiment with interest. A dozen semi-decayed specimens of *C. radiatus*, swarming with minute infusoria, were boiled in a test tube for five minutes, and then hermetically sealed at the highest point of ebullition. At the end of a month the tube was opened and a drop of its liquid contents at once placed under the cover-

glass of the microscope for examination. Spores, cells, monads, bacteria, and vibriones were all there, but the latter motionless and apparently dead. In fifteen minutes, however, they showed signs of life, and began to slightly move about; in thirty minutes the movements were decided in nearly every specimen seen, while in sixty minutes the infusoria darted about with almost the same energy as they did before they were boiled. As there are about 22,500,000 cells in one of these minute plants, requiring fourteen days for their production, it follows that the cells go on multiplying all the fortnight at the rate of 1114 to the minute. In about five hours 3,000,000 of spores are produced. They as a consequence appear upon the basidia or spore-bearing spicules at the rate of 100,000 every minute!

Ethnology.—Mr. William H. Dall read before the Washington Philosophical Society, on Saturday, January 29, a long and able paper on "A Succession of Shell Heaps in Alaska." The principal part of the communication was devoted to an explanation of the three distinct layers traceable in all the beds, viz., the echinus layer, the fish-bone layer, and the mammalian layer, representing three separate and progressive steps in culture.

Professor Hayden has had a model made in miniature, about two feet square, of one of the most remarkable and best-preserved cliff-houses in Mancos Cañon, and several casts have been taken, which give an admirable idea of these curious ruins.

The German excavators at Olympia have discovered the statue of Victory, the work of Paionius, a contemporary of Phidias. It was dedicated, according to the inscription, by Messenian refugees settled at Naupactus.

Professor Rolleston contributes to the Journal of the Anthropological Institute a long and exhaustive article on the people of the long barrow period. We have not space even to present a summary of this admirable paper, but recommend it to those who are interested in the history of the burial of the dead.

The Rev. Wentworth Webster, in the October number of the *Revue de Linguistique*, discusses the comparative mythology of the Basques, with a view to clearing up the obscurity which hangs around the history of the so-called Iberian race.

Those interested in the question of the origin and development of the art idea among savages will find in *Das Ausland* for November and December a very instructive series of articles upon the artistic skill of the Africans. Sampson Low and Co. have just published a work by Dr. Georg Schweinfurth bearing upon the same subject, entitled *Artes Africanæ*.

Captain Burton, in his recently published work, *Two Trips to Gorilla Land and the Cataracts of the Congo*, devotes considerable space to a description of the natives, including the Fans and other tribes.

Mr. J. Walhouse read a paper before the London Anthropological Institute, on the 14th of December, on the belief in Bhutas—devil and ghost—worship in Western India, showing how the lower castes, while acknowledging the Brahminical gods, pay most of their homage to the Bhutas or evil spirits, to whom they attribute all the mischief in the world. At the same meeting Mr. Groome Napier read a paper on the localities whence the tin and gold of the ancients were derived.

The usual progress in *Zoology* has been exhibited during the past month. A text-book of comparative embryology, under the title, *Life-Histories of Animals, including Man*, by Dr. A. S. Packard, Jun., has just appeared, giving the elements of a subject usually more or less neglected in manuals of zoology. Dr. Sclater's admirable address "On the present State of our Knowledge of Geographical Zoology" has been received. It was originally delivered at the last meeting of the British Association for the Advancement of Science, but, as now printed, contains an appendix of much value, giving a full bibliography of the subject of the distribution over the globe of the vertebrate animals.

In special groups of animals, beginning with the lowest, we have fresh information regarding the foraminifera, or lower shelled rhizopods. One of these animals, the *Globigerina*, has at length been seen by the *Challenger* party with its "pseudopodia" or thread-like extensions of the body spreading out in the water. Professor Wyville Thompson states that if a specimen be immediately transferred from the tow-net to some fresh sea-water, and be examined with a high power, the "sarcodic contents of the chambers may be seen to exude gradually through the pores of the shell, and spread out until they form a gelatinous fringe or border round the shell, filling up the spaces among the roots of the spines and rising up a little way along their length." It will be remembered that the dead shells of these foraminifers accumulate in such immense quantities as to form modern chalk at great ocean depths.

The shells collected by Dr. Kidder, naturalist of the transit of Venus expedition, at Kerguelen Land have been, according to the *American Naturalist*, worked up by Mr. W. H. Dall, who describes three new genera. One of these was described in England under the name *Eatonia;* but as this name was long since preoccupied by Professor Hall for a genus of brachiopods, the name *Eatoniella* is substituted. Mr. Dall also describes a genus allied to *Ceropsis* of the *Carditidæ*, giving it the name *Kidderia*, in honor of the naturalist of the expedition. A new genus of chitons is described by Dr. P. P. Carpenter under the name *Hemiarthrum*.

It appears that a species of *Campanularia*, a hydroid medusa, has been found in Greenland by the *Valorous* on its return from Disco, which is said to be identical with one found by Mr. Eaton, of the British transit of Venus expedition, at Kerguelen Land; while the deep waters of Davis Strait afford a shell which was long since found fossil in the newer tertiary beds of Sicily, and was supposed to be extinct.

A living nautilus was brought up by the *Challenger* party near the Feejee Islands from a depth of 300 fathoms. According to the late Dr. Willemoes-Suhm, it is very common in shallow water, and the natives capture it upon the reefs with baskets made up for the purpose. Like the turtle, it is a dish, but so choice that the chiefs alone are allowed to indulge in it.

Professor Riley's "Notes on the Yucca Borer" (*Megathymus yuccæ*), reprinted from the Transactions of the Academy of Science of St. Louis, is an interesting account, well illustrated, of a butterfly which bores into the root, tunneling it

for most of its length. The insect is sufficiently common in the Gulf States to sometimes be found in every third plant over extended regions, its work rendering the yucca worthless as a hedge plant.

It has been asserted by Bell, contrary to the supposition of Vaughan-Thompson, that the young of the land-crabs, like the lobster and craw-fish, have the same form when hatched as their parents. The late Dr. Suhm, of the *Challenger* expedition, however, found some eggs of a land-crab belonging to the genus *Cardiosoma* containing young ones which "were not like their mother, but zoeäs." It is probable that the larvæ, called zoëæ, leave the mother and lead a pelagic life until they have undergone all their wonderful metamorphoses.

The gigantic extinct animals of the eocene beds of Wyoming, described by Professor Marsh under the name *Dinoceras*, are shown by him, in a beautifully illustrated paper published in the *American Journal of Science*, to have nearly equaled the elephant in size, though with shorter limbs. Its head could reach the ground, and it had no proboscis. The most remarkable feature about it is the exceedingly small brain, which must have been proportionately smaller than in any other known mammal, recent or fossil, and even less than in some reptiles. "It was, in fact, the most reptilian brain in any known mammal. In *Dinoceras mirabile* the entire brain was actually so diminutive that it could apparently have been drawn through the neural canal of all the presacral vertebræ, certainly through the cervicals and lumbars."

The lemurs, supposed by Haeckel to be the point of divergence of lines leading to the insectivores and carnivores on one side, and to the rodents and monkeys on the other, are found by Messrs. Grandidier and A. Milne-Edwards to have striking peculiarities in the conformation of the allantois and placenta, removing them farther from the monkey than before, but still, we would add, perhaps not disturbing the fact that the lemurs are a comprehensive type, from animals resembling which the animals above mentioned may have been derived.

Botany.—In the *Botanische Zeitung* Dr. Askenasy gives some observations on the influence of light on the color of flowers. Contrary to what is found to happen in the case of the leaves, the flowers of plants grown in complete darkness, as a rule, are as deeply or nearly as deeply colored as those grown in sunlight. In some cases bulbs could not be made to flower unless their leaves were exposed to a certain amount of sunlight. In these cases, although the flower-stalks as soon as they made their appearance were shut off from the influence of the light, the flowers were of the normal color.

The third part of Cohn's *Beiträge zur Biologie der Pflanzen* contains a number of interesting papers. Dr. Schroeter gives the results of his experiments to prove the relation between *Æcidium ranunculacearum*, D. C., and *Uromyces dactylidis*, Otth., and between *Æcidium utricæ* and *Puccinia caricis*. Dr. Schroeter also contributes a paper on the relative value of disinfectants as shown by their action on the lower organisms. Starting with the assumption of the correctness of the germ theory of contagion, Dr. Schroeter watched the action of different disinfectants on bacteria and some of the smaller moulds, and gives the following practical conclusions. Hot water is a useful means of checking contagion, and furniture and clothing in suspected places should be frequently washed with very hot water. Steam, when it can be had, is, however, decidedly better than hot water, and by its means infected rooms may often be purified. Chlorine and chlorinated lime are of little use except when in solution. Permanganate of potash in strong solution is well adapted for temporary purposes, but not serviceable for cleansing sewers. Of all substances experimented upon by Dr. Schroeter, carbolic acid seemed to prove most efficacious for disinfecting, judging by its destructive effects on lower organisms.

Agriculture and Rural Economy.—Some very extensive investigations on the chemistry of forests have been made by Dulk at Hohenheim, in Germany. They comprise analyses of seedling trees, litter of forests, and beech and pine leaves at different periods of growth. The ash of pines, beeches, and firs, one year old, was much richer in phosphoric acid and poorer in lime than that of older trees of the same kinds. The approximate composition of beech leaves, taken from the trees at monthly intervals from May to November, showed variations similar to those of many common plants, like grass and clover, the percentage of albuminoids decreasing and that of crude fibre increasing during the successive periods of growth. The percentage of tannin increased continually, and was greatest in the November leaves. After the leaves had attained their growth, the percentage of dry substance remained nearly constant, while that of the ash increased. Phosphoric and sulphuric acid and potash decreased more or less during growth, thus explaining and confirming the general impression that matured leaves have comparatively little fertilizing value.

As compared with beech, pine leaves contain very small percentages of ash. The latter contained little silica, and a good deal of iron and manganese. The pine leaves appeared to lose mineral ingredients during the fall and winter, and to regain them in part during the following summer, the unrestored portions being probably used in the formation of new leaves. The experiments show that pines and firs make much smaller drafts of mineral food from the soil than trees with deciduous leaves.

Of interest in this connection are some observations on the litter of leaves in forests by Ebermeyer, which, though reported over a year since, have not been mentioned in these columns. In woods in Bavaria the annual deposit of leaf litter was found to be larger in rainy years and on soils with much available plant food than during dry years and on poorer soils. The size of the leaves is dependent upon temperature, and grows less with increase of elevation above sea-level. Notwithstanding this, the accumulation of humus is greater on mountains, because the oxidation is slower. As the result of seventy-six analyses of litter of forests, Ebermeyer finds that, with the same tree, the quantity of total ash and of phosphoric acid in the ash decreases with the height above sea-level. The ash of pine and beech from the low lands was five times richer in phosphoric acid than that from trees on mountains. The litter from low lands would thus be richer as manure, but its removal would, at the same time,

be more hurtful to the growth of the trees in the low land than on the mountains.

Schulze and Umlauft have studied the occurrence of asparagin in freshly germinated lupins. On exhausting the dried shoots with warm water and evaporating the extract to a thin sirup, crystals of asparagin separated. By treating the mother-liquor with alcohol, still more asparagin was obtained, so that the total amount was nearly 18 per cent. of the dried shoots. The same treated by the method of Sachsee yielded 19.6 per cent. of asparagin.

Boehm has studied the function of lime in the germination of the scarlet-runner bean (*Phaseolus multiflorus*). It was found that the seeds, if allowed to germinate in distilled water, die sooner or later, when the reserve of nourishment is exhausted. This effect is prevented by the presence of various calcium salts. No other base, however, can be substituted for lime. The author believes that the function of lime in the development of the plant is important, and similar to that which it manifests in the animal economy in the transformation of cartilage into bone; but that its action in causing the transfer of starch is obscure.

The respiration and fermentation of plants have been studied by the same author, who finds that less oxygen is used in the respiration of water plants than of land plants in air. Dead water plants absorb free hydrogen, while land plants do not. Some plants undergo butyric fermentation when boiled and placed hot in an atmosphere of hydrogen, the amount of the latter being at the same time increased.

It is a matter of common experience that sheep fatten better after shearing than when carrying a full coat of wool. To test the question whether this is due to a better digestion of food has been the object of some experiments by Weiske and his assistants at Proskau, in Germany. The sheep experimented upon were found to digest no more of their food after shearing than before. They consumed much less water, however, when shorn, and excreted some less in the excrement and urine, and very considerably less in respiration and perspiration. The appetite was also much improved, and to this the better results in the fattening of shorn sheep are probably due.

Weiske and assistants have also experimented upon the influence of salt upon the digestion of fodder by sheep. In the first of four periods, no salt; in the second, five grams (about one-sixth of an ounce) per head per day; in the third, ten grams; and in the fourth, none was given with the food, the latter consisting of hay, straw, and barley. No essential variation in the digestion of either albuminoids, crude fibre, or other carbohydrates was observed in the different periods. The authors conclude that salt is without influence upon the digestion of these ingredients in the food. On the other hand, the digestion of the mineral substances increased with the addition of the salt.

In the field of *Engineering* we may record that on January 15, 1876, up to which date reliable information has been published, the jetty works at the mouth of the Mississippi had been so far extended into the sea that a decided control of the river discharge had been attained through a distance of one and a half miles from the land's end, and within 2500 feet of the crest of the bar. The *Scientific American* affords us the statement that the works on each line of jetty are partly constructed out beyond the crest of the bar to the full distance they are intended to be built. The work is being pushed forward with the utmost vigor, over 25,000 cubic yards of willow mattress-work having been constructed and securely placed in position during the thirty days preceding the above date, the total amount thus far laid being about 125,000 cubic yards. About 20,000 cubic yards more is all that will be required to build the jetties up above mean low tide, and out to the crest of the bar. The influence of the works already constructed in deepening the channel has manifested itself very satisfactorily, so much so that our informant remarks, "It is confidently believed that a sufficient amount of material is now in place, if no more work were done, to insure a depth of twenty feet of water across the bar within three or four months." The fears of those who argued that the action of the jetties would simply be to pile up the excavated material on the outer slope of the bar are shown to be groundless, from the fact that the water at that portion of the bar is already deepening, although the jetties on the outer slope are yet very incomplete. It is estimated that in the present condition of the works the river current is deepening the channel by scouring at the rate of about 30,000 cubic yards per day, having removed, up to January 1, 1876, as nearly as could be judged, 1,500,000 cubic yards of the bar.

The opening of the New York Elevated Railroad to the Central Park on January 17 is worthy of notice. The city is now provided with a rapid-transit railroad from the Battery to the Park, a distance of five miles.

Considerable difficulty has been experienced, it is affirmed, in effecting the ventilation of the Hoosac Tunnel. It is found practically that there is never current enough to clear the tunnel from end to end. Among other things in this connection, the efficiency of the central shaft as a chimney has been called into question.

The president of the Morris and Essex and Delaware, Lackawanna, and Western railroads published the fact during the past month that the contractors of the new Bergen Tunnel had broken through the last heading, and that the tunnel had been passed through from end to end.

The Canadian and Nova Scotia papers are discussing the project of building a canal to connect the Gulf of St. Lawrence with the Bay of Fundy. The project involves the connection of Baie Verte, in the gulf, with Cumberland Basin, at the head of the Bay of Fundy, by an artificial channel across the isthmus which separates those bodies of water. An improvement of this character, it is urged, would shorten the ocean route from Montreal to New York by 500 miles.

A conditional agreement has been made, it is said, by the officers of the Poughkeepsie Bridge Company for the construction of a bridge across the Hudson River at that point. Three million dollars is named as the price of the contemplated structure.

The secretary of the American Iron and Steel Association has just published the following estimates of the production, etc., of pig-iron in the United States in 1875, concerning which the secretary affirms that the figures presented will be found to approach very closely to absolute accu-

racy. For comparison we present the authentic totals of production and stock on hand for 1874, viz.:

Ascertained production of 1874, 2,689,413 net tons; estimated production of 1875, 2,068,696 net tons; stock on hand unsold, December 31, 1874, 795,784 net tons; ditto, December 31, 1875, 686,360 net tons. Whole number of furnaces, 1874, 701; whole number of furnaces, 1875, 713. Number of furnaces in blast December 31, 1874, 365; number of furnaces in blast December 31, 1875, 345. Number of furnaces out of blast December 31, 1874, 336; number of furnaces out of blast December 31, 1875, 368.

The above figures indicate a reduced production of pig-iron in 1875 of 620,717 net tons as compared with the production of 1874, and a reduction of stocks at the close of 1875 of 109,424 net tons as compared with the stocks at the close of 1874. We may notice here incidentally that the British Iron and Steel Institute is about to add to its organization an association similar in character and purpose to the American Iron and Steel Association. This supplemental body will collect and tabulate the statistics of the iron trade, and discuss questions affecting the trade interests of the iron industries of the United Kingdom.

The *Railroad Gazette* has published the following estimate of the number of miles of new railroad constructed in the United States during the year 1875, as compared with the ascertained figures of former years. It estimates the total mileage constructed in 1875 at 1483, against 2025 constructed in 1874, 3833 in 1873, and 7340 in 1872.

The New York and Philadelphia New Line has nearly completed the laying of its tracks, and will immediately complete the necessary arrangements for its freight and passenger traffic. The length of the new line from Liberty Street, New York, to Berks Street, Philadelphia, is stated to be eighty-eight miles. The opening of the road will take place about the beginning of next April.

The practicability of establishing telegraph stations in mid-ocean is a subject which is said to be attracting the attention of several European naval powers. The practical realization of this suggestion would enable messages to be sent from any part of the ocean along the line of a cable to the terminal points on shore, and *vice versa*, so that communication with iron-clads, mail steamers, and other vessels when out at sea could be established.

The adaptability of the bamboo as a source of paper stock has recently been prominently advocated. It is urged that the bamboo can be made to furnish excellent fibre cheaply by simply using the plant when young and green. When mature, the stalks become too hard and dense in texture for this purpose. Excellent samples of paper have been made from it; and as the plant is of very rapid growth, and flourishes with little or no care in every tropical country, the suggestion to utilize it in the manner proposed is worthy of notice.

The electric light has lately been applied for lighting the mills of the Messrs. Heilmann, Ducommun, and Steinlein, in Mulhause, Alsace.

Professor E. J. Houston, in a paper on "The Phenomena of Induction," urges, with regard to the alleged discovery by Mr. Edinson of an "etheric force," that all the experiments adduced to support the assumption of a new force can be satisfactorily explained by the presence of induced electrical currents.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 22d of February.

In the House of Representatives, Mr. Morrison introduced a bill for the revision of the tariff, which was referred to the Committee on Ways and Means. The bill reduces the taxes on all articles except cigars, the duty on which is increased. The tax on tea and coffee is re-imposed.

The proposed constitutional amendment (sixteenth), providing that "no person who has held or may hereafter hold the office of President shall ever again be eligible to said office," was defeated in the House, February 2, failing of a two-thirds majority. The vote stood 144 to 106. The amendment to the amendment, extending the term to six years after 1881, and the minority substitute providing for one term of six years after 1885, were previously considered, and did not even secure a majority vote.

The Senate, February 7, passed a bill providing for the payment of the *Alabama* claims awarded by the Commission.

The House, February 8, passed a bill, 178 to 58, repealing the bankrupt law. The first section repeals the Bankruptcy Act of March 21, 1867, and all laws and parts of laws amendatory thereof and supplemental thereto. The second section provides that all suits and proceedings now pending in the United States courts wherein an adjudication in bankruptcy has been made shall be proceeded with and governed by the provisions of existing laws, which are continued in force only for the purpose of closing up suits and proceedings now pending. The act is to take effect from and after the 1st day of January, 1877.

The Centennial Appropriation Bill was passed by the Senate February 11. The President, on the 16th, signed the bill with a quill from the wing of an American eagle shot near Mount Hope, Oregon.

The House, February 11, passed the Consular and Diplomatic Appropriation Bill. The amount appropriated, $914,000, is less by $470,000 than the sum appropriated last year.—On the 15th, the House appropriated $315,000 for repairing, arming, and improving the harbor defenses of the United States. On the same day the Senate passed the Pension Appropriation Bill.

The bill reorganizing the Judiciary was passed by the House February 21.

Mr. Jenks, chairman of the Committee on Pensions, February 21, reported to the House a bill for the transfer of the Pension Bureau from the Interior to the War Department. The bill was accompanied by a statement of considerable importance. The Pension Bureau, according to this report, disburses annually $30,248,660 to about 234,000 persons. Of this sum, $1,071,778 (over four per cent.) is consumed in office expenses. The number of pension agents in the country is fifty-

eight, each receiving a salary of $4000 besides fees. Each agency costs annually about $7700, while several of the agents disburse less than the average salary. By disbursements directly from the bureau there would be a saving of $459,541. Under the present system the adjudication of a claim may be delayed from ten to fifteen years, unless it is through powerful influence taken out of its order. This delay arises from two causes—the location of the bureau and the mode of its administration. The bureau, located in the Interior Department, is unnaturally divorced from the source whence the greater part of its evidence comes. During the year 1875, 37,126 requisitions were made on the Adjutant-General for evidence from the War Department Office, and 19,196 from the Surgeon-General's office. The mere writing and transmission of these requisitions would in themselves occasion a great waste of labor and material, but in addition to this and to the labor necessary to make searches on army rolls and hospital records, an answer much more voluminous must be written and transmitted. All waiting which is complained of by the Pension Bureau could be obviated if the bureau were placed in charge of the department whence the records must come. There is also much inefficiency, and in some cases fraud, in the administration of the bureau. The officials are subject to removal for political reasons, and for like reasons persons are employed and draw pay without performing any duty.

A postal treaty has been signed by the representatives of the United States and Japan, agreeing that the rate of letter postage between the two countries shall be five cents, and on newspapers not over two ounces, two cents.

A bill abolishing the death penalty has been passed by the Maine Legislature.

The British Parliament was opened by Queen Victoria in person February 8. The Queen's speech declares that she has united with friendly powers in urging on the Sultan of Turkey the expediency of adopting such measures of administrative reform as may remove all reasonable cause of discontent on the part of his Christian subjects; that she has agreed to the purchase of the Suez Canal shares belonging to the Khedive of Egypt; and that, in connection with the loyal reception by her Indian subjects of her son, the Prince of Wales, the present is a fitting opportunity to make the formal addition to the style and titles of the sovereign (as Empress). Among the new bills announced by the Queen as about to be laid before Parliament are the following: a bill to punish slave-traders who are the subjects of native Indian princes, and bills for regulating the ultimate tribunal of appeal for the United Kingdom, and for the amendment of the merchant shipping laws; also, legislation would be proposed relating to the universities and primary education.

A bill was introduced in the House of Commons, on the 10th, providing that every contract for conveying persons or goods on shipboard shall contain an implied warranty that the ship is seaworthy. The effect of this will be to place passengers on the same footing as cargo in regard to the liability of ship-owners for their safety. Mr. Plimsoll refrained from expressing a definite opinion, but said his present impression was that the bill fell lamentably short of securing a satisfactory settlement of the question.—On the 14th the Chancellor of the Exchequer asked for £4,080,000 to pay the Khedive for the Suez Canal shares.

Señor Castelar has been elected a Deputy to the Spanish Cortes from Barcelona. He will be the only moderate republican in that body. Of the 406 Deputies, 30 are supporters of Sagasta, 10 are clerical, and 364 are ministerialists.

The elections for a new Assembly were held in France February 20. If the republicans are as successful in these as they were in the Senatorial elections, M. Gambetta will be the most powerful man in France. In the Senate, of 300 members, over one-half can be depended upon to follow Gambetta's lead in all vital questions, for the radicals are certain to unite with the republicans upon any issue that would bring against the latter the combined forces of the monarchists and imperialists. M. Buffet failed of his election as Senator; M. Dufaure likewise, and M. Ollivier. Among the successful candidates were the Duc de Broglie, Admiral Roncière (dismissed last year from command of the Mediterranean fleet), M. Léon Say, M. De Freycinch (Gambetta's friend, and former War Minister), ex-President Thiers, Marshal Canrobert, and Victor Hugo. M. Louis Blanc was rejected in favor of M. Peyrat, another radical. We have not, as we write, full returns of the elections of the 20th for the new Assembly. It is certain, however, that M. Buffet has been defeated in all the four districts which he contested; and this has led him to tender his resignation as Vice-President of the Council. M. Ollivier was defeated. M. Rouher and M. Dufaure are elected.

Count Andrássy's note proposing certain reforms in the Turkish administration of government in the Principalities was read to the Grand Vizier, but no copy was left with the latter, thus making the presentation of the note informal.

DISASTERS.

February 5.—In Cincinnati, the gallery in Robinson's Opera-house, during a Sunday-school festival, gave way. Twelve lives lost, and between fifteen and twenty persons injured.

February 8.—Destructive fire on Broadway, New York city. Loss about $3,000,000.

February 12.—Explosion in a colliery at West Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. Four men killed and several wounded.

February 4.—Fire-damp explosion in the Jabin Colliery, St. Étienne, Belgium. One hundred and sixty-six miners believed to have been killed.

February 17.—Collision of the Hamburg steamship *Franconia* with the Glasgow steam-ship *Strath-Clyde* in the English Channel. Fifty persons drowned.

OBITUARY.

February 7.—In Brooklyn, New York, Rear-Admiral Silas H. Stringham, U.S.N., in his seventy-eighth year.

February 10.—In Annapolis, Maryland, the Hon. Reverdy Johnson, the distinguished jurist, in his eightieth year.

February 17.—In Hartford, Connecticut, the Rev. Horace Bushnell, D.D., author of several religious works, aged seventy-three years.

February 18.—In Boston, Charlotte S. Cushman, the actress, aged sixty years.

February 1.—In England, John Forster, the author, and formerly editor of the London *Daily News*, aged sixty-four years.

Editor's Drawer.

BOSTON has seldom sent to the Drawer a neater bit than this:

A certain man who lives within fifty miles of Boston has an impediment in his voice, and is otherwise not exactly like other men. He had the misfortune to lose his father, who was very rich. Soon after this sad event the son was invited to a public dinner, and a friend, fearing that he would shock propriety by accepting the invitation, ventured to ask him if he really intended going, when his father had been dead only so short a time. "Why not?" replied the son; "I shall eat only the *d-d-dark meat.*"

THE "tit and jottle" anecdote in the February Drawer reminds a Boston correspondent that "Boston's handsome minister"—as N. P. Willis called the Rev. Dr. Kirk—in addressing a crowded audience at the Tremont Temple, among many other good things, remarked: "The kingdom of heaven is like to a grain of mustard seed, which a woman took and hid in three measures of meal, till the whole was leavened." A novel sort of yeast, truly! The doctor was too wise a man to go back on his assertion, however, for there can be no doubt that he "saw the point" in a multitude of laughing eyes before him. He "raised" a giggle, if his bread was heavy.

A CLEVELAND man sends us this little scrap:

Good Deacon B—— having, as some of his friends thought, shown too little interest in the public affairs of the day, was charged by a brother with being "on the fence."

"Yes, I am on the fence," was the reply, "and there I propose to remain as long as it's so confounded muddy on both sides."

"I SUPPOSE," remarked a Chicago man to a gentleman of Michigan, "there are plenty of sawmills in your State."

The gentleman of Michigan replied: "Shud say there wuz. Why, Michigan is gettin' so dern full uv saw-mills that you can hardly meet a man thar with more'n two fingers on a hand." And sticking up a paw on which was a single finger, he quietly added, "*I've shuck hands with um myself!*"

AT a fashionable wedding in a church, not long since, in Wisconsin, a six-year-old lad was taken along to see the sight, and who unconsciously created some merriment in his immediate circle at the expense of Mr. B——, who, though an excellent man, and possessed of plenty of this world's goods, was also the owner of a remarkably prominent nose. At the wedding all were, of course, arrayed in their best Sunday apparel; and when Mr. B—— made his entry into the room, in full dress, the unchanged condition of that nasal promontory led little Robert to exclaim, "Why, there's Uncle Peter with his every-day nose on!"

Uncle Peter did not perceive the absolute need of the observation.

THE University of Michigan now has two schools of medicine, the allopathic and the homœopathic, with accomplished professors in both. Of course there is some skirmishing between the students of the respective schools. A few mornings since, when Professor Jones, homœopath, opened his lecture-room, he found it in possession of an old cow, which some of the allopathic students had managed to put there. The retort courteous, that appeared in one of the city papers, was as follows:

Said Galen unto Hahnemann,
"You're in luck, Sam. Let's go halves."
"How so? Why ask for *half a cow*,
When your halls are filled with *calves?*"

THE phlegmatic Englishman, from his dear London fog, sends to the Drawer the following:

A few days ago a man in Heckmondwike, who had conducted business operations on a not very extensive scale, unfortunately failed, and on presenting his accounts to a meeting of his creditors, showed very plainly that there would be no dividend, as there were no assets; whereupon one of the company, knowing that the bankrupt was a pretty good singer, asked him if he would not soothe the wounded feelings of himself and fellow-creditors and cheer their drooping hearts by warbling some melodious ditty. The bankrupt expressed his willingness to oblige, and forthwith commenced, in tremulous accents, to sing the plaintive song, "And you'll remember me." It is the first time we ever heard of a creditors' meeting concluding with singing, but the words the debtor sang, it must be confessed, were very appropriate.

IN Recorder Hackett's court was recently arraigned one Abrams, a tailor, for "misappropriation" of certain garments. Being recalled hither from California, whither he had furtively and with speed removed himself, he was tried and convicted of larceny. The case was carried on appeal to the Supreme Court, General Term, where, among other grounds urged for reversal of the judgment, was an exception taken to his refusal of a request to charge that the prisoner could not be convicted unless the jury found that at the time he received possession of the goods he had it in his heart to steal and convert them to his own use. Recorder Hackett to this request replied, "It has not been established by evidence that the man had any heart, and the jury can not take any thing on trust."

The presumption was one quite too violent for his Honor.

DURING the late unpleasantness, while the contraband camp at Yorktown was in existence, and the colored population was flocking to it from Confederate territory, it was not always that the whole family got through army lines together. The subject of this sketch was a father coming into Camp Contraband with his little son, while his wife and the rest of his children remained within the limits of the Confederacy. Soon after being established in quarters at camp the little one sickened and died. The father took up the little corpse, and enveloping it with some old clothing until it looked like a castaway bundle, and placing it under his arm, he slowly and measuredly wended his way toward a place of interment. As he was passing a group of his fellow-contrabands, they took notice of the oddity of his gait and figure, but not knowing the bereavement he had

sustained, commenced tittering and making sport of him. When the bereaved old man saw this, he turned and slowly but rebukingly said to them, "Don't you laugh at me; *I's a funeral.*"

THAT was not an illogical reply of a boy in Burlington, Vermont, who, when asked by his teacher what occasioned the saltness of the ocean, after reflection advanced with some confidence the opinion that "it must be owing to the cod-fish."

MY LITTLE SAUCEBOX.

I'm a clerk, big and poor, in the fourth-story flat,
With sometimes a struggle to keep even that;
I am looked at askance by my landlady's niece
As a very big wolf in a very small fleece.
She's an angular damsel, cross-eyed, rather gay—
Age, something quite in the centennial way;
She can watch like a cat, and pounce like a hawk,
But there's nothing on earth like the way she can *talk!*
My six days of work really seem a release,
For my one day of rest is a no day of peace.

Ah, Nature! how careless you were, to be sure,
To make me so big, to keep me so poor!
A repast that would fill any common-sized man
Leaves me quite as hungry as when I began;
And a coat that would fit any one hereabout,
On me looks as though I had best go without.
My head is so large, and my limbs are so long,
My voice is so deep, and my grasp is so strong,
That I feel the mistake nothing less than perverse
Which left nothing small about me but my purse.

I've suggested a rise again and again
To my "boss" at the office—the kindest of men—
But the least little hint that I'd like an advance
Precipitates lectures on funds and finance,
And though I am patient, and make no complaint,
Yet I know that I *wasn't* cut out for a saint.

Then, the angels below and the angels above
Have conspired against me—I've fallen in love!
She's as poor as myself, so other folks say,
And it's dear little Saucebox, right over the way.
She lives, like myself, in a fourth-story flat,
But not quite alone—no, a bird and a cat
And a scarlet geranium brighten her shrine,
And she looks from her window right over to mine.
I never have called, for I haven't a coat:
Could I cross the Atlantic, and minus a boat?
But I'm anxiously saving, a dime at a time,
And I look at her window, and she looks at mine.

A shortish man sees her sometimes to her door;
I know he's been three times, he may have been more.
Oh, while I am working and waiting the day,
What if some one should come and steal her away!
Dear, dear little Saucebox, right over the way!
O Fate! and O Fortune! come once to my door,
And I swear I will beg you for favors no more.
You made me to grow this ridiculous size,
You put her right over there under my eyes,
Now over my troubles and trials don't gloat,
O Fate! and O Fortune! but send me a coat,
And I'll count myself lucky and rich from the day
That I win little Saucebox from over the way.

SHE was a lady named Magruder, and somewhat strict in reference to family morals. Indeed, while Mr. Magruder was a good man, and endeavored to discharge his duties as a parent with propriety, yet his views as to what really was proper often ran counter to the views entertained on the same subject by his wife, and she had spunk. These differences on a certain occasion are thus described by a common friend:

"I called at Magruder's the other morning on my way down town, and as I knew them well, I entered the side door without knocking. I was shocked to find Mr. Magruder prostrate on the floor, while Mrs. Magruder sat on his chest, and rumpled among his hair as she bumped his head on the boards and scolded him vigorously. They rose when I came in, and Magruder, as he wiped the blood from his nose, tried to pretend it was only a joke. But Mrs. Magruder interrupted him:

"'Joke! joke! I should think not. I was giving him a dressing down. He wanted to have family prayers before breakfast, and I was determined to have them afterward, and as he threw the Bible at me, and hit Mary Jane with the hymn-book, I soused down on him. If I can't rule this house, I'll know why. Pick up them Scriptures and have prayers! You hear me, Magruder? It's more trouble regulatin' the piety of this family than runnin' a saw-mill. Mary Jane, give your pa that hymn-book.'

"I left before the exercises began."

A BOSTON gentleman was spending his vacation at a farm-house. A few days previous to the expiration of his holiday, his host, a jolly farmer, held a pair of fine feathered ducks to his view, and said: "Sir, look at these—canvas-backs, both on 'em. Mighty dear, though; paid five shillin's for the two."

"I'm afraid you've been cheated, farmer," replied the gentleman. "These are not canvas-backs, or you would never have bought them for so little money."

"Oh yes," said the farmer, "these ducks is reel canvas. I knows the man who raised 'em."

At this moment a friend of the gentleman's stepped in, and on being informed of the state of affairs, assured them that he could at once set the dispute at rest; and in less time than it takes to tell it, brought from his room an illustrated book on ornithology.

"Look," said he, pointing to the "portrait" of a fine canvas-back; "your ducks are not a bit like this."

"That's true," replied the farmer, ruefully. Then, his face suddenly lighting up, he added: "Hul on! stop! P'r'aps they've issooed a *later edition.*"

IN a town in New England, at the time when the Advent excitement was at its height, lived two sisters who, to state it mildly, were rather differently disposed with regard to the prevailing mania. Mrs. H—— adopted the most extreme theories, attended meetings at all hours of the day and night, and waited for the coming of her Lord so continually that, as her husband was wont pathetically to declare, "she didn't do nothing else." Mrs. B——, thoroughly skeptical with regard to the coming dissolution of all things, held to the opinion that, in any case, she would not be the less fit for heaven if she attended to her earthly duties as usual, and was accustomed to listen to her sister's "new readings" of the prophets with little patience. At length Mr. H——, being neither Job nor Moses, ventured mildly to remonstrate at so much attention to flimsy white garments that evidently were not for him, and so little to others "which he might mention." The wife recriminated, and with every recurrence of complaint grew more frantic, till it became a frequent thing for her to threaten to don her ascension robe at once, and put an end to this weary life.

One day, after a prolonged war of words, she rushed from the house and threw herself into a stream not far distant. Mr. H——, frightened and remorseful, at once summoned friends and

neighbors to his assistance. There was a speedy gathering at the river, and Mrs. H—— was soon fished out, in a limp and nearly lifeless condition, and borne to the house of her sister. Consciousness soon returned, and she began to upbraid those around her for "riveting the chains that bound her to earth." "But for you," she sobbed, "I should be wearing the robes of the redeemed and listening to the ecstatic strains of welcoming angels."

"I don't believe it," said Mrs. B——, shortly. "I don't think the *Lord gives much of a reception* to people who rush into heaven before they are wanted. I doubt if He lets them stay at all."

Probably this new view of the case obtained, for Mrs. H—— quietly returned home, and has never repeated her experiment.

THE recent death of Reverdy Johnson has prompted a gentleman to relate the following anecdote:

The late Mr. William B. Preston, of Virginia, was one of the earliest and most efficient partisans of General Taylor, and after the election of the latter to the Presidency, it got out that Mr. Preston was to be made Attorney-General—a position for which he was quite unfitted. Senator Archer, of Virginia, hearing the rumor, called upon the President, whereupon this dialogue occurred:

"I hear," he said, "that you think of making my friend Preston your Attorney-General."

"Yes," replied Taylor, "I do."

"Are you aware of the fact," continued the Senator, "that an Attorney-General must represent the government in the Supreme Court?"

"Of course," said Taylor.

"Do you know that he must there meet Daniel Webster and Reverdy Johnson as opposing counsel?"

"Certainly," replied Taylor. "What of that?"

"Nothing, except that they will make a fool of your Attorney-General."

Without another word, the Virginia Senator took his leave, but he had made the desired impression. Mr. Preston was made Secretary of the Navy, probably because he knew nothing about ships, and Mr. Reverdy Johnson was made Attorney-General.

A MEDICAL gentleman in Providence sends to the Drawer the following:

"This being the year of the great Centennial, when old relics, long since forgotten, are dragged out and exhibited; when old landmarks, long effaced, are now furbished up, as it were, and pointed out; in fine, when all old stories and legends and histories of the Revolution have become so interesting as we approach our great gala day—it might not, perhaps, be out of place here to give a story in regard to the word *killick**, or *killock*, which has but for a few years been found in our dictionaries.

"My grandfather related the anecdote to me about twenty years ago, and he had heard it from his father, who lived during the war of Independence.

"Some fishermen went out fishing in a small row-boat in the vicinity of Newport, Rhode Island. During the day they had passed the bottle around pretty freely, as was customary in those good old days, and, in consequence, became quite exhilarated. British cruisers were ever upon the watch for any unwary boat or vessel, and in those times to venture out in a small and unarmed boat was peculiarly hazardous.

"Toward night, to their unspeakable horror, they perceived the much-dreaded British man-of-war coming directly toward them. And as it appeared they were discovered, the man officiating at the bottle passed the liquor around, and urged them to take a drink all round and row for home. The cruiser drew nearer, while they, in spite of hard pulling, did not seem to advance an inch. But the occasional draughts taking effect, their drooping spirits were somewhat revived, and they pulled the harder.

"Soon after a dense fog settled down upon them, and both boats were shut out of sight. At the same time the helmsman encouraged his men with one more cheering taste out of the bottle, and exclaimed, 'Row, boys, row! we shall be home before morning.' And row they did, as fear and liquor only could urge them on. Still the fog was their salvation. For when it was lifted, at the approach of morning, they found, to their great astonishment, that they had forgotten to raise anchor, and had been *rowing round the killick all night*."

I. M. KELSEY is a dealer in "lumber, shingles, lath, and lime" in Crawfordsville, Indiana, and with a view of stirring into financial activity his dilatory debtors, appends to his bill-head a circular letter, from which we extract the following paragraphs:

MY DEAR SIR,—I want to ask you a plain question in all kindness and sincerity, and I want you to answer it candidly and honestly, not in two or three years or months, but NOW! THIS WEEK! Supposing you were poor as Job's turkey, and had invested two or three thousand dollars in an enterprise which you designed to make an EXCLUSIVELY CASH business; supposing, as a matter of accommodation and good nature, you had trusted it out all over the country, from —— to Jericho; supposing you had some pride in you, and meant to be square-toed and punctual, and hated to see a man whom you owed when you didn't have the legal tender in your trowsers to pay his just and lawful demands worse than you would to see an INJUN or the devil; and supposing those whom you had accommodated felt perfectly easy and contented, "shied the track" when you went to see them, and told the wife of their bosom to answer, "Not at home," or came into town and left without paying even a part—WHAT WOULD YOU DO? Would you let your debts go, "and smile, and smile, and be a villain;" or would you sue every mother's son of them that didn't pay you, if it were the last business you transacted in town?

If you were an honest man, you'd do the latter; and that's just what I'll be compelled to do, and shall do, if there is a king in Israel!

I don't want money to look at (I can earn enough for that); I don't want any to salt down (I never could make it keep); but out of several thousands trusted out, I humbly want a FEW HUNDREDS, and I'll be —— if I won't have it or an execution returned *nolla bona*.

I love you myself as a mother loveth her first-born; but I love to pay my debts better than I love any man, woman, or child on the face of God's green earth; and by the Great Eternal and the Continental Congress, I propose to do it, if I have to make costs for every man in Montgomery County. Now let's have the spondulicks, and see how sweet and pretty I can smile upon you. Yours, earnestly.

AT the Duval County Circuit Court, Florida, held at Jacksonville at the last term thereof, three negro jurors were offered to the State's attorney by the clerk, who was making up a panel for the trial of a party charged with a capital offense. Being sworn upon their *voir dire*, the

* A killick is a small anchor.—Dict. (Bartlett).

State's attorney put the usual questions, including the following, "Have you or have you not any conscientious scruples as to the infliction of capital punishment?" which, being duly answered in the negative, the jurors were turned over to the defendant's attorney.

ATTORNEY. "You, juror on the left—what is capital punishment?"

JUROR. "Eh mean ef de man guilty."

ATTORNEY. "Next juror—what is capital punishment?"

JUROR. "I dunno what eh mean ef eh ain' guilty."

ATTORNEY. "Next juror—what is capital punishment?"

JUROR. "I 'spec eh mean det."

ATTORNEY. "You, juror on the left—what is a scruple?"

JUROR. "You mus' tell de trufe."

ATTORNEY. "Next juror—what is a scruple?"

JUROR. "Eh mean you done *swa* to tell de trufe."

ATTORNEY. "Next juror—what is a scruple?"

JUROR. "Eh mean I done kiss de book fur tell de trufe."

ATTORNEY (*rising*). "I submit to the Court that the jurors are clearly incompetent, not having any comprehension of questions to which they have made answers under oath."

The "Court" being of the same opinion, the jurors were told to stand aside, and the State's attorney descended to the level of the next array when framing his interrogatories.

A LITTLE "Emy" came to pay her daily visit to grandma lately. Grandma had been paring some apples, and little Emy likes apples. Emy's nose is as keen as her young mind is quick, and coming in the room she glanced wistfully around, but saw no sign of apples. She began with,

"I smells apples."

"Yes, dear," answered grandma; "it's that plate of apple parings there."

"No," answered the sprite; "it isn't apple peels I smells; it's whole apples."

And she got one with cheeks as rosy as her own. Will that do for Rutherfurd Park?

DEFINITIONS of wit have been numberless, but none of them very witty. One of the best is by Pope, in his "Essay on Criticism:"

True wit is nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed.

Another good definition is by Buckingham:

True wit is everlasting, like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retired,
Breaks out again, and is by all admired;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
E'en something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but described by none.

Bishop Barrow, defining it, says:

"Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense or the affinity of their sound; sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd imitation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection; sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor; sometimes it riseth from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; often it consisteth in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto."

One of the best, perhaps the very best, definition of a proverb is that it is "the wisdom of many and the wit of one." The saying has been generally ascribed to Earl Russell; but there have been repeated attempts to prove that it had a much earlier origin, and it is interesting, therefore, to have from his lordship's own pen a distinct avowal of the authorship. In a pamphlet entitled *Further Thoughts on National Education*, which has just been issued, he says: "I gave some years ago to Sir James Mackintosh, as a definition of a proverb, 'A proverb may be said to consist of the wit of one man and the wisdom of many.' Sir James Mackintosh repeated my definition to his family and his guests at his breakfast table as mine. Mine it certainly was."

THE following is copied for the Drawer from a scrap-book extant in Dayton, Ohio:

LEGAL WHISKERS.

As o'er their wine and walnuts sat,
Talking of this and then of that,
Two wights well learned in the law—
That is, well skilled to find a flaw—
Said one companion to the other,
"How is it, most respected brother,
That you of late have shaven away
Those whiskers which for many a day
Had ornamented much your cheek?
Sure, 'twas an idle, silly freak."
To whom the other answer gave,
With look half merry and half grave,
"Though others be by whiskers graced,
A lawyer can't be too barefaced."

A SCOTCH gentleman of fortune, on his deathbed, asked the minister whether, if he left £10,000 to the kirk, his salvation would be certain. The cautious minister responded, "I wouldna like to be *positive*, but it's weel worth the trying." The gentleman gave the money, and soon afterward gave up the ghost.

DR. —— was once somewhat noted in Boston for certain eccentricities and a considerable fund of humor. One day, walking along Washington Street with a companion, they observed a modest sign on which was inscribed, "*The Friend of Virtue.*" The doctor proposed to go in. Accordingly, entering a moderately sized apartment, which, it seems, was the publication office of a small weekly paper with the above title, and where advice and help were sometimes given to those who found the path of rectitude difficult, the doctor addressed a rather prim old lady, sitting at a table within,

"Is this the office of the *Friend of Virtue*, madam?"

"It is," she replied. "Do you wish for any thing?"

"Oh, nothing, nothing, nothing," said he; "only *I am Virtue*, and thought I would call in and see my friend."

The callers did not wait for a reply.

A STUDENT'S DREAM.

BY CHRISTOPHER CLOUD.

"Heigh diddle diddle,
The cat and the fiddle."

I LAID my novel down
With a determined frown,
And, sober as a German theologian,
Above my lessons bent;
At Euclid first I went,
To wrestle with the problems like a Trojan.

Æneas and his crew,
And lovely Dido too,
Had next their proper share of my attention,
And then my thoughts I turned
Where Grecian ardor burned,
And Xenophon of warlike deeds made mention.

Till midnight I did pore
The weary volumes o'er,
And gained a shocking headache for my labor;
But when to bed I crept,
In hopes I should have slept,
I heard the cat and fiddle of my neighbor.

The fiddle led the van,
Directed by a man;
The cat came after, at her own discretion;
But cat and fiddle both,
I could have taken oath,
Set out to give their feelings full expression.

From out my window flew
Full many an ancient shoe
To skim through "the unnavigated ether;"
The cat the missiles heard,
But not an inch she stirred—
To pay attention would have been beneath her.

The fiddle gayly cried
That she my wrath defied
To trouble her within her master's dwelling.
I heard each thrilling note
Across the garden float,
Upon the midnight breezes proudly swelling.

Distracted long I lay;
But ere the break of day
A fitful slumber visited my pillow.
I dreamed I sailed the wave
Beside Æneas brave,
And rocked with him upon the tossing billow.

Yet ever as I dreamed,
The cat and fiddle seemed
To follow wheresoe'er my voyage tended.
Above the waters' roar
I heard their voices soar,
Till with the whistling wind the music blended.

I looked upon the foam,
And thought of friends and home;
Then o'er the deck my careless eyes went glancing.
The sight which met my gaze
Filled me with sore amaze—
Æneas fiddling and a pussy dancing!

He stopped and touched his cap.
"I am glad to meet you, chap,
Although you look as if you thought me crazy.
I often need at night
Some recreation light,
And so I'm teaching puss to 'thread the mazy.'

"You know that now and then
The very wisest men
Will relish nonsense, as you see me doing.
And now before you go,
If you'll just step below,
We'll have a taste of what the cook is stewing."

Ere I could make reply,
A mist came o'er my eye,
My head went round and round with dizzy motion;
And when my vision cleared,
My host had disappeared,
And with him went the vessel and the ocean.

I thought that I awoke
To find my room a-smoke:
A funeral pile loomed darkly in the middle;
Poor Dido on it lay,
Consuming fast away,
Mourned over by the sobbing cat and fiddle.

Now while my tears did flow
In sympathetic woe,
I saw another visitor approaching.
Because of his gray hair,
I offered him a chair.
He bowed, and said, "I hope I'm not encroaching.

"I have a new device;
You'll find it very nice
For helping you to study mathematics:
I hope you'll let me try.
As you are young and spry,
I do not think 'twill give you the rheumatics."

"No, thank you, Sir," I said.
But though I shook my head,
He did not seem to understand my feeling.
He took me by the hair,
And lifted me with care,
Until I swung between the floor and ceiling.

Queen Dido at the sight
Rose up in great affright,
And quite forgot she should have been a-burning.
Old Euclid (for 'twas he)
Said, "Wait, my dear, and see;
You'll understand this, for you are discerning."

But Dido would not stay;
Alarmed, she rushed away,
And ran against some comers in the entry.
In Tissaphernes stalked,
Behind him Cyrus walked;
Outside Leonidas was posted sentry.

And now the fun began,
And Euclid showed his plan
(While cat and fiddle gave a choice selection).
'Twas thus to work he went:
"Let this youth represent
A line which has no definite direction."

As back and forth I swung,
The walls and bedstead rung
As if they were my many knocks deploring.
He placed me once again
Upright like other men:
"Now you are perpendic'lar to the flooring."

Next I was forced to kneel,
And Euclid made appeal
To Cyrus to observe the fine rectangle.
He lifted me once more,
And stood me on the floor,
And then he got me all into a tangle.

When he a circle tried,
I thought I should have died,
Especially when he essayed to square it.
After the trapezoid
I felt an aching void;
The faintness grew until I scarce could bear it.

I gasped and tried to speak,
But really felt too weak
(Just then I was a parallelopiped).
When arcs and sectors came,
They made me feel so lame,
I thought I was a most unhappy biped.

Supposing all was o'er,
I sank upon the floor;
But when my teacher to desist consented,
The cat the fiddle seized,
And played and sang and sneezed
Till I was almost, if not quite, demented.

The bell for breakfast rang.
Up Tissaphernes sprang,
And to the nearest window marched, and halted.
The others followed suit;
Each made a neat salute,
Then through the window gracefully they vaulted.

When I was left alone,
And the last lingering tone
Of cat and fiddle died upon the distance,
I fell into a swoon,
Which lasted until noon,
Four doctors being called to my assistance.

My neighbor's cat no more
Shall frolic round his door;
Her bones lie whitening in the village gutter.
My neighbor's violin
(I fear that *was* a sin)
I sent to Dido in a flame and flutter.

HARPER'S
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THE WHEELER EXPEDITION IN SOUTHERN COLORADO.

"PICKING A COURSE."

THE journey across the continent is an old story, and those who have not made it have probably read the chapters describing it in Mr. Nordhoff's delightful book. For three days I was rolling over the thickly settled farm lands between the metropolis and Omaha in a Pullman car. Toward noon on the fourth day, when by imperceptible degrees we had reached an altitude of 6000 feet above the level of the sea, the tedium of the ride over the desert plains was relieved by the distant line of the Rocky Mountains, stretching northward into the Black Hills, and southward as far as Pike's Peak—a hazy succession of curves accentuated by the exclamation points of many peaks, streaked with the whitest of white snow, and seeming to burn in nebulous flames and smoke—a regiment of giants, the culminating testimony and offspring of nature's fiercest passions.

We alighted from the Union Pacific train at Cheyenne, the incomplete little town that sprang into existence in a night, and thence traveled a hundred miles south along the eastern front of the mountains to Denver, passing by the flourishing settlement dedicated to Horace Greeley, which, with its tasteful houses, fruitful gardens, and irrigating canals, is a refreshing contrast to its arid surroundings, and a credit to the temperance principles on which it is governed. The tithe of Colorado that we have seen so far is not a fulfillment of the agricultural paradise that we have been promised. The air is crisp and the wind is strong and bleak. The soil is loose, sandy, and neglected. In the foreground the wavy plains are yellow, and in the distance they are subdued to a leaden gray color, reaching to the blue foothills, from which the mountains rise to a duller sky. A disagreeable and significant

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"DAVE" MEARS.

feature of the landscape are the bleached bones of cattle that have perished in the winter storms; and excepting the indistinct forms and color of the pines on the far-off slopes, we search vainly for a trace of greenery.

Denver, moreover, contains nothing to charm away the feeling of disappointment that our first glimpse of Colorado inspires. Its rapid growth and transition, since the advent of the railroad, from a nest of border ruffians and miners to a law-abiding city are marvelous; and the traveler is pleasantly surprised by its handsome buildings, busy streets, well-stocked markets, and general appearance of finish and permanency. But it is cheerless and bleak too, and is forever swept by the rushing winds blowing from the icy mountains. The climate is a perpetuation of March—at least it seems so to us, with our fresh memories of the sultry days left behind in the lower altitudes. The dust is intolerably thick, and lies in drifts across the roads and on the sidewalk. Our clothing acquires a gritty feeling, our lips chap and blister, and as we think of the humid atmosphere and verdure of the genial Eastern country, we are almost "sorry we came."

The Wheeler expedition of 1875 was to be divided into two sections, one organizing for the exploration of Southern California and Arizona, at Los Angeles, under the direction of Lieutenant Wheeler, and the other organizing for work in Southern Colorado and New Mexico, at Pueblo, under the direction of Lieutenant William L. Marshall. The writer was detailed to follow the fortunes of the Colorado section, and went from Denver to the railroad terminus at Pueblo, a distance of about one hundred miles, by the narrow-gauge road in operation between the two places. The route meanders the sage-bush plains to the east of the mountains, rounding the base of Pike's, and occasionally winding among the foot-hills of pine and spruce, with their grotesquely eroded yellow sandstones and loose beds of detritus. The sage plain is one of the dreariest keys that Nature has struck in this Western symphony of hers. It is an inconceivably lifeless crust of earth, that bears no fruit nor beauty, and yields but the pain of its monotone to the senses of the beholder—a wan, unlovely husk that seems to parch with the heat of inward fires. The reddish soil is dry and sandy, and is split with thirsty veins, as though it would fall apart and open into another of the frequent vertical-walled gullies that the wash of the mountain torrents has formed. The little tufts and rings of grass in this red expanse are mockeries of vegetation, and the superabundant sage bushes spread their knotted and fibrous branches in every direction, until the distance fades away in the pallor of their hoary leaves. A little emphasis is given to this tame variation of dull green and duller brown-red by the fierce blades of the Spanish bayonet and the bristling cactus; but the long reaches are oppressed by a settled air of unutterable and unalterable sadness. At this stage of our journey we were too ready to express our disappointment in a judgment that was neither correct nor kindly, albeit we had seen so little; but as we went farther, and saw more of Southern Colorado, we learned to like it better.

The organizing camp at Pueblo was all astir with preparations for the departure into the field of the three parties into which Lieutenant Marshall's section of the expedition was to be subdivided. The tents were pitched in a pleasant situation outside the town under a grove of cotton-woods, and the ground was strewn with the packing cases, filled with instruments and other parts of the outfit, that were arriving by every train: carbines and revolvers from Springfield and Rock Island; army saddles, with heavy stirrups, and bridles; rations of bacon, ham, flour, and coffee; bags of cartridges; and delicate bits of scientific mechanism, bright from the hands of their London and Paris makers. The meteorological tent was occupied day and night by watchful observers correcting

and comparing the barometers, thermometers, and aneroids by the Washington standards. The odometer recorders were out on the stage road testing by actual chain measurement the little dials attached to the curious one-wheeled carriages, and the packers were busy fitting pack-saddles and aparejos to the mules. Officers and men were alike dressed in buckskin or heavy cloth trowsers, with a belt and bowie-knife, thick blue or gray flannel shirts, high boots, and sombrero hats; and all sat down to the common mess of bread, bacon, and coffee which, with very little variation, formed our breakfast, dinner, and supper.

Foremost of all in fun and work was "Dave" Mears—in full, David Y. Mears—the master of transportation, as good a soul as ever breathed, who had a deeper and truer insight of the perplexing conglomeration of obstinacy, stupidity, and sagacity in mule nature than any other man I had met before or have met since. His subordinates looked up to him with irrepressible admiration, and, lost in the reverent contemplation of his wisdom, would at odd times ejaculate as he passed, "Lord! what he *don't* know 'bout mewles!" And Dave accepted this homage with becoming modesty, and disclaimed all merit on his own part except that resulting from his extensive experience. "I oughter," he would say, when his varied knowledge was remarked; and indeed in twenty-one years of far Western life he had been pretty nearly every where in the Territories, and engaged in most occupations, from mining to stock raising, and stock raising to mule driving. He had a pair of the merriest eyes that were ever set in human head, and illustrated every incident that occurred or was mentioned in his presence with a laughable anecdote.

My anticipations of field life were based on what I had seen in the summer encampments of volunteer soldiers, and I was considerably shocked when I saw the extreme economy of our outfit, which consisted of twenty-two pounds of personal baggage and a small roll of bedding for each man—no cozy little iron bedsteads or reclining steamer chairs, such as I had seen in pictures of Wimbledon and Aldershott, but the stern reality of mother earth for a couch, and a dog-kennel sort of a tent, five feet wide and three feet high, for a shelter. Each man had to do his own share of the work, to groom and saddle his own mules, erect his own tent, and make his own bed—none of which duties was at all pleasurable. And by the time we had been in the field a week, when our lips were sore and swollen, and our clothing and bedding were as gritty as sand-paper, little wonder that we spoke of our experiences only in invectives.

Our detachment consisted of nine men—Lieutenant C. C. Morrison, of the Sixth Cavalry (in charge), Mr. Fred A. Clark, chief topographer, Mr. Anton Karl, assistant topographer, Mr. W. C. Niblack, meteorologist, the writer, three packers, and a cook—with a riding and pack mule for each. We were detained at the organizing camp about a week, and then separated from the other two parties, not to meet again until the close of the season's work in November. From Pueblo we rode southward over still dreadier plains, and through squalid Mexican villages with mud huts and swarthy inhabitants. While we remained in the road we occasionally met a dusty traveler, a burly stock raiser, or a light-hearted miner perched on an overloaded little donkey, starting out to prospect for gold in the mountains. The wind was bleak and constant, and bore

PROSPECTING.

NEAR THE SUMMIT OF THE SANGRE DEL CRISTO.

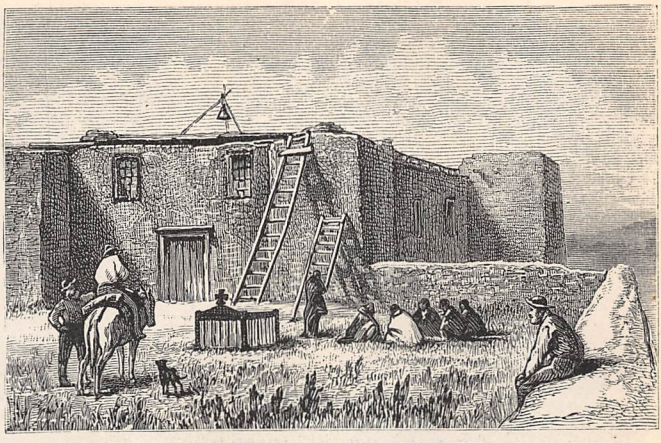
clouds of abominable dust with it. We crossed the mountains by the Sangre del Cristo pass, at an elevation of 10,500 feet above the level of the sea, and saw the Greenhorn Mountains, the Sierra Blanca, and Baldy Peak, clothed in the changing glories of morning, noon, and sunset light. On the tenth day of our travels we reached the town of Conejos, and thence explored a country of miraculous and inexpressible grandeur.

From childhood most of us, in thinking of Western mountain scenery, have attributed to it a solemn and superlative grandeur which it does not always possess. It is not altogether as dusky, as silent, or as sad as it is thought to be, and it is not always endowed with that power of exciting human emotions common in some phases of nature. The arid wastes of scoria and decomposed granite are desolate enough, yet they have not in their desolation that mystic influence on our sympathies which Mr. William Black has described so well in his romance of the Hebrides—that power of awakening tender chords in the human heart that most of us have experienced in gazing on a barren strip of sand with the gray sea beating against it, and the white clouds drifting overhead. But the cañons of the Conejos, the Los Piños, and the Rio Chama have all the elements of a grand primeval solitude.

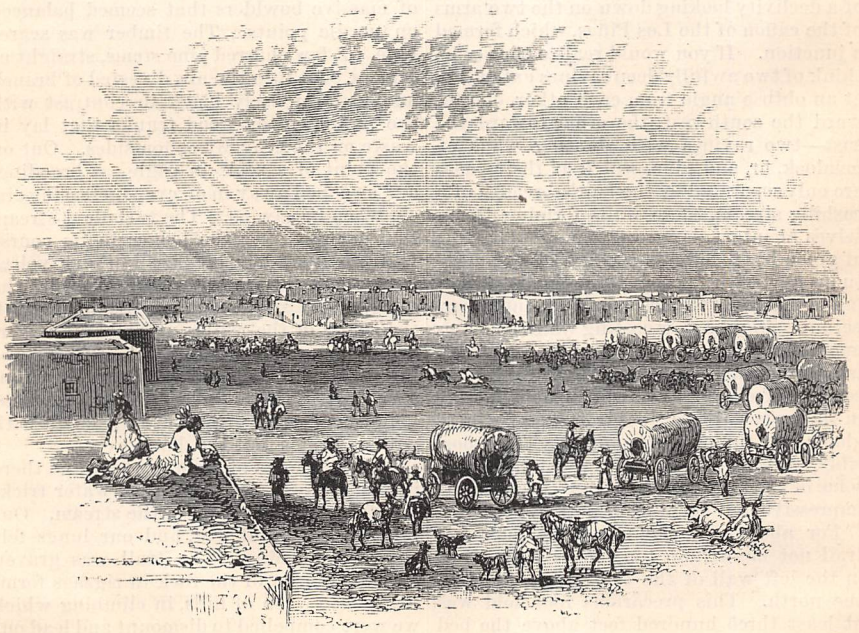
From a camp near Guadaloupe the expedition explored the main branch of the Conejos for about three miles, and then diverged on a trail through a pass in the steep walls to the west, and over a heavily wooded acclivity, with a crest about 800 feet above the level. The way up the hill was obstructed in the earlier stages by fragments of rock scattered in every direction, like the *debris* of a spent shower of meteors, and as we mounted higher, another difficulty appeared in a dense forest of cotton-wood, with an almost impassable undergrowth of shrubs and brambles. The facility with which this tree adapts itself to circumstances is one of the marvels of the vegetable world. When it has room, it soars to a height of seventy feet, spreading itself out like an old yew, and it seems to thrive equally well in a confined space, where hundreds of its species are limited in growth to six feet, and concentrated within a few inches of each other. Its leaves are like those of the lilac, a small oval in shape, with the lightness and sensitiveness of the aspen and the glitter of the silver poplar. But most beautiful is the bark, which in nearly all the ages of the tree is a shade of soft gray, and as smooth on the surface as a piece of ivory.

Climbing higher, we became entangled in this maze of cotton-wood, which hid us from one another, and knotted itself in our bridles and stirrups, making our progress more laborious than ever. The grass was tall and rank, and sprinkled with blue, yellow, red, and purple flowers, the blue and yellow vying with the sky and sun, which at intervals were revealed through a break in the thicket. Occasionally a breath of wind swept among the cotton-woods, and their leaves shook and glistened like the drops of a silvery rain. So we went on, with our

arms extended over our mules' heads to ward off the obstructing branches, until we came to a pile of moss-covered lava at the head of the farther slope. Beneath us was the junction of two branches of the main cañon — two deep cuttings, with high, precipitous banks, leading from an even ridge to a flat bottom. Here the cotton-wood was still more profuse and the other vegetation still more redundant. The bed of the cañon was matted by a luxuriant shrub, called, our Mexican guide told me, the jara, with leaves a vivid green and stalks a bright red. Underneath this there was a low rippling sound, and when we swept the branches aside, we discovered a brooklet running with the bluish water of freshly melted snows. Snows? Yes: with all the abundance of foliage, in the middle of an exceptionally hot June, a white mantle still lay on the shady parts of this cañon, 8000 feet above the level of the sea. The banks were covered with cotton-woods varying in height from six to seventy feet, all trembling, all gleaming, as the wind touched them. Some majestic pines, with rugged limbs and dusky green foliage, were superadded to these, and dense as the living timber was, thousands of dead trunks lay on the hill-sides, where they had fallen in the last tempest. Ahead of us a cloud of blue smoke wreathed itself to heaven, and presently we came upon a wide patch of land wasted and blackened by fires that were still spreading. As we went through the hollows, the sound of our steps was drowned in the beds of mosses and ferns, and numberless wild flowers constantly tempted us to dismount and pick them.



ROMAN CATHOLIC CHURCH, GUADALOUPE.



CONEJOS.

FORT GARLAND AND SIERRA BLANCA.

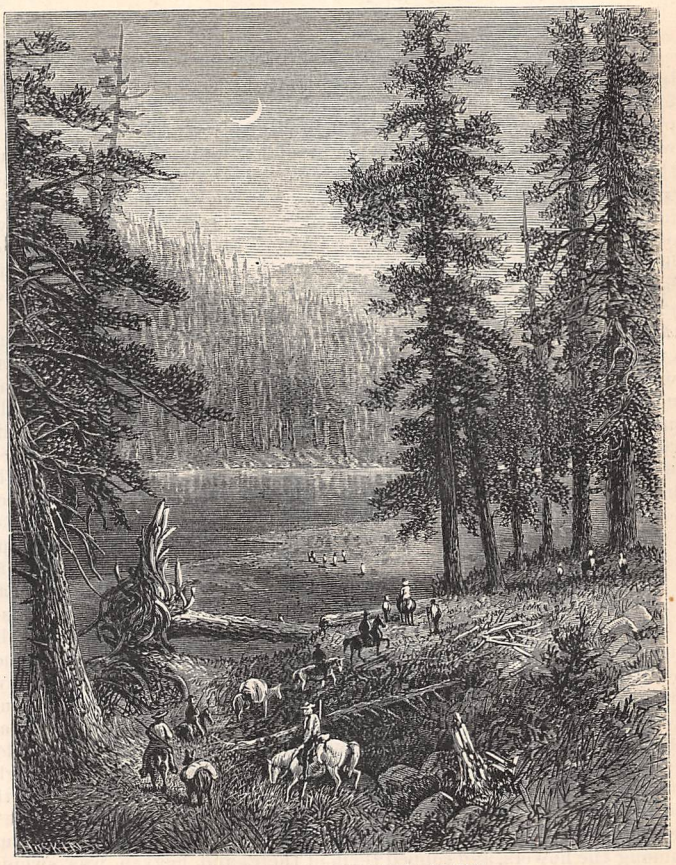
Then, after resting a night, and on the next morning finding our tents sheathed in an armor of frozen rain, we struck into another labyrinth, crossing the main branch, and continuing on our way over fertile valleys and snowy ridges until we reached the head of a declivity looking down on the two arms of the cañon of the Los Piños, which formed a junction. If you would realize the scene, think of two awfully deep ravines extending at an obtuse angle from each other, one toward the southwest, the other toward the east—two ravines with slanting walls of hemlock, fir, and pine, which at their bases are only separated by the hair's-breadth of a rushing stream, these walls forming themselves at intervals into perpendicular cliffs of green basaltic rock. Think of a tempestuous sky, with ragged storm clouds careering in massive volumes overhead, and a perpetual twilight below casting weird shadows upon the lower slopes. Think of a strong wind whistling in fitful gusts around the corners of enormous bowlders held loosely in their places by a pebbly soil; of wintry gloom and tumultuous motion. Then, possibly, you will have an understanding of some of the elements that gave the scene its impressive and peculiar grandeur.

For about four hours we meandered a trail not more than ten inches wide, worn in the left wall of the cañon stretching to the north. This precarious foot-hold was at least three hundred feet above the bed of the stream, which bubbled along like a vein of burnished metal, and at least four hundred feet below the upper edge of the wall. In some places it was overhung by crags or abutments of cavernous rock eroded into quaint resemblances of artificial things, and again it wound itself into the shadows of massive bowlders that seemed balanced on needle points. The timber was scarce here. A few charred pine stems, straight as arrows, shot into the air, divested of branch and leaf, intensely black in contrast with the pallid cotton-wood trunks that lay in waste on the gravelly cañon-sides. Out on the point of a rock an eagle sat brooding, and swooped away in an ever-increasing circle when he saw us. The turbulent stream that foamed over the ledges in its course was silent at our height; but our voices were drowned in the steady roar of the wind, which swept through the cañon with the sound of the waters at Niagara. Overhead—what was there? A strip of the brightest blue, dazzling in its purity; a constant drift of little puffs of white and great volumes of rainy gray that hurried on with wild messages into the distant east.

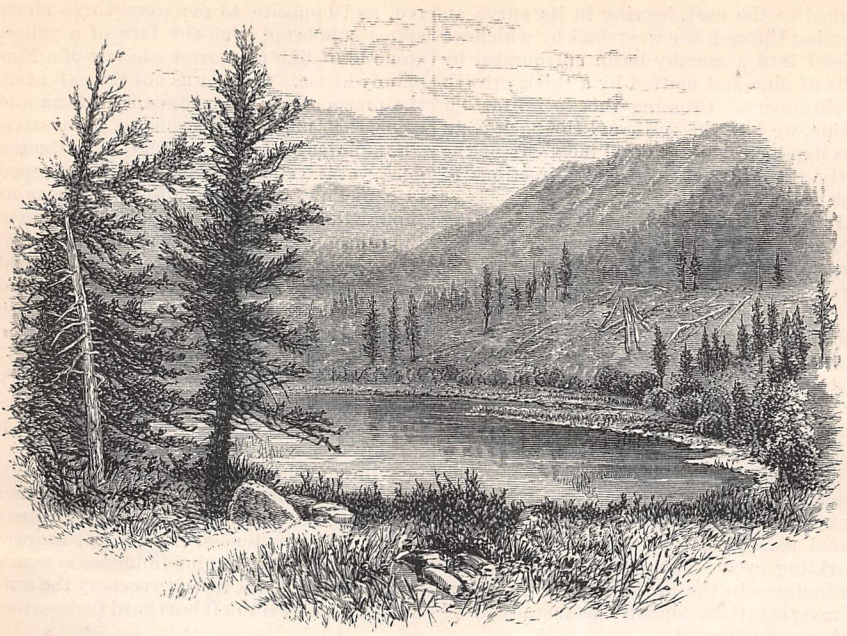
A frosted mass of snow lay here and there in the fissures, with threads of water trickling from it into the bed of the stream. Our breathing was labored, and our lungs felt raw and burning. The trail was graven across the brow of the rock in zigzags forming a succession of hills, in climbing which we were compelled to dismount and lead our mules. But a little farther on, the cañon

turned to the east, leaving in its curve an opening through the west wall by which we passed into a marshy basin surrounded by hills of pine and matted by a thick growth of shrubbery. Crossing this to its farther divide, we lost the trail, and the pack train was detained while several members of the party started off in different directions to look for it.

Just ahead of us, apparently separating two outlets of the valley, was a knoll, which I ascended in order to get a glimpse of the surrounding country. The wind had fallen by this time, and there was only a gentle soughing among the pines and firs. The path was strewn with logs, some so far decayed that they crumbled to dust under my feet, and others the fresh wreck of the last tempest. The air was balmy with the strong scent of resin, and ministered a grateful ease to my wearied lungs. Several brown squirrels, startled at my approach, darted into their hiding-places with a timid cry, and stared me out of countenance with their sparkling eyes. The least sound fell with distinctness in the hush, and awoke ghostly reverberations among the fastnesses of rock surrounding. I climbed leisurely to the crest of the hill, and came suddenly to the very edge of a cliff looking down upon a scene that must have made a life-long impression on the most trivial mind. Seven or eight hundred feet below me was a chasm extending twenty miles in a straight course, and imprisoned by precipitous heights heavily timbered with dusky trees. Far away into a dreamy space of blue these two chains of mountains rose and fell like the billows of a sea, with their ridges drawn against the sky as clearly as a silhouette, and their thick mantles of dark green, that seemed beds of soft mosses in the distance, spangled with rainbow crags of basalt and sandstone. The cliff on which I stood was a blood-red, and opposite to me were three sharp spires supported from the face of a yellow stone bluff, like the turret window of a Normandy house. But it was not the extent of the prospect nor the grandeur of form and color that made this scene so impressive. The sun was still high, and the sky without a fleck, yet the silent space below was steeped in a mellow, cloistral twilight. It was as though the earth had gone back in a dream to the time when men's feet were circumscribed by one garden. I was on the edge of a world where human heart had never beaten, and where human hand had never worked to take away the melancholy and sanctity of primitive nature. What influence was it that exerted itself upon me as I looked over those waves of hills, the dark ravine between, and the stilly forests enveloped in a profound haze? I felt a wild despair, a heaviness of heart, that I was glad enough to relieve in answering the call of the men with the pack train. And it is this element of extreme remoteness, this perfect sequestration from the softening influence of man's presence, that gives Western scenery the sentiment which I think it is so hard to describe.



ALPINE LAKE ON THE SIERRA BLANCA.



BEAVER LAKE, CONEJOS CAÑON.

The trail had been found again, and turning to the right of the knoll, a few hundred feet farther on we entered a grove of noble pines with brown-red bark, the shadows of which made a blackness so deep and silent that we glanced around warily as we passed under them. This fear-inspiring quality was increased by the booming note of the screech-owl that anon broke out among the topmost branches with the muffled sound of a death-bell. The grass here was profuse again, and the wild flowers flashed out in greater variety than ever. By-and-by we reached the crest of a steep hill covered with cotton-woods, and descending this, we were underneath the cliff on which I had stood half an hour before, locked in a glen inclosed on three sides by pine-covered walls; the fourth side abutted on the ravine, with its vista of hills and mysteries of blue. A little way below another cañon ran into the main, and two noisy brooklets joined arms to form the head waters of the Rio Chama.

Amidst this solitude, so far away from home and friends, we pitched our tents and lit our camp fire. On one side of us there was a bank of supple shrubs several feet high, with vagrant daisies bestrewn in the moist earth around, and, though no water could be seen, the voice of a stream arose from under this bowery canopy in a lightsome trill. The air was clear and exhilarating, and scented with the pungent balsam of the pine and the languishing sweetness of the wild rose. A sprightly humming-bird stole among the flowers, and robbed them of their honey with his dainty bill. But far prettier to me than this gaudy fellow, with his airs and graces, were the butterflies, especially those of a tiny species, bluish in color, looking like violets that had been torn from their stems by the wind, and by some fairy power endowed with wings. I think these beauties must grow by what they feed on, for hosts of them fluttered about the clusters of bluebells that are more plentiful in this piny mountain valley than on the heathery hills of Scotland.

And soon the night came—the night that in this region reveals as many wonders as it hides. The first indication of its approach was a glow on the sandstone bluffs, deepening every moment, until these masses of red and yellow seemed like jewels in the green surrounding them. The azure sky faded away into a sea of pearl, in which some stray patches of white were floating lazily. Beneath this tranquil space of exquisite color the pines in the cañon remained heavy and dark, wrapped in an unaltered gloom. But anon — marvelous touch! marvelous change!—the west was lighted by a sensuous crimson, growing warmer each moment and fast overspreading the whole heaven. The sky, the clouds, the bluffs, were suffused in the passionate light, and by degrees the dim ravine lying so coldly in the earth was struck by the ruddy glow that kissed the embattled forests on the slopes, until the red pines blushed like maples in the autumn. For a sublime moment all the earth and heaven was swept by the flame, and

the white tents in the glen confessed it in a shade of pink. Then it expired by as many changes as it came, and the sky became wan and cold. The shadows spread out their arms farther and farther, and the ravine became fathomless in a mysterious darkness that, impenetrable as it was, seemed to admit the vision into its depths.

The blaze of the camp fire leaped high, and the pine logs crackled merrily in the frosty air. By-and-by the stars came out, and the mountain ridges were illuminated by a phosphorescent light like that of St. Elmo, which men at sea sometimes see burning on the yard-arms, and believe to be the spirits of their dead comrades.

From this memorable camp we struck down the cañon, which widened greatly about five miles from its head, while the stream, growing in volume and power, began to sink a deeper channel for itself. The hills were rounder than those above, and glossy lawns receded from the timber-line of cedar, pine, and fir to the hollow of the river, which went on delving until its bed lay two hundred feet below the foot of the mountain. The waters were boisterous and foamy, combing over mossy rocks, and occasionally reposing for a moment in pools flashing with the silver and red of mountain trout.

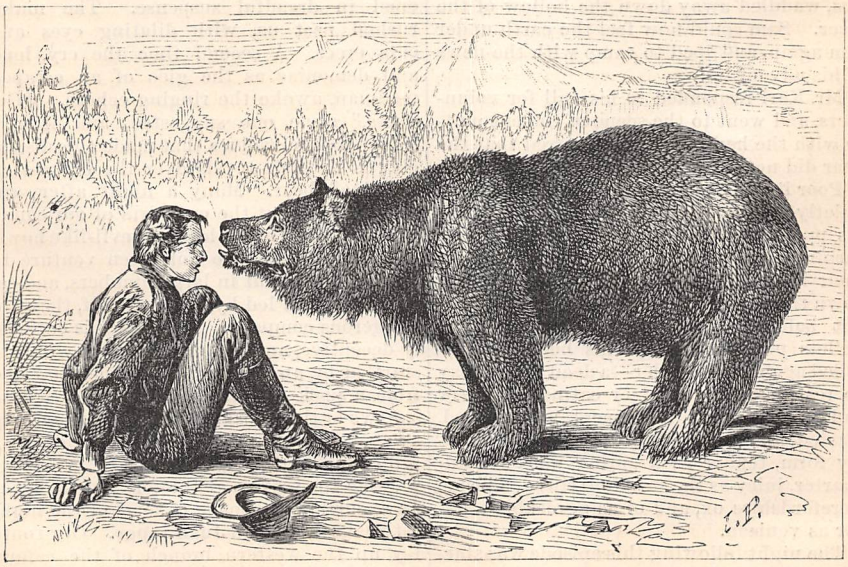
Our march was short, as we had to await some members of the party who were absent on neighboring peaks, and we pitched our tents where the west fork of the Chama enters the east between two high embankments of rocky soil. We lay here for several days, and here we had our first taste of sport.

The country was full of game, and a trained hunter need not have gone far in any direction to obtain an interview with either black, cinnamon, or grizzly bear. A Mexican who joined us at the town of Conejos borrowed ten cartridges and my carbine from me. He returned eight of the cartridges, and brought into camp a grouse and a magnificent deer. But a military exploring party finds no time for sporting—at least, ours did not find any; and unless the game came into camp, or ran against us on the road, we seldom had a chance to spend our powder.

One afternoon, however, Sam Abbey, one of the packers, ran into camp, with a pale face and his revolver drawn. "I—saw—a—bear—within—six—feet—of—me—and—it—laughed—at—me!" he exclaimed, breathlessly. "Come—along—boys—an'—let's—have—a—shot!"

He had been lying asleep on the grass a short distance away, when a panting sound awoke him, and as he opened his drowsy eyes he saw an enormous cinnamon bear gazing at him and smacking its rough lips. No wonder he was scared. A cinnamon bear is a terrible antagonist for a man with only a revolver to defend himself; and as Sam raised himself on his elbows, the ruthless monster studied him, with the intention of selecting a soft part to begin with evident in its small, ferocious, hungry-looking eyes.

Our valiant comrade sighed, and sorrowfully cocked his six-shooter, for he knew that if he fired and missed a vital part, the subsequent proceedings would have no pleasurable interest for him. But the bear



SAM AND THE BEAR.

UTE INDIANS OF SOUTHERN COLORADO.

pricked its ears at the click of the hammer, and with a laudable desire to avoid difficulties, waddled away down the hollow of the river. Sam could now feel the earth under him again, and sped to camp with the news of his adventure.

Mr. Karl responded to his call for volunteers, and went to the scene of the encounter with the hero, who now averred that the bear did not laugh, but "kinder grinned."

Poor Bruin had crossed the river, and was quietly ascending the opposite bank, when his pursuers espied him and pointed their carbines at him. Apparently understanding their intentions, he turned round and ran down the bank to have fair fight with them, but before he reached the bottom three bullets plowed through his body, and he rolled against a bowlder—a dead bear. May he rest in peace! Better eating we never had in our mess. His meat was stewed, roasted, and fried. It was palatable in every form, tender as a spring lamb's hind-quarter, juicy as the standing ribs of a prime Herefordshire ox, and of as agreeable a flavor as venison.

The night following this episode was starlight and frosty, and our little company, reduced in number to six by the absence of Lieutenant Morrison, Mr. Clark, and two others, gathered around a sparkling fire of logs. The mountain ridges were pale with nebulous light, like the gleaming white of the aurora borealis. The ravine was profoundly dark and silent, and our voices sounded with singular clearness in the crisp air. We were instinctively drawn nearer to our companions by the knowledge of our loneliness, like castaways on an ocean, and the men who had been utter strangers to each other six weeks before were united as closely as brothers. Suddenly a wild, despairing, horrible clamor broke the silence of the cañon, and was repeated thrice in muffled echoes from the sandstone cliffs. Our conversation abruptly ceased, and we—or those of us to whom this far Western life was new—listened in dreadful suspense. The mules rushed past us, with dilating eyes and ears erect. A second time the cry, loud and demoniac as the glee of an escaped madman, awoke the ringing echoes. "Coyotes," some one suggested, and it was these mongrel wolves that made this dismal chorus in their revels over the carcass of the dead bear. Many a night afterward they stole about the outskirts of our camp, and disturbed us with their devil-like howling. Alone they do not often venture to attack a man, but in large numbers, and especially when led by a white wolf, they are dangerous company. Their bark is curiously deceptive, and sometimes when we were startled by an outcry that seemed to come from a pack of wolves, we looked back to see two or three mean little coyotes trotting away, with a hang-dog confession of cowardice in their bushy tails.

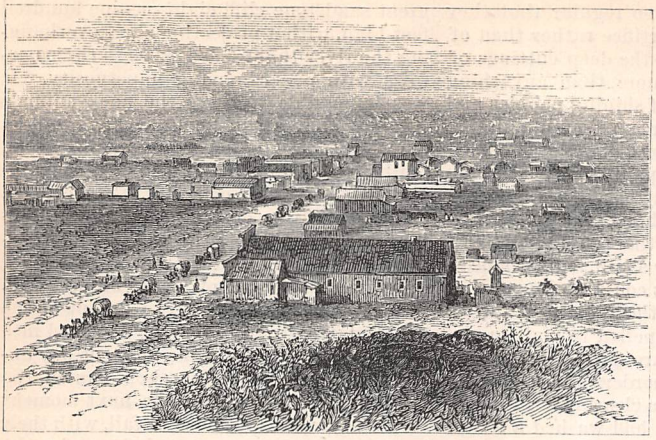
From the station at the forks of the river an excursion was made to some of the highest peaks in the San Juan range. Our route lay up the western branch of the cañon, between the high embankments before al-

luded to, which were so regular that they seemed the work of artifice rather than of nature, and resembled the deep cuttings of an English railway more than any thing else. A narrow bed of shining pebbles and sand, with a noisy stream foaming in the centre, divided them for a distance of a mile, beyond which they expanded into a beautiful valley, with a shady border of swarming fir and pine, and overhanging cliffs of carmine sandstone. Farther on they almost interlocked each other again, and became so steep that our animals could no longer find a secure foot-hold on them, in consequence of which we were compelled to make a circuit of several miles through a closely packed forest and by the borders of a marsh before we again reached a clearing. In places the mountain torrents had washed a rough channel nine feet deep in the earth, and great lifeless trees, with their long-armed roots dissevered, were piled in confusion across our path. Something opposed us at every step. At one moment we were netted in a thick growth of shrubs, the elastic branches of which switched our faces like a birch rod, and the next moment our nerves were disturbed by the unpleasant sensation of the mules sinking from under us in a bog. There is no telling a Western marsh. The ground before you appears as firm as rock itself, and there is nothing to indicate or excite the least suspicion of its treacherous character. Your mule quakes and snorts, and before you are well aware of what has happened, he has, with good luck, dragged himself through the mire, and stands, quivering in every muscle, on solid ground again.

But these were minor difficulties, and if there be a mountaineer among my readers, he will think such commonplace matters too trivial for notice. In truth, the real hard work of the day had not begun, although noon found us toiling toward the end of our eighth mile. The sierras ahead of us, viewed from the high ground in the rear of our camp, looked scarcely more than a mile or two distant, so delusively clear was the atmosphere, and now they seemed to be as far away as ever—far away, yet near; so near that it seemed possible for an outstretched arm to reach them. Their heights of stratified rock overshadowed the shady green foot-hills and the red-lipped cliffs. The floods of sunshine pouring down upon them softened their asperities and warmed the beautiful mauve color and lustrous snow-fields of the peaks.

Anon we came to a halt for the purpose of deliberating on our farther progress. The right bank suddenly twisted itself inward, and compressed the cañon to half its former width. On one side we were obstructed by a bluff, almost precipitous, and completely netted by a most prolific growth of cotton-woods; on the other side by a great sandstone cliff, eight or nine hundred feet high, with a projecting shelf overhanging the river that rushed through these narrows with overwhelming impetuosity. It was impossible to drive the pack animals through the cotton-woods, and though a mule is capable of any ordinary feat of agility, it is not equal to the task of walking the sheer walls of a cliff. The current of the river was deep and strong, the bottom a pitfall of slippery rocks, and wherever a little soil had drifted, a swarm of small trees crowded off every other thing. But the river was our only way out of the net, and, trusting to luck, we splashed into the giddy rapids. At one moment our animals plunged up to the shoulders in the fierce tumult of waters; the next moment they staggered as if about to fall, with their hoofs caught between two ledges of rock; the next they were secure on a shoal; and so, with alternations of excitement and confidence, we reached a low embankment, steep, and thick with cotton-woods, but passable for a short distance. The cliff at the gateway of the upper cañon receded from the river, and, acquiring greater height, ended in a line of lucid peaks, which effectually inclosed the cañon on one side with a wall about two thousand feet high, unbroken, except at the foot, where there was a wave of low hills. About four miles above, another range extended from this, and guarded the river with a varied and beautiful series of pinnacles and domes, barren, and hoary with snow also; and to the left of these again, on the right bank of the river, several yet higher and more graceful peaks rose with clearly defined outlines against the sky that they seemed to pierce.

Starting in the morning from an elevation of about 8000 feet, where the air was warm even to sultriness, we had muffled ourselves in three suits of winter underclothing, and a keen wind sweeping through the gulches proved the wisdom of our precaution early in the afternoon. Not only was the air cold; the sentiment and color of the scene were bleak also. Here, in contrast with the deep coloring of the cliffs, the heavy gloom and massive foliage of the undulating hills at the head waters of the east branch, the mountains were bare, and as pinnacled as icebergs, and as polished as the track of a glacier. The snow lay in rings on their summits like a fringe of ermine, and down the face of a kingly cliff, apparently sheltered from the sun in a deep fissure, was a ribbon of the same fleecy white. The hue of the rocks alternated between gray and a delicate shade of mauve, darkening in the recesses to purple. Overhead the sky was an impassive blue. The opposite wall of the cañon rose from high cotton-wood bluffs, extending into high table-lands, and serrated by another battle-



A MINING TOWN NEAR THE SAN JUAN RANGE.

ment of snowy peaks. The form of every object was marvelously distinct in the rarefied air, and stood out from the rest in clear relief, with the chilly sentiment of a marble statue about it; and our eyes searched in vain for a bit of warm color or a manifestation of nature's softer mien.

We picked our way on either side of the stream as opportunity offered, crossing from the right to the left by turns, climbing and descending cliffs by thread-like paths, cutting a passage through tangles of cotton-wood, now trusting to the bed of the river or following its rim of loose rocks, and then running in a semicircle over the table-lands to avoid some insuperable obstacle in the ravine below. We had been on the march ten hours, and the sun bent nearer the obdurate peaks of gray as if to salute them; the ridges burned scarlet, and the snow-fields and all things were swept by a rosy glow. But the glory was evanescent, and, passing away, it left the cañon colder and whiter than ever. We made camp on a bit of level ground near the turning of the stream to the south, with barricades of rock on four sides, and innumerable peaks drawn in a zigzag line on the sky. Not the faintest sound broke the utter solitude, neither the flap of a wing, the cry of beast, the rustle of the cotton-wood, nor the clamor of the swollen river. A mighty water-fall pouring for a thousand feet down the vertical front of a cliff in a continuous line of white, so smooth in its motion that it was scarcely distinguished from snow, and a rougher torrent leaping over a high ledge into a chasm, were alone heard in a low ringing sound, like the dying vibrations of a bell. All else was silent and motionless, and as the sky was transmuted to a dark blue, as the stars gaining lustre with the advancing night shone on the frigid peaks and edged them with light, as the gloom and iciness worked upon us with depressing influence, we better understood the melancholy that Mr. Ruskin attributes to all mountain scenery.

Among the members of the expedition was a young man from one of the Middle States, a fresh graduate of Georgetown College, who was destined for the profession of law. He was bright, generous, and amiable; but if a "fiend in human shape" ever existed, it was in this self-same innocent youth. His great ambition was to write thrilling letters, depicting the perils of our life, to his friends at home, and he rode along from day to day plotting horrors that might by some disastrous mischance befall us. When our rations were reduced to dry bread and coffee, he smiled with diabolic complacency—a willing sacrifice himself, on account of the compensation he derived from the materials our sufferings afforded him. He was not satisfied with swallowing mud for water; he had a secret wish that we might all be prostrated by thirst, and opportunely rescued a few seconds before the minute when help would be too late. He pined and lost his appetite if there were no rattlesnakes near camp, and he was overjoyed when one morning he found a deadly centipede in his bed. I believe a chasm was never safely passed that a pang did not enter his heart—not that he would have rejoiced over a brother's broken neck, for he was a sensitive and sympathetic fellow in most concerns, but he was as sorry when we escaped a catastrophe as he would have been had we suffered it. His mania was for abundant discomforts and "hair's-breadth 'scapes," such as are nowhere so common as in the daily newspapers; and I have no doubt that he framed, if he did not write, the words of many an imaginary dispatch to the Associated Press describing how the whole expedition tumbled over a precipice, and bounced from rock to rock for a distance of several thousand feet, "narrowly escaping fatal injuries, and with all the instruments undamaged."

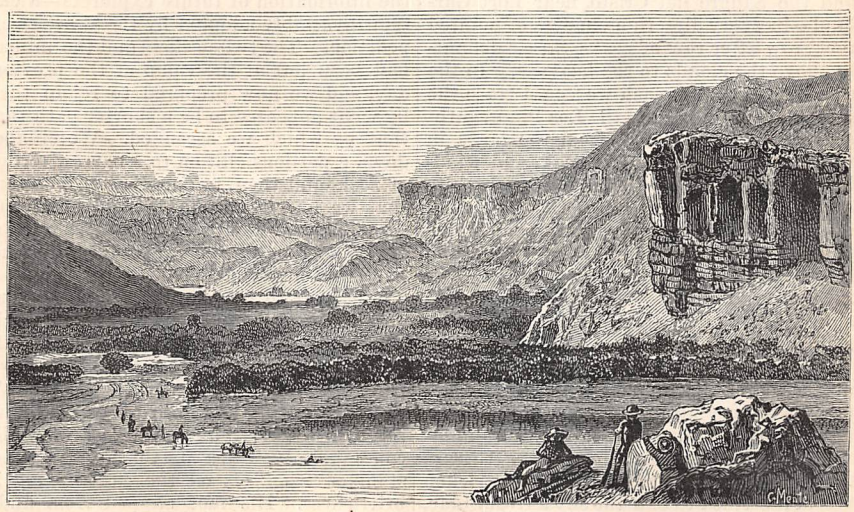
He did not accompany us on this side trip to the San Juan range, or he might have curdled the blood—a mysterious process discovered by some astute story writer since the time of Mr. Hervey—of his little audience at home. Our limbs were all sound in the end, but we had a surprising number of little accidents and inconveniences, which must have excited his imagination

to the point at which authorship of a dime novel is possible.

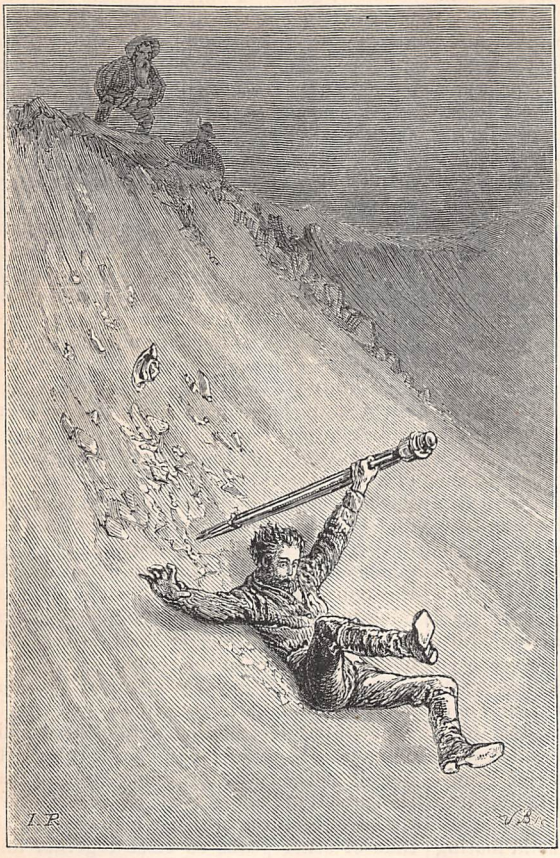
After a sound sleep in the frosty open air, we started early next morning through a gorge some distance to the left of the greater cataract, reaching from the level to the summit of the cliff under the shelter of which we had rested during the night. The lower part was at an angle of repose, and was roughly paved with detritus, but the upper part was a mere crevice in the cliff, revealing the bare sides of the mountain. We succeeded very well, however, until we were within a few hundred feet of the top, when we encountered a vast quantity of ice and snow, which compelled us to unload the mules and carry the packs by hand—a task which occupied us four hours. The first bench reached, we found a wild-looking valley undulating before us, with a dense undergrowth, and wide marshes wavy with tall blades of emerald grass swaying in the wind. A little farther on we saw ourselves reflected on the clear surface of a blue lake, separated from another circle of crystal water by a narrow isthmus, and dotted on its borders by a variety of wild flowers, which spread their gay ranks forward until they were tipped by the ripples, and backward until their pliant little stems were seen sprouting out of the snow, as if that crusted mass of icy white yielded them their miracles of lovely color. One pretty little thing we christened the nun-flower, because of its sweet, modest colors—a ring of rich brown near the stamen, and lavender fading into white near the edge.

Farther on still, we regained solid footing on some cropping rock extending to the base of another cliff, about four hundred feet above us, the ascent of which was made by a trail over loose rocks tramped into shape by game—a narrow, dangerous trail, but the only one that we could follow. And here again a large bed of snow stood in our way, varying in depth from a few inches to twenty feet, with a brittle surface of ice, over which the mules labored painfully. The summit was rounded into another basin, set with several more lakes, bearded by light green marsh grass, and so smooth and wonderfully clear that the rock-ribs of the valley and the sky and mountain-tops seemed repeated in their depths. Snow lay every where, prismatic in the sunshine, and melting, as the day warmed, into hundreds of tiny rivulets. But we were still between high walls, with a few sharp pinnacles above us, and no extended view of the surrounding country. We climbed a hill on which not a grain of sand or soil could be seen, and from the top of this we went along a saddle of rock to camp under the protection of a rising peak. But we had scarcely unpacked the mules when the wind changed, and beat against us with pitiless violence during the rest of the night. And thus ended our second day of mountaineering in the San Juan range. We had made four miles in eleven hours of continuously laborious travel, which fact is the best criterion of the difficulties of the route.

On the next day we attained by some perilous climbing a truncated cone of rock, about thirty feet in diameter, without a bit of moss, a blade of grass, or a shrub on its plainly marked stratification. And this was the summit of Banded Peak, 13,500 feet above the level of the sea, rising among a multitude of other peaks so close together and numerous that Lieutenant Morrison well compared them to the pipes of a great organ. In the far south was Mount Taylor, 158 miles away, in New Mexico; in the west,



NEAR THE HEAD WATERS OF THE NAVAJO.



A RAPID DESCENT.

the Chasca range, on the borders of Arizona; in the north and east, Sierra Blanca, Baldy, and the Sangre del Cristo, near Fort Garland—in every direction clusters of pointed rock, row after row of peaks, thrust defiantly above the clouds to the heavens. In the same magnificent reach we could trace the Navajo, the Chama, and the Los Piños, gathering their head waters from the lakes in the basins around Banded Peak, and winding all aglitter through the blue and white mazes of ravines and cataracts. The wind blustered about us as though it would drive us over the ledge, and several ptarmigan tamely approached us, and hopped aside in utter bewilderment when we threw some stones at them, so unused were they to the sight of man.

The nearer objects in the sublime outlook appeared to be so very near, and the farther objects so very far, that we could easily imagine that it was not an area of 200 miles we gazed down upon, but the world itself. And a cheerless, tumultuous, grief-stricken world it seemed to be—the sky a frosty blue, the adjacent rocks purple in the shadow, gray or mauve in the light, and the lowlands confused blots of brown and heavy green. Even these colors were subdued in the distance to a dull yellow spread over the swelling plains, from which the precipices were exalted as out of a shipless sea.

But this was in the flood light of the afternoon, and as the brisk wind swept up some clouds in the west, the whole scene was changed. The mountains were wrapped in the folds of a mist of the purest white, and their outlines loomed upon us in vapory phantoms. The clouds were rent into columns of gray, and instead of looking down on to the chaotic upheaval of a continent, it was as though we were on the verge of a fairy-land. And when the sun burst through the storm, the rocks streamed with moisture, which, reflecting the brazen light, gave them the appearance of having a glittering armor of burnished silver, and a gorgeous rainbow spread its triumphal arch across the sky, while all the lowlands were vague and moist under the masses of cloud that drifted far below us.

After taking a series of observations with the gradienter, aneroid, and barometer, we made a record of our visit, and placed it in a tin tube under a cairn or monument, for the information of future explorers—a custom invariably adopted by the Wheeler expedition. The two packers and the animals had been left at the camp of the previous day, and we now prepared to rejoin them by what appeared to be a shorter path than that by which we ascended. We climbed down a perilous cliff on to a narrow terrace of rock, and then, to our dismay, we found that we had overlooked a field of ice and snow lying at as acute an angle as possible on the face of the mountain for a distance of several hundred feet.

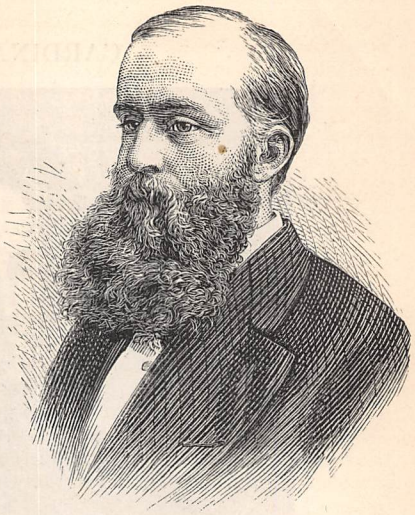
We tried to retrace our way, and to regain the summit, but we could not scale the cliff without endangering our lives, and the only feasible plan that suggested itself was to cut a series of steps in the snow. We stood cogitating at the brink of the blinding white sheet, undecided as to which course to take, when Mr. Clark incautiously stamped his heels on the edge to try its brittleness. His foot slipped from under him, and the next moment we were thrilled

by seeing him sliding down the mountain with the velocity of a flash of light. He was in a sitting posture, his hair was blown back, and his hat slowly rolled down after him. At the bottom of the slope was a narrow gutter, leading up from which was another snow-bank. If the impetus of the descent had been great enough to force him up this, he would have been shot into a deep chasm. But he carried a spiked tripod, which made an excellent alpenstock, and with fine presence of mind he plunged this into the snow between his legs (looking like a bearded baby riding a hobby-horse), slid half-way up it, and suddenly came to a stop. He felt himself with his hands, in a dazed manner, as though he was under the impression that he had left something behind—which he had done; the same thing, in fact, that hushes Tatters's voice when the Shaughraun announces in the play that the Fenian's refuge is discovered; in short, "the sate of a man's breeches."

The rest of the way was passed in safety, and the following day we rejoined the main camp at the forks of the Chama, soon afterward crossing the boundary line of New Mexico.

There is much desolate scenery in Southern Colorado, and much that is superlatively grand. People who stay only a short time in the State, and travel in the common way, will probably see more of the alkali flats than of the mountain valleys and the sublime sierras that I have tried to describe. They will go away with their lips still parched and blistered from the effects of the dry, invigorating air, and, looking back from their own firesides to summer in Colorado, their recollections will be mainly of bleak nights in Denver, the fruitless soil, the scantiness of vegetation, and the harsh chain of mountains in the background. But people with the heart to explore, who travel as it was my good fortune to travel with the Wheeler expedition—people who really care about Nature, and have the sensitiveness to understand her even when she transcends pastoral prettiness and tells her history in the heart-breaking language of the hoary peaks—these will come away better pleased, and will be haunted in the after-years by memories of a region of wonderful pathos and unsurpassed grandeur.

In conclusion, a word may be said about the work of the expedition. It is in charge of Lieutenant George M. Wheeler, of the Corps of Engineers, and under the direction of the War Department. Its primary object is to discover the most available routes for the transport of troops and wagons between interior posts, and, incidentally to this, it includes the most extensive geological, zoological, botanical, and archæological researches by noted specialists. The topography of the whole country west of the



GEORGE M. WHEELER.

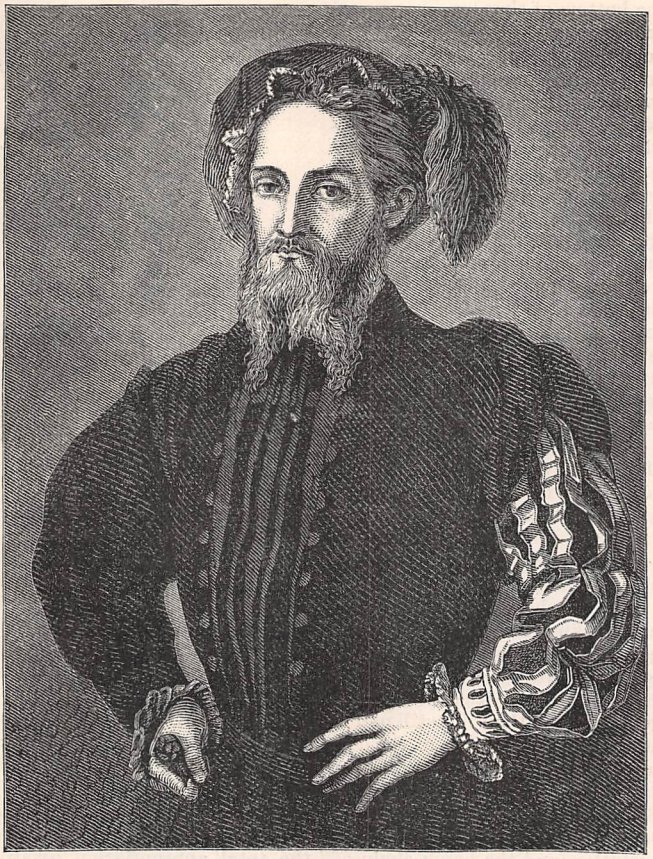
100th meridian is being secured by triangulation, and illustrated in a magnificent series of maps, which have been highly complimented by General Von Moltke, the Prussian commander. The States and Territories thus far explored and surveyed are Colorado, New Mexico, parts of Wyoming, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, and Southern California, not the faintest trail or smallest drain being omitted. Like all work intrusted to the Corps of Engineers, this is carried on with remarkable economy. Last year (1875) six parties, each commanded by a military officer, were in the field from the middle of June to the middle of November, although the total appropriation awarded by Congress for the expenses of the expedition, including the cost of publications and office-work, amounted to only $40,000. The publications consist of photographs, maps, and reports, and are by far the most valuable contribution that has ever been made to the geography of North America.

MNEMOSYNE: A SONNET.

OFT have I thought, musing, my love, on thee,
And all the dear delights that I have known,
Love-crowned, since first I knew thee for my own,
That, if by cruel Fate's adverse decree
(Not mine, nor thine, for that can never be)
I ne'er should hear thy voice's dulcet tone,
Nor kiss nor clasp thee more—not all alone—
Companioned still by sweet Mnemosyne—
To her I'd cry, "O goddess who hast power
To bring again my darling to my sight,
And from the Past evoke each vanished hour
That blessed the day or glorified the night,
I envy not the joys a king may boast,
Who ne'er possessed the treasure I have lost!"

JOHN G. SAXE.

CARDINAL MEPHISTO.



CÆSAR BORGIA.

THE mediæval history of Italy is attractive from its strangeness and puzzling from its contradiction. It is unique, withal, and remarkably vivid with the glow of achievement and the picturesqueness of cultivated crime. The leading characters of the age are without parallel, and beyond comprehension by ordinary logic. They had not only good manners and bad morals—a co-existence common enough in all times—but refined taste and ruffianly disposition, love of art and love of assassination, worship of beauty tempered by a passion for poisoning.

The singular era was more fully exemplified by Cæsar Borgia than by any man of the fifteenth century. A prelate without piety, a prince without legitimacy, he was a soldier of genius and a paragon of evil. In a most criminal age, not one of his contemporaries equaled him in crime. Adoring himself, he detested his race. Impelled by selfishness alone, he was the ravisher of the rich and the corypheus of murderers. To have possessions was to excite his envy, and to excite his envy was to be destroyed.

Though Cæsar Borgia has had some defenders, he is one of the few magnificent villains whose villainies have not been ingeniously explained away and even converted to virtues. We are steadily losing our once illustrious scoundrels. By-and-by Domitian shall be lacquered into loveliness and Marshal Tilly into tenderness. Having ceased to believe in depravity, we seem resolved to discard from history even its partial existence. Our chronicles shall soon be deprived of distinguished rascals. Let us look at the sanguinary Italian before he be disguised in robes of saintliness. In such an epoch of steadily declining corruption, we need a splendid scoundrel, and, lo! the Borgia answers to the need.

Who his parents were is somewhat doubt-

ful; but there is ample reason for believing they were Rodrigo Lenzulo and Rosa Vanozza, the daughter of the dead mistress of the future Pope. He took priestly orders, though in no wise fitted for them, because he could the better conduct his nefarious schemes. The Church, in that day a sanctifier of sin, acted as a safeguard to the doers of evil. Prelacy was a decoration of profligacy. Aided by his father, and having in his veins the Borgia blood, which Queen Victoria and many of the royal families of the Continent must own, Cæsar was soon appointed to the bishopric of Pampeluna. Promoted in his thirty-sixth year (1493) to the rank of cardinal, he grew infamous as Cardinal Valentino, so styled from the diocese of Valencia, of which he had been archbishop, and his father before him. Rodrigo Lenzulo was then Pope Alexander VI., and his son persuaded him to wage extirpatory war upon all the petty princes of the Papal States. The young Borgia more than seconded the elder in the bloody battle. He was the instrument of the destructive persecution. In a little while he had driven off or slain the helpless feudatories, and seized their rich possessions in the name of the pontificate.

Soon after the plunder had been secured, Zizim, brother of Bajazet II., sought an asylum in Rome, his unnatural kinsman, after the Turkish custom, having resolved upon his extermination. The Sultan offered Alexander 400,000 silver ducats ($400,000) for the fugitive, dead or alive. Charles VIII., King of France, then in Italy at the head of a powerful army, and in condition to make demands, ordered the Pope to send Zizim to the royal camp, well knowing the Borgias would not refute Bajazet's precious argument. The king could pity, but the cardinal was not human. Incensed at the prospect of losing the blood-money, Cæsar contrived to earn it by strategy. He counseled his father to obey the behest, adding, significantly, "Leave the details to me." The cardinal, pretending to commiserate Zizim, invited him to a banquet, after telling him he should be assigned to a generous protector. While the poor fellow was feasting and happy, the perfidious priest handed him a goblet of poisoned wine—the slow poison his family had the art of making—and drank to his fairer future. Cæsar accompanied him as a hostage, delivered him to the king, and returned to Rome with the kisses of gratitude on his hands. Zizim, still buoyant from his deliverance, sickened and died, and then it was remembered he had drunk of the Borgia wine.

The son of Rodrigo, apprised of the news, smiled complacently, and claimed the reward.

A most skillful poisoner was the pious prelate, as he should have been from his experiments and experience. Much of his leisure he devoted to the preparation of deadly drugs, and he is said to have imparted to his sister, Lucrezia Borgia, some of the most invaluable of his fatal secrets.

Giovanni Ferrata was one of the wealthiest gentlemen connected with the papal court, and had so wide influence that his eternal exit became desirable to Cæsar, who baited him with venom and caught his life. The dead dignitary's riches flowed into the cardinal's coffers, which, in spite of continual feeding, were never full. A virtuoso in murder, he had yet refrained from shedding consanguineous blood. Ashamed of his weakness, he employed bravoes to lie in wait for Giovanni Borgia, the Duke of Gandia, and the next morning his brother's corpse was drawn from the Tiber pierced with a dozen daggers.

A purely ecclesiastical life proved inconvenient for the Borgias, and the cardinal threw off his scarlet hat that he might have a larger license to stab and steal. The Pope tried to force or entrap his son, from motives of ambition, into a marriage with Charlotte, daughter of Frederick of Aragon, then seated on the throne of Naples. Cæsar was a villain so magnificent as to enslave the imagination and heart of Charlotte, who seems to have been a very womanly woman. She loved him, and he did not love her, although if he had loved her, that would have been the best reason, he said, for not becoming her husband. The son outwitted the father, and was so angry at the attempt to get him a wife that he swore he would have killed Alexander had he not had a certain regard for the papal office. He assumed to loathe matrimony as he actually loathed virtue, and he would not be appeased until he had poisoned a cardinal who had taken part in the intrigue, and secured his estate. There was a fine practicality in all his assassinations. He scorned to kill a man who had not property, and he almost always chose his victims from the highest ranks—a democratic discrimination which would have rendered him a leader among the French *sans culottes*, and which should embalm his memory with the *decamisados* of Spain.

Cæsar had rather exceeded the ecclesiastic privilege of crime even in the Rome of the fifteenth century. There would have been little objection to his murders if he had not committed so many of them within the Church. He cherished such fondness for slaying cardinals that, had he remained in the Infernal City, the Sacred College would have been depleted. The Pope therefore thought that a change of scene might improve his amiable offspring's mind, and could not by any chance deteriorate his morals. It was not decided where he should go, nor what country was wicked enough to receive him. But when the Roman priests (as the Calvinists say) want fire, Satan sends

flax. Louis XII. of France was at this time clamoring for a divorce (it is not regal to abstain from a plurality of wives), which Alexander had conscientious scruples against granting, until the king consented to create Cæsar Duke of Valentinois and give him a command in the French army.

The new duke was pleased with his title and position, and eager to display the military ability which he undeniably possessed in an eminent degree, having inherited it from his ancestors on the paternal side. He liked France so well, and believed so much in its power, that he surrendered his antimatrimonial scruples to ally himself by marriage with one of its royal families. Another Charlotte (the name was his fate), sister of Jean d'Albret, King of Navarre, represented as a very interesting woman, he wedded in cold blood for political reasons, confident that the union would further his ambitious schemes. He was right. He rose rapidly in the royal estimation, and was placed by Louis at the head of the army in Italy—the place he had coveted for years. Commanding a French army in his own country, he had the largest scope for the exercise of rapine and the malignity he had always harbored toward the petty sovereigns of the much-divided land. He hated them and loved their estates, and death was the surest and most congenial method to him of divorcing the two. His fatal agents, material and personal, were innumerable. They were ever at his order. When he looked upon a man with envy or with malice, there soon followed a mysterious funeral. It was his secret boast that any human creature who stood in the path of a Borgia was near the edge of his grave. The boast was not empty, and the grave was tenanted.

The rapacious duke had not been long in Italy before he had captured the island of Elba, Cesena, Forli, Faenza, Camerino, Imola, Piombino, Rimini, with other cities, and disposed of their rulers so effectually that they could never oppose him further. One of his maxims was, "They who sleep under the earth can never again disturb the lords of the earth;" another, "A dagger in the heart is a cure for ambition;" and a third, "The man who would mount to power must not hesitate to step on the corpses of his friends."

Increase of power expanded his ambition. He had made up his mind to do in Italy what he and his father had done in the Papal States—exterminate or expel all the subordinate sovereigns, seize Romagna, Tuscany, Umbria, and after uniting these, to proclaim himself king of the country. Such course would have tallied with the patriotism of many of the Guelf leaders, because it would have weeded the nation, as they thought, of the foreign intervention which had become so odious to their party. Louis XII., as may be inferred, did not feel so. Knowing Borgia's ability and ambition, he decided to fetter one and check the other. He limited the duke's range, and restored to their original owners many of the stolen estates, thus incurring the wrath of Cæsar, who for once dared not wreak his meditated revenge. Unfortunately the baleful Borgia was not bereft of his ability to harm. A master of cunning and monster of ferocity, his plundering and murdering went on without material abatement. He appears to have been a predestined phlebotomist, and he was certainly a pleasured one. More terrible in peace than in war, he reveled in secret assassination even more than in open slaughter.

The siege of Sinigaglia, saturnalia of savagery, must almost have surfeited his voracity for violence. At the head of an army of Swiss mercenaries, he stormed the town, and, after carrying it, put every body, save the few who escaped, to the unrelenting sword. Promises, supplications, prayers, were of no avail. While Sinigaglia ran with gore, the incarnate devil looked on only to applaud the rapidity and dexterity of the dreadful carnage. Macchiavelli, who describes the appalling scene, can not be thought biased, unless in favor of the very worst of the Borgias, and the best of his friends.

One of the duke's poisoning parties did not terminate as he had anticipated, notwithstanding his careful provision. In conjunction with Alexander he had arranged for a sumptuous entertainment in a villa near Rome. The special and most honored guests were four cardinals, whom it was designed to delude to death. No wonder the country in which the Borgias lived obtained the name of drug-damned Italy! The cardinals came, were welcomed with the kiss of peace and friendship, were seated at the right hand of the Pope and his anointed son. They were pledged in golden flagons of the richest Canary, and as they quaffed, the paternal and filial villains touched hands beneath the luxurious board, and inwardly rejoiced that four more illustrious murders had been added to their crimson list.

Some good genius changed the cups. The wine that was poisoned passed to Alexander and Cæsar's lips instead of those for whom it was prepared. The Pope expired within a week, as was said, of a tertian ague. The duke (the devil protects his own) had drunk so little—he was always temperate—and that little with water, that he escaped with a few days' illness.

No sooner was Alexander dead than Cæsar took possession of the treasures of the Vatican and of the city of Rome, designing with his host of hirelings to make himself master of the Papal States, and appoint his fa-

ther's successor. The petty princes whom he had reduced to subjection in Central Italy rose in rebellion, and regained what he had robbed them of. His own mercenaries abandoned him, and he was arrested by Pope Julius II., who expelled the daring outlaw from the pontifical dominions. He had placed every thing on his cast, and he had lost. The star he had prospered under was waning before the coming day of adversity. Flying to Naples (to have gone north would have been madness), he placed himself under the protection of the commander Gonzalez de Cordova, and Gonzalez de Cordova consigned him to Spain. Arrived there, Ferdinand of Aragon cast him into prison, and there he might have rotted had he not found his way out, as is said, by the assistance of a woman of rank, who had become greatly interested in him after learning what a transcendent villain he was.

When a man has no friends, he goes to the mildest of his enemies—his brother-in-law. Thus did Cæsar Borgia; and Jean d'Albret furnished him an asylum. The duke was growing grizzled with what he had undergone, albeit he was but nine-and-forty, superb of health, sound of constitution, unconquerable of will. The sole thing he feared was inactivity; he could endure any thing but that, he said, and begged for a command. The King of Navarre gave him one; he entered the field against Ferdinand the Catholic, and distinguished himself, as he always had done, in the profession which was distinctively his. While besieging the castle of Viana, and leading a desperate assault, he was struck by a stray shot, and the duke, the cardinal, the archbishop, the bishop, the brilliant captain, the treacherous assassin, the polite scholar, the handsome gallant, the crafty politician, the remorseless poisoner, all shrank into a bleeding corpse. Steeped to the lips in crime, he had the unmerited good fortune to die—as he had desired—a soldier's death. And he was a soldier, every inch of him, and a villain to his smallest fibre.

Almost absolutely bad as Cæsar Borgia seems to have been, he was one of the most graceful, cultured, and attractive men of his time. His manners were perfection, his voice so sweet, his face so handsome, his ways so winning, that he captivated men's wills and women's affections.

A cardinal of the papal court who had been his bitterest foe granted him an interview at his urgent solicitation. At the end thereof the prelate admitted his prejudice, and that Cæsar was one of the purest and noblest gentlemen in Rome. The next evening he went to sup at the Borgia palace, and the persuasive prince pressed an envenomed ring into his hand as he bade good-night. It was scarce an abrasion of the skin, but, a month after, the cardinal was laid in the crypt of the ancient cathedral, and the host was as suave—and as pure—as ever.

A patron of science and letters not less than a poisoner and assassin, he quoted the "Divina Commedia" and lived the "Decamerone;" explained the "Vita Nuova" in the morning and poniarded his friends in the afternoon; discussed Plato to-day and imitated Aretino on the morrow. He is Macchiavelli's "Prince," the pattern despot, whom the misunderstood author intended should serve as much for warning as for example. Brave as he after whom he was named, graceful as Augustus, cruel as Caligula, false as Nero, pitiless as Commodus, serene as Antoninus, scholarly as Mæcenas, he was such a bundle of opposites that he appears to have been a character extracted from the Volume of the Impossible.

MARTYRS.

My child, whose soul is like a flame
  Within a crystal altar lamp,
Bends o'er an ancient book, its name
  Obscured by mildew damp;

And, tracing down the yellow leaves,
  Where quaint and crooked letters stand,
Her breath comes quick, her bosom heaves,
  Hard shuts the eager hand.

"Mamma"—I meet the lifted eyes
  That, softened, shine through gathering tears—
"God surely gives them in the skies,
  For all those dreadful years,

"Some sweeter thing than others have,
  To comfort after so much pain;
But, tell me, could we be as brave
  Through fire and rack and chain?

"I'm glad there are no martyrs now."
  Blithe rings the voice, and positive.
"Ah, love," my own heart answers low,
  "The martyrs ever live.

"A royal line, in silk and lace,
  Or robed in serge and hodden-gray,
With fearless step and steadfast face
  They tread the common way.

"Than dungeon bolt or folding blaze
  Their cross unseen may heavier press,
And none suspect, through smiling days,
  Their utmost bitterness."

"Some sweet thing surely God must keep
  To comfort," said my little one;
"They thank Him now if tender sleep
  Comes when the day is done."

God's angel Sleep, with manifold
  Soft touches, smoothing brows of care,
Dwells not beyond the gates of gold,
  Because no night is there.

THE MICROSCOPE.

By PROFESSOR SAMUEL LOCKWOOD.

PRYING INTO THINGS.

III.—ITS WORK.—(*Concluded.*)

MOTHERS know too well what is meant by the word "thrush," or "sprew," that mouth malady too common with little children. To the profession it is known as an aphthous ulceration of the tongue, aphtha being the name of the disease, and signifying a burning. The tongue "is swollen, tender, and furred." There are excoriated spots, sometimes true ulcers, varying in size, perhaps, from that of a pin's head to that of a half pea, and these are severally capped with a white curd-like mass. However diminutive these pustules may be, they are in truth hummocks of tiny plants, for each one contains many thousands of parasitic fungi, often called *torula*. These fungi attach themselves to the mucous membrane, and burrow among the epithelial cells. They are "composed of threads matted together like felt," whose basal ends intertwine among the epithelia, like hair in the prepared mortar of the plasterer. At a recent meeting of the Academy of Natural Sciences, Professor Leidy exhibited a mouse with little curdy patches on its ears, face, and nose. Mr. Indifference would have passed the matter by as a stupid trifle; and a spurt of insapience escaped one of the wise men, who wished to know "what the muss was." However, little *Mus musculus* was regarded as an abnormal case, and a proper subject of scientific inquiry. The query was now, "What ailed the little fellow, and where had he been?" At this juncture the microscope spoke out in meeting, declaring with authority that the white spots were colonies of a parasitic fungus; and, strange to tell, they were as much like the thrush fungus as one pea is like its fellow in the same pod. The truth told, Mousie was captured in the children's department of Blockley Hospital, where he had picked up the crumbs that had fallen from the mouth of a child patient. The diagnosis now seemed natural and direct. Mousie had been and got it—namely, the thrush—and, strange to say, he had got it bad, for it was on his ears and nose and face. Soon, in all probability, it would have entered the mouth, even if it had not already. A minute portion of one of these white spots was subjected by skilled hands to a lens of very high power, and lo! there were the morbid parasites, tiny sporular bodies, some single, some double, and others "in chains of a dozen or more." The fungus was pronounced to be a *torula*, or *oidium*, like that found in the disease known as thrush or aphtha. A drawing of it would simply be like a number of elongated beads strung together. But how diminutive these beads or cells were! A single one was the

$\frac{1}{6250}$ of a line in length, that is, it would take 7800 of them in line to make an inch.

It is not in our limits to go into that interesting subject, "disease germs." Herein, however, it is fair to say that the microscope is making benevolent, because admonitive, revelations. Let it suffice to remark that these germs are not mysterious intangibilities, but real entities, of a material, and generally of an organic nature. For the most part they are plants—algæ and fungi. Once when away from home the writer was thrown upon the hospitality of a stranger for the night. Sitting with our host by the side of that homestead, we enjoyed the shade of an old *Pinus alba*. The noble evergreen grew close up to the house, and, summer and winter, its thick fasciculate foliage, like a curtain, shut out the hygienic smiling of the sun. The following conversation occurred:

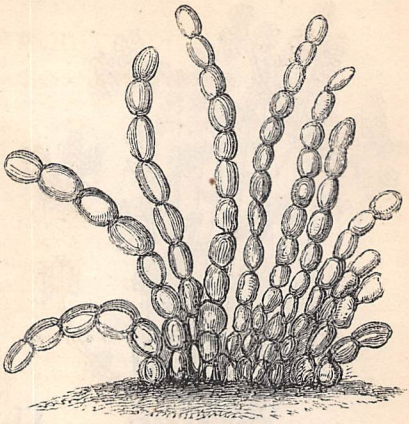
SELF. "Sir, does any one sleep regularly in that room which is so shaded by this tree?"

HOST. "Oh yes. Myself and wife have occupied that room many years—in fact, ever since we were married."

SELF. "*I* should not think it safe to sleep there. I venture to say that the walls are covered with invisible fungi, and that the atmosphere abounds with their floating sporules. I would not dare occupy such a room for any great length of time."

HOST (*in astonishment*). "Sir, now I see into it. Why didn't the doctor tell me? That's where my wife has lost her health. That tree's got to come down, and I'll let the sunlight into those windows like a flood!"

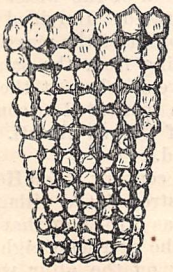
Thus the microscope reveals the ease and the method of spreading disease. It is literally a dissemination. In our mind there is not the least doubt that the common house fly is often a propagandist of dire and loathsome diseases. Take the thrush, for instance; for its communication what more is necessary than that a solitary cell of a torula or oidi-



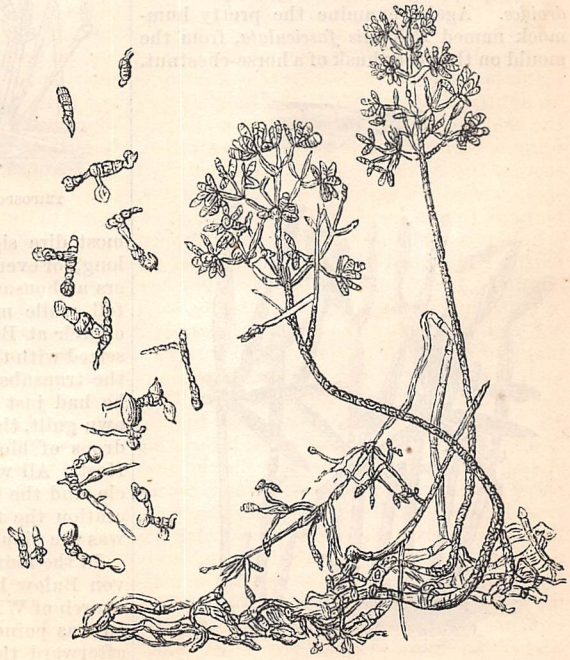
GRASS BLIGHT (OIDIUM MONILIOIDES).

um should be transferred to a suitable nidus? For such an end, although accidental, how efficient an agent is the sucking tube of a fly, or the adhering disk of each foot! After feeding on the pustules of some disease, what is to hinder that some should adhere to the insect, and be conveyed over the threshold of some unconscious household, and thus that the mysterious disorder should obtain a foot-hold?

Under the name of mould, these fungi, as torula and oidia, are almost every where. A red species is often found on very old cheese, another on glue, the several animal dungs when dry seem to have each its own species.



MOULD ON STICK
(TORULA HISTERIOIDES).

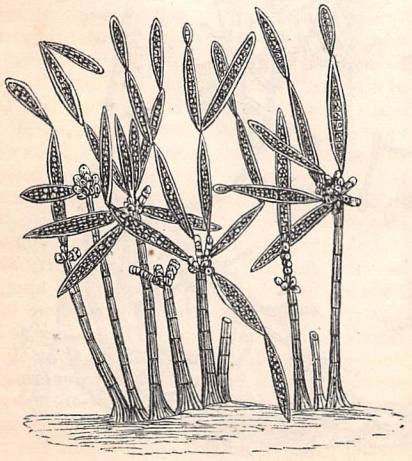


DACTYLIUM DENDROIDES.—AFTER COOKE.

POLYACTIS FASCICULATA.—AFTER COOKE.

Also the fruits which fall to the earth and decay; and, in a word, as decay and fungus growth are often associated, so decayed fruit should not be eaten.

But it is well-nigh past belief what quaint yet beautiful objects many of these moulds become under the microscope. A mere vegetable stain, which when touched leaves a smut upon the finger, is thus unfolded into a jungle of plants, whose forms are of the most *recherché* character and wholly defiant of verbal description. In proof, look at the elegant mucedine, or vegetable mould, *Dactylium dendroides*. Again, examine the pretty hummock named *Polyactis fasciculata*, from the mould on the outer husk of a horse-chestnut.

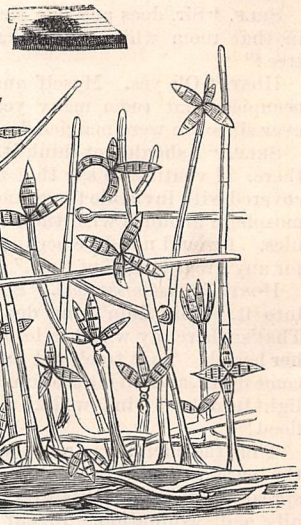


DENDRYPHIUM FUMOSUM.—AFTER CORDA.

The quaint *Dendryphium fumosum* is from a stain of black mould on the angelica; and the grotesquely eccentric *Triposporium elegans* is from a brand of a velvety black aspect on a barkless spot on an oak. But as these moulds are almost every where, these beautiful forms, which but for the microscope would be invisible and unknown, are beyond number.

Let us instance a noble service rendered our common humanity by the microscope.

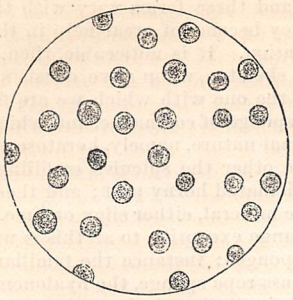
How often, like some spectacular scenes in a drama, do we find in the pages of the Old-World history passages of deep pathos and fierce passion, and both, alas! occurring as the offspring of religious superstition. So there were miraculous apparitions of blood, one while in rain from the heavens, and again in spots in the dwellings of God and of men. Of course these were portents of



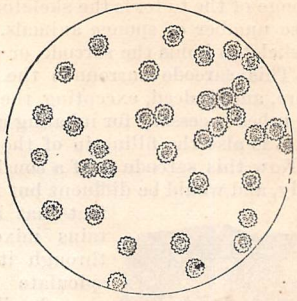
TRIPOSPORIUM ELEGANS.—AFTER CORDA.

most dire significance. The recital is too long, for even in Christian chronicles it covers a thousand years. In 1263, shocking to tell, while ministering at the altar of his church at Bolsena, a Bohemian priest was seized with the terrible temptation to doubt the transubstantiation of the wafer which he had just consecrated. Horrified at his own guilt, the celebrant of the mass beheld drops of blood oozing from the sanctified Host. All were awe-stricken at the miracle, and the Church instituted in commemoration the feast of Corpus Christi. Such was the pious legend.

In the fourteenth century, when Heinrich von Bulow had destroyed the village and church of Wilnach, as if to show that Heaven was pained at the sacrilege, eight days afterward the Host on the altar was observed to be stained with drops of blood!



HUMAN BLOOD CELLS (LIVE BLOOD).—MAGNIFIED FIVE HUNDRED DIAMETERS.



STELLATED BLOOD CELLS (DEAD BLOOD).—MAGNIFIED FIVE HUNDRED DIAMETERS.

Near the close of that fourteenth century appeared Raphael, a wonderful man, with a genius sublime, with passions groveling, and withal a religiousness that made him feel and pass for devout. In the now celebrated stanze of Raphael in the Vatican is that miracle of this painter's genius, "Miracolo di Bolsena." Its exhibition at each feast of Corpus Christi intensified the Church's conception of the so-called miracle which confirmed the faith of the Bohemian priest. Unhappily the bloody portent returned; the Host was again spotted with gore. The zeal of the ecclesiastics became insane, for, horrible to relate, thirty-eight innocent Jews were burned at the stake. For what? For crucifying the Lord afresh, for torturing the Host until it bled!

In 1824 the "blue Moselle" was horrified with a rain of supernatural blood; and again in 1848 this unnatural gore fell from heaven. And now Ehrenberg takes the matter in hand for sober investigation, and the microscope alone is to determine for the superstitions of men. This great man dissipated the miracle entirely by exciting wonder in another direction, for he announced that these bloody rain-drops were composed of real living organisms, but so minute was each individual that it would take over forty billions of them to make one cubic inch.

Thus the microscope has done away with these grim portents of a thousand years. This red snow and bloody slime have now their distinctive place and names among organic things. They are microscopic vegetables—unicellular plants. In the arctic regions Captain Ross found this encrimsoned snow extending in masses of miles. He brought some home, and the able botanist R. Brown pronounced it *Algarum genus*. It is curious to notice the controversy of so many able botanists, with their diverse judgments. But after a while all came back to the judgment of Brown; and Agardh, the able German algologist, gave this, the lowliest of the algæ, the name *Protococcus nivalis*.

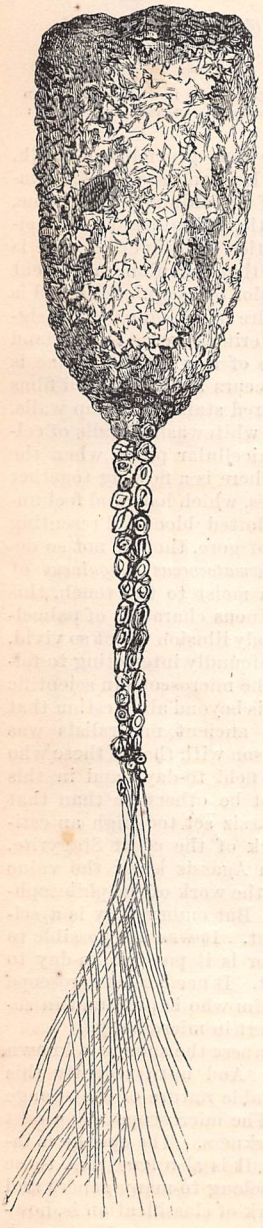
But about the drops of blood? This also the microscope has determined to be an alga, and bears the name given it by Agardh, *Palmella cruente*. Its structure is even simpler than that of an oidium. The name, though not romantic, is significant. Palmella means a vibration or quivering, and is here suggestive of that tremulous movement of which a great clot of coagulated blood is capable. The entire name indicates the significance of "quivering gore." In England the popular name of this fungous slime is "*gory dew*." It occurs as shining red films or thickish blood-red stains on damp walls, and chiefly on the whitewashed walls of cellars. Being a unicellular plant, when the cells are mature there is a flowing together into viscous masses, which look and feel unpleasantly like clotted blood. Presenting also this aspect of gore, though not so decidedly, is the *Hœmatococcus sanguineus* of Agardh. Though moist to the touch, this has not the gelatinous character of palmella; hence the bloody illusion is not so vivid.

It would be profoundly interesting to follow the work of the microscope in scientific classification. It is beyond all question that the work of the ancient naturalists was trivial in comparison with that of those who are working the field to-day; and in this respect it can not be otherwise than that the lamented Agassiz set too high an estimate on the work of the great Stagyrite. None better than Agassiz knew the value of embryology in the work of the philosophical systematist. But embryology is a science of the present. It was not possible to the ancients. Nor is it possible to-day to the mere zoologist. It needs the microscope in the hands of him who is profound in zoology and an expert in microscopy.

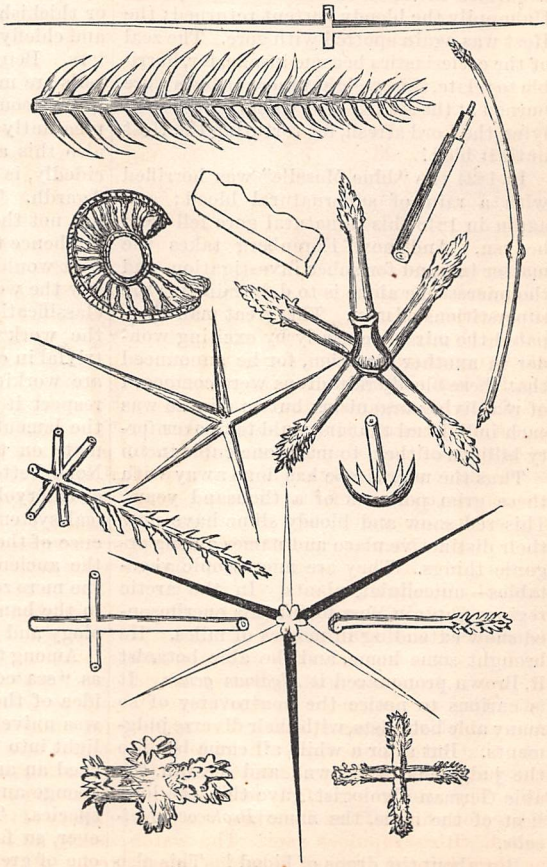
Among the Japanese the sponge is known as "sea cotton." And until recently this idea of the vegetable nature of the sponge was universal. The microscope alone cast light into this darkness. The sponge is indeed an animal. It is also true that these sponge animals belong to many genera and species. The work of classification is, however, so far as the sponges are concerned, one of great difficulty, and without the microscope it is impossible. In general terms,

the sponge of the toilet is the skeleton of an immense number of sponge animals. This horny skeleton holds the sarcode, or sponge flesh. This sarcode surrounds the entire structure, and, indeed, excepting the openings or tubes necessary for inhaling and exhaling, it is also the filling in of the structure. Now this sarcode is of a consistence like jelly, and would be diffluent but for the fact that it contains mixed all through it little spiculate particles of a siliceous or calcareous nature, that give to the sarcode a consistency or ability to hold together, much as the hair does to the plaster through which it is mixed. And as these minute spicules have very definite forms, and these forms vary with the species, they become of great help in their determination. It is noticeable, then, that a sponge skeleton, when alive, consists of two parts—the one with which we are familiar as the sponge of commerce, and which is of an animal nature, namely, keratose or horn, and the other the spicules, or filling in of the reticulated horny part; and these spicules are mineral, either silex or lime. Now the strange exception to all this is with the glass sponges: instance the familiar Japanese glass-rope sponge, the hyalonema. Its skeleton is all silex, the long fibres or threads which compose the rope or coil, also the finer structure called the head. The greater part of the head is made of very fine fibres or glass threads, and the filling in is with beautiful spicules of the same material. The whole skeleton, then, is composed of silex.

Now as showing the authority of the microscope in this connection, we must detail a bit of experience which occurred along with this writing. A scientific friend informed us that he had received direct from Japan a specimen of hyalonema which was

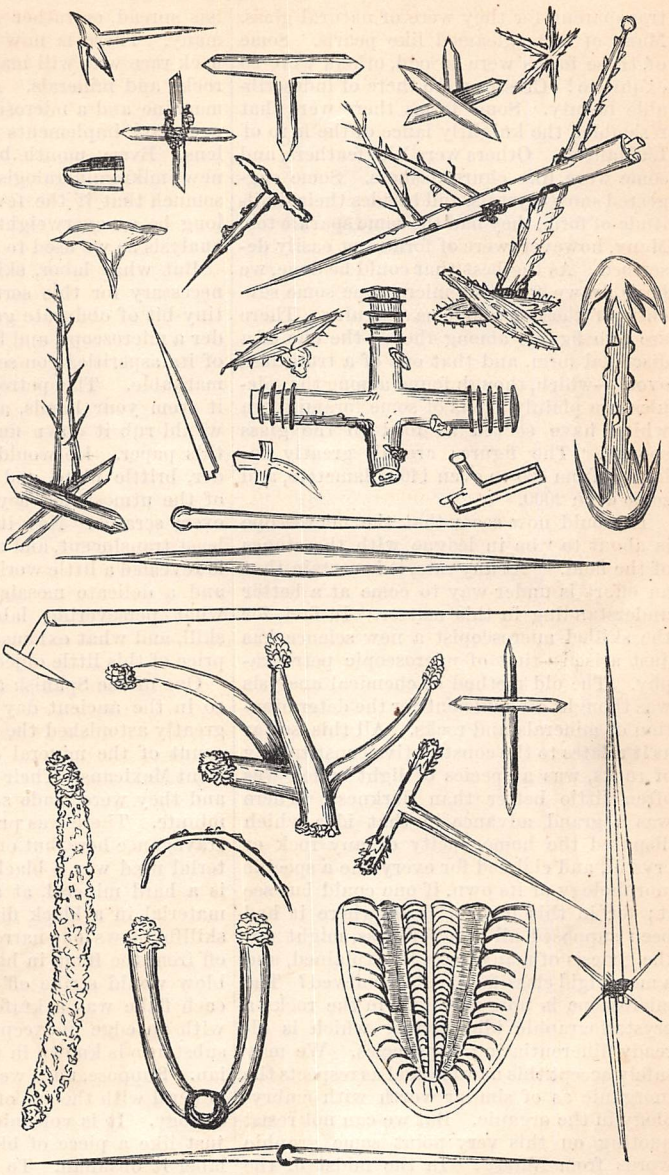


GLASS-ROPE SPONGE (HYALONEMA SIEBOLDI).—ONE-THIRD NATURAL SIZE.



SPICULES OF GLASS SPONGE.

a unique. We went to see it, and astonishment ensued. It was truly surprisingly fine, and as a specimen, certainly excelled any one that we had ever seen. The head was a deep thin cup, and quite symmetrical, and the whole specimen had a compactness which seemed to say that it had been selected from a thousand. Indeed, it was so fine that we became impressed with the suspicion that it was a fraud; that the head was not that of a hyalonema at all. A small portion of it was subjected to the microscope, which showed up the coarse irregular horny reticulation, such as is not to be found in the glass sponge. As to the spicules, none could be found. It was evident that a piece of the very thin yet large cup-like sponges so common in Japan had been cut out and folded just as the grocer makes a cornucopia. This was put at the top of a real glass rope of hyalonema, and by some cement the whole was so ingeniously secured as to escape observation. We then gave some attention to a true hyalonema.



SPICULES OF GLASS SPONGE.

Taking a sheet of clean white paper, a hyalonema head was shaken over it. A little dust fell. This was carefully collected and put into a test-tube and boiled in nitric acid. This was intended to destroy every thing except the glass spicules that might be in that intangible dust. A little sediment was observable at the bottom of the tube. The acid was carefully removed, and the precious film left on the glass was now washed with scrupulous care. The water was then filtered through bibulous paper. A little stain of dust remained on the paper. When dry, some glass slips or slides were prepared for the microscope. This was simply done by touching a slide against the paper, when the merest trace of dust would adhere to the glass. The slide was next put under the microscope. The scene presented was a vision of beauty. Forms innumerable appeared as the slide was moved slowly on the stage of the instrument. The variety of these forms was endless, although nearly all could be reduced to a few patterns, of which they were modifications. And every one of these pretty figures was

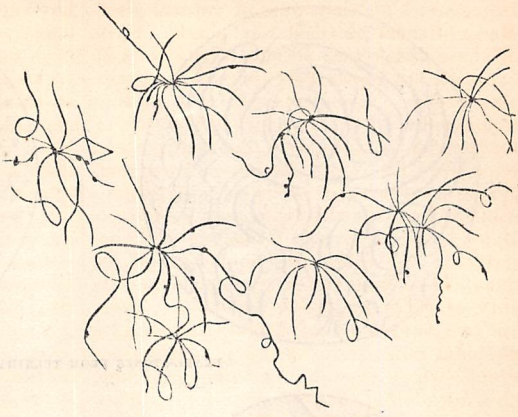
transparent, for they were of natural glass. Many of them gleamed like pearls. Some of these forms were so odd, others were so exquisite! Crosses were there of indescribable beauty. Some forms there were that resembled the knightly lance of the hero of La Mancha. Others were like feathers, and some were like churn-dashers. Some suggested snow crystals, and besides their similitude of form, they had the same sparkle too. Many, however, were of forms not easily described. As the best that could be done, we have drawn from the microscope some seventy of these hyalonema spicules. There are two figures among them—the one of a discoidal form, and that one of a truncated ovoid—which, though found among the spicules, are plainly shells of some foraminifera which have served as food to the glass sponge. The figures are all greatly enlarged, from 400 to even 1400 diameters, and some even 2000.

It would now seem that the microscope is about to "be in league with the stones of the field." At any rate, it is certain that an effort is under way to come at a better understanding in this matter. In fact, for the skilled microscopist a new science has just arisen—that of microscopic petrography. The old method of chemical analysis was thought all-sufficient for the determination of minerals and rocks. All this, so far as it relates to the constructive constituency of rocks, was a species of light which was often little better than darkness. There was a grand advance in that idea which disputed the homogeneity of any rock or crystal, and claimed for every one a specific morphology of its own, if one could but see it; for in this idea of form, where it had been supposed all was formless, might not the genesis of many rocks be explained, and a more rigid classification be achieved? The microscope is now revealing in the rocks a crystallographic idiosyncrasy which is already differentiating the species. We may safely accept this new method as respects the inorganic as of similar worth with embryology in the organic. But we can not resist quoting on this very point some graphic words from *Nature:* "In the midst of the darkness wherein the poor petrographers ticketed their specimens, carefully arranged their cabinets, and elaborated their dreary treatises, there fell among them (not from heaven, but from the hands of a worthy citizen of Sheffield) a microscope and a few glass slides, with a description of what could be done therewith. Eyes which had seen no light for so long could not at first make any thing of the apparition; but after a few years it began to take shape before them. And now the microscope promises to do as much in comparison for mineralogy and petrography as it has done for the biological sciences. From town to town this new light has spread, or rather rushed, all over Germany. There is now a sort of neck-and-neck race who will make the most slices of rocks and minerals. A cutting or rubbing machine and a microscope have become as necessary implements as a hammer and a lens. Every month brings to light some new 'mikromineralogische' contribution, insomuch that if the fever lasts we shall ere long be as overweighted with microscopic analysis as we used to be with chemical."

But what labor, skill, and patience are necessary for this sort of work! Take a tiny bit of obdurate granite and put it under a microscope, and beyond the enlarging of its asperities you see nothing that is remarkable. The petrographer would take it from your hands, and by tedious labor would rub it down until it was as thin as this paper. He would next take this tender, brittle plate, and with manipulations of the utmost delicacy, would polish away every scratch. Now it is transparent, or at least translucent, and under the microscope is revealed a little world of beautiful colors, and a delicate mosaic in structure. But what persevering labor, what matchless skill, and what exhaustive patience are the price of this little object!

One of the Spanish adventurers to Mexico in the ancient day on his return home greatly astonished the Castilians by his account of the mineral cutlery of those ancient Mexicans. Their knives were so keen, and they were made so fast—a hundred a minute. There was probably a dash of extravagance here, but only a dash. The material used was a black volcanic glass. It is a hard mineral, at sight much like the material in a black flint-glass bottle. By skillful blows long narrow flakes were struck off from the lump in hand. A single smart blow would strike off one long flake, and each flake was a knife ready for use, and with an edge unexceptionally keen. This substance is known in mineralogy as obsidian. Suppose, now, we look at a bit of this mineral with the eye of an amateur in mineralogy. It is volcanic glass, and it looks just like a piece of black flint-glass. We label it obsidian. To all appearance it is perfectly homogeneous. We put together a number of specimens from different countries, and with the exception of differences of color, we see nothing whatever to distinguish them. Well, is there really any difference worth talking about? We must put this question to some petrographist. Happily some exquisite engravings on this subject have been just given to the world by H. Rosenbusch, of Germany. Let us now follow him in his labors with his microscope. A bit of obsidian is the subject. At length it is prepared, a thin section or film. It turns out that the seemingly homogeneous mineral is full of queer objects, not unlike

spiders. They are groups or rather knots of sprawling lines. To the scientist they suggest the idea of hairs; and so, drawing upon the Greek for a word, Haar calls them *trichites*, which means hairs. A similar marking pervades the mineral zircon. Let the reader now pause and look at the figure of these trichites in a specimen of obsidian obtained from Tokay; and let it be remembered that no such structure could be suspected, much less known, but for the petrographist. The little balls on the hairs are unpleasantly suggestive of the cruel loading of cat-o'-nine-tails, while the queer marking at the bottom centre of the cut must be left to some stenographer to interpret.

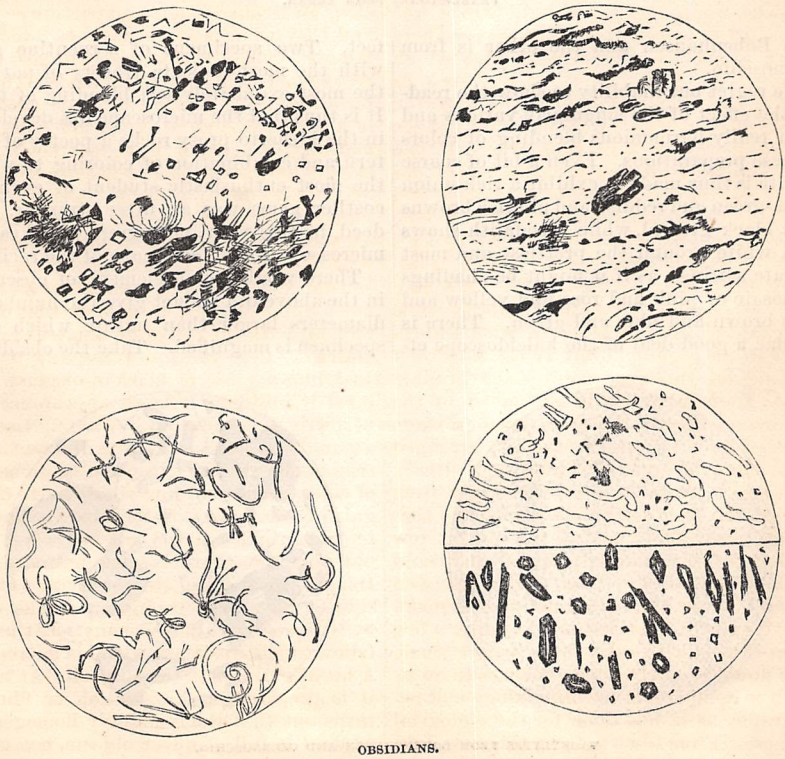


TRICHITES IN OBSIDIAN FROM TOKAY.

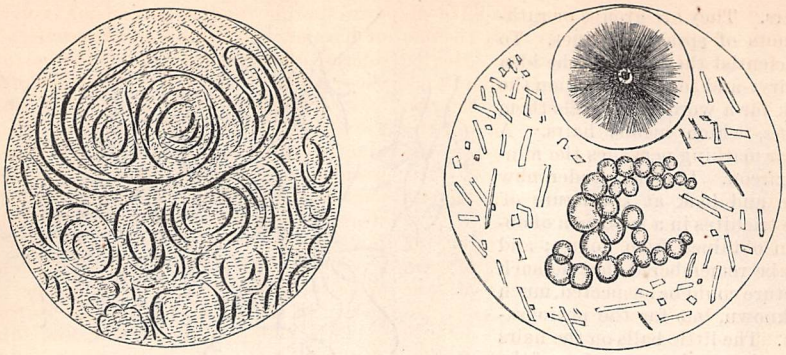
Constructively, then, a bit of obsidian differs immensely in itself. And it is even more remarkable how much a series of obsidians brought from different countries differ among themselves. The one just given, containing the trichites, was from Tokay. Here is a series of five more. The first is from Iceland. The second from the Lipari, a cluster of volcanic islands in the Mediterranean. The third is from Greenland. The fourth figure has a line through it; the upper half is a specimen of obsidian from Mexico, and the lower half one from Isle de la Réunion.

We give on the next page, from the same source, four figures illustrating specimens of perlite, or pearl-stone. Two are from Telkibanya, and two are from Arran. Their differences are astonishing, and each one has a beauty peculiarly its own.

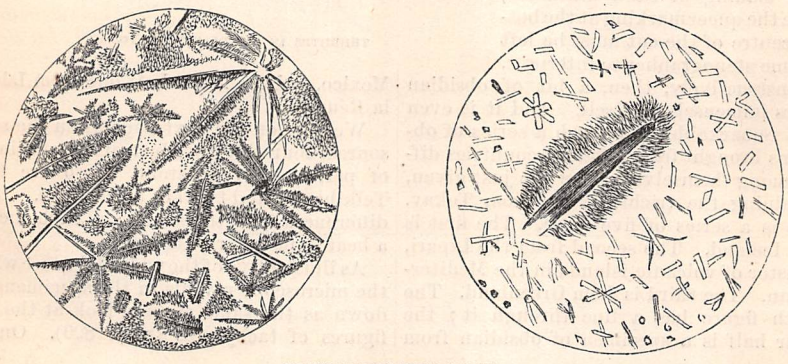
As illustrative of the wide difference which the microscope reveals in the specimens set down as the same species, look at the two figures of tachylytes (page 820). One is



OBSIDIANS.



PEARL-STONES FROM TELKIBANYA.

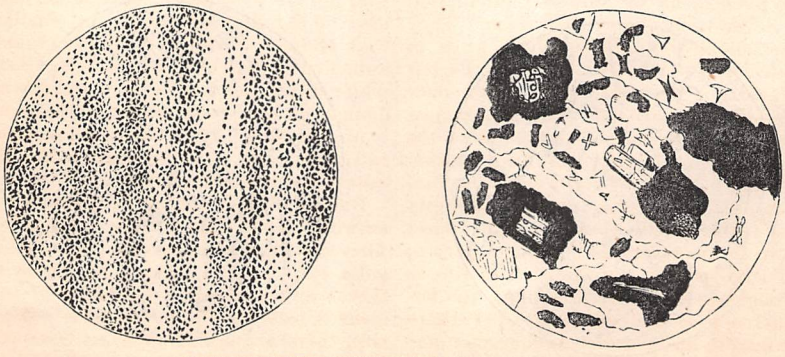


PEARL-STONES FROM ARRAN.

from Bobenhausen and the other is from Czernoschin.

We regret our inability to show the reader the effect of the singularly various and often really harmonious blending of colors in these preparations. Even a bit of coarse granite is thus made to exhibit a rich union of pea-green and reddish and pinkish browns on a black ground, while a sodalith shows on a white ground the prettiest and most delicate settings, as if it might be shadings in mosaic of pink and rose and yellow and light brown and blue and green. There is in some a good deal of the kaleidoscope effect. Two specimens of serpentine give, with the most delicate tracery of pattern, the most exquisitely soft blending of tints. It is thus that the microscope has developed in the hitherto prosy rocks a poetry of pattern and combination of coloring to which the most enthusiastic student of even the costlier gems was an utter stranger. Indeed, in this view, petrography makes the microscope the kaleidoscope of the rocks.

There would be an element of obscurity in the above did we not give the number of diameters larger than nature which each specimen is magnified. Take the obsidians.



TACHYLYTES FROM BOBENHAUSEN AND CZERNOSCHIN.

The one from Iceland is magnified 110 diameters; the one from Lipari, 150; the one from Greenland, 700; the one from Mexico and the one from Isle de la Réunion, each 150. The perlites or pearl-stones—the two from Telkibanya, the first one, 75, and the second one, 700; the two from Arran, the first one, 150, and the second one, 700. The tachylytes—the one from Bobenhausen, 700, and the one from Czernoschin, 150.

But we must bring this biography of the microscope to a close. There are broad fields of microscopic labor which we have not so much as mentioned. What a fascinating one is that of vegetable physiology! and how profound that one of animal physiology! and what a painfully interesting one that of pathology, which follows up the ravages of disease, and the many abstruse morbid phenomena of life and death! And there are those biological questions which at present are occupying the very ablest minds—the one question of spontaneous generation, and those allied ones, so profound, the beginnings of the functions of life. These and others show that the microscope is truly the one best eye of science.

To the student of the biological sciences the microscope, as the telescope to him who delves the depths of space, is absolutely indispensable. And from both realms what analogies or similitudes do these instruments find in matters material and things spiritual! The modern telescope, by resolution of the "star dust," has so multiplied these stellar bodies that we begin to forget their individual magnitude, and to regard them as spherules, or even as the organic cells of the universe, which last impresses us with the sense of infinity. And yet how very much remains unresolved! And so the microscope deals with the microcosm, man; it resolves him into cells, and it makes of these again habitable spheres. In this incomprehensibly diminutive cell dwell bacteria, vibriones, etc., to whom that cell is a universe. Organisms they are, and yet it would seem that organic species they are not. Says Professor Karsten, of Vienna: "The phenomena of animal reproduction have never been observed in them. They are pathological products, which grow in the interior of vegetable or animal cells, but which do not penetrate these when once developed as parasites." But this is just one of the profound sub-provinces of the microscope in pathology. Is it not another shadowing of infinity? for it finds the fungus, or unicellular plant, such a ubiquity in the realm of life that it would almost seem to be necessary as a fermentative or stimulative process or condition of life, as the fungi are assuredly present in the fermentative processes of disease. Perhaps every man in his microcosmic character may be to himself a faunal province, having his own specific fungi as a personal condition of harmonious vitality or otherwise. The microscope has not yet got at the bottom of these matters. In that stubborn membrane of diphtheria is there not a rank fungous growth, obtained probably from without, and lodged as in a rich soil or nidus in the purulent exudation? But like the dependence of the barberry blight and that of the wheat, may not these mycelia of diphtheria have a connection with morbid germs that have circulated in the lymph? Thus in respect to these ubiquitous little ones that swarm in the snow and the rain, in the air and the waters and the land, and inhabit the living things, both the plants and the animals of earth, that play their *rôle* in the sanative and in the morbid phenomena of things—of such is the kingdom of material life.

And in his character of a microcosm, as regards the mechanical movements of man, the microscope shows him as combining in himself representatively the movements of the very highest and the very lowest of all created forms and conditions of life. There is an animalcule known as the *amœba*. The word means "changing;" and this insignificant creature is rarely seen twice in the same form, for, like a tiny drop of viscid oil in clear water, it is always changing form. It is a little jelly globule many times smaller than the point of a pin. Though seemingly structureless, yet is it a living thing; and although one can not see any distinctive organs, yet it moves, entraps its prey, and feeds upon it. It certainly exhibits functional contractility. Its locomotion is a gliding movement, as if a tiny speck of liquid adipose a little flattened on its under side should glide almost imperceptibly along. If now an animalcule smaller than itself should happen in the way, it glides upon, envelops it, and, much as a sponge does water, absorbs its softer parts. Now in the blood of man are two kinds of cells, known respectively as the red and the white corpuscles of the blood. In the circulation of the blood the red cells flow like tiny coins through a convoluted glass tube, giving the idea of a rollicking movement, similar to that of some of the more highly organized animalcules under the microscope. But the white corpuscles move slowly and glidingly along. In fact, their movement is decidedly amœba-like. Thus the white blood cell, as Huxley says, "exhibits *contractility* in its lowest and most primitive form."

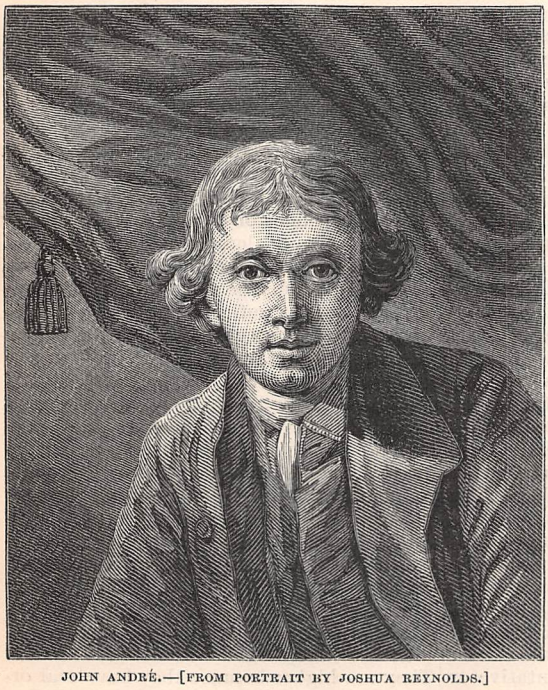
But, as already intimated, there are animalcules vastly higher in the scale of being. They are higher because they have real organs, cilia, by the lashing of which they travel in the water. This sort of movement is called "cilia locomotion." Now in man there are innumerable millions of microscopic objects known as epithelial cells.

They occupy the inner walls or lining of the mouth, the nose, and the breathing tubes, and elsewhere. Each epithelial cell has its cilia or lashes, some as many as thirty. In their several departments they are a busy crew, quite lowly, but decidedly useful, like those who clean the decks of the stately ship. Could we see them at their work in one's nose or any of the mucous passages, this is what would be seen: every one of these little things is immersed in the mucous lining; standing thus as if in the flow of a sewer, it draws its threads or lashes in a curve-like motion upward, that is, in a direction from the outlet of the nostril; then, with a more rapid movement, the lashes are brought downward in a curved position toward the outlet. As this singular activity is carried on by many millions of these epithelia, the effete mucus is driven toward and expelled at the natural outlet.

It would seem, then, from this analysis of the microscope, man is the paragon of animals in a sublimer sense than even the great poet dreamed. Indeed, the devout scientist when peering into these matters often beholds things which seem to him as visions almost unlawful to be seen or uttered. While a vulgar conception may entertain the notion of great or small in the creative works, the microscope dispels the illusion by showing the marvelous nature of the so-called small things, and the amazing fact that the one entity, whatever it may be, among material things, is itself an infinity of microscopic wonders. So that Saint Augustine, in an unscientific age, must have been moved by a scientific instinct when he wrote, "Deus est magnus in magnis, maximus autem in minimis" (God is great in great things, but He is especially great in the smallest things). In the old economy stood the Urim and Thummim. It is not clear what their precise functions were. It is plain that they were consulted in dark matters, and that the literal meaning of these stones is "light" and "perfection." So in modern science stands the microscope. Its little lenses, the ocular and the objective, are the Urim and Thummim, and for clear judgment, only the true priest of science can seek counsel thereof.

THE ROMANCE OF THE HUDSON.

[Second Paper.]



JOHN ANDRÉ.—[FROM PORTRAIT BY JOSHUA REYNOLDS.]

THE career of Major André on the borders of the Hudson River during a few weeks in the fall of 1780 has formed an attractive theme for the historian, the poet, the painter, and the sculptor. His youth and personal beauty, his mental culture and rare endowments, his social and official position, the magnitude and importance of the undertaking in which he perished ignominiously, and the tragic ending of his life have cast a glamour of romance around the deeds of one who was acting simply as a go-between in the service of two unscrupulous conspirators of high rank in the belligerent armies, plotting against the liberties of American patriots. He was sacrificed to the ambition and avarice of these two men.

John André, a captain in the British service, first appears in our history as a prisoner of war taken by General Montgomery at St. Johns, on the Sorel, in Canada, late in 1775, whence he was sent to Pennsylvania with several other captive officers, and paroled at Carlisle. The autograph order by John Hancock, then President of the Continental Congress, for taking that parole, and the parole itself, in Captain André's handwriting, and signed by him and nine fellow-officers, are in the possession of Dr. Thomas Addis Emmet, of New York, to whose kind courtesy we are indebt-

ed for several of the illustrations which accompany this brief sketch of that unfortunate officer's career.*

Captain André was the son of a Swiss merchant in London, where he was probably born, and was about twenty-four years old when he was made a prisoner. At an early age he had mastered several of the modern languages of Europe, and had become an expert musician, a promising painter and draughtsman, and a graceful dancer. His reading was extensive, and his general knowledge of *belles-lettres* literature was remarkable for one so young. From his pen flowed graceful rhymes, and from his lips a sweet voice, affluent of words that bewitched all who came in contact with his handsome face, as delicate and tender in expression as that of a woman.

ANNA SEWARD.

Young André entered his father's counting-room as a clerk when he was nearly seventeen years old, but the death of that parent soon changed the current of the young man's life. With his mother, a younger brother, and three sisters he spent the ensuing summer in the interior of England, and at Lichfield he made or renewed an acquaintance with the family of Thomas Seward, canon of the cathedral there, and living in the bishop's palace. His house was the centre of a literary circle in that neighborhood, composed of such young men as Thomas Darwin, author of *The Botanic Garden;* William Hayley, who wrote about *The Tears of Penelope;* Sir Brooke Boothby, author of *Triumphs of Temper;* Richard Lovell Edgeworth, father of Maria Edgeworth, the novelist; and Thomas Day, whose delightful story of *Sandford and Merton* charmed young England almost a hundred years ago as much as did *Robinson Crusoe*—"a book," wrote Leigh Hunt, "which I shall always remember and always be grateful for." These were then only young aspirants for literary fame, an almost nebulous galaxy, of which Anna, a daughter of Canon Seward, was the "bright particular star." She was the planet around which the others revolved as satellites, paying homage to her genius and praising her poetry, "most of which," Walter Scott, her biographer, said, "is absolutely execrable." The grace and beauty of her person and her rare conversational powers made her very attractive.

It was in this circle, and especially in the company of Anna Seward, that young André spent a delightful summer. Canon Seward had in his family, as his ward, a young lady named Honora Sneyd, a daughter of a dear departed friend. Her blue eyes, golden hair, graceful person, a slight hectic flush on her cheek that heightened the brilliancy of her charming features, her sweetness of temper and her vivacity of manner, won the heart of young André. The maiden was equally

* Dr. Emmet possesses a very rare collection of portraits, autograph letters and other writings, maps, broadsides, etc., which illustrate the career of André. With these he has illustrated Sargent's *Life and Career of Major André*, and a smaller volume entitled *André-ana*. The pictures are neatly inlaid by an expert with great skill. Sargent's 12mo volume, so illustrated, makes five thick octavo volumes, and *Andréana* makes two volumes the same size. These seven volumes contain between forty and fifty rare autograph letters and other writings, including those of André and Anna Seward, and almost three hundred portraits, views of places and things, maps, vignette head and tail pieces, etc., some of them painted in water-colors. Among the portraits is a miniature likeness of André drawn in India ink by Sir Joshua Reynolds. From this valuable picture Dr. Emmet has generously allowed us to make the engraving that accompanies this paper. Sir Joshua also painted a portrait of André the natural size.

impressed by André's mind and person. It was a clear case of "love at first sight," and not many days had passed by when they were solemnly affianced. André's love for Honora inspired his first effort to delineate the human face. He painted two miniature likenesses of her, one of which he gave to Miss Seward, and the other he kept for his own consolation during absence from her. This he carried in his bosom until the latest hour of his life.

Miss Seward was delighted, and tried to speedily light the torch of Hymen, but wiser counselors interposed. The extreme youth of the lovers made their nuptials then undesirable. They might "marry in haste and repent at leisure," and so time was given them by the parent and guardian for repentance before marriage by a long separation.

It has been observed that in all love affairs there are two parties, the one that loves and the one that is loved. Miss Sneyd seems to have been in the latter category. She soon repented, and in 1773, four years after her engagement to André, she became the second wife of young Richard Lovell Edgeworth, but not the mother of Maria. André's love remained unquenched. His letters to Anna Seward were filled with affectionate sentiments toward the object of his love. He disliked the business of a merchant, but for her sake he resolved to pursue it. "All my mercantile calculations," he wrote, "go to the tune of *dear Honora*. When an impertinent consciousness whispers in my ear that I am not of the right stuff for a merchant, I draw my Honora's picture from my bosom, and the sight of that dear talisman so inspirits my industry that no toil appears oppressive." Anna Seward summed up the matter in rhyme, saying:

HONORA SNEYD.

"Now Prudence, in her cold and thrifty care,
Frowned on the maid and bade the youth despair;
For power parental sternly saw, and strove
To tear the lily bands of plighted love;
Nor strove in vain; but while the fair one's sighs
Disperse like April storms in sunny skies,
The firmer lover, with unswerving truth,
To his first passion consecrates his youth."

André had always expressed a preference for the life of a soldier to that of a merchant, and failing to re-awaken the tender passion for him in the bosom of Honora Sneyd, he obtained the commission of a lieutenant in the most ancient regiment in the British service, the Seventh Foot, or Royal Fusileers, organized in 1685. That was in the spring of 1771. He afterward spent a considerable time in Germany. Just before he sailed for Philadelphia in 1774 (to observe the movements of the Continental Congress?), to join his regiment in Canada, he made a farewell visit to Miss Seward, who proposed to introduce him to two of her literary friends, Cunningham, the curate, and Newton, her "minstrel," as she called him. On the night before the introduction Cunningham had an extraordinary dream in two acts. He saw in his vision a great forest, in which he was alone. Presently a horseman approached at great speed. As he drew near the dreamer, three men suddenly sprang from some bushes, seized the rider, and bore him away. Mr. Cunningham awoke, and falling asleep again, he saw in a vision a great multitude of people near a large city, and while he was looking at them, a young man, whom he recognized as the horseman who had been seized, was brought out and hanged upon a gibbet. Mr. Cunningham repeated these dreams to his friend Newton the next morning, and when, the same day, Miss Seward introduced André, who was then a captain, he recognized in his face that of the unfortunate rider of his dream.

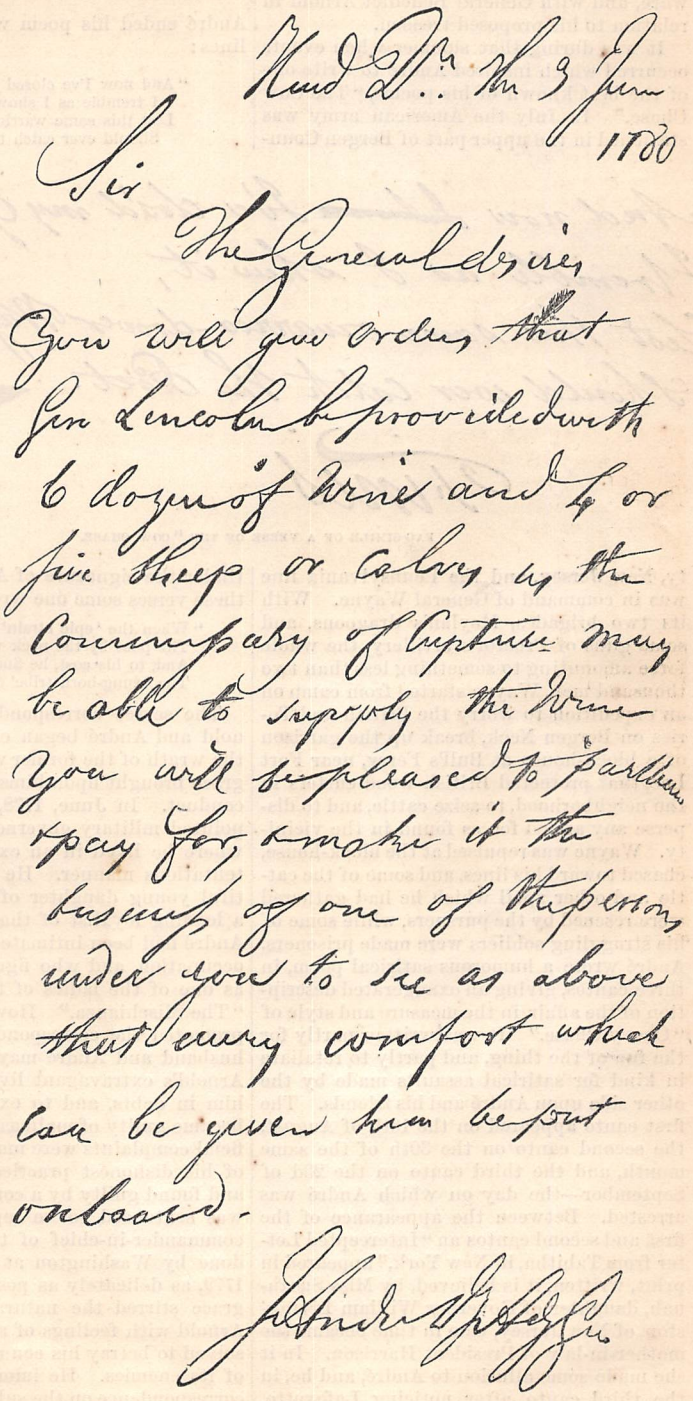
Captain André, as we have observed, was made a prisoner by the Americans at St. Johns, and sent to Pennsylvania. Concerning his capture, he wrote to a friend: "I have been taken prisoner by the Americans, and stripped of every thing except the picture of Honora, which I concealed in my mouth. Preserving that, I yet think myself fortunate." That was written more than two years after Honora's marriage to Mr. Edgeworth. On his way down the Hudson Valley, André met Colonel Henry Knox, then on his way to select cannon at Ticonderoga for the siege of Boston. They were young men of about the same age. In a cottage they spent a night together in the same bed, and were charmed nearly all night with each other's conversation, for Knox, as a bookseller, was well acquainted with English literature. As a member of the board

of officers that tried André at Tappan about five years afterward, Knox had to perform the painful duty of pronouncing his doom.

Captain André was exchanged, and next appears conspicuous at Philadelphia as a chief actor in planning and carrying out the imposing entertainment given in honor of Sir William Howe, called "The Mischianza." There he became an aid-de-camp to Sir Henry Clinton, Howe's successor, and was such an active and useful officer that he was soon made assistant adjutant-general of the army, with the rank of major. He was serving in that capacity when Clinton captured Charleston, in May, 1780, and made General Lincoln and his little army prisoners of war. Dr. Emmet possesses an autograph letter of André written at that time to Assistant Commissary-General George Townsend, of which a *fac-simile* is here given to show André's handwriting.

There seems to be good authority for believing that André was in Charleston during the siege, acting as a spy, in the disguise of a backwoods Virginian who came to Lincoln's camp as a driver of cattle. Colonel Hamilton Ballendine was another, but who, less fortunate than André, was arrested and hanged.

The scene of the major's career was now shifted to the Hudson River. He accompanied Clinton to New York in the summer



FAC-SIMILE OF A LETTER BY MAJOR ANDRÉ.

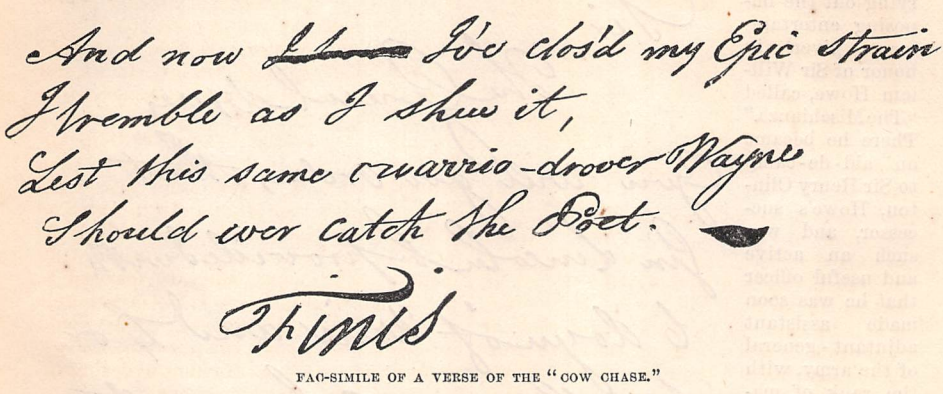
after the capture of Charleston. There he was active in correspondence with the leading Tories in Lower Pennsylvania and Delaware, and with General Benedict Arnold in relation to his proposed treason.

It was during that summer when events occurred which inspired André to write one of the best known of his poems, "The Cow Chase." In July the American army was stationed in the upper part of Bergen County, New Jersey, and the Pennsylvania line was in command of General Wayne. With its two brigades, Moylan's dragoons, and some guns of Proctor's artillery, the whole force amounting to something less than two thousand men, Wayne started from camp on an expedition to worry the British and Tories on Bergen Neck, break up the garrison of a block-house at Bull's Ferry, near Fort Lee, that protected British wood-cutters in the neighborhood, to seize cattle, and to disperse any armed forces found in the vicinity. Wayne was repulsed at the block-house, chased toward his lines, and some of the cattle and other spoil which he had gathered were rescued by the pursuers, while some of his straggling soldiers were made prisoners. André wrote a humorous satirical poem, in three cantos, giving an exaggerated description of the affair, in the measure and style of "Chevy Chase." It was written partly for the fun of the thing, and partly to retaliate in kind for satirical assaults made by the other side upon André and his friends. The first canto appeared on the 16th of August, the second canto on the 30th of the same month, and the third canto on the 23d of September—the day on which André was arrested. Between the appearance of the first and second cantos an "Intercepted Letter from Tabitha, in New York," appeared in print, written, it is believed, by Miss Susannah, daughter of Governor William Livingston, of New Jersey, who in time became the mother-in-law of President Harrison. In it she made some allusion to André, and he, in the third canto, after noticing Lafayette, touched Miss Livingston gently, in this wise:

"And all the land around shall glory
To see the Frenchmen caper,
And pretty Susan tell the story
In the next Chatham paper."

André ended his poem with the following lines:

"And now I've closed my epic strain,
I tremble as I show it,
Lest this same warrio-drover Wayne
Should ever catch the poet."



FAC-SIMILE OF A VERSE OF THE "COW CHASE."

Under the signature of André to a copy of these verses some one wrote these lines:

"When the 'epic strain' was sung,
The poet by the neck was hung,
And, to his cost, he finds too late
The 'dung-born tribe' decides his fate."

The secret correspondence between Arnold and André began early in 1779, when the wrath of the former was kindled by disgrace brought upon himself by his own bad conduct. In June, 1778, he had been appointed military governor of Philadelphia, where he lived in an extravagant and ostentatious manner. He married the beautiful young daughter of Edward Shippen, a leading loyalist of that city, with whom André had been intimate during the British occupation, and who figured conspicuously as one of the ladies of the tournament of "The Mischianza." How far (if at all) she promoted the correspondence between her husband and André may never be known. Arnold's extravagant living soon involved him in debts, and to extricate himself he became guilty of malfeasance in office. Official complaints were made to the Congress of his dishonest practices. He was tried and found guilty by a competent court, and was sentenced to be reprimanded by the commander-in-chief of the army. It was done by Washington at the beginning of 1779, as delicately as possible, but the disgrace stirred the naturally bad heart of Arnold with feelings of revenge, and he resolved to betray his country into the hands of its enemies. He immediately opened a correspondence on the subject with Sir Henry Clinton, through Major André, in an elab-

THE BEVERLY ROBINSON HOUSE.

orately disguised hand, over the signature of "Gustavus," while the latter signed his letters "John Anderson." For a year and a half he kept the enemy well informed of important secrets concerning the movements of the patriots and their friends, and it was finally agreed that he should endeavor to obtain the command of the important post of West Point, in the Hudson Highlands, with its dependencies, and then to betray the whole into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton. Arnold succeeded in procuring the appointment on the 3d of August, 1780, and very soon afterward he made his head-quarters at the country-seat of Beverly Robinson, on the rich plateau of land opposite West Point. That house is yet standing, and the style of its interior then has been preserved to this day.

The holding of the post at West Point was of the first importance to the Americans. From the beginning of the war a capital plan of the British government had been to acquire military possession of the Hudson River region between Lake Champlain and the sea, hold it by a line of military posts, and so separate New England, the accorded head of the rebellion, from the rest of the provinces. To prevent this, strong military works had been erected in the Highlands, through which the river flows in a narrow and sinuous course. Immense supplies had been gathered there, and the works were regarded as impregnable to an army of twenty thousand men. Sir Henry Clinton knew that he could not conquer the post with any force at his command, so he bargained to have it delivered into his hands for the consideration of a brigadier-general's commission in the British army and fifty thousand dollars in gold. The king and the ministry approved the conspiracy, and refugee loyalists in England promoted it.

It became necessary for the contracting parties to have a personal interview to settle definitely the terms of the bargain and the details of the proposed military operations for achieving the grand object. The correspondence had been carried on in well-understood commercial phrases. In a letter to Sir Henry Clinton, so disguised, written on the 30th of August, Arnold demanded a personal interview with André ("John Anderson"), to which the baronet agreed. Then Arnold tried to have that interview at his own quarters in the Highlands, to which he invited André to come in disguise, and directed Colonel Sheldon, in command of an outpost on the lower lines, to forward to him a person from New York—a valuable emissary—who might appear. André would not consent to assume the position of a spy, so he wrote to Colonel Sheldon, over the signature of John Anderson, saying:

"I am told that my name is made known to you, and that I may hope your indulgence in permitting me to

HALL IN THE BEVERLY ROBINSON HOUSE—HEAD-QUARTERS OF ARNOLD.

meet a friend near your outposts. I will endeavor to obtain permission to go out with a flag which will be sent to Dobbs's Ferry on Monday next, the 11th instant [September, 1780], at 12 o'clock, when I shall be happy to meet Mr. G——. Should I not be allowed to go, the officer who is to command the escort—between whom and myself no distinction need be made—can speak in the affair. Let me entreat you, Sir, to favor a matter so interesting to the parties concerned, and which is of so private a nature that the public on neither side can be injured by it."

Sheldon was puzzled. He had not heard of the name of "John Anderson." Supposing him to be Arnold's "emissary," he sent the letter to the general. It puzzled the traitor too, for he found it difficult so to explain it as to satisfy Sheldon that the affair was an entirely innocent one. Arnold prepared to meet André at Dobbs's Ferry. On the 10th he went down to the King's Ferry in his barge, and passed the night with Joshua Hett Smith, a prominent citizen living near Haverstraw, and the next morning he proceeded toward Dobbs's Ferry, where André and Colonel Beverly Robinson (in whose house Arnold had his head-quarters) were waiting for him. He bore no flag, and guard-boats on the river at Dobbs's Ferry fired on him, and pursued him closely as he fled across the river to a place of concealment. He returned to his head-quarters the same night. Having gone down the river toward the enemy's post, he felt it necessary to write an explanatory letter to Washington, in which he falsely stated that his object was to establish signals as near the enemy's lines as possible.

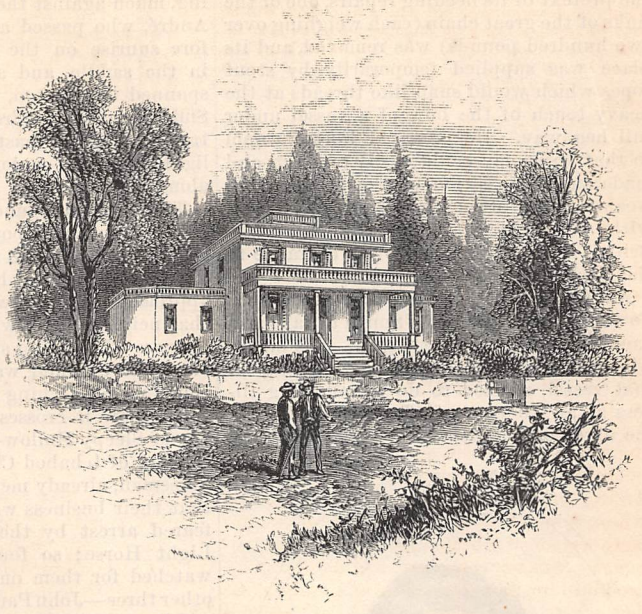
Washington was now about to make a journey to Hartford, in Connecticut, with Lafayette and Colonel Hamilton and other aids, to hold a personal conference with Rochambeau there. When he arrived at the King's Ferry, Arnold was there with his barge to convey the party across the Hudson to Peekskill. The British sloop-of-war *Vulture* lay in full sight below. While viewing her with his glass, Washington spoke to his officers in a low tone, which made Arnold uneasy. At that time the Count De Guichen was expected on our coast with a French squadron, and the conversation dwelt upon that topic, when Lafayette, turning to Arnold, said, "General, since you have a correspondence with the enemy, you must ascertain as soon as possible what has become of Guichen." Arnold was disconcerted for a moment, and demanded what he meant; but he soon recovered his composure, and no more was said on that point. Arnold believed that his plot was discovered or suspected, and he resolved to bring matters to a head while Washington was in Connecticut.

Arnold had received an open letter, written to General Putnam by Colonel Robinson, asking a personal interview concerning the land of the latter in the Highlands. It was covered by one to Arnold, asking him to hand it to Putnam. Arnold understood its covered meaning, and showed it to Colonel Lamb and others at West Point. He frankly laid it before Washington, who, after reading it, said only the civil authorities could act in the matter, and that he did not approve of personal interviews with the enemy. After this expression of opinion, Arnold dared not so far disregard it as to meet Robinson, so he informed him that on the night of the 20th he should send a person on board the *Vulture* who would be furnished with a boat and flag of truce. To disarm suspicion, and to let the enemy know at what time the commander-in-chief would return from Hartford, he added, in a postscript, "I expect General Washington to lodge here on Saturday next, and I will lay before him any matter you may wish to communicate."

Robinson sent this letter to Clinton, with the assurance that he would remain on board the *Vulture*, not doubting that Arnold himself was the "person" who would come to the vessel. Clinton dispatched André in a flag-boat to the *Vulture*, instructed not to change his clothes, receive papers, go within the American lines, or in any way assume the character of a spy. He too expected Arnold on board the *Vulture;* but the traitor took a course less dangerous to his own person. He had again passed a night at the house of Joshua Hett Smith, near Haverstraw, where he was joined by his wife and child, who were on their way from Philadelphia to head-quarters. There he made arrangements with Smith to go to the *Vulture* in a small boat on the night of the 20th, and bring ashore a British officer for consultation on an important subject, and in the event of the conference being protracted, to furnish a room at his house wherein it might be completed. Smith took his family on a visit to Fishkill, and so secured an empty house for the use of the conspirators. How far Smith was intrusted with a knowledge of the conspiracy will never be known. He was tried for complicity in the treason, but declared his ignorance of the plot, and was acquitted for want of evidence. The Scotch verdict "not proven" is the verdict of history, for the circumstantial evidence is all against him.

Smith did not accomplish his errand at the time appointed; but on the night of the 21st he went in a boat with muffled rowlocks and two good oarsmen from Stony Point to the *Vulture* off Croton (then Teller's) Point, and conveyed a letter to Colonel Robinson, whom the bearer personally knew. That letter gave Robinson information concerning the strength of the garrison at West Point and the writer's readiness to conclude the matter, couched in commercial phrases. Arnold expected Robinson would meet him, but the colonel declined to go ashore, and

advised André not to do so; but the major, eager to carry out a plot that seemed so ripe for execution, entered the boat with Smith, his scarlet uniform concealed by a long surtout. The latter bore two passes signed by Arnold, one for André and one for himself and his oarsmen, to be used in case they were interrupted by any of the American water patrols. They were landed near the mouth of a small creek on the western shore of Haverstraw Bay, near the foot of Long Clove Mountain, almost five miles from Smith's house, where Arnold was waiting for them in a thicket of fir-trees. He had ridden a horse from Smith's house, accompanied by a colored servant with another. To this retreat Smith led André, when Arnold requested his accomplice to return to the boat and leave the two conspirators alone.



SMITH'S HOUSE.

It was a serene, star-lit night, and a little frostiness was in the air. The conference lasted long, and was not ended when Smith came and warned them that the day was about to dawn. André reluctantly consented to go to Smith's house to complete the arrangements. They mounted the horses brought for the purpose by Arnold, and in the gloom they rode through the hamlet of Haverstraw to the house of Arnold's half-trusted assistant, yet standing on an eminence known as Treason Hill. At Haverstraw the voice of a sentinel startled André, for it was the first intimation he had received that he was within the American lines. He comprehended his perilous position, for he was without a pass or a flag; but it was too late to recede. They reached the mansion just as daylight appeared breaking over the Van Cortlandt manor. At that moment the booming of a cannon down the river was heard, and in the gray morning twilight they saw the *Vulture* weigh anchor and drop down the stream. Colonel Livingston, stationed at Verplanck's Point, had been told that this vessel lay in such shallow water, within cannon-shot of the shore, that her bottom rested on the mud at low tide. He sent some men to Teller's Point, who cannonaded her so severely that she was compelled to weigh anchor to escape destruction or capture.

During that morning the whole plot was arranged in an upper room of Smith's house. André was to return to New York with information, and on a certain day that was fixed the British troops, which were already embarked in the fleet of Admiral Rodney for a pretended expedition to the Chesapeake, were to be ready at a moment's warning to ascend the Hudson. Arnold was to weaken the posts at West Point by dispersing the garrison. When the British should appear, he was to send out detachments among the mountain gorges at a distance from the works, under the pretense of meeting the enemy on their approach, and so allow his troops to be slaughtered or captured in detail. Fort Putnam, that commanded all the works, was to be weakened. The boom and chain that were stretched across the river from West Point to Constitution Island were to be so weakened also that a slight concussion from a vessel in motion would break them and make a free passage for the British fleet up the Hudson. When all was arranged, Arnold handed to André reports which explained the military condition of West Point and its dependencies, and requested the major to place them in his stockings under his feet. Fatal mistake! Clinton had instructed André not to go within the American lines nor receive any papers. He had done both, and so had woven a web of difficulty out of which he could not escape.

Arnold left André toward noon and returned to West Point, where he prepared to finish the wicked work of treason. Under

the pretext of its needing repairs, one of the links of the great chain (each weighing over two hundred pounds) was removed, and its place was supplied temporarily by stout ropes which would snap like threads at the heavy touch of the bow of a vessel under full headway. He prepared Fort Putnam so that an enemy could easily enter it, and made such disposition of the troops as to weaken their strength. Then he waited with anxiety for the appearance of the British armament at the lower entrance to the Highlands.

André spent the day uneasily at Smith's. Toward evening he asked Smith to take him back to the *Vulture* that night. The latter, who was greatly alarmed by the firing on that vessel, refused to do so, pleading illness as an excuse, but offering to ride half the night on horseback with his guest if he

JOHN PAULDING IN MIDDLE LIFE.

would take a land route. This alternative had been talked of in the morning, and Arnold had left an order for "John Anderson to pass the guards to the White Plains or below."

André was compelled to yield to circumstances, and at dusk that evening he and Smith, accompanied by a negro servant, had crossed the King's Ferry and were passing through the works at Verplanck's Point. The major had been persuaded to exchange his uniform for a citizen's dress—another fatal violation of Clinton's instructions. They pressed forward on the road toward White Plains without interruption until they were stopped by a sentinel near Crompond, about eight miles from the ferry. Captain Boyd, in command there, was satisfied by Arnold's pass that all was right, and persuaded them to remain in that neighborhood until morning, much against the judgment and will of André, who passed a sleepless night. Before sunrise on the 23d they were again in the saddle, and at Pine's Bridge, that spanned the Croton, they parted company, Smith assuring André that he was on neutral ground and past all danger. With a light heart the major pursued his journey alone.

That neutral ground was infested by plunderers, who had impoverished the whole region from the Croton to the Spuyt den Duyvel Creek. At the hour when André was approaching Tarrytown, seven young men of that neighborhood, who had banded for the purpose of wresting spoil from the plunderers while on their way toward the British camp, were watching for that game near the road where it crosses the creek that flows out of Sleepy Hollow—the scene of the encounter of Ichabod Crane and the headless horseman, already mentioned. They knew that their business was unlawful, and they feared arrest by the patrols of Sheldon's Light Horse; so four of the young men watched for them on a hill-top, while the other three—John Paulding, Isaac Van Wart, and David Williams—lay concealed in bushes near the road watching for the plunderers. At about nine o'clock in the morning, while they were playing at cards, they observed a horseman approaching the little bridge near the ancient Sleepy Hollow church. "He looks like a trader from New York," said one of the young men to Paulding, who seems to have been the leader of his party. Another said, "He appears like a gentleman, well dressed, and with boots on; you had better step out and stop him if you don't know him." As André ascended the gentle slope on the south side of the bridge, the three young men stepped from the thicket into the road, and Paulding, presenting his musket, ordered him to halt. "Gentlemen," he said, "I hope you belong to our party," seeing a jacket of the royal uniform on Paulding's back. Paulding asked, "What party?" He said, "The Lower Party," meaning the British. They told him they did, when he said, "I am a British officer, out in the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute;" and to show that he was such, he pulled out his gold watch. Paulding told him to dismount, when the full peril of his mistake flashed upon [illegible]'s mind. "My God!" he said, "I mu[illegible] any thing to get along," and pulled out [illegible]nold's pass. He dismounted, told them he was going to Dobbs's Ferry on business for the general, and warned them not to get themselves into trouble by detaining him. Paulding assured him that they did not intend to rob him, but insisted that he must be searched. They took him into the bushes under a great tulip-tree for the purpose, but could

CAPTURE OF ANDRÉ.

find nothing that would justify them in detaining him. They were about to let him go, when it was suggested that something might be in his boots. He was ordered to take them off, when they found the papers which he had placed between his feet and his stockings. Paulding, with an oath, exclaimed, "He is a spy!"

André's captors asked him how much he would give them if they would let him go. He offered large sums in money and goods, but Paulding declared that not ten thousand guineas would induce him to release his prisoner. They conducted him to the head-quarters of Lieutenant-Colonel Jameson, of Sheldon's Light Horse, at North Castle, the nearest military post, and delivered him and the papers into the custody of that officer. With stupidity unparalleled, and with the evidence of Arnold's treason before him, Jameson determined to send the prisoner to that general and the papers to Washington. When Major Tallmadge, of the same corps, returned from duty that evening and heard of the affair, he was astonished, and boldly expressed his suspicions of Arnold's fidelity. But Jameson would not listen to such suspicions. He had sent André under an escort, and with him a letter to Arnold, in which he stated that the prisoner, "John Anderson," had been taken while on his way to New York with a "parcel of papers," which, he thought, were "of a dangerous tendency." Tallmadge remonstrated so warmly that Jameson was induced to recall the escort with the prisoner, but insisted upon sending the letter to Arnold. As soon as he saw André, Tallmadge perceived by his manner and gait that he was a military man, and his suspicions of Arnold's fidelity were confirmed. He conducted the prisoner to Colonel Sheldon, at Salem, where André, when he learned that the papers taken from his boot had been sent to Washington, immediately wrote a letter to the chief frankly avowing his name and rank, and giving a brief account of the events which had brought him into his perilous situation. The letter was read to Major Tallmadge, sealed, and forwarded, and from that hour the prisoner's mind seemed relieved of a great burden. By Washington's orders André was

BENEDICT ARNOLD.

taken by Major Tallmadge first to West Point and then to Tappan, on the west side of the Hudson, then the head-quarters of the American army.

Meanwhile stirring events had taken place at Arnold's head-quarters. Washington and his companions had taken a more northerly road from Hartford than the one they had traveled when going into Connecticut, and so they missed the messenger who bore the papers found in André's boot, and the major's frank letter to the chief. They reached Fishkill on the 25th, where they were detained; and at an entertainment given them, they sat at table with Arnold's go-between, Smith, neither party having any suspicion of what was going on below. Washington sent his baggage to Arnold's quarters, with an intimation that he and Lafayette and Hamilton and other aids would be there to breakfast the next morning. They were in the saddle before daybreak, and were traversing the mountain roads before sunrise. When near the Robinson house, Washington turned down a lane to examine a redoubt near the river-side, when Lafayette reminded him that by delay they might keep Mrs. Arnold's breakfast waiting for them. "Ah," said Washington, "I know you young men are all in love with Mrs. Arnold, and wish to get where she is as soon as possible. You may go and take your breakfast with her, and tell her not to wait for me. I will be there in a short time."

Hamilton and another aid rode on, and were cordially received by Arnold and his wife. They were soon seated at breakfast in the low-ceiled room, yet preserved as it was then. While they were at table a letter was handed to the general. He supposed it would announce the appearance of the British armament below. Instead, it was the appalling letter of Jameson, written on the evening of André's capture. With almost perfect composure, he sat a moment engaged in conversation, when he begged his guests to excuse him, as business of importance demanded his immediate presence at West Point; and rising from the table, he left the room. His wife's experienced eye saw trouble in his countenance, and she followed him. He gave orders to the cockswain of his barge to order a horse immediately. "Any horse—even a wagon-horse!" he cried, and then he hastened to Mrs. Arnold's chamber, to which she had retired. In a few hurried words he told her that they must part, perhaps forever. She screamed aloud and swooned. Her cry brought her maid, whom Arnold ordered to take care of her mistress. Then pressing his wife to his bosom, and kissing their sleeping child, he returned to the breakfast-room, mentioned her sudden illness to his guests, and leaping upon the horse of one of his aids at the door, dashed down a path which led to his barge, half a mile distant, followed by his cockswain on foot. In a few moments he was out in the stream with stout oarsmen, and going swiftly, with a favoring tide, toward the *Vulture*, about eighteen miles below, telling his men he must get there in all haste, in order to meet Washington on his return. The promise of two gallons of rum for extra exertions made the oarsmen bend to their task with vigor, and so the traitor escaped to the shelter of a vessel of the enemy. He meanly delivered his bargemen as prisoners to the captain of the *Vulture*, who released them in New York.

Arnold and Robinson both wrote letters to Washington, and sent them by a flag to Verplanck's Point. The traitor protested that his wife was innocent of his plans, and asked protection for her and their child. Robinson, stating that André had gone up on public business at the request of Arnold, and bore his permit to return, declared that he could not be held a prisoner without a violation of flags, and requested his immediate release and permission to return to New York.

In the mean time the messenger sent by Jameson with the papers taken from André's boot and the prisoner's letter to Washington had arrived at the Robinson house, where Hamilton remained while the chief and his other aids went to West Point. Hamilton, as secretary, opened the package, and discovered the treason. He waited impatiently for Washington's return. He came at two o'clock, and immediate steps were taken to arrest the fugitive traitor, but they failed, for he had several hours the start; and at evening came the news that

the *Vulture*, with Arnold on board, had sailed for New York. "Whom can we trust now?" said Washington to Knox, Lafayette, and others, while his eyes were suffused with tears. Measures were taken to secure the post from the attack which Arnold had made arrangements for, and in a day or two it was evident that the danger was overpast.

The condition of Mrs. Arnold on the day of her husband's flight was truly pitiable. "She for a considerable time," Hamilton wrote, "entirely lost herself. The general went up to see her. She upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child. One moment she raved, another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have pierced insensibility itself. All the sweetness of beauty, all the loveliness of innocence, all the tenderness of a wife, and all the fondness of a mother showed themselves in her appearance and conduct." She had been only one year a mother and not two a bride. Toward evening she became more calm, and the next morning Washington kindly assured her of her husband's personal safety by his flight to New York. The next day Washington received a letter from Sir Henry Clinton, inclosing one to that officer from Arnold, both, like Colonel Robinson, setting forth facts which, it was thought, would relieve André of the imputation of being a spy.

On the 29th of September Major André was brought before a board of general officers, convened by Washington in the old Dutch church at Tappan, to inquire into his case (he being accused of acting as a spy within the American lines), and, if found guilty of the crime charged, to determine what the punishment should be. The board was composed of Major-Generals Greene, Stirling, St. Clair, Lafayette, R. Howe, and Steuben, and Brigadier-Generals Parsons, James Clinton, Knox, Glover, Paterson, Hand, Huntington, and Stark. Greene was the president of the board, and John Laurance the judge-advocate-general. André submitted a written statement of his case, and was personally examined. After a pa-

ARNOLD'S ESCAPE.

MRS. ARNOLD AND CHILD.

tient and fair trial he was remanded to prison, when the court deliberated long and carefully. They finally came to the conclusion "that Major André, adjutant-general of the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that, agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death." On the following day Washington signified his approval of the finding of the court in these words: "The commander-in-chief approves of the opinion of the board of general officers respecting Major André, and orders that the execution of Major André take place tomorrow at 5 o'clock P.M."

There was no question among military men as to the *equity* of this sentence, but there was a general desire among the American officers to save the prisoner's life, for his youth, candor, gentleness, and fortitude exhibited at his trial had won the admiration of every beholder. Washington was willing to spare him, if justice and the good of the service would allow. The only way to save him was to exchange him for the traitor who had drawn him into these dreadful toils. A formal proposition for such an act could not be made, but the bearer of a package from Washington to Sir Henry Clinton (containing copies of the report of the proceedings of the court, their decision, and a letter from André to his general, in which he said, after acquitting Clinton of all blame, "I have a mother and two sisters, to whom the value of my commission would be an object, as the loss of Grenada has much affected their income") informed a British officer that if Sir Henry would give up Arnold, no doubt André would be saved. That officer went to Clinton with these words, but the latter could not in honor give Arnold up. But, in great distress because of the peril in which his favorite officer was placed, the baronet tried by negotiation to save André's life. The execution was postponed for a day, but nothing was offered to change the opinion of Washington as to the justice of the sentence and the expediency of executing it. Clinton was informed on the morning of the 2d of October that André would be executed as a spy at noon that day.

The prisoner did not fear death, but he ardently wished to die as a *soldier* by being shot, rather than as a *spy* by being hanged, and he pleaded earnestly for the boon in a touching letter which he wrote to Washington on the day before his execution. "Sympathy toward a soldier," he wrote, "will surely induce your excellency and a military tribunal to adapt the mode of my death to the feelings of a man of honor. Let me hope, Sir, that if aught in my character impresses you with esteem toward me, if aught in my misfortunes marks me as a victim of policy and not of resentment, I shall experience the operation of these feelings in your breast by being informed that I am not to die on a gibbet." Unwilling to wound the prisoner's feelings by a refusal, Washington did not answer the letter, and André was left with the consoling hope that his wish might possibly be gratified. He spent the brief period of existence left him in cheerful conversation with visitors, and in the practice of his favorite amusement, making sketches with pen and ink. Among these mementos of his last hours was an outline portrait of himself sitting at a round table. It was presented to Jabez L. Tomlinson, then the acting officer of his guard, and it is preserved in the Trumbull Gallery at Yale College.

Major André was hanged on an eminence near Tappan village at twelve o'clock on

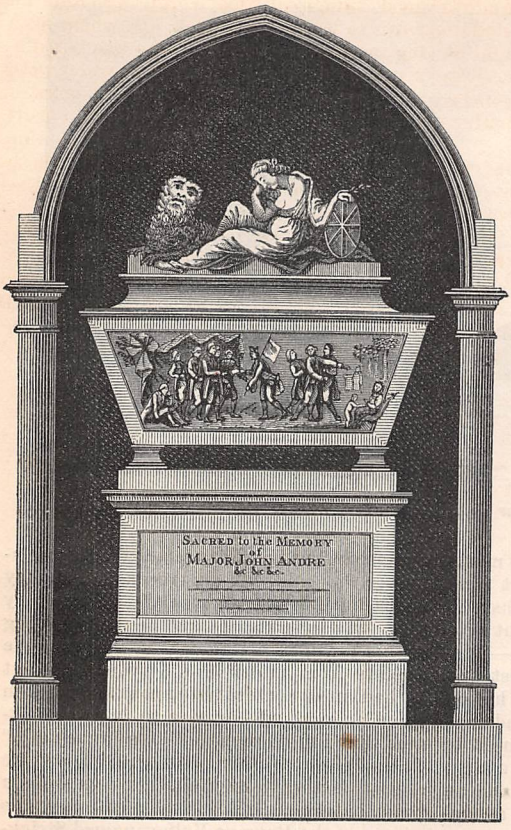
FAC-SIMILE OF A SKETCH BY MAJOR ANDRÉ.*

the 2d day of October, 1780. On that morning his breakfast, as usual, was sent from Washington's table. After breakfast he shaved, dressed himself in the bright uniform of his rank in the British army—scarlet coat, rich green facings, buff vest and breeches, and boots—and putting his hat on the table, said to the officers in attendance, "Gentlemen, I am ready at any moment to wait on you." At the appointed time a large detachment of troops were paraded and an immense concourse of people were assembled. Nearly all of the general officers were present on horseback, excepting Washington and his staff; and it is said that the general never saw Major André, having avoided a personal interview with him.

The prisoner walked from his place of confinement to that of execution between two subaltern officers, arm in arm. He betrayed no emotion until he came in sight of the gallows, when he perceived that his earnest wish was not to be gratified—that he must "die on a gibbet." He recoiled for a moment, but instantly recovering his composure, he said, "I am reconciled to my death, but I detest the mode." When every thing was in readiness, and he was standing on his coffin in a wagon that was to move quickly from under him, he was told that he had an opportunity to speak. In a firm voice he said, "I beg you to bear me witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." The wagon moved from under him, and he almost instantly expired. It was only a "momentary pang." The executioner was a Tory of the Ramapo Valley, named Strickland, who was a prisoner in Washington's hands, under sentence for some crime. No American soldier was willing to perform the odious service, and this Tory was induced to do so by a promise of pardon and freedom. He was thoroughly disguised by thickly smearing his face with the outside of a greasy pot. "A more frightful-looking being I never beheld," said an eye-witness. On that occasion Benjamin Abbot, a drum-major, who died at Nashua, New Hampshire, in 1851, at the age of ninety-two years, played the Dead March.

André's regimentals were removed when his body was put in the coffin, and were given to his servant. His mortal remains were buried at the foot of the gallows, where they lay until 1821, when, by order of the Duke of York, the British consul at New York caused them to be disinterred and sent to England, where they were placed near a mural monument which King George the Third had erected to his memory in Westminster Abbey. That monument is in the form of a sarcophagus resting on a paneled base and plinth. On the front of the sarcophagus is a design in low relief representing Washington and officers in a tent at the moment when the chief received the

* The following descriptive title is affixed to the original engraving: "A Representation of Major John André, Adjutant-General to the King's forces in North America, going from the *Vulture* sloop of war to the shore of Haverstraw Bay, in Hudson River, the night of the 23d of September, 1780, in a boat which was sent for him (accompanied by a Mr. Smith), under the sanction of a flag of truce, by Major-General Arnold, who then commanded the rebel forces in that district. The above is an exact copy of a drawing sketched with a pen by Major André himself, the morning on which he was to have been Executed, with a desire (it is supposed) of perpetuating a Transaction which terminated most fatally for him, and found on his table with other papers the next day (being that of his death) by his servant, and delivered by him on his arrival at New York to Lieutenant-Colonel Crosbie, of the Twenty-third Regiment, who has caused this engraving to be taken from the original in his possession, as a small mark of his friendship for that valuable and unfortunate officer."



ANDRÉ'S MONUMENT IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

report of the court of inquiry, and a messenger had arrived with André's letter to Washington petitioning for a soldier's death. Near by are seen two men preparing the prisoner for execution upon a tree, while Mercy, accompanied by Innocence, bewails his fate. On the base is the following inscription:

"Sacred to the memory of Major JOHN ANDRÉ, who, raised by his merit at an early period of life to the rank of adjutant-general of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country on the 2d of October, A.D. 1780, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his FOES. His gracious sovereign, KING GEORGE THE THIRD, has caused this monument to be erected."

The king settled a pension upon the family of André, and to wipe out the imputed stain produced by his death as a spy, the monarch conferred the honor of knighthood on André's brother.

Never was sympathy more genuine and feeling more real than that exhibited by Washington and the American officers on the occasion of André's execution. So testified the king in the inscription on the monument; and yet there are English writers of our day who insist that the show of sympathy was a farce. The author of "The Civil and Military Transactions" department of the *Pictorial History of England* says, "Some American generals, too, *lamented* [referring to the phraseology on the monument], but kept twisting the rope that was to hang him;" and falsely adds, "There are accounts which say that the deep sympathy and regret was all a farce, and that André, who was a wit and a poet, was most cordially hated by the Americans on account of some witticisms and satirical verses at their expense."

In the London *General Evening Post*, November 14, 1780, there was given a false report of André's "last words," in which the unfortunate man was made to say, "Remember that I die as becomes a British officer, while the manner of my death must reflect disgrace on your commander." On reading this account, Anna Seward, André's early friend, wrote her famous "Monody,"* in which she uttered the following unjust sentence, with others of like tenor:

"O Washington! I thought thee great and good,
Nor knew thy Nero-thirst for guiltless blood!
Severe to use the pow'r that Fortune gave,
Thou cool, determin'd murderer of the brave!
Lost to each fairer virtue that inspires
The genuine fervor of the patriot fires!
And you, the base abettors of the doom
That sunk his blooming honors in the tomb,
Th' opprobrious tomb your harden'd hearts decreed,
While all he ask'd was as the brave to bleed!"

Before the vessel that bore the news of André's execution to England had sailed, Washington wrote, "André has met his fate, and with the fortitude which was to be expected from an accomplished man and gallant officer." Again, "The circumstances under which he was taken justified it, and policy required a sacrifice; but as he was more unfortunate than criminal, and as there was much in his character to interest, while we yielded to the necessities of

* In Dr. Emmet's collection may be seen the original of the following bill, in the handwriting of Miss Seward:

"17th August.

2/6 Mr. Cadell to A. Seward, Dr.

1781. To 100 Monody's on Major André, £9. 0. 0.

"LICHFIELD, *July* 14, 1781.

"SIR,—One month after the date please to pay the contents of the above to J. Jackson or order, and you'll oblige your humble servant, ANNA SEWARD.

"To Mr. Cadell, Bookseller, E. 2477, Strand, London."

The Monody was "printed and sold by J. Jackson, for the author," at Lichfield.

rigor, we could not but lament it." André's watch, sold for one hundred and fifty dollars for the benefit of his captors, was bought by Colonel William S. Smith, of the American army, who sent it to the British general Robertson, in New York, with instructions to send it to André's sisters.

The Americans have ever been generous in their sympathy for "the unfortunate Major André," and have faithfully observed his request to remember that he "died like a brave man." "His king," says Bancroft, "did right in offering honorable rank to his brother and in granting pensions to his mother and sisters, but not in raising a memorial to his name in Westminster Abbey. Such honor belongs to other enterprises and deeds. The tablet has no fit place in a sanctuary dear from its monuments to every friend to genius and mankind."

On the earnest recommendation of Washington, the captors of André (Paulding, Williams, and Van Wart) were each rewarded by the Congress by an annual pension of two hundred dollars, and a silver medal bearing the legend, "VINCIT AMOR PATRIÆ"—the love of country conquers.

JUST IN TIME.

NOT a sound broke the stillness—not a window jarred; not a door creaked. It might have been the Enchanted Palace where the beautiful Princess of famous memory slept for a hundred years, and every body about her slept, from the first tiring-woman down to the lowest scullion.

It certainly was the enchanted *château*, for in the great saloon a maid held fast by the gilt chair she ought to have been dusting, and nodded, brush in hand. The steward nodded in his den over a long account that would not return a verdict sufficiently in his favor. The chief butler nodded in a pantry, as if doing worship to the glittering array of plate set out to be scoured. Slaves, gathered from so many different quarters of the globe that when awake they made the house a new Tower of Babel, slept too soundly, in any convenient spot which offered, to nod at all. From the dark dungeons underneath, where a huge wicked furnace winked a drowsy red eye, to the furthest attic, in which a small maid had fallen asleep in the act of hiding cake purloined from last night's festival, not a sound, not so much as a breath from the chill wind that complained without. The Enchanted Palace, surely; for, behold, in an upper chamber which looked like an enamel picture by some rare old Flemish artist, sat *la belle au bois dormant*, snowy draperies, golden hair, and all. Her eyes were open, a book on her knee; but she saw neither a line of the volume nor any thing about her.

A Sleeping Beauty, surfeited with the good things of this world, who did not mean to be lazy or selfish, but whom nothing interested specially; who was bored by people, tired of amusements; to whom nothing of any consequence ever happened or ever would—heigho!—who needed, in short, a hard mental shaking, a strong sensation, so powerful a blast from some bugle, whether the call of duty, love, or necessity, that her soul would wake from its trance.

It was a dark, miserable morning. The clouds were evidently inclined for a storm; but, not able to decide between rain and snow, they took it out in looking sullen and black, just as a woman pouts when she can not make up her mind whether to scold or cry.

Blanche Osgood nestled lower in the easy-chair by her dressing-room fire, and mentally vowed that she would not stir for a hundred years at least. She was fond of making exaggerated statements which would have caused our grandmothers to stare in horror; but we of the latter half of this wonderful century are not easily surprised into staring, and are never horrified, by words or deeds.

Presently the picture of still life was broken, without the slightest remorse on the part of the intruder. Aunt Deb came in like a whirlwind sent to announce the arrival of the Huntsman and his train. She had just swept through the house and startled every slumberer into guilty confusion, causing the steward hopelessly to blot his list of figures, and so alarming the small maid by her voice in the halls below that she dropped her stolen sweets and incontinently sat upon them till they were flatter than her funny little nose.

"A fine bracing morning," pronounced Aunt Deb, dressed to go out, and muffled to her eyebrows, according to her habit. It was one of her pet insanities always to believe herself in danger of a sore throat, though she never got it any more than if her bronchial tubes had been made of brass. "A brisk, tingling air, Blanche."

"Ugh!" said Blanche, in disgust, unconsciously imitating the sound wherewith, according to popular tales of border life, Indian chiefs invariably begin and end a conversation.

"The carriage is at the door," continued Aunt Deb, regardless of that contemptuous utterance.

"Let it stay there, if it likes," quoth Blanche, lazily.

"Not I," pronounced Deb, shaking her feathers and her furs as vigorously as if she suspected moths therein. "I am going straight down to fight that committee."

Blanche did not know what one she meant, and was too indolent to ask. Aunt Deb was always fighting some committee or other—whether she had the slightest con-

cern therein or any business to meddle being a matter of no consequence.

"They're a set of noodles," pursued Deb, nodding her head fiercely, "and so I'll tell them in plain English before I've done."

"I would," agreed Blanche, not from amiability—just to get rid of the subject—the only reason that ever makes any of us agree with our relations.

"Trust me," continued Deb, frowning and gesticulating. "I'd engage to make a better set of heads out of leather and prunella." Blanche looked sweetly convinced of her aunt's ability to perform her promise. "I would!" persisted Deb, wrathfully.

"I never doubted it," sighed Blanche.

"My promising, or my ability to do it?" demanded Deb, beginning to laugh at her own excitement.

"Either—both," replied Blanche, trying politely to turn a yawn into a smile; but Aunt Deb's sharp eyes convicted her in the act.

"You're asleep yet," she said. "I'm sure you didn't dance enough last night to tire you."

"No; but it was so stupid!" moaned Blanche. "Don't let's ever give another party, aunty."

"Pooh! pooh! Other people enjoyed themselves. There was enough to eat, anyhow, and that's more than can be said for half the parties one goes to."

Blanche did not even make a pretense of listening.

"And you don't want to go out?" asked Deb.

"Go out?" repeated Blanche, with slow disdain. "I'm not an utter idiot, thank goodness!"

"My dear Fee," returned Deb, "the shade that keeps you from being one is so very slight that I wouldn't waste much thankfulness thereupon."

Then they both laughed, for they were accustomed to abusing each other in a good-natured way, which proved less dangerous in their case than it does in that of relations generally.

"I'm off," said Deb, rushing back into her normal state of haste. "You may pity that committee, if you've any to waste, for they'll need it before I've done with them, I'll give you my word."

"I've not a doubt of that," answered Blanche; "but I'm too full of myself this morning to pity any body."

"Pooh!" snapped Deb, wrathfully, and stooped down with as much ferocity as if she meant to bite the pretty face leaning back against the silk cushions; but she kissed it tenderly instead, and departed without further ceremony.

Fee—a name self-given in her childish days, which clung to her still—returned to her novel, though she read it with a carelessness and inattention which would have been aggravating enough to the author if he had been there to watch—provided he could have thought of any thing besides her loveliness.

She could look through the windows along the Avenue, across Madison Square, and down the streets below, where the city fumed and bustled in its eager chase; but no echo of its hurry and excitement reached her eyrie. She was more like the world-known beauty to whom I have compared her than she was like any body else, and Aunt Deb was the ogress who guarded her; only a very good-natured one, except where committees and philanthropists were concerned. She was a bit strong-minded, I must own, this venerable Deb, with her hawk eyes, and a nose so prominent that silly wits made jokes about it, and declared that it was more than a beak—it was a beaker. Rumor declared that she scribbled paragraphs for the *Man-exterminator;* but I doubt that, because, oddly enough, considering her habits, she hated women with theories, and abused those who wanted to vote as venomously as any old bachelor could.

Deb was given to taking the contrary side, whatever it might be, and as the list of her bank stocks, railway shares, houses and lands, and similar pleasant possessions was nearly as long as a Chinese drama, people allowed her to take any side she pleased, and applauded her therefor: of course they relieved their minds by calling her bad names as soon as she was safely out of hearing.

She and Blanche owned a great house, nearly as huge as a castle in the air, and much more comfortable; and as there was nobody but those two, except the tribes of adherents below the pavement, an odd stillness reigned most of the time in the long suits of gorgeous apartments. Naturally, at set seasons, there were feasts and gayeties, as there had been on the previous night. The lofty ball-room at the back of the mansion was thrown open; Aunt Deb did the civil, but eccentric, in her violet velvets, and Blanche moved dreamily about, as if her thoughts were elsewhere and her soul could not waken till the expected Huntsman's horn had blown.

Most persons thought the creature as inanimate as she was pretty; but Aunt Deb was wiser, or understood her better, though she never declared her opinions even to Blanche, having the agreeable and unusual habit of keeping back unnecessary information from those for whom she really cared. Only sometimes, when her charge was more idle and visionary than common, her great eyes more absent and her look more abstracted than was exactly comfortable for the unlucky wretch who chanced to be talk-

ing for her benefit, the spinster would frown at her and say, with characteristic abruptness, "I wish to goodness the horn would blow!"

But she never vouchsafed any explanation of the strange remark, and it puzzled every body sorely except Blanche; indeed, she only dimly took in its signification.

Brains enough the girl had for half a dozen chattering young women, with their awful accomplishments. Music, languages, every thing of that sort, came to her by nature, and so never made her a nuisance, but they were all unsatisfactory as far as she was personally concerned.

"I wish I could discover a new language," she used sometimes to say to Aunt Deb, in the days while under masters. "Every one of these sounds only like the echo of something I want to hear."

"Oh, for the bugle!" Deb would mutter, with a shake of her head and a sigh like the wheeze of a bellows. It was then she took up the incomprehensible phrase.

"I'm sick of harp and piano," complained Blanche. "They don't say what I want; there must be some instrument that would."

"The bugle!" whispered Deb to herself, and sighed more loudly.

Blanche did not essay that, but she tried every other instrument, even to a violoncello with a stomach like an alderman and a voice like a whole tribe of Banshees, but still her ears ached for the music she could not find in their utterances.

She knew Europe and foreign courts by heart. She had been admired by the Prince of Wales and petted by Eugénie, Italian counts had laid their counties at her feet, and German dukes had spluttered beery compliments at her. And now the two were once more settled in the Madison Square dwelling. Blanche was past nineteen, and yet the bugle had not blown. She was pale and lithe and graceful enough to have been a snow spirit, and the youth of Gotham tried in vain to find a spell which should rouse her into life and warmth. No such magic was within its reach, and when it attempted to sound its little bugle in her ear, she felt irritated, as by the buzzing of mosquitoes.

The youth did not like her in the least, and essayed jests at her expense in its feeble fashion, as it did at her aunt's nose; but the youth adored her money. Columbia College may have turned out few noted scientific men, but it is wonderful how well up all its pupils are in mathematics, so far as enumerating the fortunes of young women is concerned.

But within the last few weeks the youth, to its unbounded disgust, had learned that it would be labor lost to con the multiplication table further in regard to Miss Deborah's charge. Fee's golden treasures would probably soon be carried out of the reach of this country's income tax. Sir Harry Vane had come across seas from his native isle—followed Blanche over, people said (and very sick he was on the passage, they might have added); so there was no use for the youth to flutter its languid graces longer in the unappreciative eyes of the ogress's niece.

Blanche was remembering Sir Harry this morning, as she sat absently reading her novel, with its descriptions of titled people, state dinners, and similar wearinesses. She was aware that, in common justice to herself and him, she ought to come to a decision in one way or another, to be prepared for the important moment which could not be far off. Yet she felt so hopelessly indifferent that she wished somebody would take the responsibility out of her hands and arrange the affair, it did not much matter how. While she was trying to get away from the trouble of thought, up came Mercury. Mrs. Spencer and Sir Harry were down stairs, and Mrs. Spencer had scribbled on her card: "I'll wager my brightest diamond that you had forgotten we were to go to the studios this morning. Sir Harry vows that it is against all rules of etiquette and humanity to intrude upon you the day after your ball, but I don't know either party he mentions. You promised, and I am here, like fate or a dress-maker's bill. Now don't be a year getting ready, else I'll make love to the baronet."

Blanche summoned her maid, and dressed in so brief a space that I wish other feminines would take example by her, all the time regretting that May Spencer would not be so good as her word. But she knew that at heart May loved nobody but her odd, bookish husband, and was bent on Sir Harry's meeting with success in the errand which had made him dare seasickness, not to mention the bears and savages which the children of Albion are taught to believe prowl at their own sweet will about the streets of the New World's cities.

Blanche went down stairs, smiling as amiably as if she were not sorry they had come to remind her of her promise; and as Sir Harry looked at her he mentally acknowledged that it would be difficult for the blood of kings and queens to produce any thing so beautiful. All the same he wished it had pleased destiny to bestow her money on a certain Lady Alicia of whom he had been forbidden to think by the mighty powers in their respective families.

Lady Alicia was to marry a duke, and was rebelling against the prospect at this moment, and getting wofully nagged by her august mother for her wickedness in flying in the face of so glittering a Providence as a ducal coronet. Sir Harry had come out of the way in an awful hurry, partly because

he was in a great rage with Alicia for an estrangement which he knew she could not help; partly because his maternal parent and stately sisters preached at him till his head was dizzy about the necessity of his wedding money, as the baronet last deceased had managed by innumerable pleasant vices to decrease the family patrimony in the most embarrassing manner.

Here Sir Harry was, and he knew that the wisest thing he could do was to obey the entreaties which filled the voluminous epistles of his relatives, carry home with him the pretty American lily, and (I add this on my own responsibility) make haste to grow stout and forget his youthful romance. But this morning his business was to be agreeable and talk the merry trivialities suitable to the occasion. Luckily, while he was making his little private moan, Mrs. Spencer had been chattering with great volubility in her most amusing style, and thereby unconsciously doing both her companions a greater favor than any body often does any other body by an effort at being talkative and witty.

"But you are not to spend the day here gossiping and abusing your neighbors," she said, suddenly, beautifully oblivious of the fact that she had been doing it all herself. "I have very little time to spare."

"The hurry people are in to do nothing!" quoth Sir Harry.

"I beg you'll not be satirical—it's so very English," retorted Mrs. Spencer. "Blanche, we must cure him of the dreadful habit."

"Does he try to be?" Blanche asked, so innocently that Sir Harry laughed, though the joke was at his own expense.

They took refuge in nonsense, and found it so great a relief that they spread it over the whole drive, though both Blanche and the baronet knew it was worse than silly to waste time in that way. On his arrival, several weeks before, Sir Harry had made his reason for coming plain to her, and she had allowed him to see that she was not annoyed thereby. Each felt they could be excellent friends, if only the matter might rest there; but that was impossible—he must speak and she must answer.

Standing in front of a picture in one of the studios, Sir Harry said, abruptly, "I have been in America almost a month."

"Are you tired already?" she asked, absently.

"That is not the question," he answered. "I came here for a certain purpose, and I have not yet decided whether I was wise so to do."

Somehow, as he gazed at her in her fair beauty, Lady Alicia's image came up between like an actual presence. But he shook off the spell, and tried not to gasp and hesitate like a man in a novel. "You can not fail to know why I came."

"I suppose I do," Blanche said, dreamily; "though perhaps it is coarse and improper to own it; but one may as well speak the truth when one can."

"And prove yourself a real woman thereby," he answered. But just then Mrs. Spencer and the artist came toward them, and he had only time to whisper, "May I call at your house in the morning?"

Blanche bowed her head, and Sir Harry turned to listen to what Mrs. Spencer was saying.

"Mr. Lowe says you ought to visit the Adirondacks, Sir Harry."

"Ought I?" he questioned, lazily. "Then, of course, I shall not—one never does what one ought."

"Nonsense! We might make up a party, Blanche, as we've often talked of doing. Of course you don't mean to go back to England for ever so long, Sir Harry."

"I think May is a pleasant month to cross," he replied. "Don't you, Miss Osgood?"

"Yes," she answered. It was all she said; but both knew they had spoken words which could not be recalled—a public announcement of their engagement would hardly have been more explicit.

Mr. Lowe thought it proper to be interested in a splash of paint on his sleeve; Mrs. Spencer had too much good taste to comment, but she looked so delighted that the baronet could have boxed her ears with satisfaction.

"At this rate May will be here before we get through the studios," said she. "Come with us to the other rooms, Mr. Lowe."

As Mrs. Spencer kept the artist by her, and talked to him in a low voice, Blanche and Sir Harry walked together through the halls, perfectly sympathetic on one point—each wished to be silent.

A door lower down on the corridor opened, a gentleman came out, and walked quickly toward Miss Osgood, saying, "Why, Blanche!"

She raised her eyes and saw Harold Tracy, whom she supposed safe somewhere among the Andes—a very handsome Harold, his eyes brilliant with the pleasure of meeting her.

"When did you get back?" was all she could say, in her surprise.

"Only last night. I was going up to see you."

"Last night!" repeated Blanche, and the surprise was so great that she had hard work not to cry or do something unexpected and preposterous.

Harold Tracy was a step-son of Aunt Deb's sister, and he always insisted on considering himself the old maid's nephew, because, as she shrewdly observed, that made him Blanche's cousin.

"You look as if you half believed it my wraith," he continued, laughing, yet with a

certain annoyance in his voice. "I wish I had staid away: every body is too much astonished to be glad."

"Of course I am glad," returned Blanche, "and aunty will be too. Sir Harry Vane, this is—"

But the two men were staring, and interrupted her introduction.

"If it isn't Tracy!" said the baronet, with unusual animation.

"Vane, as I live!" said Harold, and they shook hands.

"We met in Italy four years ago," Sir Harry explained to Miss Osgood.

The three talked for a few minutes about the oddness of the meeting; then a change came over Tracy, and he did not seem so much pleased at encountering his old acquaintance as he had at first thought. But he went with them into the studio, where Mrs. Spencer was waiting. That lady and the artist received him with acclamations, for he was a great favorite with the people who liked him at all. However much he talked or jested, Blanche felt his eyes continually seeking her face, till, between the suddenness of his appearance and the eager questions in those great brown orbs, she was fluttered to a degree unparalleled in her whole stately, languid little life.

Tracy had gone away nine months before, swearing that he would be an idiot no longer; he would not come back till Blanche was married, or he cured of the love which had begun in his childhood. He had allowed himself to be very foolish, and Blanche told him so, yet she missed him terribly, and life looked colder and more hazy than ever, though she did not know why.

When every body had done congratulations over Harold's return, the pictures had to be examined and duly praised. Blanche got off to the other end of the room and closely studied an unfinished sketch, which she did not see in the least. She felt breathless and "queer," as if she had been running a thousand miles in a thousand hours—up hill at that.

"Aunt Deb is well?" Tracy asked, at her elbow.

She started. Having until the last twenty minutes believed him more leagues distant than she could easily count, it seemed strange to hear him speaking close at her side.

"Oh yes; you know aunty is always well," she answered, still with the hurried sensation, as if she had a run of several hundred miles to add to her thousand before she could rest.

"And you? But I needn't ask."

Then a brief silence. Mrs. Spencer's laugh, and Sir Harry's drawling tones in reply to some teasing speech of the lady's, roused Blanche to the necessity of behaving less like an overworked actress who has forgotten her part.

"I suppose you have had a charming trip?" she began, looked in his face and discovered for the first time how pale and thin he had grown, and added, anxiously, "Have you been ill?"

He shook his head.

"You have come back sooner than you expected," she tried again.

"Too soon for you to be glad to see me," he returned, making the words an assertion.

"That's as rude as telling me that I'm an ungrateful, unnatural little pig," said she, glad to find vent for her odd feelings in a nervous laugh, "when I've no relations in the world except Aunt Deb and you—and you are not one at all."

"I think you must have been studying grammar of an Irishman," said he, so easily and pleasantly that she grew vexed.

"Never mind what I have been doing," she retorted; "it is always the one who was absent that has to give an account of his deeds. You are sure to have been in mischief."

"*Les absens ont toujours tort*," he said, sententiously.

"Have you done any work?" she asked.

"I have tried to. At all events, I must now—work in downright earnest."

"Have you suddenly got up conscientious scruples about wasting your time?"

"I don't know that; but I find that I have no more time to waste."

"Dear me! this sounds very mysterious. Do you feel that you are growing old, or have you had a warning—"

"The latter," he interrupted.

"You never seemed to me a likely subject for translation," said she, hurried by her nervousness into the sort of irreverent talk that belongs to our time, though usually her good taste made her avoid such.

"I believe the translation has already taken place," he replied, laughing still, though something in his voice showed her that he meant the words seriously.

"Do explain," she said, impatiently. "Don't stand there making a wretched riddle of yourself."

"It is nothing, only that I have to go to work whether I will or not. Never mind now."

But she did mind, and, with the persistency of her sex, insisted on a categorical answer then and there.

He gave it with a vengeance:

"The fine company in which my money was invested has evaporated like a pricked bubble—that's all."

She could not even utter a commonplace expression of regret; the words she tried for died in a little gasp.

"Don't look so shocked," said he. "I am only twenty-five. I expect my first picture to make my fortune: first pictures and

first novels always do—*vide* the sensation romances."

"Blanche Osgood!" called Mrs. Spencer, "you are not to stand there all day exchanging childish reminiscences with that Harold. I must go home."

Sir Harry came up and offered his arm. Harold retreated like a man who knew that it was right and proper so to do. There was more laughter, more nonsense; then Sir Harry was leading her down stairs, and she dizzy with the vision of Harold standing with folded arms, staring out of a window, not even turning to meet the last look she cast upon him.

The baronet mercifully did not talk to her: she thought she could never be grateful enough for that kindness. Two or three times on the way home she caught his eyes fixed upon her in the midst of his animated talk with Mrs. Spencer, and she fancied there was a pitying, sympathetic expression in them.

"Good-by, Enchanted Princess," Mrs. Spencer said, when the carriage stopped before the castle.

Sir Harry saw her in-doors and took his leave in the most matter-of-fact insular manner; but Blanche observed the same kindly look in his eyes, and she wanted to cry.

Mrs. Spencer was to drop the baronet at the Albemarle, and she occupied herself during the short drive in elaborately explaining, in a very natural way, that Harold Tracy was like a brother to Blanche, and that she supposed he had come back to marry Lily Ford—every body knew about that affair. She told several dreadful lies, but all out of good nature, if that makes the recording angel any less severe. She adored Blanche, and living in and for the world, she was anxious nothing should interfere with the future opening before her friend.

Aunt Deb was out when Blanche reached home, and, with the usual perversity of mortals, did not return until almost dinner-time. But other people came—enough to drive Blanche nearly frantic. She had never in her life been in a state of such excitement. But she could not think about herself: Harold's ruin was all—Harold, so good and kind!

Dusk arrived, and so did Aunt Deb; but there were guests invited to dinner, and the spinster had to hurry up stairs and get into her gray moiré. Blanche ran into the room half dressed, and related her incoherent story; but Aunt Deb was busy with her buttons—she never allowed a maid to help her—and was more unfeeling than a Hindoo idol.

"Harold back, eh?" said she.

"But don't you hear, aunt? That company has failed."

"It's a way companies have," quoth Deb.

"Oh, aunt, he is ruined!"

"So is this lace—I've torn it."

"You ought to be ashamed!" exclaimed Blanche, in a passion such as nobody ever saw her display before.

"You ought to be more respectful," returned Aunt Deb, perfectly unmoved.

"I beg your pardon; it was very wrong—"

"Nonsense!" cut in Deb.

Blanche began to laugh, then to cry; then forced herself to be silent, and stood shaking like a sensitive plant in a high wind.

"Heyday!" cried Deb, looking up from her buttons. "Where's the homœopathic box? Potash is the thing for you."

"I won't have it," said Blanche, violently. "Aunty, can't you do any thing?"

"I just recommended potash."

Blanche fairly stamped in wrath and pain, tormented still worse by an insane impatience to be doing something, to make her aunt do something, on the instant.

"You know well enough what I mean. Don't torture me so. I want you to help Harold," she continued, as soon as she could get her voice enough below a shriek to trust it with words.

"She speaks as if I was the Spanish Inquisition," muttered Aunt Deb, addressing her mirror in mild complaint—"rack, popish boots, thumb-screws, and all."

"But to put me off like this, when you know how anxious I am about Harold!" expostulated Blanche.

"Harold will do well enough," returned Aunt Deb, composed as a monument of Patience. "Where's that ribbon? He has two arms and two legs—enough for any man. Told me himself he was glad that he was ruined."

"Then you've seen him?" and this time Blanche's voice, in spite of her, was much shriller than good-breeding countenances, and the dash she made at Aunt Deb more frantic than is expected of young women outside of private mad-houses.

"Don't pinch me," warned Deb. "Yes, I've seen him. Go and get dressed; it will be eight o'clock before you know it."

Blanche stood rebellious, and opened her mouth for fresh entreaties and vituperations. All of a sudden Aunt Deb rushed from dull impassibility into a sort of cold rage such as her niece had never witnessed.

"When does Sir Harry want you to go to Europe?" she asked. "You'd better be thinking about your wedding clothes than any young man's misfortunes."

Blanche disappeared as quickly as if she had been shot out of a catapult. Inexplicable as it was, till this moment she had not once remembered Sir Harry Vane since they parted. And he was coming the next day—she very well knew why! But her maid had come already, and the dressing process could no more be put off than death.

Whether it occupied ten minutes or a

year, Blanche could not have told. When she recalled her senses, she was entering the library. The guests were assembled. She saw an unexpected one among them, even Harold Tracy. But there was no time to do more than see him. Dinner was announced, old Beau Courtenay tucked her under his arm, and out the company filed. She looked down the table toward Harold, seated away at the other end; she remembered that it was as near as they could ever approach in all time to come: not a poetical separation, such as romances tell of, made by weary leagues of land and sea, by prison, by treachery, by death; but the kind which we endure in this world, which leaves us in sight of all that could have given happiness, yet deprives us of them as inexorably as if the tomb shut between.

The dinner dragged on, the tiresome talk. Blanche was conscious of doing her part, yet somehow her thoughts were wandering with a silly obstinacy back to her childish days, pitilessly mixing up Harold with every memory, recalling all his kindness, his sacrifices for her sake, beginning with the day he took a flogging to screen her from Aunt Deb's wrath at some babyish enormity.

Then, in a lull about herself, she caught something of the conversation going on in Aunt Deb's neighborhood. They were discussing a new novel. She had heard enough, when she heard Harold say, apropos to the conduct of the hero,

"A man who would marry a rich woman under such circumstances would be too mean to live."

She recollected the plot of the book—a girl trying to bestow herself and her money upon an old lover because she pitied his misfortunes.

"If she loved him?" somebody suggested.

"If she had not before, she did not then," returned Harold. "She was so full of sympathy that she mistook it for affection; he ought to have set her right."

"Bravo, Don Quixote!" pronounced Aunt Deb, and at that moment the ladies rose from the table.

In the drawing-room Blanche had to do the piano for the widowed cats, who were either stupid or spiteful at such dooming of them to the society of their own sex. Then up came the men, and Blanche was still condemned to the instrument for their benefit, and Harold was whispering with a red-haired girl, who had become proud of her brilliant tresses since the coronation of the blondes. By the time Blanche was free, coffee was brought. Then every body rushed off, because Mrs. Rushmore's ball was in prospect.

Blanche did not see when Harold took his leave. Beau Courtenay had his sticky mustache in her eyes, and when she turned her head, Harold was gone, and Aunt Deb calling,

"Here's Rose with your wraps, Fee. Mr. Courtenay is going with us."

People said that night that Blanche was more like the Sleeping Beauty or a snow woman than ever. Elderly virgins said it was a stupid affectation, and that the dark rings under her eyes were made with India ink.

"Blow, bugle, blow!" whispered Aunt Deb, as Blanche passed her on somebody's arm.

For the first time the girl seemed to gain a clear perception of the old maid's meaning, and felt an unreasoning wrath with Deb, herself, fate, and the whole world.

"I was promised a *valse*," drawled a lazy, pleasant voice in her ear.

She turned, and saw Sir Harry Vane. He appeared to have been trying the India ink dodge about his eyes too; but they looked at her with the same kindly, sympathetic expression she had fancied they gave her that morning.

"If you'd only make it last all night, so that I needn't speak another word!" she said.

He asked no explanation, whirled her away, danced with her a great deal, kept near her, was agreeable and indolent and quiet—a boon generally. Finally Aunt Deb came up and said,

"Unless we mean to stay for breakfast, Fee, I really think we had better go home."

Blanche went down stairs on Sir Harry's arm.

"You are tired to death," was his only remark. "I hope you will soon be the Sleeping Beauty in good earnest."

Blanche would have liked to scream. The carriage drove off. Aunt Deb leaned her head back and snored diabolically. She need not have been afraid that her companion would speak, even if she had taken less pains to prove that she was sound asleep.

Until morning dawned, Blanche lay on her bed unable either really to slumber or keep sufficiently awake to dissipate the evil dreams which haunted her. At last she saw a streak of sunlight peep through the curtains; but while she was watching it and insanely fancying that it was a glittering sword ready to dig at her heart, she went off into oblivion, and slept for hours without a vision. She was only just dressed and trying to eat her breakfast when Aunt Deb put her head into the room.

"Sir Harry Vane is down stairs," she announced. "He has been asking my permission to take you to England. I reminded him of the Star-spangled; and told him that under its folds every woman spoke for herself."

"Aunt Deb!" cried Blanche, wildly; but the Ogress was gone.

Blanche's nervous tremors left her under the need for action. She had the same as given her promise: she would keep it. If

she were entirely free, her enchanted sleep had been broken too late. Harold was worlds away from her; he had said so last night. If her hand were held out, he would reject it—would never believe that it trembled, not with pity, but love. She would tell Sir Harry the simple truth: he must judge. Life was cold and dismal. Perhaps it might be no worse in his keeping. At least, she could not break her word.

"I used to fancy that he liked Lady Alicia—I know he did," she thought. "But that makes no difference. They wouldn't let her have him if she wished. I think he means to be a good man. We shall do well enough—well enough."

She went slowly down stairs toward the great red room where her visitor waited—waited in that dreadful impatience which always reminds one of the polar bear one pities in a menagerie. His face looked yellow and worn, and the dusky circles were more deeply marked than ever about his eyes. Sir Harry Vane, Baronet, aged twenty-six, had been in hell all night, and the sojourn had not improved his personal appearance. The expression is a strong one, but it suits the case.

He went away from the ball in Blanche's wake, and when he reached his apartment he found that his valet had a package of English letters ready for him. He sent the yawning Frenchman to bed, kindled his meerschaum, and sat down to read the epistles, though he knew in advance what they contained.

He opened the first letter; it was from his maternal parent. He read a few lines, threw it down, and opened the others—lawyers' letters. When he had devoured the whole and taken in their meaning, he sat and stared straight before him, as dazed as a man that has been rapped on the head with a club.

Two strong, vigorous Britons had passed suddenly out of this world—Lord Ernescliffe, in the prime of life, from an attack of unaristocratic erysipelas; Charles Willoughby, his heir, by the upsetting of a sail-boat in the Bay of Naples; and Harry Vane was the possessor of the lofty title and rent-roll that nobody but Miss Burdett-Coutts or a royal duke could equal.

The family solicitor wrote to urge a speedy return; the dowager wrote to beg her son to remember what was due to his ancestors, and not remain longer among those dreadful Yankees—a sojourn of which she had never approved. She trusted, in words heavily underlined, that he had been guilty of no nonsense; had not allowed himself to become embarrassed by any of the entanglements against which she had so often warned him. Then some fine sentences about the claims of position and the fact that *noblesse oblige*. Toward the close a bit of information, casually thrown in, to the effect that Lady Alicia Langdon was in the neighborhood, quite well, and more lovely than ever.

Sir Harry—no, Lord Ernescliffe—read his letters and went straight down into the uncomfortable place I ventured to name. But deep as he went, he held fast to the one course which he knew was right. He agreed with his mother that "*noblesse oblige*," but the proverb had a different signification to his mind from that which she had given it.

When the day dawned, he burned a lock of chestnut hair that had lain for a year next his heart, destroyed a score of tiny billets which he had treasured—oh, so carefully and so long!—threw back the curtains, let the sun stream in, and welcomed as best he might the life that stretched before him.

The door of the great red room opened; Blanche Osgood entered noiselessly and walked toward him. He rose, took her little cold hand in his colder fingers, and the two faces, unlike as they were, gained a strange sort of resemblance from the firm determination each wore.

"I have had letters from England," he said at once.

"No bad news, I trust," returned she.

"Good, I suppose. I shall be Lord Ernescliffe when I go back."

It meant very little to his listener; a title of more or less consequence was a slight matter.

"It sounds nicely," she said, becoming conscious that he was waiting for her to speak.

"You Americans have had a surfeit of titles," he observed, amused, in spite of his trouble, at her indifference.

"I think so," she answered.

He must go on: she expected it, and had a right so to do. Well, his lady mother ought to be satisfied with the breeding she displayed—a born duchess could not have received startling news more calmly.

He was about to speak, was what she on her side thought. These fresh honors only made her money more necessary to him, and he should have it. She had tacitly pledged her word; there was no reason for going back from it; life had nothing else to offer.

"On one account I am glad," he began, but something in his throat choked him, and he stopped. A movement of her graceful head had reminded him of Alicia. The very likeness made his duty harder.

"Then I am glad too," she said, with her eyes raised to his face, but not seeing him.

"Though you will not ask why," he continued, as soon as the suffocating sensation would permit. "It places me in a different position. With the fortune this title brings, nobody can accuse me of mercenary motives where—"

She interrupted him so suddenly that he

could only stare in wonder—caught his hand and shook it with warmth.

"I congratulate you heartily," she said, in a voice that had gained a new ring. "When do you sail?"

Was she a grasping little mermaid, after all? He had so thoroughly respected and liked her—did she mean to show herself worldly and disgusting now?

"We both said yesterday that May would be a pleasant month," he answered, coldly.

"But you ought to go at once," she exclaimed, her face lighted up with a pretty eagerness. "How glad I am! Do let me tell aunty."

"Just a moment," he interposed, more coldly, the new animation in her eyes making her beauty odious to him. "I think you forget what brought me here this morning."

"To tell me this good news, as it turns out."

"But that is not all; nothing is changed by it."

"It leaves us where we were, Sir Harry—good friends, I hope; true, honest friends."

Men are so stupid that he could not yet comprehend she wanted to keep him from speaking further.

"I don't understand you," he said, in a rather injured tone.

He would mortify himself in spite of her efforts if she was not quick, and she wanted him to be able to swear to Alicia that he had never been committed.

"But I understand every thing," said she, feeling a glow of pleasure in the thought of the happiness awaiting him. "I don't mean to explain now, and I don't mean you to. Some time, when I come to England"—she broke off to open a book of engravings of British beauties that lay on the table—"you shall help me to renew my acquaintance with the original of this."

He looked at the page to which she pointed. It was the portrait of Lady Alicia Langdon.

He began to stammer with true masculine awkwardness. She put up her finger.

"My dear friend," she said, earnestly, "if you were my own brother, I could not be more glad and thankful—do believe that! It was what I always wanted, if I had only known how to manage it."

Her sentence was not very clear, but he understood it—understood, too, that she just realized how welcome this escape was to her. He remembered her face yesterday, when the returned traveler met them; he comprehended that he himself, whether called Sir Harry or Lord Ernescliffe, was not the true Prince who had wakened the Sleeping Beauty from her enchanted rest.

They talked pleasantly and easily for a few minutes, then she sent him away. As he left the house, with the glory of his newly given happiness about his soul, he felt almost that her goodness, her purity, and her host of fascinations might have wiled him into peace after a time.

The door of the red room opened with a bang like the echo of distant cannonading. Aunt Deb appeared.

"Well, my Lady Vane!" cried she.

Blanche never stirred.

"Where's Sir Harry?"

"Lost," replied Blanche, quietly; "merged in Lord Ernescliffe."

Deb whistled "The King of the Cannibal Islands" straight through, without missing a note, before she spoke a word.

"'Some are born to greatness; some have greatness thrust upon them,'" she quoted.

"Neither happens to be my case," answered Blanche; "but that beautiful Lady Alicia was born to it, and glad I am."

"Sha'n't you be Lady Ernescliffe?"

"I wasn't asked."

Deb swooped down upon her like a monstrous bird of prey, caught her by both shoulders, looked full in her face for an instant, then she kissed her.

"You're a real woman!" she exclaimed. "I do believe you have wakened at last."

"Too late!" muttered Blanche.

"Hey?" questioned Deb. "Oh, I forgot; I've news in return for yours. I settled all that business before Harold got here. I had an old power of attorney from him, and used it. His money is safe enough, for I sold out his shares."

She left the room with a dragoon step to the tune of the cannibal king, and when Blanche roused herself from her dream, Harold Tracy stood beside her.

"How came you here?" she asked; for she had not heard him enter.

"I want to know if I am to take the next vessel back to South America?" said he.

She began to pout.

"You were bad and wicked last night."

"And so I will be to-day unless you answer me," he avowed.

"I'm sure—you know best—"

She broke down in her effort at composure, and could not articulate another syllable. He seized her hands and bent to look in her face, exclaiming,

"You do care! you do care!"

Low as was the whisper she uttered in response, he heard it:

"I did always—only I did not know it."

Deb gave them a long season to themselves, then she thought they had enjoyed as much uninterrupted bliss as any two mortals ought; so she opened the door and called out,

"Blow, bugle, blow!"

They both hurried toward her; she clasped their two hands in hers.

"The Huntsman passed just in time," said she. "God bless you, and be good children. It is what I always meant should happen."

GARTH:*

A Novel.

By JULIAN HAWTHORNE.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE-MAKING AND FLIRTATION.

ELINOR was angry: the delicate color which rose and fell in her face showed that plainly enough, and the tone of her voice was evidence confirmatory. At such moments she stood revealed as pre-eminently of an emotional temperament. Her customary thin disguise of cold indifference became irremediably transparent, and could never again mislead. The feeling that was in her frankly and pungently expressed itself; it tingled forth through every avenue of gesture and aspect. Like a child, she would forget herself in the generous vehemence of her utterance, though never overstepping that which lay deeper than consciousness itself—the innate, vital law of ladyhood. Not that this subtle restraint would render her indignation less formidable. Bitter is a woman's tongue; but the tongue of a lady can be like the prick of an envenomed needle.

But Golightley was not disheartened. He had a well-grounded confidence in his strategical and persuasive ability, and in his knowledge of Elinor's temper. He had no doubts of explaining himself satisfactorily. Moreover, he was versed in the ways of women enough to know how not to exasperate them—a rare accomplishment. Elinor pointedly avoided touching him, for with her a mental or moral antagonism was inevitably carried into immediate physical manifestation; but although he was particularly fond of laying his hands on people, especially if they were young and pretty women, he took not the least offense, but maintained his gentlemanly hilarity at its full height. He prattled on engagingly about the woods and the weather, the freedom and simplicity of country life, and the happy prospects of the present party, and met all Elinor's stabbing little rejoinders with an artless mildness that showed no wound. At length she turned upon him with dilated eyes and fell intent.

"Mr. Urmson, I should like to know what you think Mr. Graeme was going to say when he was interrupted?"

"My dear Elinor, I didn't interrupt him. Why didn't you ask him, or the horses, or perhaps our friend Garth, who made most of the noise?"

"I thought it would be fairer to ask you. I'd been looking at you, and it struck me that you were most concerned in it, and that Mr. Garth knew it."

"What most struck me," observed Golightley, comically, "was the branch of that confounded tree that took my hat off. Now, Elinor, don't be cross, but tell me frankly what's the matter."

"It was the way you looked," she exclaimed, with an impulse of shame and resentment at being forced to explain herself on so ignoble a matter. "Any one might speak against you; but I couldn't be mistaken in what your own face said. If what you have told us about the way things stand between you and your brother is not true, Mr. Urmson, how could you dare to do it? You looked so frightened at what he was going to say—oh, dear me!—and when that interruption came, you looked so thankful, and you were in such a hurry to get out after your hat, that it came into my mind the name Mr. Graeme would have spoken was yours. Well, that's all I have to say."

"By George, it would serve you right if I were mortally offended," remarked Golightley, stroking his beard musingly and wrinkling his forehead. "I wish I wasn't so good-natured. Here is Miss Elinor telling me that I've been begging all my life of my brother, instead of giving him money, as I pretended, and that I was so afraid of detection that I jumped out of a hay-rigging and ran away! And she insinuates that Garth—a good-looking fellow much younger than I am—improvised the accident to save my credit! I am too good-natured—by George I am!"

"Do I wish you to be good-natured?" exclaimed the young lady, with contemptuous lips. Golightley wiped his forehead with his handkerchief and sighed. "And, oh! how you have made me wrong your brother!" she continued, vehemently. "Tell me what is the truth, quick, Mr. Urmson! I can't bear this."

"Now, my dear Elinor," said Golightley, in a large tone of charity, "you are making a great to-do about nothing, and you will be very sorry before long. You dear child, what a terrible puzzle and fume you have got yourself into, to be sure! Let me see if I can't clear you up and make you all happy again. I'm not sure I'd do it merely on my own account; but my brother Cuthbert is one of the best and noblest of men, and I must put him in a right light, come what come may."

This honorable exordium might have made more impression upon Elinor had not the inward turmoil of her wrath muffled her

* Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1875, by JULIAN HAWTHORNE, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.

ears and disordered her understanding to such an extent that she scarcely heard what her companion was saying. She walked along with her teeth set edge to edge and an expression which she meant should be impassive, though in fact it was very far from being so. But Golightley was sure of his ground, and proceeded with all his customary self-possession.

"If there were only a recognized law of the Medes and Persians, which changeth not, about primogeniture in this country, I dare say it would be a good thing in some ways. I believe it's still in some vogue down South; but we down-Easters go in for equal rights in our families as well as in our politics. But the Urmson family—either purposely or accidentally—have always settled the bulk of the property on the eldest son, and packed the younger ones off with a few dollars in their pockets to get along the best way they could. It was as much a matter of course with us as it had been before we emigrated; although, mind you, it was perfectly free to us to change the order of things whenever we pleased."

By this time Elinor's mind had a little recovered its poise, and she was able to pay some heed to what followed.

"Well, now, Cuthbert being the eldest, it was an understood thing that the estate went to him: I never thought of questioning it, for one; and besides, you see, there was the old captain's will, dated after his first marriage—that is, dated before ever I was born or thought of — distinctly bequeathing every thing to him. All I could expect would be a codicil, giving me something to begin the world on. As it happened, though, there wasn't even a codicil for me; though there was a provision made for Eve or her descendants, in case any of them should turn up. The truth is—ha! ha!—I wasn't much loved by my good father, and my mother dying so early, there was no one to take my part."

Elinor's face softened at this indirect appeal: she could not but sympathize; for though Mrs. Tenterden loved her quite as much as if she were her own daughter, yet it was not with the love of the mother Elinor had lost, and the difference was such as a girl of Elinor's disposition would be specially alive to.

"Now, my dear," continued Golightley, repressing a strong desire to take Elinor's hand, and contenting himself with smoothing forward his hair on his temple, "it is enough to say as regards Cuthbert that this will is the only one he ever saw or knows any thing about; consequently he always has believed, and believes now, that the entire property, except the provision made for Eve's possible descendants, belongs to him."

"But you told mother and me that you had been supporting him ever since Captain Brian died. What! were there two wills?" she added, quickly, with a searching, half-distrustful glance at him.

Golightley caressed himself musingly for a full minute before replying. "When I made that assertion to you and Mildred," he said, slowly, "I was thinking of facts. We weren't thinking of coming here then, and of course I never contemplated having to explain matters on poor dear Cuthbert's account. It wasn't likely that the particulars would interest you, and I never was much given to tooting my own whistle. And even now, my dear child, I sha'n't make any direct assertions in self-vindication. I haven't kept silence all my life to break it now. If you are bent on damning me on the evidence of my changes of countenance and Garth's stopping a wagon, you probably wouldn't really wish me to bring forward better evidence in my defense. However, I can put a few things to you hypothetically, as it were, and so leave the matter in your hands. Now I have good reason to believe that, though I didn't please my father, my mother really did love me, and it's fair to suppose that she would wish me to be well provided for; and since my father was entirely devoted to her, it's fair to suppose that her wishes would have the greatest influence on him. But she died when I was a baby; so that, supposing my father had been persuaded to do any thing or every thing for me, you see, he had a score of years or so to think better of it in, and go back to his first purpose."

"Her dying wish! Then he didn't deserve a wife!"

"Not more than one, perhaps," returned Golightley, with his short laugh. "However, to go on with our hypothesis. You suggested a second will just now. I don't say there was one, but you see how there might have been one, and also why there might have been an intention to destroy it. And then, not being at all a methodical man, he might easily have mislaid it, or thought he had destroyed it, perhaps. Then, by-and-by, you can imagine an inquisitive boy, left pretty much to his own devices, ransacking the old garret, for lack of something better to do, and coming across— By-the-bye, my dear Elinor, don't you remember a very tiresome ghost story I was trying to amuse you all with the other night?"

"Oh," murmured Elinor, raising her hand to her forehead, and then letting it fall abruptly. Such impromptu side confirmations often carry conviction more surely than ordinary demonstration. "Why don't you speak straight out? I'm feverish with this 'supposing,'" she exclaimed. "The truth can be trusted."

"Ha! ha! I don't know about that; the truth is about the only wild beast that nobody has been able to tame. But I will

trust you, my dear, and I won't bother you any more. There isn't much more to it. My father sent me to England with a couple of thousand pounds, and nothing was said about lost wills on either side. I made up my mind to fight my own way and hold my tongue. Cuthbert had a wife, and, of course, would need a settled property more than a flighty, unencumbered bachelor like me. Cuthbert behaved like the gentleman he always has been, and offered to go halves with me; but I told him if ever I needed a trifle to help me out of a scrape, why, I'd apply to him; but I couldn't consent to any thing more. The devil of it is," said Golightley, pulling forward his hair, and glancing at Elinor, "that I have been obliged to apply to him pretty often. I met with such a confounded lot of ill health and ill luck as brought me high and dry more than once. Oh, I don't set up for a saint at all; still, you see, I might have been worse."

"Oh, Mr. Urmson!" was all Elinor found to say. She bent her head, and her arms drooped at her sides.

"I had the best of poor Cuthbert, didn't I?" continued Golightley: "not only had the pleasure of helping him without his knowing it, but the pleasure of giving him the pleasure of being generous to me. It was just as generous, you know, as if the means had really been his. To be sure, I had to put up with some people's thinking me a sponge, and with one young lady's thinking me both a sponge and a story-teller; but I'd do more than that for dear old Cuthbert; and now that I've got my own little pile all safe, I hope to do at least as much—and for Master Garth too. By-the-bye, as to that wagon accident, I'm afraid I did the dear boy great injustice. My first idea was that the venerable parson was alluding to his letters home for remittances, and that Garth, naturally disliking to have the subject ventilated in public, stopped the venerable tongue in the only way he could. But it occurs to me, on second thoughts, that Garth, ten to one, supported himself during his travels—portrait painting, and so forth; and so I am really the guilty one, after all. And Miss Elinor doesn't consider me fit to be spoken to."

Elinor turned to him with as sad a smile as ever glimmered in a young lady's eyes. "If you consider me fit to be shaken hands with, will you do it?" she asked. "Oh, you don't know how much you have to forgive!"

Nor did he seek to know, though the inquiry might not be uninteresting. For it is perhaps to be feared that her extraordinary suspicion of Golightley could hardly have taken such sudden and vigorous root in a reluctant or even impartial soil. The truth probably was that, disliking the man instinctively as much as she was forced to esteem and admire him on principle, she had snatched at the mere shadow of a dishonorable appearance in him with the half-despairing hope of proving it a substance, and thus justifying her blind intuition, and freeing herself forever, at this latest moment, from a union to which she was painfully averse.

The issue was a double punishment to her sinister desire. Not only was she rebuked by Golightley's vindication, but she was shamed by the revelation that his seeming falsehood pointed to an even greater nobility of conduct than he had yet been credited withal. He was verily a paragon of generosity and self-sacrifice, and now her defeat left her with neither strength nor purpose to contend longer against whatever might be his wish regarding her. She had but one offering to make in requital of her injurious thought, and if he chose to demand it, she must not refuse. No wonder, therefore, if her smile was dismal and her gesture spiritless.

Golightley, on the other hand, brimmed over with the milk of human kindness and self-satisfaction. He understood his victory and its value; he felt himself distinctly in love, and inclined to press his advantage. In spite of his worldly experience, he was, under certain conditions, a susceptible man, and even an impulsive one; and there were few things that suited him better than giving expansive utterance to warm and caressing sentiments. He took Elinor's sad, shrinking little hand between both his own, then lifted it to his lips, and finally tucked it away tenderly under his arm.

"My sweet Elinor," he began, "I must not let this crimson and gold path come to an end without asking for one golden hope. A year ago I broke in upon your mourning too abruptly and heedlessly; I was full of my own selfish hopes and desires, and longed to preserve you and dear Mildred from feeling the pressure of the straitened circumstances—"

"Yes, yes, that was—my misgiving," interrupted Elinor, who was now pale to the lips. "I am proud, Mr. Golightley—I'm sure I don't know what for—and so I answered as I did, because I couldn't believe that any one who knew me well enough to care for me could find any thing in me to care about, but only to pity; and I was too proud to be pitied: and I'm sure you can't care for me."

If Golightley had not persuaded himself beforehand that Elinor was at bottom quite as ready to marry him as he her, the beseeching tremor that shook this last sentence could hardly have been misinterpreted. Being thus preoccupied, however, he accepted it as a tender hint to proceed, and gallantly complied with it.

"Ah! my dear little girl, I see you have plenty to learn on some subjects, and it

must be my privilege—lucky dog that I am! —to spend the rest of my life in teaching you, by practical example, how to appreciate yourself. I will only say now that you are the only entirely lovely and admirable creature I have met. I don't pretend to be worthy of you—what man is? But there's a sort of poetical compensation, isn't there? in our coming together in this way, a healing up of the old legendary feuds, reconcilement of Cavalier and Puritan, eh?—ha! ha! Now, my dearest child, if you think you can ever come to put a value on the devotion of an elderly chap like me, who has sown his wild oats, such as they were, why, you know how long it has been yours!"

After a moment Elinor stopped in her walk, and pressing her forehead against Golightley's arm, burst into a fit of tearless sobbing. Her companion's words had smitten her with a sense of desolation and exile. Youth can not easily be reconciled to the sin-born divorce between physical and spiritual beauty or ugliness. Had Golightley, indeed, been indictable merely for a rude and ungainly outside, Elinor might soon have schooled herself to endure or even to love this for the sake of the inward loveliness. But her quarrel lay deeper. Golightley was comely and graceful with the refinements of society and culture, and her aversion grew from an instinctive perception of some impalpable, indescribable quality in him which had as little to do with ordinary physical repulsiveness as had his virtues with his good looks. In short, if his beauty were mainly spiritual, his ugliness would seem to be wholly so. What malicious perversity of nature was this?

Elinor had dreamed her virgin dreams of ideal love, wherein all was harmony and most interior satisfaction. Was the evil in her or in the world, that the realization was so dreary? If this love were heaven on earth, what must heaven be? And why were human beings endowed with longings and intuitions which there was nothing in heaven or earth to appease and justify? This marriage would be like a taking of the black veil, with the tragic difference that instead of consecrating her to a mystic and impersonal union, it would subject her in absolute self-surrender to a being of flesh and blood. Yet if she could not surrender here, what place had she in the world, where a worthier love — one built on less selfish foundations — was not to be looked for? She was bewildered, and so forlorn of help and sympathy that she was clinging to the very man of all others who was the cause of her forlornness. There was nothing left to her but him; and perhaps God, in requital of her sacrifice, would either so open or so shut her eyes that she might love him with heart as well as mind.

"Why these untimely sobs, dearest lady-love?" cried Golightley, putting his arm round her waist encouragingly.

Elinor freed herself in a moment, and stood before him with quivering, breathless mouth and piteous eyes, rubbing her hands round each other and intertwining her fingers.

"I think the best thing would be for me to die; but I will be yours if you want me, if you think you ought to have me. Seems to me I wasn't made to love as other people do. If I must live, I suppose you are best for me. I wish I were more like other girls. Perhaps I shall become better by-and-by."

"Now, my sweetest little Elinor—"

"Don't speak to me so!" she broke in, with a sudden startling change of tone and expression, clinching her hands and setting her teeth. "Why are you always so soft and kind, humoring my foolishness and petting me and complying with me? Why don't you show the strength that must be in you? Be strong and commanding with me! You must be like an iron man. Never be weak and yielding with me. Mr. Urmson, I believe there is a devil in me that would tear you to pieces if it thought it could master you. I want strength and laws and a will over me like Fate. You are too good —never let me get the advantage of you by finding out how good you are."

To this passionate outburst Golightley was able, at the moment, to oppose nothing better than a somewhat unmeaning smile. He was not one of the rugged, hammer-and-anvil sort of men, and could not pretend to be. His conquests of women had always been accomplished, not by main force, but by finesse, and by taking cunning advantage of feminine weaknesses. Although a little daunted, however, he was not seriously disturbed. He thought he understood the power of soft methods better than Elinor did; and, moreover, he could not suppose that this strange mood was other than transient. She would soon calm down, and take her new happiness as a sensible girl should. Doubtless it would require tact to manage her just at first; but who had more tact than Golightley himself? He had not lived upward of forty years in the world for nothing.

"Take my arm, my dear," he said, quietly; "we shall soon learn to understand each other. You have made me the happiest of men, and I am not going to ask any thing more of you till you are ready to give it. Ah, we're coming to the end of our golden path, I see; and hark! there's no mistaking that 'haw! haw! haw!' We must close upon them."

In a few steps more they would pass the edge of the wood, and come in view of the merry picnickers. Elinor suddenly tightened her hold on Golightley's arm, and looked up at him. "Kiss me!" she said, in a low,

imperious tone that had more fierceness than love in it; "not my cheek—kiss my lips!" He knew not what to make of it, but he obeyed. She drew a long tremulous breath, and after a moment said, "It can never be undone now." Golightley, for his part, did not altogether regret that their *tête-à-tête* ended simultaneously with this remark.

Half a dozen wagons were drawn up side by side on the edge of a shallow hollow. Overhead vast trees spread their burly branches, and sent their yellow leaves, one after another, wavering earthward, carpeting the glade as with the dying sunshine of the dying year. At the further end of the stretch of turf rose a granite rock, apparently composed of three separate fragments, so united as to present the semblance of the roughest imaginable chair or throne, with a low seat and high encaverned back—such a throne as Hiawatha might have held his woodland state in. The forest in the immediate neighborhood was so thinned out that the place might almost have been considered a pasture, yet it was wilder-looking than where the growth was denser. Knots and ribs of rock emerged here and there above the uneven surface of the ground; wild apple-trees crooked their fantastic limbs on the knolls and ridges; crimson clusters of huckleberry bushes sprouted on all sides; and straggling, unpruned grape-vines, heavy with thick-skinned purple clusters, coiled round tree and bowlder or wriggled prone along the earth. The tract lay high; at a short distance roundabout the forest thickened, and billowed away on all sides over unmeasured leagues, while far southward, at the further extremity of the distant, unseen valley, Wabeno just showed the crest of his dusky mane.

The ancient parson was bustling about with ponderous decrepitude, overseeing the unloading of the wagons. Garth had freed his horses from the shafts, and was leading them away to a comfortable spot by the neighboring brook-side. Madge was assisting Mr. Graeme, or, rather, taking charge of him—deftly righting his wrong-doings, and guiding and finishing off his right ones. Mrs. Tenterden had mounted a small hillock, whence, with her gown gathered about her in one hand and her parasol open in the other, she was contemplating the scene in a solid, majestic sort of way, as though she were the genius of the place. This, however, was but a vain appearance, inasmuch as she was really, despite her vaunted youthful experiences of country life on the plantation, infinitely less at home than any one of the company. But she had at least escaped from that dreadful jolting hay-rigging, after which any thing was home-like.

As the two pedestrians drew near, Elinor, to Golightley's renewed surprise, sent forth her voice in a long, loud trill—a throbbing scream of vehement melody, which overtopped all the buzz and tumult of the party, and drew upon her universal attention. No one but Elinor knew what a sore burden went out on the wild music of that scream. Garth's horses, on their way to the brook, threw up their heads and pranced, more like battle-steeds at the sound of a trumpet than the sober-sided old farm quadrupeds that they were; and Garth himself felt his heart bound and his brows lift, and anon was visited by a reminiscence of that other outburst at the lake, and was angry, he knew not why. Meanwhile Golightley, not to be outdone, swung his hat and was delivered of a well-rounded huzza; to which the whole band of picnickers, led by the reverend Stentor, bellowed and screamed a noisy response. Mrs. Tenterden rashly waved her parasol; caught by the breeze, it overcame her balance, and she came tottering down from her perch with desperate steps, and precipitated herself, with an involuntary gesture of passionate *abandon*, into the arms of the mighty minister. Hereupon uprose a huge volley of many-toned laughter, so confusedly echoing from every side that it seemed as if all the rocks and trees, and the wagons and the babbling brook, took part in it. In the midst of this mirthful uproar Elinor and Golightley came up, and stood the centre of the hilarious assemblage. Every eye was turned upon her with a new interest. She seemed to have advanced at one step from the position of a silent, unnoticed, somewhat stiff-mannered young lady to the rank of a leading social favorite, rivaling Madge on her own ground, besides being mistress of another to which Madge was a stranger. There are sometimes epochs in a life when the reserved soul comes flushing to the surface, feels its deep brotherhood with humanity, draws recognition and sympathy therefrom, and, for an hour, is and does that which shall in the retrospect astonish itself and its companions, though seeming at the moment more true to nature than nature's self. So Elinor, in the reaction from her passion of loneliness and repulsion, sprang abruptly into an intense and homely fellow-feeling with her kind, knew herself one with them in each intimate trait of soul and body, felt their warm, racy life flowing through her fine blue veins, and was conscious thereby of a new unbounded scope of power and freedom. She forgot her frigid misgivings, and became instinct with quaint, genial delights. How easy, sweet, and many-sided was existence, with joys like daisies and buttercups, as numerous, as humble, and as simply gathered! She saw how flimsy were the barriers of aristocracy; longed to be of the mass, to act and think and play with them, to hide from herself behind their wholesome vulgarity, and plunge over head and ears in safe depths of commonplace.

Withal and beneath all, she sadly knew this humor could not last, that her half-baffled identity was on her track, and soon would hunt her down, and therefore she yearned to taste the full flavor of the flitting time.

"What shall we do first?" she asked, looking smilingly around upon the smiling faces. "Let's play hide-and-seek, or blind-man's-buff, or let's have a dance! Oh yes, a dance—shall not we, Margaret? because we can all enjoy that together."

"Oh, but there's no fiddler, miss," answered half a dozen voices: "the fiddler's sick, and couldn't come. Old Dave's got his rheumatics, and had to stay back. Have to give up dancing to-day, I guess."

"Oh no, we sha'n't!" cried Elinor, blushing and laughing. "I'm so glad I brought my violin! and I'll fiddle for you as long as you like. Yes, I can, really, just as well as Dave—can't I, Margaret? Come now, ladies and gentlemen, take your partners. Mother, you must dance—you must dance with Mr. Graeme; I'm sure you can't refuse him. Well, but what is the dance to be?"

"Dear life!" cried Mrs. Tenterden, between bewilderment and amusement, as the minister made her a mammoth obeisance, and presented his arm: "if I ever thought of any thing like this! Why, Nellie, I declare you're a perfect captain!"

"The Virginia Reel, boys and girls," proclaimed Mr. Graeme; "in honor of our Southern visitors. Bustle about now, lads, and choose your lassies! Here, my little lady, let me help you to the choir-box—there you are! I never saw you before, my dear lass, but I like your face right well. Ay, the fiddle—where is it?—there in the box! All ready now—hold on! where's Garth? where is that boy?—climbed up the chestnut again? Ho! ho! ho!"

"Down to the brook—no, here he is back again. Hullo, Garth Urmson, you're late! no partners left."

Garth, sauntering moodily up, with his hands in his coat pockets, might have seen a pretty picture had his eyes been open to it. Elinor, violin in hand, was standing in Hiawatha's throne, whose hollow canopy rose high above her head, while the rugged and weather-worn texture of the rock picturesquely contrasted with the delicate complexion and clear-cut features of the slender and stately young musician. Down the glade in front of her were ranged the dancers in two lines facing each other, the men on the left and the women on the right, headed respectively by Parson Graeme and Mrs. Tenterden, Golightley and Madge standing second. The misty sunlight slumbered over this scene; the great trees cast tender shadows across it, and made it rich with tributes of golden leaves; the mighty sky impended infinite above all. Amidst such large surroundings, the full-grown company of human beings might almost have been taken for a band of frolic elves, joyously preparing to cut fantastic caprioles to the music of Titania's bow. The spot was precisely such a one as imagination would have fixed upon for a fairy meeting; and the sunshine was so moderated and mellowed by its journey through the Indian summer atmosphere that it might easily take the place of the enchanted moonlight of elf-land.

"Never mind," said Garth, "I'd rather look on than dance." Accordingly, he threw himself down at full length on the slope of the little hollow, clasped his hands beneath his head, and so composed himself for the spectacle.

"Turn out your toes now, children—best foot foremost. Let drive now, my lass!" boomed the parson; and with the word Elinor waved her bow and let it caper across the strings, and the reel began.

Never, certainly, since picnics began had such dance music been heard as this. It inspired each awkward village boy and girl and dame and elder with the nimble spirit of sylvan nymphs and fauns. Nobody could keep still. Those who were legitimately engaged in the figure naturally threw off all restraint, whirling, bounding, and gallopading as if all laws of gravity, both physical and metaphysical, were at an end; but the many whose turn had not yet come, and upon whom it was incumbent to keep steadily in line, found it a task beyond their most resolute powers. They jigged up and down and to and fro in their places, waving their arms, swaying their bodies, and tilting their heads this way and that, like so many heathen dervishes. The madcap tune set their blood dancing in their veins, their eyes dancing in their heads, and their souls dancing in their bosoms. Old people and young were there, yet all seemed young alike; for it was odd and pleasant to see how the boyishness and girlishness latent in the aged ones cropped out under the magic influence of the violin, as fresh as ever in itself, albeit sadly thwarted by the load of crusty old years which had silently been hardening over it. That in them which danced was the same now as ever in childhood, only the fleshly instrument was not quite so handy.

Parson Graeme had in ancient times been a most Titanic performer, dangerous to be within reach of when the fit was on him; and though of late years he had hardly attempted to do more than hobble through a turn or two, and then back to his seat, to-day he seemed to cast from him a score or so of his supernumerary winters, and to recall in some degree the heroic achievements of his mighty youth. If the enormity of his gambolings was somewhat subdued, the portentousness of his enjoyment was no less than of yore. As for Mrs. Tenterden, though almost young enough to be his granddaugh-

ter, she was less than a match for him on this score; her best exertions served only to keep her inevitably in the way of the rest of the dancers, where she revolved slowly, first in one direction, and then in another, laughing, breathless, bewildered, and perhaps not a little astonished at finding herself hail-fellow-well-met with such a number of the commoner sort of people.

Madge and Golightley meanwhile represented the refinements of the art. Golightley was master of its æsthetics and scientifics, and entered into the fun of the thing with a kind of cultured yet humorous *abandon*, which contributed greatly to the popular enjoyment. But Madge danced with a grace and poetry of motion such as she alone was capable of. She danced with complete self-surrender, spontaneous and care-free as the sparkle of a fountain. Here was an end to which she was created; here was fit exercise for her. Faultless and unweariable were her flying steps. She made dancing seem something worth being born for and living for; she was the matchless embodiment of the matchless music. Golightley, though his acquired and educated proficiency could not rival her inborn genius, was at least the worthiest partner she could have chosen. Madge had never liked him half so well before, nor, on the other hand, had she ever appeared so fascinating to him. This was a ground on which they could meet with utmost mutual cordiality, and from which they might proceed, perhaps, to still more interior and significant degrees of sympathy.

But Elinor, by whose skill all this merry enchantment was wrought, had so identified herself with the spell she was weaving that by-and-by she could no longer distinguish between herself and it. It seemed to her as if these creatures were thus gesticulating and coming and going solely in obedience to a fiat of her will, and without any volition of their own. They moved in harmony with the wild fancies that gamboled through her brain, and were, in fact, nothing more than mystic incarnations thereof—a sort of visible expression of her fantastic mood, a palpable reflection of her mind! This quaint notion so worked upon her imagination, and thence upon her violin, as to elicit a yet crazier development of the hurrying tune, immediately responded to by an increased fury on the dancers' part; and it occurred to Elinor that if she should happen to go mad, the whole company of caperers would have no choice or alternative but straightway to go mad likewise.

All this time Garth was lying on the slope of the hollow, precisely as he had at first disposed himself, except that his eyes, after wandering abstractedly from one to another of the Virginia Reelers, had at length settled upon Elinor, and did not again remove. His complete physical repose was in such utter contrast to the frantic unrest of the others that he appeared to exist in a different world; or, rather, as Elinor fancied, only he and she had real existence at all: the rest were mere shapes of the imagination, whose sole use, little as they might think it, was to interpret between her and him. And what was it that she would communicate to him? Nothing describable; nothing that words could convey; nothing, surely, of the slightest practical moment. Nor could it be aught susceptible of being hereafter recalled and brought into relation with matter-of-fact and normal conditions. Garth, as he existed in the matter-of-fact world, was any thing but congenial to her. What sympathy could she have with a man capable of selling his artistic honor? But in this ecstatic state something like a one-sided sort of communion appeared not only possible, but inevitable; and hence a conceivability, to say the least, that the artist of form and color might, in some primitive and paradisiacal form of being, have met and held fruitful converse with the artist of sound. The transcendentalism of this idea made it harmless, and at the same time rather enhanced its attractiveness. The entire fabric of it must vanish the moment the violin strings had ceased to quiver; therefore let its evanescent perfume be enjoyed to the full. Was Garth, on his side, conscious of it? Never might that be known. Yet he lay so still, and withal so subtly awake, it seemed as though he alone could comprehend and translate the inner meaning of that whose outward effect was but to inspire a score of queer phantasms with an antic frenzy. The vibrations which whirled them in idle circles like dead leaves breathed to his soul, perhaps, the vague, unutterable secret of a virgin's heart.

In this manner it came to pass that Elinor, when the Virginia Reel had spun itself out, found herself in an apparently quite other mood than when it began; nevertheless, the last was an orderly outcome of the first, or was possibly the first, more intimately apprehended. How the dance ended, or wherefore, or why it did not happen to go on forever, she could not have told; but at length it was all over; the world no longer obeyed the laws of harmony; the dream shapes relapsed into the vulgarity of flesh and blood; and the pale musician stood with her violin folded in her arms, wondering, like the rest, whence the late enchantment had come and whither it had gone. Garth still preserved his supine immobility, and made no sign.

The dancers were all very warm, especially Mrs. Tenterden, who had, however, exerted herself less than any body. They gradually wandered off, singly or in pairs, to seek coolness and repose in this or that shady

nook; the big minister crawled under the largest of the wagons and instantly fell asleep; and Mrs. Tenterden spread her parasol and wandered hither and thither, exclaiming, panting, and declaring that she had no idea an Indian summer was so hot. Golightley stood fanning himself with his hat, and wiping his forehead with his scented pocket-handkerchief; sending the while occasional inquiring glances toward Elinor, who, however, seemed wholly unconscious of him and of every body else. Madge, as the result of some little reconnoitring, discovered a similar insensibility in Garth; and thus it happened that the late partners found themselves thrown back upon one another—a state of things which neither, perhaps, altogether regretted. The lady proposed a short stroll in the direction of the tawny belt of woodland on the left, and the gentleman assenting with gallant alacrity, they presently walked off together.

When they had threaded their way for a few minutes through the living pillars of the forest, Madge took Golightley's arm with an innocent confidence that charmed him.

"How beautifully Miss Elinor plays!" she said. "How happy you must be, dear Uncle Golightley! Mrs. Tenterden has been telling me a great deal about how you were in Europe—how kind and helpful you were to them, you know. What a delightful coincidence, wasn't it? that you should become rich just at the time they became poor!"

"Ah," said Golightley, putting on his hat seriously, "those things that we call coincidences, Miss Margaret, are a mystery; they are providential."

"Oh, do you believe in providence?" exclaimed she, softly. "I'm so glad! because, if you do, surely every body can—you are so wise, you know. But how funny providence is sometimes! One would think it was hardly worth while to take the money out of poor Mr. Tenterden's hand only to put it into yours; because, you see, you use it to take care of Mrs. Tenterden and Miss Elinor, just as he did. However, I dare say you have a better right to it than he had—I mean, you understand better what it's worth."

"H'm! what I should have preferred, of course, would have been that poor John should remain affluent, whatever the state of my fortunes."

"Of course," assented Madge. "But I suppose," she added, reflectively, "there's only a certain amount of money in the world, and what one loses another gets. And it's particularly providential, to be sure, this time, because Mrs. Tenterden is the daughter of your mother, and it was from your mother that the money first came."

"Eh? What a clever little head you've got, Miss Maggie!" said Golightley, with an avuncular smile. "But I believe you're a little beyond me now."

"Now you're making fun of me, Uncle Golightley. I know how stupid I am," rejoined Miss Maggie. "All I meant was that since it was only by a sort of accident that your mother got separated from your father after their first meeting down there in Virginia, it is a sort of accident too that Mrs. Tenterden ever was born, and so it's another accident—now don't laugh at me!—that all the money didn't belong to you; and not only all your mother's, Uncle Golightley, but all your father's too; because, you see, it's just as much an accident that your brother Cuthbert was born as that Mrs. Tenterden was."

Golightley threw back his head and laughed loudly. "By George! why, what a little casuist you are! Ha! ha! I don't know what Cuthbert and Mildred would say to being told they were nothing but a sort of *faux pas*—eh? Ha! ha!" He glanced narrowly at her from underneath his blue glasses: she was stepping along with her finger on her lip, which seemed to pout a little, as if she were childishly resentful of being made fun of; but the broad brim of her hat so overshadowed her lovely face that he could not be certain whether he read her expression aright. He fancied at one moment that she partly returned his glance from the corner of her long dark eye.

"Oh, there's a good grape-vine!" she exclaimed, suddenly, pointing to a huge oak-tree which had died in the grasp of a vine which seemed almost as old as itself, though abounding with fruit. "What a splendid bunch that is! Oh, thank you! But here's too much for one person to eat; you must go shares with me, Uncle Golightley."

"Ah! with pleasure. I can never refuse to go shares with you in any thing, Miss Margaret," said Uncle Golightley, with an indulgent smile. "These grapes, though," he added, after eating a few, "are not worthy of the occasion. Ah! if you could have eaten grapes with me in Italy and France! Well, who knows but we may all meet there one of these days? Garth, of course, being an artist, will steer for Rome and Florence as soon as he can weigh anchor here; and as for me, I fear it may turn out that I've been an exile too long to take kindly to my native soil at this late day."

"Tell me why you came back here at all?" demanded Madge, abruptly, resuming his arm, and peeping brightly at him from beneath her shadowy hat brim. "Mrs. Tenterden says it was decided on so suddenly that she had hardly time to pack up. I'll tell you what I think was the reason, shall I?—you won't be angry?"

"Nothing that you can say, my dear," affirmed Uncle Golightley, affectionately patting her head, "can make me angry."

"Well, then," she continued, with a peculiarly mischievous smile, "it was because you were frightened away by your ghost. Ah! you were just a tiny bit angry, after all."

"What has got into your little head? My ghost! Why, I'm not dead yet."

"You know very well, Sir, that isn't the ghost I mean. I mean the same ghost that you saw up in the garret at Urmhurst, and went down cellar with. The one that opened the triangular parchment, you know, which was dated in 1781, and was signed—You won't be angry if I tell you how it was signed?"

"Look here, Miss Maggie," said Golightley, dropping his voice and looking cautiously about him, "what the deuce have you been up to? You didn't hear any thing about dates and signatures from me nor from Mildred either. Ha! ha! Well, here I am talking as if my ghost story had been a true tale."

"You didn't know, I suppose, Mr. Golightley, that I am a witch," returned his charming companion, tossing her head. "I know all sorts of strange things about people, and I could tell you every thing that was in that parchment, though neither I nor Nikomis can imagine why the ghost should hide it away in the grave of Nikomis's ever-so-great-grandfather."

"Nikomis's ever-so-great-grandfather, was it?"

"Yes; but that's a secret, and you mustn't tell any body. You see, I tell you all my secrets, because I know you can keep secrets better than most people, especially such ones as I tell you. And then Nikomis is a terrible witch, and if she were to hear that you had spoken about her to any one, she might get angry and burn you up, or change you into somebody else, or somebody else into you."

"Dear me! and how would she manage that?"

"Oh," laughed Madge, evidently enjoying her own grotesque and absurd fancies, "by muttering some spell over the triangular parchment, I suppose."

Golightley echoed her laugh, though in so preoccupied a manner that it was plain he must be thinking of something else. The two walked onward for a considerable distance in silence, for Madge, perceiving that something had given his meditations a serious turn, had too much good-breeding to break in upon them with any further unfolding of her fanciful conceits. At length, however, Golightley spoke, and himself led back the current of talk into the former channel, as though the quaint humor of it had taken his own imagination captive.

"How long, may I ask, have you been in witch business, Miss Maggie?"

"Oh, ever so long," she replied. "I remember Nikomis gave me my first lessons when she lived in her wigwam in the woods, before coming to Urmhurst. But the time I studied most in witchcraft was while Garth was abroad. There was nothing else to do, hardly, all those five years and more. I learned a great deal. In some ways I got to be even more of a witch than Nikomis; for she doesn't know how to read, you see, and I can read in two or three languages, and that is very useful in some kinds of witchcraft."

"But you never read any thing," pursued Golightley, "either with or without a signature, that gave you grounds for believing that I had been frightened by a ghost in Europe? Nikomis doesn't keep a European witch correspondent, I fancy, eh? Ha! ha!"

"Well," began Madge, hesitatingly, and paused; then suddenly brightened up again, and went on. "Yes, we have a correspondent who travels all over the world, and in Europe as well as in other places. He sends us messages every once in a while, and then Nikomis and I get inside our magic circle, and I read them to her. And there was something he wrote us about a year ago that I couldn't quite make out; but since you told us your ghost story, I see the meaning of it. So, you see, Uncle Golightley," she added, with an arch glance, "you betrayed yourself."

Uncle Golightley shook his head and smiled. "And what sort of a chap is this correspondent of yours?" he asked, "and what may his name be?"

"Oh, he's a very strange creature indeed," said Madge, mysteriously; "he's half red and half white; and if you strike him with a sword, fire comes out of him!"

Had Madge, after making this extraordinary speech, happened to look at her companion's face, she might have seen a singular expression come into it, and immediately pass away again. In a few moments he spoke in his usual tone.

"Which do you like best, my dear Margaret, blindman's-buff, hide-and-seek, or being my partner in the Virginia Reel?"

"I like being your partner, I think—you dance so well. And then I like going shares with you in the grapes."

"You're a witch, and of course you can beat me at dancing," said the other, with a short laugh; "but I dare say we shall suit better after having had a little more practice together. As for the grapes, I see you have some of the bunch still left; I suppose that lucky dog, Garth, will get those?"

"I suppose so," assented Madge, with a sigh; "though I don't think he cares for them so much as I do. He never will take the trouble to pick them for himself; but if I put them into his mouth, he might probably consent to eat them."

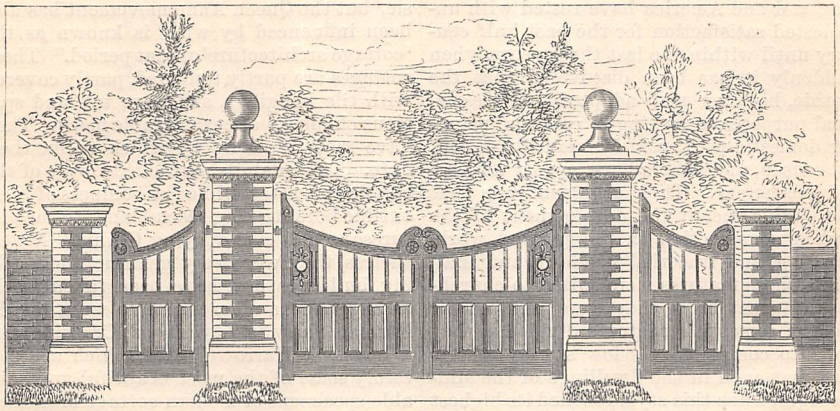
"I think very likely," responded Golight-

ley, dryly. "I offered him a rousing good bunch the other day, and he swallowed it without winking. But, by-the-bye, my dear, aren't we getting pretty deep in the woods?"

"Oh, we sha'n't get lost," she answered, with a smile. "Keep to the left. I was brought up in the woods, you see, and can always find my way." They kept to the left accordingly, and are lost to our sight amidst the falling gold of autumn.

MODERN DWELLINGS: THEIR CONSTRUCTION, DECORATION, AND FURNITURE.

By H. HUDSON HOLLY.



DESIGN FOR GATEWAY.

I.—CONSTRUCTION.

ARCHITECTURE is a comparatively new art in this country, and has had but little earnest and intelligent study; so we can not be said to have any styles and systems peculiarly our own. Yet out of our necessities there have grown certain idiosyncrasies of building which point toward an American style. In the absence of such a style we have been apt to use inappropriately the orders of foreign nations, which express the especial needs of those countries, and those alone. Doubtless we may introduce from abroad methods of design which meet our requirements; but we must not hesitate to eliminate those portions for which we have no use, or to make such additions as our circumstances demand.

For instance, in our pure atmosphere, where odors are readily absorbed, it would be foolish, except in large establishments, to build the kitchen apart from the house to escape from its fumes, when a simple butler's pantry between it and the dining-room would effectually prevent their entrance. So, too, it would be the merest folly, in building an English cottage, not to have a veranda, simply because its prototypes in England have none. We evidently have need of this appliance in our dry and sunny climate, and from such requirements a distinctive feature of American architecture must arise.

In this way we are doubtless building up an architecture of our own, profiting, as other founders of styles have done, by precedents in older countries. Our materials, climate, and habits differ enough from those of Europe to demand a distinctive change in their use and arrangement. For example, in European countries, wood, a most valuable building material, is rare and expensive, while in most sections of our own it is very abundant. But instead of using this in accordance with its nature and capacities, we have stupidly employed it in copying, as exactly as we can, details of foreign architecture which were designed with reference to the constructive capacities of brick and stone. Hence we see rounded arches, key-stones, and buttresses of wood; wood siding is sanded and blocked off to represent stone; and the prosperous American citizen with a taste for feudal castles, like Horace Walpole, may live to see three sets of his own turrets decay. Fortunately our people are beginning to recognize the folly of such unmeaning shams, and when stone or brick is adopted, it is treated as such; and when wood is employed, we are properly commencing to show details adapted to its nature. Until, however, we come to possess a vernacular style, we must content ourselves with copying; and the question arises, Which of the innumerable systems is best suited to our requirements? We have tried the Egyptian, but nothing cheerful seems to have been the result, as our City Prison will testify. The Greek, as set forth by Stuart

and Revett, has had a more successful career. But while the "counterfeit presentments" of the temples of the gods have mocked the eye with their exterior of wood and whitewash, so within we might sometimes find the Pythia with a wash-bench for a tripod, with the fumes of soap-suds representing the vapor of inspiration.

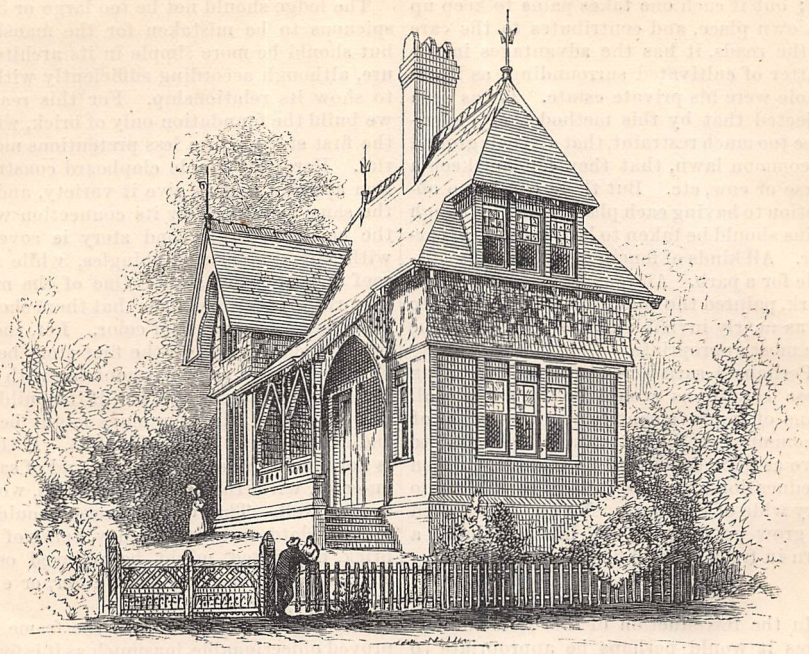
But the Gothic revival, started by the masterly hand of Pugin, glorified and made national by such men as Street and Ruskin, seemed to have decided the matter, and both England and America have rested with unmolested satisfaction for the past half century until within the last three years, when suddenly it has been discovered that the Gothic, however well adapted to ecclesiastical purposes, is lacking in essential points for domestic uses; and Norman Shaw, J. J. Stevenson, and others have openly advocated the heresy. Their argument was that the Gothic meant the development of the arched construction in the pointed work, vaulting, and traceried windows, and that, while these features were suited to churches and great halls, they were unfitted for modern domestic structures, divided as they are into comparatively low stories; therefore that even in the dwellings of the Middle Ages, when this style reached its highest perfection, its characteristic features could not be displayed. In fact, Gothic architecture was not originally intended to meet domestic wants.

These writers, then, exempt themselves from a slavish conformity to the Gothic, admirable as it may be in its proper sphere, on the ground that it is manifestly inadequate to meet all modern requirements. One of the principles upon which the promoters of the Gothic revival insisted with energy and eloquence was "*truth* in architecture"—that the construction should not be hidden under some fair-seeming mask, which had no affinity with it, and often represented something very different from it, but should be made apparent, and the basis of whatever adornment should be employed. But these new reformers say that truth is not the peculiar possession of Gothic architecture; and, indeed, *modern* Gothic has often found the temptations of an age that loves to be deceived too strong for it, and has fallen into the errors of the system it has attempted to replace. What, then, do they propose as a substitute for this in domestic architecture? They claim that in what is loosely called the "Queen Anne" style we find the most simple mode of honest English building worked out in an artistic and natural form, fitting with the sash windows and ordinary doorways, which express real domestic needs (of which it is the outcome), and so in our house building conserving truth far more effectively than can be done with the Gothic. One great practical advantage in adopting this and other styles of the "free classic" school is that they are in their construction and in the forms of the mouldings employed the same as the common vernacular styles with which our workmen are familiar. They are described by Mr. Ridge somewhat as follows: "The Queen Anne revival shows the influence of the group of styles known as the Elizabethan, Jacobite, and the style of Francis I., which are now, indeed, to be arranged under the general head of 'free classic,' but the Queen Anne movement has also been influenced by what is known as the 'cottage architecture' of that period." These cottages are partly timbered, partly covered with tile hangings, and have tall and spacious chimneys of considerable merit. They have really nothing by which to fix their date. Their details partook strongly of the classic character, while the boldness of their outline bore striking resemblance to the picturesque and ever-varying Gothic. Nevertheless, they were very genuine and striking buildings, and have been taken freely as suggestions upon which to work by Mr. Norman Shaw in Leyeswood, Cragside, and a house at Harrow Weald, which are certainly some of the most beautiful and suitable specimens of modern cottage architecture in England; and the cottages erected by the British government on the Centennial grounds at Philadelphia are adequate illustrations of this style.

In America it is the privilege of nearly all classes to build for themselves homes in the country, where, for the same rent as they would pay for a flat or tenement in town, they can secure an entire house, with sufficient ground for a garden and ornamental lawn; and if not immediately in a village, sufficient acres can be obtained to afford the luxury of a horse and cow, the products of the little farm going far toward the support of an extra man, and with good management may be made a source of profit also.

Railroads and steamboats have now become so numerous that all classes, from the humblest mechanic to the wealthy banker, can have their homes in the country, reaching them in about the same time, and as cheaply, or nearly so, as they could ride from the City Hall to the upper part of the city. It is not an occasion for wonder, then, that there are so many ready to avail themselves of this rapid transit, and that we see studded along the lines of our railroads picturesque and cheerful homes, where the heads of families are not only recuperating from the deleterious effects of the confinement of city life, but are, with the aid of fresh air and wholesome food, laying the foundation of greater strength and increased happiness for their children.

In the selection of a site, of course sanitary considerations are paramount. Next



DESIGN NO. 1.—SMALL COTTAGE, OR LODGE.

should be the advantage of fine scenery. Our country abounds in beautiful ocean, river, and mountain scenery, equal to, if not surpassing, that of Europe. Yet how seldom is this considered in locating our homes! It is too often the case that an unattractive, barren spot is selected—inland, apart from views, devoid of trees or other natural beauties. If a pretty pond or brook should enliven the scene, the former is likely to be filled up, or, at least, stoned around like a dock, and the brook as likely as not to be turned into a sewer. Of course there are reasons why these beautiful sites can not always be chosen. One is, that they are apt to be lonely. Society is a consideration, and society, strange to say, will not bear you out in the love for the picturesque; so that your family must either possess superior resources within themselves, or have the means of entertaining largely, in order to find contentment in "the Happy Valley."

There is a method adopted in England, however, by which fine scenery and agreeable company may not be incompatible. It is by a number of families clubbing together and procuring an attractive spot, filled with shady nooks or pleasant streams, which can, by mutual agreements, and with some slight restrictions, be laid out in a picturesque manner for building.

This park system has been attempted in this country, but hitherto has in most cases signally failed, for the reason that it has been started by men without the knowledge necessary to select the locations, to say nothing of laying them out, or conducting the parks when complete. Instead of employing an educated landscape gardener, who would take advantage of its topography, and with care and judgment would accommodate its roads to the natural curves and best positions for building, they are satisfied if only an outline survey be made, the roads laid out on the checker-board pattern, and the lots numbered in the auctioneer's office. The proprietors then cause the place to be extensively advertised, and the lots sold to the highest bidder. The result is that the ground is seldom improved, because one does not know who his next door neighbor may be or what he may do; or, if one has the temerity to build and settle, he finds the roads are left to grow up with weeds, and there are no funds to keep them in order; moreover, he discovers that none of the owners intend building, as each has bought only on speculation, and will not sell unless for extravagant prices, and, like the dog in the manger, these speculative owners neither improve nor allow any one else to do so.

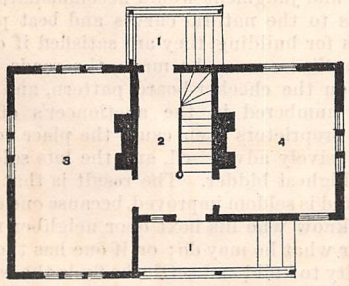
Now as these parks on the speculative system have proved a failure, could not the community plan be adopted, combining real business and real taste, making judicious laws and restrictions simply with the view of facilitating improvements and keeping up the enterprise? Of course the value of this would not be solely of a social charac-

ter; but if each one takes pains to keep up his own place, and contributes to the care of the roads, it has the advantages in the matter of cultivated surroundings as if the whole were his private estate. It has been objected that by this method they experience too much restraint, that all their ground is common lawn, that they can not keep a horse or cow, etc. But there can be no objection to having each place inclosed, though pains should be taken to have a tasteful barrier. All kinds of fencing would not be suitable for a park. An inexpensive plain wire-work, painted the color of the grass, so as to be as nearly invisible as possible, would be the most appropriate.

Perhaps a satisfactory way of arranging these conditions would be to submit all plans of improvement to the censorship of a commission; but it would be wisest to have as little constraint as possible, for men of education and taste in our day seldom go very wide of the mark. No one is expected to grow potatoes on his lawn, or build a barn in front of his house.

DESIGN NO. 1.

In the introduction of this series of cottages it would perhaps be appropriate to commence with the gate entrance (see illustration at the head of this article), in connection, if you please, with the porter's lodge, through which we may pass on entering such a park as we have just described (let us suppose), in which we might expect to find, each on its appropriate site, the following designs.



GROUND PLAN FOR DESIGN NO. 1.

1. Porch.—2. Main Hall.—3. Kitchen, 10×17.—4. Living-Room, 10×12.
Estimated cost, $2200.*

* In regard to estimates, I would say they depend upon the time they are made, as there are many influences which cause their fluctuation. In a book of mine published in 1861 the estimates were given at the then low rates. A few years later, when prices had advanced nearly fifty per cent., these figures had the effect of greatly misleading many persons who contemplated building. The following estimates are based upon the present low price of labor and material. It may be, however, that as business revives, the greater demand will cause an increase of cost, but I sincerely trust that the present standard may be maintained, as the cost of building for the past dozen years has been extravagantly high.

The lodge should not be too large or conspicuous to be mistaken for the mansion, but should be more simple in its architecture, although according sufficiently with it to show its relationship. For this reason we build the foundation only of brick, while the first story is of a less pretentious material. Here the simple clapboard construction appears, and to give it variety, and at the same time to show its connection with the mansion, the second story is covered with cut ornamental shingles, while the roof should be of slate. One of the most important requirements is that there should be an agreeable effect of color. Let, therefore, the clapboards on the first story be of French gray—a color harmonizing with the brick—the shingles buff, and if the building is well shaded, the trimmings might be of Indian red, with black chamfers. If there is not much shade, however, a kind of salmon-color, with Indian red chamfers, would appear well. The roof, of course, should be of dark slate, and the chimney, being of red brick, unpainted, might be relieved occasionally with brick of dark color, or even black.

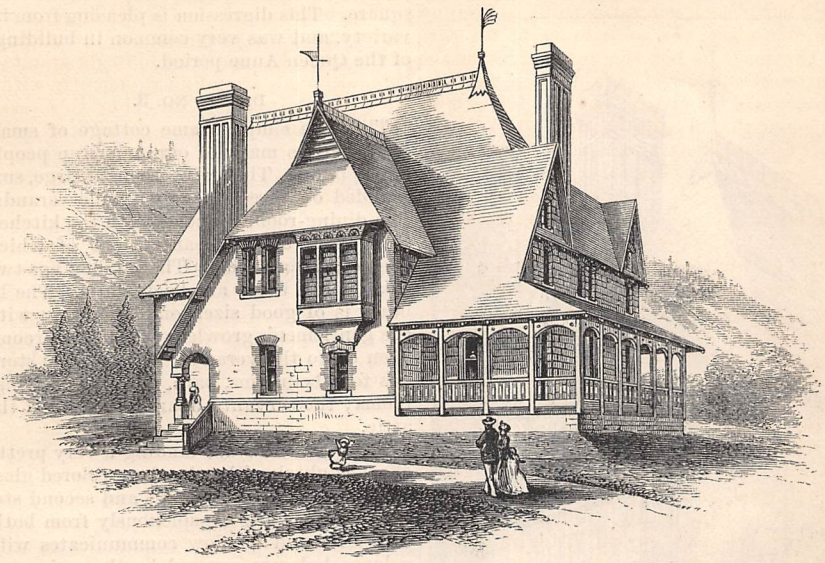
The old plan of filling in the frame has proved objectionable, inasmuch as it is found to collect moisture, making the house damp, and thereby hastening decay. Brick filling, therefore, has been abandoned, and the process of sheathing employed. This is simply a covering of hemlock boards, nailed diagonally over the outside, which adds so much to the strength of the frame that it may be made considerably lighter, and consequently less expensive. This sheathing is covered with thick paper or felt, and then is ready to receive the outside shingles and clapboards. In houses built after the old plan, the frame, in shrinking away from the bricks, is liable to leave numerous seams on each side of the studs, through which wind and cold may penetrate, while the felt, a perfect non-conductor, being wrapped around the entire building, serves as a blanket, keeping all warm and dry within.

DESIGN NO. 2.

This cottage, designed for some picturesque site, where the scenery is of an undulating character, and rugged rocks and shady trees blend harmoniously with the ivy-covered walls, is irregular in its plan and somewhat broken in its sky-lines, in order to assimilate the nearer to the nature of the scenery amidst which it is placed.

However plain a structure may be, it is well to have some little extravagance in a prominent part, to which the rest of the work may appear subordinate, like one bright jewel in the firmament, to which the lesser lights seem proud to pay homage.

In the present instance I have selected the column at the entrance, and as there is



DESIGN NO. 2.—STONE COTTAGE.

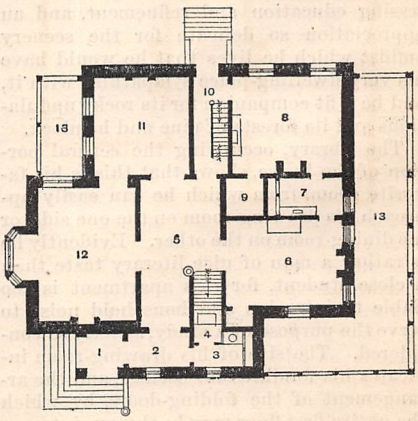
but one, we can afford to have this of the best; therefore let the shaft be of polished Scotch granite, and the capital and base of marble richly carved in foliage pertaining to the locality.

There are four rooms on the first story, five on the second, and four on the third. The sitting and dining rooms are placed opposite each other. The main hall is roomy, and may be also used as a sitting-room, being but little obstructed by the stairs. These occupy an alcove of their own, and protrude into the hall only so far as to show agreeably, without taking up too much space. We should strongly object to having the staircase entirely shut off from the hall, as it seems to belong to it by old association, and to suggest invitingly that there are comfortable apartments above.

So, too, the superseding of the spacious fire-place and hearth-stone in our family sitting-room by the modern hot-air furnace, is an abomination grievous to be borne by those who remember fondly that ancient symbol of domestic union and genial hospitality. Indeed, if our means would allow, I would prefer to have a fire-place in the hall itself; and instead of the little narrow hard-coal grate, with the inevitable marble mantel surmounting it, a generous, old-fashioned open chimney, large enough to sit in if one so desired. But in a house of this size we could not do justice to the subject; and I have preferred to carry out this idea in a larger dwelling, which will be represented in a future number.

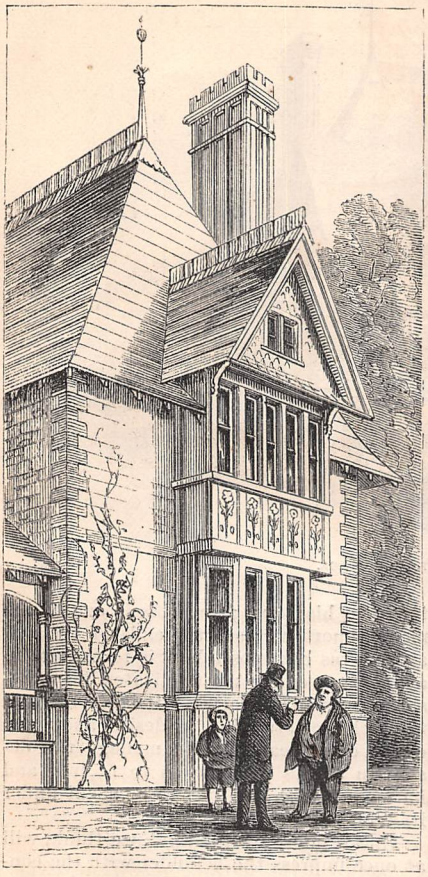
A gentleman, by frequent communications with his architect, necessarily to a very great extent imprints his own character upon his house; and this is one of the most important æsthetic ends of the art, and proves how possible it is to express in a manner even the most delicate idiosyncrasies of human character. It is the duty of the architect, studying the desires and needs of his client, carefully to manage the design in all its parts, so as to fit into and harmonize with the lives to be spent under its roof.

Thus a house of this kind, we think, will at once impress the beholder with the conviction that it is the habitation of a gentleman of small family and means, yet pos-



GROUND PLAN FOR DESIGN NO. 2.

1. Entrance Porch.—2. Vestibule.—3. Lavatory.—4. Water-Closet.—5. Main Hall, 13½×26.—6. Dining-Room, 16×21.—7. Butler's Pantry.—8. Kitchen, 17×19.—9. Kitchen Pantry.—10. Back Hall.—11. Library, 15×17.—12. Sitting-Room, 17×24.—13. Verandas.
Estimated cost, $8500.



VIGNETTE, SHOWING TWO-STORY BAY-WINDOW.

sessing education and refinement, and an appreciation so delicate for the scenery amidst which he lives that he would have his very dwelling-place sympathize with it, and be a fit companion for its rocky undulations and its forests of pine and hemlock.

The library, occupying the central portion of the house, shows that this is his favorite room, from which he can easily approach his drawing-room on the one side, or his dining-room on the other. Evidently he is rather a man of nice literary taste than a close student, for this apartment is too liable to intrusion and household noise to serve the purpose of a study, strictly so considered. The size of his drawing-room indicates his fondness for society, and the arrangement of the folding-doors, by which the entire first floor may be thrown into one apartment, gives evidence of generous hospitality and large social qualities.

The vignette shows the two-story bay-window on the parlor side of the house. This may appear somewhat peculiar, as the first story is octagonal, and the second square. This digression is pleasing from its variety, and was very common in buildings of the Queen Anne period.

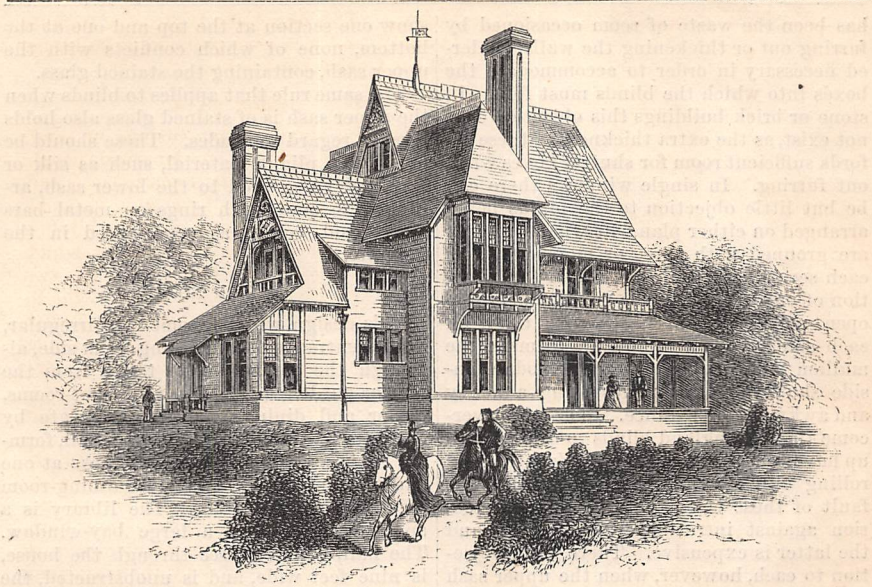
DESIGN NO. 3.

This is a simple frame cottage of small cost, such as many of our American people might build. The living-room is large, surrounded on three sides by a wide veranda. The dining-room connects with the kitchen through a butler's pantry, out of which opens the store-room. The kitchen has two closets, and there are back stairs. The library is of good size, communicating with the gentlemen's growlery; both these rooms open on to the veranda. The second story has four bedrooms, bath, and two dressing-rooms; the servants' apartments are in the attic.

From the staircase landing a very pretty effect is obtained by the three colored glass windows lighting the first and second stories, and showing conspicuously from both. The left-hand window communicates with a large balcony, covered by the main roof. Another unusual feature is the bracketing out of the main roof over the sitting-room veranda, in order to cover the second-story balcony.

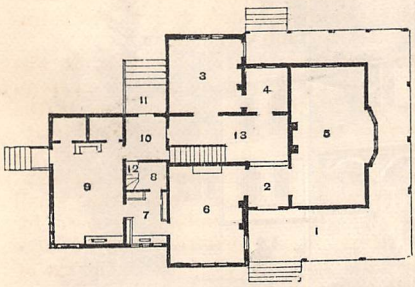
In this climate supplementary roofs, tacked on promiscuously, are very objectionable. Balconies, canopies, dormer-windows, and even veranda roofs necessitate much work, and are a continual source of annoyance and expense from leakage. Roof decks are also productive of much trouble, especially in our climate, where we are subject to heavy falls of snow; they should be abandoned, and the roofs carried up to the ridge, sufficiently steep for it to slide off without obstruction. The nearer we get to the form of a tent, the nearer we reach perfection in this respect. Here the Queen Anne system comes to our aid, and seems to offer the precise method that most fully meets our requirements. Designs 2, 5, and 6 are examples of this, in which the main roof covers every thing, even to the balconies, dormers, and verandas.

In imitating ancient examples, as was said before, it is not incumbent on us to give up all that we have gained in the course of centuries, but to adopt and incorporate with the old every thing that has been proved to be desirable in the new. For example, in Queen Anne's time small panes of glass were universally used, for the simple reason that they had no large ones; but for us to go back to the use of small panes only because they belong to the style, would be absurd and ridiculous. We should not only injure our view by cutting it up with these little checkering squares, but we would miss the brilliant effect that we might obtain from that beautiful modern invention, plate-glass.



DESIGN NO. 3.—FRAME COTTAGE.

There are windows, however, intended only for light, and not in a position to command a view, as, for example, a window over a staircase landing, and, as a general thing, all upper sashes, in which, being above the eye, it would be proper, in order to conform to the style, to use not only small panes, but even stained glass, with leaded sash. Such could be used with good effect both outside and in. Though this is borrowed from the Gothic, and seldom found in examples of the Queen Anne, yet we do not hesitate to accept it as being extremely beautiful and capable of the most artistic treatment. I have recently fitted up two dining-rooms where the upper sashes are thus treated. Designs of fruit, game, convivial scenes, and texts of good cheer furnish appropriate decorations.

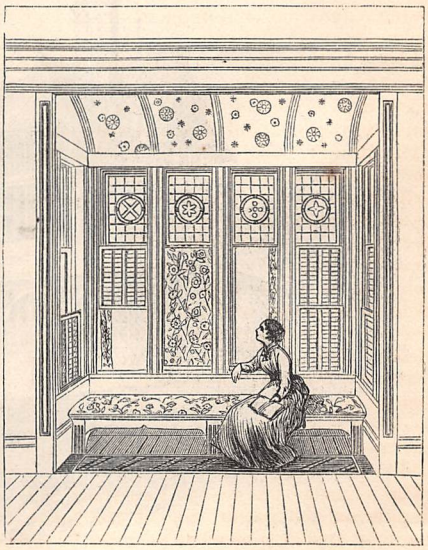


GROUND PLAN FOR DESIGN NO. 3.

1. Veranda.—2. Main Hall.—3. Library, 15×15.—4. Office, 8×9.—5. Living-Room, 15×28.—6. Dining-Room, 15×20.—7. Butler's Pantry.—8. Store-Room.—9. Kitchen, 14×20.—10. Servants' Hall.—11. Servants' Porch.—12. Back Stairs.—13. Principal Stairs.

Estimated cost, $8000.

The vignette shows the interior view of the second-story bay-window, a peculiar feature being the coved ceiling, running up to the main cornice, which is one of the characteristics of this style, and strongly recommends itself over the ordinary flat ceiling, separated, perhaps, from the main room by a plaster arch or transom. The vexed question of blinds, especially for frame houses, has been in dispute as long as wooden structures have been built—whether they shall be placed on the outside or within. The great objection urged against inside blinds



VIGNETTE, SHOWING BAY-WINDOW AND BLINDS.

has been the waste of room occasioned by furring out or thickening the walls, rendered necessary in order to accommodate the boxes into which the blinds must fold. In stone or brick buildings this objection does not exist, as the extra thickness of these affords sufficient room for shutter boxes without furring. In single windows there can be but little objection to the blinds being arranged on either plan, but when windows are grouped with three or more openings, each seems objectionable; for in the adoption of outside blinds, the middle one, when open, necessarily interferes with those on each side. It is also difficult to make the mullion wide enough to accommodate inside shutters without presenting a heavy and awkward appearance. In order to overcome this, in England blinds to draw or roll up have been adopted, and the Venetian and rolling blinds are largely employed. The fault of these is, the first offers no protection against intrusion from without, and the latter is expensive. There is an objection to each, however, when the upper sash is of stained glass, for as this in itself sufficiently excludes the sun, it would be superfluous to have in addition the shutter, thereby excluding from view the rich effect of stained glass.

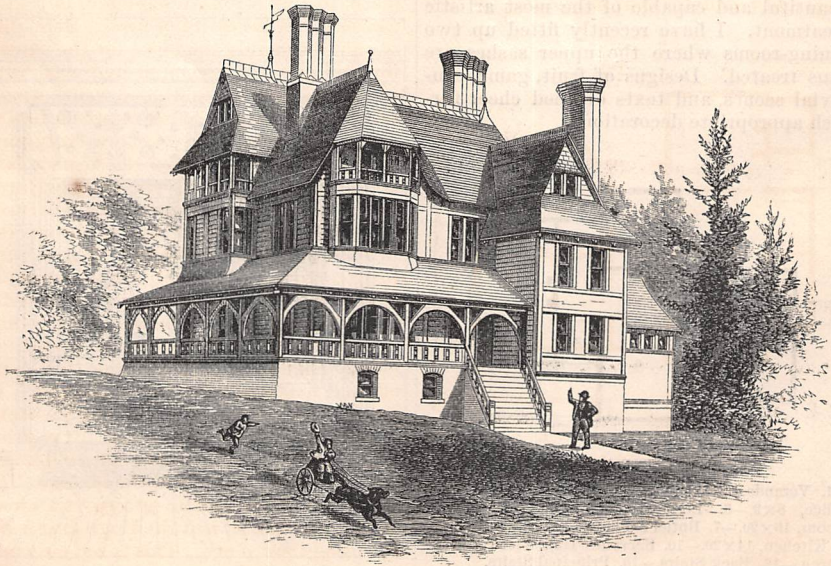
In order to meet this exigency, I have devised an arrangement by which the inside blinds may be made to slide downward in two sections, occupying the space between the sill and the floor, and, when raised, cover only the plate-glass portion. The centre openings shown in the vignette illustrate these blinds when down, those at the right when raised, and the openings on the left show one section at the top and one at the bottom, none of which conflicts with the upper sash, containing the stained glass.

The same rule that applies to blinds when the upper sash is of stained glass also holds good in regard to shades. These should be made of a pliant material, such as silk or lace, and be secured to the lower sash, arranged to slide with rings on metal bars above and below, as represented in the vignette.

DESIGN NO. 4.

This design, which is somewhat irregular, has its entrance on the dining-room side, although the perspective is taken from the rear or garden view. The two front-rooms, parlor and dining-room, communicate by opposite folding-doors across the hall, forming a vista with the parlor windows at one end and a niche containing the dining-room sideboard at the other. The library is a spacious room with a large bay-window. The hall, which passes through the house, is nine feet wide, and is unobstructed, the stairs being placed in an alcove at the left. Passing through this alcove, we come to the butler's pantry, containing two dressers and a sink. This pantry communicates with the kitchen, store-room, main hall, and dining-room. It is connected with the latter by a double door swinging both ways, and closed by a spring, so as to shut off both odor and view from the kitchen.

The kitchen has a large pantry and a back porch. It is accommodated with private stairs leading to the servants' rooms above. The advantage of this arrangement is that when the residents are absent, the domestics



DESIGN NO. 4.—FRAME COTTAGE.

may be shut off completely from the family portion of the house, while yet having free access to their own, by simply locking the doors of the wing on each story.

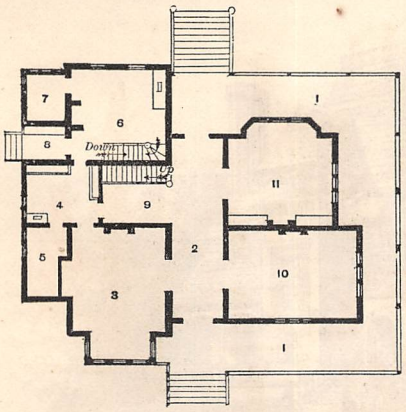
The second story contains five bedrooms and the bath-room. There is also a dressing-room, with conveniences, connected with the front chamber. The hall in this story has a well-lighted alcove, intended for reading or sewing.

The attic is quite roomy, having four good-sized bedrooms. Two of these are in communication with a recessed balcony, which, owing to its elevation, may command an extensive view. These rooms are kept cool by a loft between their ceilings and the roof. Both attic and loft are thoroughly lighted and ventilated.

This is a frame building, sheathed and clapboarded as described in design No. 1.

The vignette shows the rear porch or servants' entrance, with the kitchen pantry on the left. This porch is of good size, and provided with a settee.

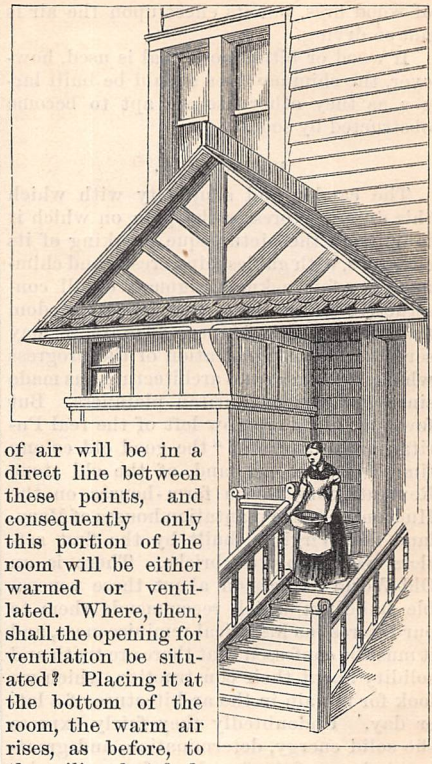
One of the most important subjects in connection with a dwelling is that of proper heating and good ventilation. Modern improvements are excellent things until used in excess, when they become more troublesome than useful. This is especially true of ventilation, for however complicated an arrangement may be requisite for this purpose in a public building, yet in a dwelling the more simple the method, the more effectual will it prove in operation. It is perhaps difficult to say which, among so many, is the best system, but we would suggest the following as simple and effective. Warm air, as we are all aware, has a tendency to rise; hence, if we place our register at the floor and ventilator near the ceiling, the flow



GROUND PLAN FOR DESIGN NO. 4.

1. Verandas.—2. Hall, 9×31.—3. Dining-Room, 16×23.—4. Butler's Pantry, 10×13.—5. Store-Room.—6. Kitchen, 16×16.—7. Kitchen Pantry.—8. Servants' Porch.—9. Staircase Hall.—10. Parlor, 15×22.—11. Library, 15×18.

Estimated cost, $14,000.



VIGNETTE.—DESIGN NO. 4.

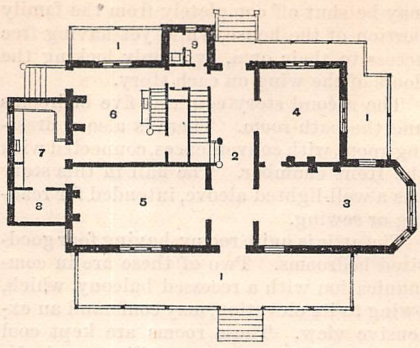
of air will be in a direct line between these points, and consequently only this portion of the room will be either warmed or ventilated. Where, then, shall the opening for ventilation be situated? Placing it at the bottom of the room, the warm air rises, as before, to the ceiling, but finding no escape there, it must seek a downward channel, by this means keeping all the air in circulation. It now remains for us to describe the construction of the ventilating flue. Every room in our house is supposed to have a fire-place, though we have obviated, in a great measure, the necessity of fires. Here, then, is unquestionably the place for the ventilator, and the whole complicated mystery of successful heating and good ventilation is solved by a large hot-air or steam furnace in the cellar and a fire-place in every room. The advantage in having the furnace large is that, if too small, the radiating surface is liable to be overheated, thereby destroying the vital properties of the air before it is introduced into the rooms; with a larger furnace a greater amount is admitted, which may be simply warmed instead of heated, so that the fresh air flows throughout the building in no way diminished in purity, but merely changed by having the chill taken off, and rendered mild and delightful. We would also advise, as a material assistance in the work of ventilation, a little fire in the grate, securing by this a better draught, and requiring less heat in the furnace. The old style of anthracite grates has almost fallen into disuse, and the English soft coal is taking their place. This is not only more cheerful, reminding us of the good old days

of wood fires, but its effect upon the air is not so drying.

If wood or bituminous coal is used, however, the chimney flues should be built larger, as they otherwise are apt to become obstructed by soot.

DESIGN NO. 5.

The candor and simplicity with which this design expresses the plan on which it is built, in the picturesque breaking of its sky-lines, with gables, hips, crests, and chimneys, its fair acknowledgment of all constructive obligations, and in its freedom from the cockney frippery of pretense, may serve as a good illustration of the progress which American rural architecture has made since its days of Puritan plainness. But few specimens are now left of the real Puritan architecture of "the good old colony times" in New England, of the old stone Revolutionary Dutch farm-houses on the Hudson, or of the plantation houses of Maryland and Virginia, built by the first settlers with imported bricks. There is an Old-World expression about these venerable buildings which recommends them to our interest as historical reminiscences, and it must be confessed that there are truth and solidity about their construction, which we look for in vain in the architecture of a later day. Undoubtedly they fairly express the solid energy, determination, and great-heartedness of the founders of a new empire in the wilderness. The straightforward respectability and honorable pride of the old Governors are strongly imprinted upon their mansions. Our prosperity, however, was too great and too rapid to preserve inviolate this marked self-respect and simplicity in architecture, and soon pretentious display, without the refinement of education, became the aim, finally settling into the era before mentioned of domesticated Greek temples and immense classic porticoes in wood. The true refinement of colonial aristocracy, the hearty hospitality of the gentleman of the old school, seem to have been overwhelmed by the conspicuous show and glitter of a society whose "new-crowned stamp of honor was scarce current," and which naturally in architecture develop a fever for base imitation.



GROUND PLAN FOR DESIGN NO. 5.

1. Veranda.—2. Hall, 8×32.—3. Parlor, 15×28.—4. Library, 15×17.—5. Dining-Room, 15×25.—6. Kitchen, 17×17.—7. Butler's Pantry.—8. Store-Room.—9. Lavatory.

Estimated cost, $10,000.

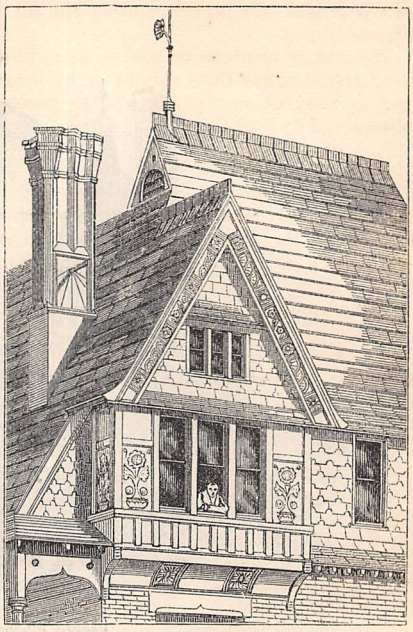
This cottage, one of the half-timber and tile designs of the Jacobite period, is a good example of the exceedingly ornamental

DESIGN NO. 5.—JACOBITE STYLE, BRICK, TILE, AND TIMBER.

structures of that time. Like its prototype, it is built of brick at least to the second story, where the tile-hanging and half-timber work begins. As tiles, however, are difficult to obtain in this country, shingles of equal width and cut to a pattern may be substituted. If these are of good quality, neatly shaved and jointed, they require no paint, dipping them in oil being sufficient to preserve and give them a deep warm color. These might terminate on a moulded cornice, with dentals underneath projecting about six inches from the brick wall, the furring being arranged so that the shingles may curve outward. There might be a similar cornice and curve at the foot of the main gable and at the head of the gable window. The roof, of course, should be of slate; but it is better not to repeat this material on the walls, for even if a different color be used, a hard, rigid appearance is sure to be the result. The half-timbering of the library gable may be treated as follows: The principal uprights can be solid, the intervals filled in with brick, and then covered with a coating of cement. There is a difficulty here, however, for unless the timbers are thoroughly seasoned, they are liable to shrink away from the brick-work, leaving openings for the admission of cold. Another method is to have the squares lathed in the ordinary manner, and then stuccoed. In this case there should be a sinkage in the side of the timbering, on the principle of a tongue and groove, which the cement will enter, so that in case of shrinkage the joint will not be exposed. In order the further to prevent dampness, it would be well to have the sill or bottom rail rabbeted, as in the case of a groove here the water is apt to lodge, and thereby hasten decay.

So far as tightness is concerned, I think the better way is to carry the brick walls up to the eaves of the second story. A series of planking in lieu of half-timbering is then secured to the walls, and the bricks between are covered with stucco. Still another way is to seal the walls with vertical boards, to which affix plank battens as above. The last two methods might be thought objectionable on the ground of imitating half-timbering, thus pretending to be what they are not, and so failing to preserve the truth, which, as we have before said, is one of the first principles of architecture. This appearance of sham, however, may be prevented by treating the planking on the principle of battens simply, without any attempt at imitation.

The ornaments represented in the panels should be stamped in the stucco while it is fresh, and then filled up with red or black mortar. If wood is used as a backing, these figures might be produced by scroll-sawing, or even stenciled in red or black outline.



VIGNETTE, SHOWING THE HALF-TIMBER GABLE.

If cement is used, the cove under the projection may be of the same material.

The employment of different-colored slate on the roof is objectionable, especially as in this case it is sufficiently broken without being cut up into patterns. We think that red or purple slate appears the best; but all should be of uniform color.

In the accompanying vignette we have attempted to illustrate the library gable, showing the half-timbering and ornamental panels on a larger scale.

DESIGN NO. 6.

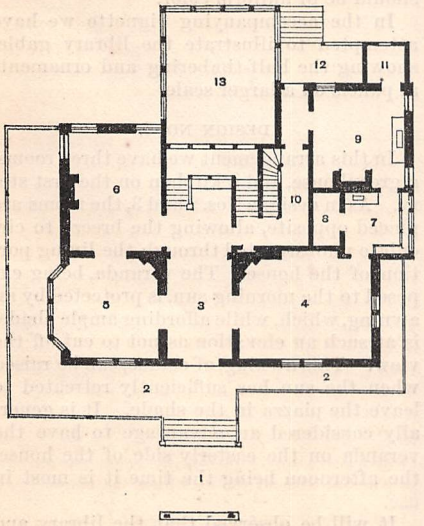
In this arrangement we have three rooms, a greenhouse, and a kitchen on the first story. As in designs Nos. 2 and 3, the rooms are placed opposite, allowing the breeze to circulate unobstructed through the living portion of the house. The veranda, being exposed to the morning sun, is protected by an awning, which, while affording ample shade, is at such an elevation as not to cut off the view. This awning, of course, can be raised when the sun has sufficiently retreated to leave the piazza in the shade. It is generally considered an advantage to have the veranda on the easterly side of the house, the afternoon being the time it is most in use.

It will be observed that the library and dining-room chimneys come in the corner of the rooms. There is often an advantage gained in such digressions from stereotyped customs, and they can be treated as agreeable and novel features; and, if thought advisable, the opposite corners may be made

DESIGN NO. 6.—IRREGULAR ROOF.

to correspond, as shown in our plan of the library. Yet we have no hesitation in accepting the situation and coming out boldly with this corner treatment without attempting symmetry, especially when there is an evident motive. The object in this case is to bring the two chimneys together in the attic, so as to unite on the roof in a single stack.

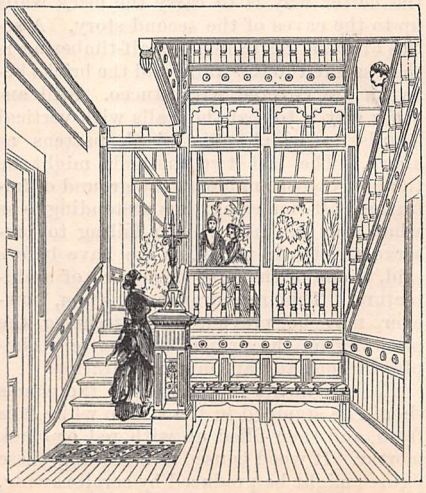
One of the most important features, and one that is peculiarly susceptible of bold and artistic treatment, is the main staircase. In the present instance, as shown in the vignette, it is placed at the end of the hall. The first landing being raised but six steps, gives the appearance of an elevated gallery or dais, beyond which, and agreeably terminating the vista, there is a spacious greenhouse. The principal newel is plain but elegant, and is surmounted by an appropriate gas standard. The niche between



GROUND PLAN FOR DESIGN NO. 6.

1. Carriage Porch.—2. Verandas.—3. Main Hall.—4. Dining-Room, 15×20.—5. Library, 15×15.—6. Parlor, 15×18.—7. Butler's Pantry.—8. Store-Room.—9. Kitchen, 14×15.—10. Back Hall.—11. Kitchen Pantry.—12. Servants' Porch.—13. Conservatory.

Estimated cost, $8000.



VIGNETTE, SHOWING MAIN STAIRCASE.

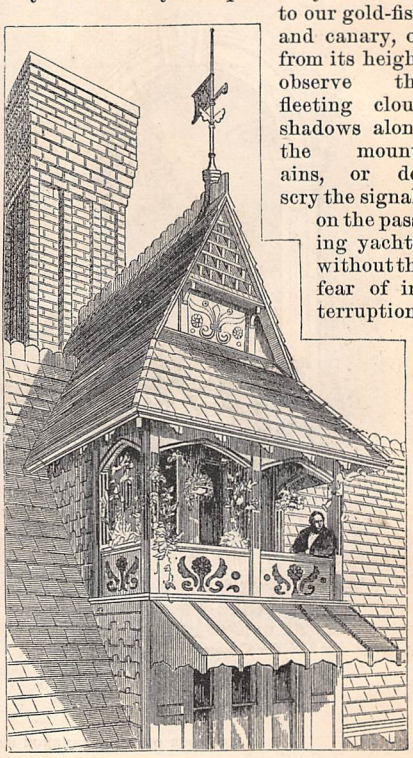
the flight, not serving as a passage, is occupied by a seat of plain construction covered with an ornamental leather cushion. Through the door at the right we pass down six steps to a lavatory beneath the platform, beyond which, under the greenhouse, is the billiard-room.

On the exterior I have endeavored to show how a simple square cottage, constructed in this style, may be made exceedingly picturesque. This is not accomplished by any straining after effects, but each line seems to fall naturally into its place, and the whole appears a legitimate outgrowth of the requirements suggested by the peculiarities of our climate.

It is often remarked that these broken and irregular roofs are pretty enough to look at, but very uncomfortable to live under. This is because the ceilings of the second story are frequently cut off and made to follow the sloping lines of the roof, so as to interfere with the headway; and, being directly on the rafters, there is not sufficient space to protect the room from the external changes of heat and cold. But these inconveniences are far from being unavoidable; they are simply blunders of the builder, and can always be avoided in a well-studied plan. The roof in this design not only permits the second-story rooms to be square, but serves as a protection from the elements by covering the triangular space over the veranda, which may readily be utilized as closets.

The attic has a similar protection in a loft, which is lighted and ventilated by louvre boards in the peak. This loft may be roughly floored, and used as a storage and trunk room.

One of the most effective, and at the same time convenient, features of this design is the recessed balcony coming under the main roof. This to the chamber is like the veranda to our living-room, and where in pleasant weather most of our time is spent. Here, amidst flowers and twining vines, we may vary our literary occupation by attention to our gold-fish and canary, or from its height observe the fleeting cloud shadows along the mountains, or descry the signals on the passing yachts, without the fear of interruption.



VIGNETTE, SHOWING RECESSED BALCONY.

TO MY MAPLES.

Your time is come, my tall and straight-limbed maples,
Whose boles the wrathful winds have blenched, not bent;
We've done, at last, with frosts and snows as staples,
Or haled them for a while to banishment.

This is your hour; ye shall no more be flouted
With leafless honors by the vaunting spruce,
Whose verdant arms old Winter's legions routed,
While all your blazoned banners drifted loose.

Already have its glowing shields grown dusky,
While emerald tints are deepening in the brake;
And odors, resinous no more, but musky,
Steal from the beds where the young violets wake.

I mark your slender twigs against the azure
Grow bossy with the rounding of their gems,
And soon soft leaves will veil each fine embrasure,
And crown your ample brows with diadems.

For every blast that through the spruce went crooning,
A gentle breeze your tender breasts shall stir;
Your grateful shade shall woo the lovers' nooning,
When *he* will read sweet parables to *her*—

So sweet the mid-day silence shall be golden
Of thrush and oriole, in the morn that sing;
Less dear their notes than those, both new and olden,
Which Love's young ecstasies to young hearts bring.

And so, my maples, tall and verdure-crested,
Ye shall fling back the floutings of the spruce,
Till the bright minstrels in your bosoms nested
With happy even-songs to strife give truce.

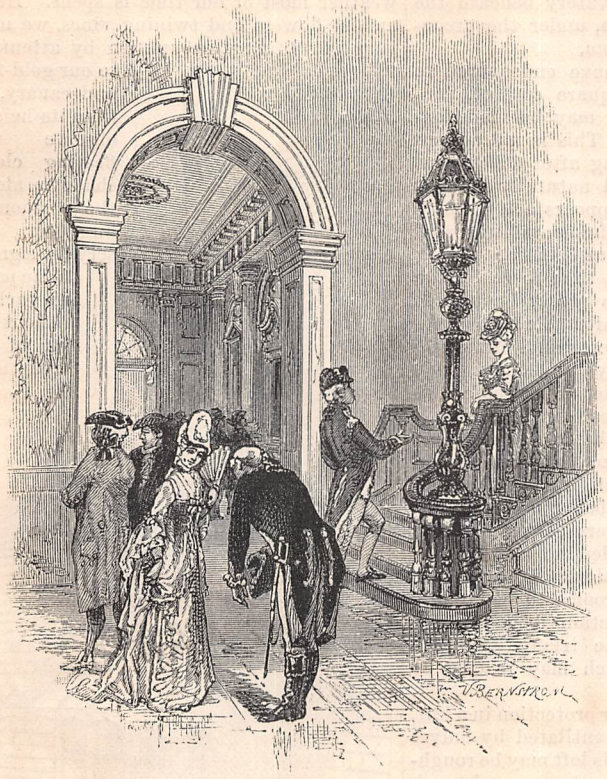
I love you all, O trees, that round my garden
Stand sentries 'twixt me and the common air;
Nor less the spruce than maple count I warden,
To shut without the ill, within the fair.

Grand winter trees that draw your fringy curtain
To shield my cottage idols from the snow,
I sing in strains nor grudging nor uncertain
Your sombre vigilance while tempests blow.

And if I praise you, maples, in my rhyming,
And brush the spruce's light reproach away,
I bid you heed how gifts depend on timing,
And trees, like all our treasures, have their day.

OLD PHILADELPHIA.

By REBECCA HARDING DAVIS.



CORRIDOR OF INDEPENDENCE HALL.

IT is a curious study to note in these records of the last century, especially in Westcott's invaluable *History of Philadelphia*, which is a most vivid panorama of the past, drawn with a Flemish minuteness and accuracy, how the disagreement with the mother country, beginning with a murmur of discontent in the outer business circles, angry talk in counting-rooms and clubhouses, scarce heard in domestic life, rose suddenly into the storm that racked the little colony to its foundations, and brought ruin and death close to every home and every woman and child. The Pennsylvania Assembly acted tardily in resenting the passage of the Stamp Act. Massachusetts and Virginia flamed with indignation for months before the placid Quaker town saw fit to join them. When, however, the *Royal Charlotte*, having on board the stamped papers, hove in sight, all the ships in the Philadelphia harbor dropped their flags to half-mast, and all the bells were tolled as for the death of Liberty. Committees waited daily on Hughes, the stamp agent, demanding his resignation; but he wisely kept himself in bed, as at the point of death, and so shunted the popular abuse on to Franklin in England, who was his friend, and, it was supposed, the friend of the Stamp Act. The newspapers came out next day in mourning for their own approaching demise, Bradford's *Journal* bearing a death's-head and coffin, and the words, "The *Pennsylvania Journal* departed this life October 31, 1765, of a stamp in her vitals. Aged twenty-three years."

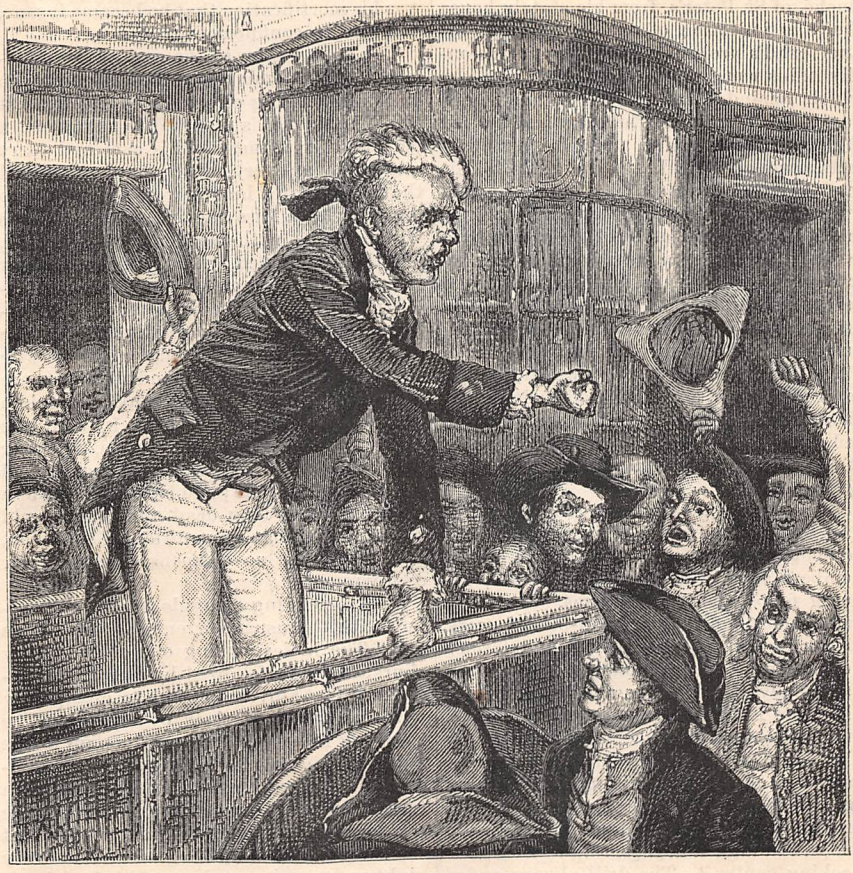
The history of Philadelphia for the next three years is the history of an exceptionally temperate, prudent community, slowly rousing into a temperate, prudent resistance to injustice. If they were more tardy than any other colony in this resistance, it must be remembered that the injustice touched them less keenly. They had always been ruled, in effect, not by England, but by the Penns and the Governors appointed by the Penns; and although there was an incessant squabble going on between the Province and the Proprietaries, the rule had been easy and just, and Philadelphia knew that it had been so. There can be no doubt that her leading men were drawn with extreme reluctance into the violent separation from the mother country. The Quakers threw their full dead-weight of inertia against the revolutionary movements of Massachusetts and Virginia radicals, for which we can scarcely blame them. They had come here to find not only religious liberty, but a chance to rise socially and politically, and had gained all they sought. They were firmly seated on the soil, and were the ruling power. They were asked now to engage in a bloody war, which their principles forbade, to give up an authority which they had used with wisdom and justice, and to give it up into the hands of people alien to themselves in belief, habits, and educa-

tion. Men who were not Friends, but were associated with the proprietary government, and the great shipping merchants, to whom a prolonged war with Great Britain threatened ruin, were, from evident reasons, anxious to temporize, to use all placable means before resorting to the sword, when, indeed, they did not openly take sides, as was often the case, with the mother country.

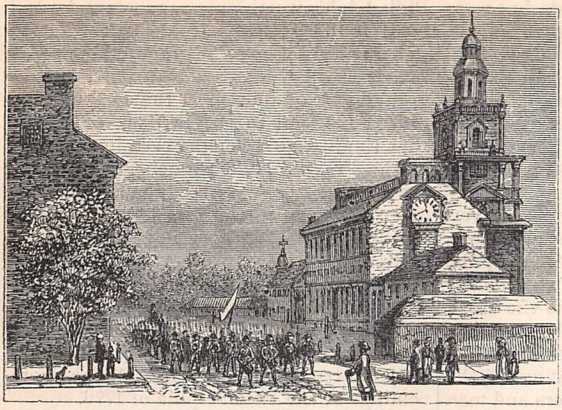
Apart from these, there were, however, enough men of force of character and broad political apprehension to carry Philadelphia, at least nominally, to the side of the Whigs; and soon after, when she became the chief point of the struggle (simply because she was the most central and important town of the colonies), the sudden influx of the leaders of the Revolution—officers and men who crowded into the capital to make money or to spend it—pushed the Quaker class and Tory families temporarily to the wall. During the time when Philadelphia claims historic importance, her old rulers, with few exceptions, yielded their place to strangers.

There are innumerable musty old stories yet extant as to which of the long-dead Philadelphia worthies were rebels and which loyal to King George, and dark whispers still go about of how the grandmother of one family heard through a thin partition the grandfather of another in the dead of night selling his soul to the British; or of how that English gold bought certain men high in the Province, and French gold paid for the zeal for liberty of many more who now are reverenced as the foster-fathers of the republic. But age does not make scandal more savory. And we certainly shall not meddle with the tainted gossip of past generations. It would be hard measure to the Philadelphia of 1876, when she cordially bids all the world to help her pay honor to her country, to lay upon her all the shortcomings of the Philadelphia of 1776.

The beginning of the struggle in old Philadelphia produced very much the same effect as did the opening of our civil war in towns upon the border of the North and South. There were the same hot newspaper discussions, couched, however, in Johnsonian periods, the wit pointed by quotations from Homer and Horace; even ladies



CARTED THROUGH THE STREETS.



INDEPENDENCE HALL.

contributed to this fervid literature by poems, in which the "empyreal heavens" were summoned to assuage the "dreadful strife in soft Sylvania's breast," while rougher Tory poets declared how "Liberty, the goddess bright, in candid strains" denounced "Faction, the fiend begot in hell." Parson Duché, of St. Peter's, from his stately house (built in imitation of one of the wings of Lambeth Palace) rushed into print occasionally in his usual flimsy, inflammatory style, which reminded his readers of his Tamoc Caspipina letters, in which he had settled the problem of Junius, and all other problems, social, political, and religious. This was the same Philister of a parson, by-the-way, who a few years later undertook to settle the problem of the Revolution by a letter to Washington, advising him to play traitor and "negotiate for America at the head of his army," for which advice he was exiled until near the close of his life, returning a broken-down invalid.

The Farmer's Letters of the Marylander, John Dickinson, also appeared in Philadelphia at this commencement of the struggle, and roused the people of other Provinces at least to a clear understanding of their rights.

Besides this newspaper struggle, there was (just as in our later civil war) a domestic feud in almost every family, the graver members soberly counseling patience, the young fellows rushing to arms. Even the Quaker lads doffed their shad-bellied coats, put on uniforms and cockades, and formed a company called the Quaker Blues. There was a body of mechanics and trades-people who wore Indian dress, painted their faces, and paraded with whoops. The gallants of the Dancing Assembly made up another company, and drilled night and morning through the muddy streets, their sweethearts admiringly watching them from the stoops, and ragged boys jeering at the "silk-stocking gentry." The drill always ended in the captain's garden, where great demijohns of the finest Madeira and sherry awaited the toil-worn warriors.

People of the baser sort took very much the same means of venting their emotions that they did in 1861. Gentlemen only suspected of Tory proclivities received mysterious boxes with halters significantly coiled within. Gentlemen who dragged their Tory opinions offensively before the public were tarred and carted through the streets, the first of these being the eminent physician Kearsley. Young Graydon details his disgust as the hooting rabble of men, boys, and dogs brought the cart, to the tune of the "Rogue's March," in front of the Coffee-house, and he saw the good old doctor standing on it, foaming with rage, his wig awry and disheveled. He called for a bowl of punch, and drained it to the dregs. The tar was omitted in his case, but so vehement was his mortification that he became insane, and died in confinement soon after.

The next victim to the zeal of the populace was Mr. Isaac Hunt, the attorney, who had been flinging off poetic squibs against the Whigs. He is reported to have been a pattern of meekness in his cart and tarry coat, rising at every halt to thank the crowd that they treated him no worse. Hunt, who had married a Miss Shewell, sister of West's wife, escaped with his family to England, and there remained. Leigh Hunt was their son; and eighty years later we find a pathetic little story, in one of the poet's letters, of how he was cordially greeted one night by the American minister and his wife at a state ball in London, and forgot for the moment the royalty and rank about him while his thoughts went back, with the touching incoherence of a dream, to a poor little chamber where once dwelt an exiled refugee and his wife; and he fancied, though they had been long dead, that they could see this American recognition of their son, and receive it as compensation for their own wrongs.

The impending struggle began to interfere with the usual current of every man's life. The ladies coming out of the chilly churches (each followed by a negro carrying her foot-stove) stopped to gossip only with adherents of their own party. The Northern Liberties, a wood given up to the fights and horse-play of Kensington butchers and Southwark ship-joiners, echoed with their Whig and Tory battle-cries. Even the cowherd who had been wont to stand at the corner of Dock and Second streets every night and morning, and sound his horn loud-

ly through the quiet town to assemble the cows and lead them out to pasture, found his occupation gone; the streets were in a perpetual din with drums and ear-piercing fifes. News, be it remembered, came but slowly from the sister Provinces.* Twice a week the stage-coach left the Indian Queen Inn for New York (as per advertisement), travelers thus making the long and perilous journey in three days. Once a week John Perkins rode post to Baltimore, carrying the mail and packages, and engaging to bring back the like and led-horses. In July, 1775, a Postmaster-General was appointed, who was authorized to establish a line of mail-riders from Falmouth, New England, to Savannah, Georgia, each to pass over twenty-five miles. Benjamin Franklin was the first Postmaster-General, at a salary of $1000, his two clerks thinking themselves well paid at $340 each.

There were in 1774 but five little weekly newspapers in Philadelphia—two German and three English.

The sidewalks of the little town now began to fill with the men who have assumed for us heroic proportions. What if some of them were commonplace? It were a foolish, ungracious thing to look too closely at their faults or littlenesses, or to listen to hackneyed talk as to how men can be forced by circumstances into greatness. Who wants to bring St. Simeon Stylites down from his pillar only to discover that he is a little five-foot man, like ourselves, hungry not for meat, but popular applause? It costs us something to know that Washington and Hancock squabbled as to who should first pay a morning call. Let us believe they were all giants in the land in those days. Let us give them all the benefit of their pillars: the benefit is for ourselves, after all.

It can be said justly, however, that even the men with small natural ability, whom the exigencies of the times forced to the front and made historic, usually possessed strong individuality of character. They were the sons or grandsons of pioneers; they had never undergone the flattening varnishing process of so-called society. Social life, with its crude mixture of culture, aristocratic tendencies, vulgarity, and savagery, drew out the rougher features of a man's character, just as frontier and California life nowadays makes possible the Pike, Kit Carson, or Ralston.

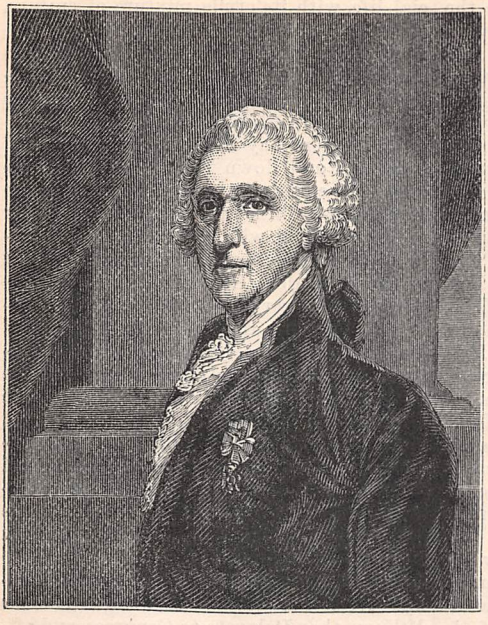
There were any number of "eccentrics" going up and down High Street in those days. One of the favorites of the populace was General Chris Ludwick, a Dutch baker of Germantown, who had saved a comfortable little fortune before the commencement of the struggle. Half of this property he offered to the service of his country, swearing at the same time never to shave until her freedom was accomplished. Washington gave him charge of the ovens for the army, and we may be sure Baker-General Ludwick, with his great grizzled beard and big voice, was a well-known and not unheroic figure in the camp. He died, an old man of eighty, in 1801, leaving his entire fortune for the education of the poor, and is buried in St. Michael's Lutheran Church yard of Germantown.

Perhaps no man attracted as much homage from the crowd as Judge Thomas M'Kean, then Delegate to Congress, and afterward Chief Justice. He was one of the first of that old stock of Pennsylvanians, of which one or two aged specimens yet remain, of abnormal size and strength in both mind and body. Judge M'Kean was over six feet, erect, even in old age, as a pine-tree, and noted for the exceptional stateliness of his carriage. He always wore an immense cocked hat and a scarlet gown upon the bench, and, when he became Chief Justice, surrounded himself with all the state and solemn pomp which belong to the judiciary of England. The sheriff, tipstaves, etc., says David Paul Brown, swelled the retinue of Judge M'Kean as he passed in procession through the streets to open court. Thomas M'Kean is acknowledged to have been an able lawyer and a patriot of inflexible integrity, but it was hinted by jealous compatriots that his stately and grim reserve was assumed to hide his lack of early good-breeding. He fought for the Declaration, signed it, and suffered for the signing with his usual indomitable firmness, being in 1777 hunted like a fox through the State, compelled to remove his family five times, and hide them at last in a little log-house in the wilderness. Many anecdotes remain of the great jurist, both as Chief Justice and Governor, which forcibly illustrate the change of manners since then. One day, when a mob had assembled outside of the Supreme Court, he sent for the sheriff and commanded him to suppress the riot.

"I can not do it," replied the trembling official.

"Why do you not summon your *posse?*" thundered the scowling Chief Justice.

* In the Pennsylvania Historical Society is preserved the original dispatch, sent by riders from Watertown, Massachusetts, to Philadelphia, giving the news of the encounter at Lexington, April 19, 1775. This dispatch, prepared by J. Palmer, one of the Committee of Safety in Watertown, was sent to Worcester the same day. On the 20th, at 11 o'clock A.M., it reached Brookline; Norwich, at 4 P.M.; New London, at 7 P.M.; Lyme, at 1 A.M. on the 21st; Saybrook, at 4 A.M.; Killingsworth, at 7 A.M.; East Guilford, at 8 A.M.; Brandford, at noon; New Haven, during the same day; Fairfield, at 8 A.M. on the 22d (where another dispatch from Woodstock, announcing the Concord fight, was added); New York city, at 4 P.M., April 23; New Brunswick, New Jersey, at 2 A.M., April 24; Princeton, at 6 A.M.; Trenton, at 9 A.M., whence the news was forwarded to the Committee of Philadelphia. At every stage of its progress the dispatch was indorsed by the Committees of Safety of the various towns respectively.



THOMAS M'KEAN.

"I have summoned them, but they are ineffectual."

"Then, Sir, why do you not summon *me*?"

The sheriff, stunned for a moment, gasped out, "I do summon you, Sir."

Whereupon the gigantic Chief Justice, scarlet gown, cocked hat, and all, swooped down on the mob like an eagle on a flock of sheep, and catching two of the ringleaders by the throat, quelled the riot.

Another story is of an effort made by the Philadelphians, when he was Governor, to prevent his nomination of Tilghman as Chief Justice. A committee was sent of Duane, Lieper, and others, who announced themselves as representing the sovereign people, the great democracy of Philadelphia, and declaring that they could never approve this nomination. The Governor listened with his usual haughty courtesy, and bowing profoundly, replied, "Inform your constituents that I bow with submission to the great democracy of Philadelphia; but, by God! William Tilghman *shall* be Chief Justice of Pennsylvania." And he was.

M'Kean's daughter, a woman of great beauty, married the Marquis de Yroja, a Spanish grandee of bluest blood, but whose pride of bearing, we are told, never equaled that of his plebeian father-in-law.

Another most prominent figure in the crowded streets during the war was that of Robert Morris, then a middle-aged man, and co-partner with Thomas Willing, first president of the United States Bank. Mr. Willing was a man of great reserve of manner and laconic in speech; he was suspected of disaffection toward the contemplated republic, while Robert Morris, affable and simple in his address, was known as its earnest friend and supporter. It is certain, however, that the vast sums pledged by the great financier for the support of the government were frequently supplied by the firm: Mr. Willing, if a silent, must have been a consenting partner. Robert Morris on one occasion used his personal credit to the extent

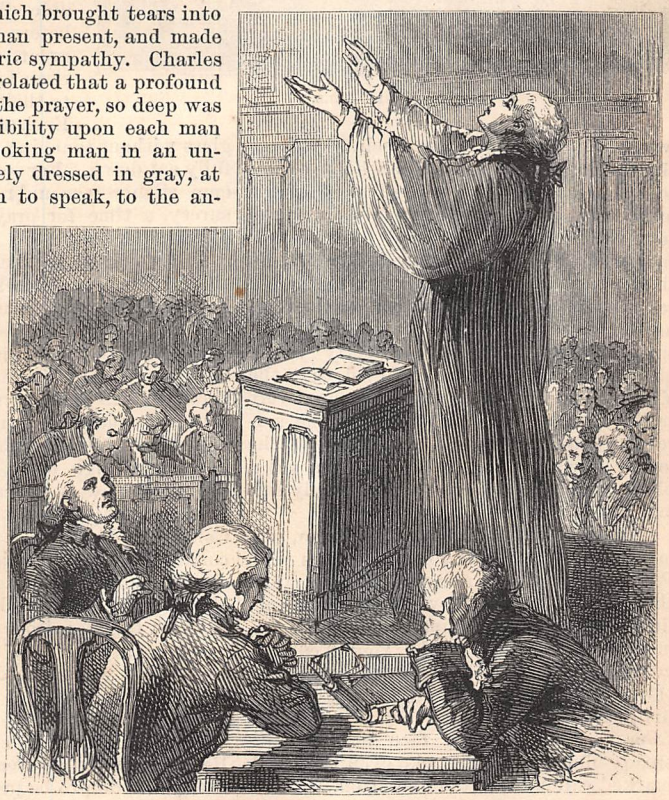
THE MORRIS MANSION.

of $1,400,000 for the country. His house was at the corner of Sixth and Market streets, where he exercised for many years a splendid hospitality. He was, like M'Kean, a man of large, commanding presence, his eyes gray and uncommonly brilliant; he wore his loose gray hair unpowdered, and dressed plainly in a full suit of light broadcloth, in lieu of the velvets and lace donned by more pretentious men.

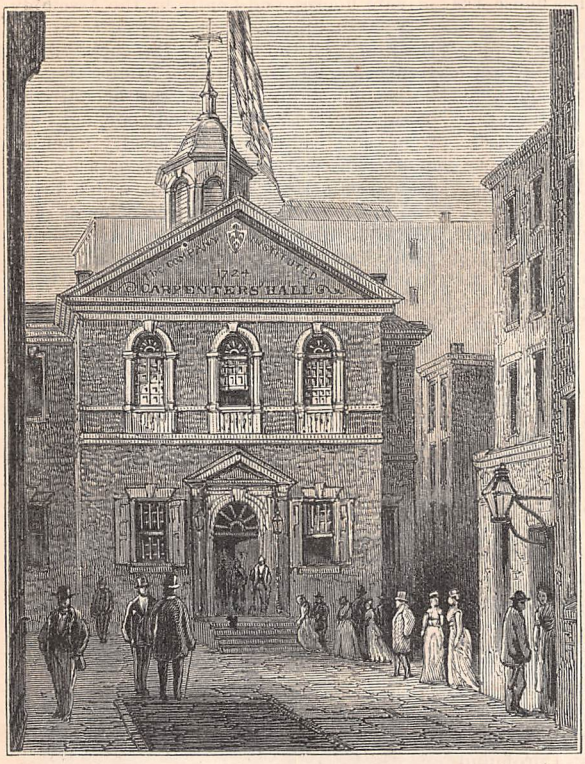
In September, 1774, the delegates from eleven Provinces assembled in Carpenters' Hall, the State-house being occupied by the Assembly. The venerable Peyton Randolph was chosen president, and the Man of Truth, Charles Thomson, secretary. There was much hesitation as to whether the Congress should be opened with prayer, or what form of prayer would suit Quakers, Churchmen, and Presbyterians. Mr. Duché was finally chosen to open the session, and, in full canonicals, read the usual petitions and the thirty-fifth Psalm. The news of the cannonade of Boston had just reached the Assembly. "It seemed," writes John Adams, in a letter to his wife dated September 18, 1774, "as if Heaven had ordained that Psalm to be read on that morning." When its sublime invocation of God's help in extremity had been read, Mr. Duché broke into an extemporaneous prayer, which brought tears into the eyes of every man present, and made them one by an electric sympathy. Charles Thomson afterward related that a profound silence ensued after the prayer, so deep was the sense of responsibility upon each man present. A grave-looking man in an unpowdered wig, coarsely dressed in gray, at last arose and began to speak, to the annoyance of the secretary, who regretted that a country parson, as he supposed, should have mistaken the occasion for a display of his ability. "But an unusual force of argument and a singular impassioned eloquence soon electrified the house, and an excited whisper passed from man to man, Who is it? There were but few present who knew Patrick Henry."

The members of the Congress were entertained by the gentlemen of the city at a grand banquet in the State-house, at innumerable stately feasts at private houses, and finally by the Assembly in a public dinner, where the first toast was the king, and the next Mr. Hancock. John Hancock comes early to the front as a most noticeable figure against the background of this blurred and confused time, not only from the steadiness of his loyalty when so many paused irresolute, but from a certain dramatic instinct in the man which lifted him to the height of every occasion as on a pedestal. He was about thirty-nine at this period, but looked older, being enfeebled by the gout; was tall, thin, and dressed with a scrupulous eye to effect. A visitor describes his morning costume at home as a red velvet cap with a band of fine linen, a blue damask gown, white satin embroidered waistcoat, black satin small-clothes, scarlet shoes, and white silk stockings with jeweled clasps. It is likely that Hancock in mind or body was never found *en déshabillé*, and his dramatic exclamation two years after, as he signed the Declaration, and the dramatic boldness of the signature itself, were due, not to a fervor of loyalty nor to vanity, but to a keen æsthetic sense of the fit expression of each passing moment.

Young Colonel Washington, from Virginia, also a delegate to the First Congress,



OPENING PRAYER OF THE CONTINENTAL CONGRESS.



CARPENTERS' HALL.

was totally lacking in any such apprehension of stage effect. It was wholly owing to the simplicity and sad sobriety of his manner that he made (in an artist's view) so magnificent a figure-head for the new republic. His steady, slow habit of motion, his taciturnity and grave, unsmiling reserve, belonged, his contemporaries tell us, to his previous life in the backwoods as surveyor and soldier. The pretty young girls of Philadelphia complained that the Virginian colonel listened to their lively sallies without a smile; but the simple, sorrowful gravity appears to us to befit the leader of a revolution which was as yet a bloody experiment better than courtly grimaces and a fluent tongue.

The great radical, Thomas Jefferson, was more popular with the Philadelphians than Washington; his opinions might jar against their prejudices, but they found his sharply lined character more human than the unmitigated propriety of the young colonel. Jefferson was at that time a young man of thirty-three, of large build, loosely jointed; his mass of reddish hair was drawn back from a high-featured face lighted with steady blue eyes. He spoke even then with marked calmness and deliberation.

Dr. Benjamin Rush, in his MS. journal, gives an incident of the day (June 15, 1775) upon which Colonel Washington was elected by Congress to the command of the army. Dr. Rush, Benjamin Franklin, John Adams, John Langdon, and Thomas Jefferson gave a dinner to him that evening in an inn of fashionable resort somewhere upon the Gray's Ferry Road. After dinner was over Jefferson rose, and, with a few significant words, proposed the health of "George Washington, Commander-in-chief of the American armies." Washington had bowed and opened his lips to make the customary courteous reply, but as his new title was given to him for the first time, he lost color, a solemn awe crept into his face. "At that moment he suddenly realized, as we did," says Dr. Rush, "the awful responsibility of our undertaking, and all the insuperable difficulties which lay before us. The shock was great. The guests had all risen and held their glasses to their lips ready to drink. Each one slowly replaced his glass without touching a drop, and thoughtfully sat down. For some moments the solemn silence was unbroken." It was, of a surety, a time for prayer rather than the drinking of toasts.

If it was hard for the Americans to realize the tremendous difficulty of the task they had undertaken, it was still more difficult for the average British officer to comprehend that they were in earnest in the undertaking. The manner and language of these officers to such prisoners as they took were very much the same as that used nowadays by English subalterns in India to natives of high caste, and, we might add, the effect now is precisely similar. Young Graydon, who was taken prisoner while in Colonel Cadwallader's regiment, gives us a comical instance of this. Immediately after the surrender of his company, a British officer rode up at full gallop, crying out, "What! taking prisoners? Kill them! Kill every man of them!" "My back," says Graydon, "was toward him as he spoke; and turning quickly, I bowed, saying, 'Sir, I put myself under your protection.' No man was ever more effectually rebuked." He returned a courteous answer, and ordered Graydon to be properly cared for.

Old Philadelphia during the sessions of

the Continental Congress presented probably a more picturesque appearance than at any other time of her history. A dense background of forest threw her few busy streets into strong relief; the river was crowded with shipping; the half-drilled troops of the new army passed down High Street from time to time, drum and fife stirring the long-sobered air; the vague electric excitement of impending war was abroad, and gave new meaning to ordinary greetings, to even the boys' play; there was, too, every change and variety of costume, as in a shifting panorama. The Episcopalians and modish gentlemen of other churches appeared with toupees powdered, satin knee-breeches, velvet coats, and lace ruffles; fine ladies wore hoops, high-tossing feathers, lawn aprons, deep lace frills depending from the elbow, and patches of every shape on the face. A bevy of Quakers, in their sad drab paduasoy gowns, passed them, perhaps, on their staid way to the Yearly Meeting to give in their testimony against slavery, indorsing John Woolman; or a stray monk from Ephrata, in his white cowl and gown; or an Indian, with his load of peltry; or some countrymen from Bucks County, with tow trowsers and pleated hempen coats and leathern aprons; or a gang of idle Barbary slaves, with their gay turbans and slouching walk. It was such a scene that presented itself to the Massachusetts and Virginia delegates, and gave to the little town, in their unused eyes, the air of a capital city. John Adams writes in his diary of how he went to the Methodist and other dissenting meetings.

DR. BENJAMIN RUSH.

The first Methodist congregation, by-the-way, in Philadelphia consisted of three men and their wives and a certain John Hood, who met in a sail-loft in Dock Street. The Wesleys sent over Pillmore, who preached from the State-house steps, carrying his library and wardrobe in his saddle-bags, and aided by Captain Webb, a one-eyed British barrack-master, whose stentorian tones sounded through the streets like a trumpet calling to battle. St. George's Church was the first owned by this sect, in Fourth Street, a dreary place, Watson states, with no floor and a leaky stove-pipe. The British, during Howe's occupancy, took it as a cavalry school. John Hood's "wonderful sweet voice in singing" is so often noted in these old records that we seem to catch an echo of its soft music even now.

The first synagogue in the city, built in 1747, was in a small house in Stirling Alley, between Cherry and Race streets. The congregation were descendants of those Jews banished by Isabella and Ferdinand from Spain.

The first Presbyterian church was founded in 1698. The "New Lights," disciples of Whitefield, built a house at Third and Arch streets. Their pastor during the Revolution was the famous Gilbert Tennant, thought by the common people to be a saint of God. The story went that, being overtaken by a thunder-storm, he went into an inn, when the lightning came down the chimney, melting his silver knee-buckles, but leaving him unharmed.

The first Baptist church originated in a joke. A wild young fellow named Keach arrived from London in 1686, and passed himself for a minister. He was invited to preach, and the house was filled to hear the English divine. When in the midst of his sermon he was suddenly wrenched with remorse, and with tears confessed his trick. He went at once to a Baptist minister at Rhode Island, was baptized, ordained, and returned to Philadelphia to preach in all sincerity.

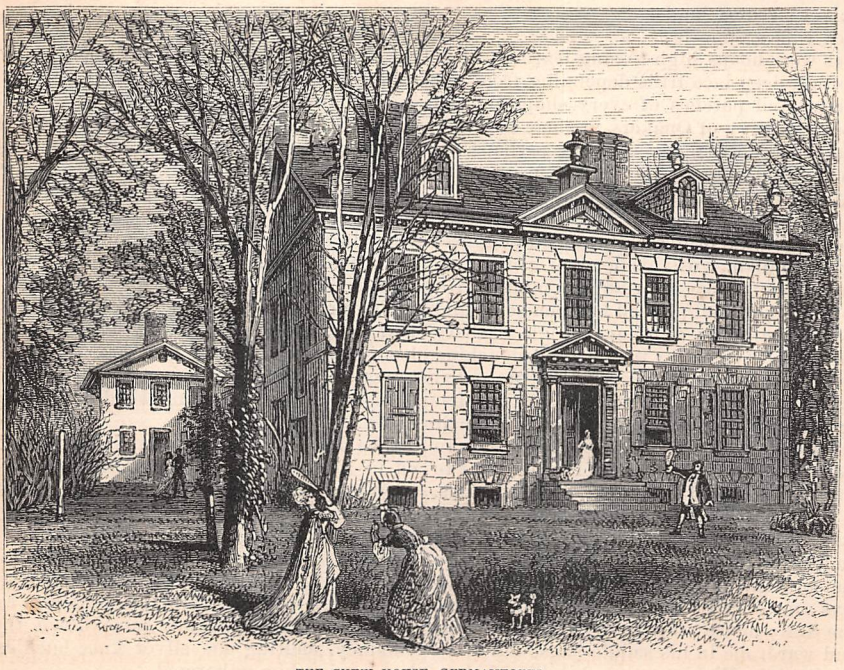
The first Roman Catholic chapel was built in 1729, when Miss M'Gauley, an Irish lady, brought over a colony as tenants, and settled on the road leading from Frankford to Newtown. Penn complained that it was a subject of offense against him in England that he suffered the scandal of the mass in his Province, but he made no effort to stop it.

All these churches had increased and were in a flourishing condition at the time of the Revolution. It was an easy matter then, too, to distinguish the members of each by their dress, just as the costumes of laboring-men and their wealthier neighbors marked the difference of caste so strongly as to delight the eye of an artist, however offensive it may have been to a reformer. There were, it is true, few artists to note effects of either costume or faces. West, Copley, and C. W. Peale have left portraits of the wives and daughters of the wealthy lawyers and merchants—the Wallaces, M'Calls, Chews, and Lardners—but beyond these there is no sign of art or any appreciation of it.

A few spacious and costly dwelling-houses were built about this time, of which one or two are still standing. Of these is the Chew House, built in 1763, about which the battle of Germantown raged furiously during a whole day. Another noteworthy house was built by Mr. Masters on Market Street, between Fifth and Sixth. Here Richard Penn lived, and proved himself to be the prince of all good fellows, and after him General Howe, during his possession of the town. Robert Morris then bought it, and lived in it when Philadelphia was made the seat of government, but surrendered it to the President, as being the fittest for his use in town. Lansdown, which now forms part of Fairmount Park, was the estate of John Penn when Governor and Proprietary. It passed into the hands of William Bingham, a wealthy merchant from New Jersey, whose wife, a Miss Willing, was the leader of fashion during the reign of the Republican Court. It became the property of her daughter, Lady Ashburton, and belonged to the Baring family until it was bought as an addition to the Park.

In 1775, however, few houses were built, and fewer entertainments given. "We are all learning economy," wrote Franklin. "Instead of half a dozen courses to dinner, gentlemen content themselves with two."

A universal gloom overcame the community, who were being led, it is to be feared



THE CHEW HOUSE, GERMANTOWN.

RECEPTION IN CHEW HOUSE A CENTURY AGO.

against their will, to higher levels of thought and action.

As the summer of 1775 approached, the public excitement deepened. The Whigs had it all their own way. Some of the leading Tories joined the British forces, or, if they remained, found themselves compelled to carefully hide their disaffection. There were five battalions of city troops. There was perpetual turmoil of drilling, mass-meetings, and processions to welcome delegates to Congress or popular leaders. The Quakers, in a body, sent in a remonstrance to the Assembly, protesting that they would not bear arms or supply munitions of war, but were promptly instructed to serve or be taxed. Privateers were manned and sent out. Paul Jones was lieutenant on the *Alfred*, and gave the first American flag to the wind. It bore thirteen red and blue stripes, with a rattlesnake on the field, and the motto, "Don't tread on me." In this patriotic fervor the silenced Tories solaced themselves by composing odes and essays, which were flaunted to the light when the English held the town, two years later. One of these poems is a fair specimen of the offerings to the Muse of those days. It adjures Britannia thus:

> "O goddess! hear our hearty prayers!
> Confound the villains by the ears,
> Disperse the plebeians, try the peers,
> And execute the Congress."

Pamphlets and broadsides were issued—the first, *Common-Sense*, by Thomas Paine, spurred on by Dr. Rush.

In spite of all this patriotic heat, however, when the other Provinces, in the spring of 1776, charged their delegates to Congress to declare the colonies independent, the Assembly at Philadelphia still temporized, and found her comfort, if not her strength, lay in sitting still. It was in vain that Franklin argued or Thomas M'Kean issued his bold manifestoes, appealing to Almighty God to witness that the Declaration was the only measure left to preserve liberty. The "Farmer," John Dickinson, hesitated and trembled; Robert Morris, Willing, and Humphreys op-

HOISTING THE AMERICAN FLAG ON THE "ALFRED."

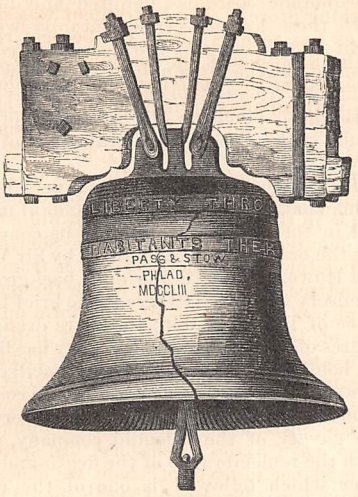
posed the measure strenuously. On July 2 the resolution passed. "A greater question," says Adams, "perhaps never was decided among men." The Declaration was signed by John Hancock and Charles Thomson on the 4th of July. There is much matter for doubt as to when the other signatures were affixed. Jefferson states that it was signed by all the members present on the 4th, while Chief Justice M'Kean asserts that this was done on August 2. It is certain that many of the signers, among whom were Dr. Rush, George Ross, Charles Carroll, Samuel Chase, and Robert Morris, were not members of Congress on July 4, and, according to Jefferson, they signed when admitted.

The Declaration was written by Jefferson, as he himself stated in a letter to Dr. Mease, in his lodging-house, at the southwest corner of Market and Seventh streets. The house is still standing, and is occupied by a tailor, who shows his patriotism by calling his shop the "Temple of Liberty Clothing Store." The instrument was signed, as our readers know, in the east room of the State-house, on the lower floor. It appeared in the next day's paper (side by side with an advertisement of a negro child for sale who had had measles and smallpox), but was not officially given to the people until noonday on the 8th of July, when it was read to a large concourse of people in the State-house yard by John Nixon, deputed to the task by the Sheriff of Philadelphia, who had received it from the committee. The stage on which the reader stood was a rough wooden platform on the line of the eastern walk, about half-way between Fifth and Sixth streets. Deborah Logan, who lived in the neighborhood, states that she heard from the garden every word of the instrument read, and thought the voice was Charles Thomson's. In spite of all evidence in favor of Nixon, we choose to believe her. The Man of Truth should have first made known those words to humanity. Cheers rent the welkin, a *feu de joie* was fired, the chimes of Christ Church rang through all the bright summer day, and the old bell gave at last to the world the message it had received a quarter of a century before, and proclaimed liberty to all the world.

The daily papers—little thin sheets a few inches square—give us for weeks afterward accounts of the rejoicing and wild enthusiasm of the other Provinces as the Declaration reached them. In New York one singular effect produced was that "a general jail delivery of all prisoners took place, in pursuance of the Declaration of Independence by the Hon. Congress."

During the ensuing months the same mouldy papers, gray now with their hundred years, give us curious hints of the

JOHN HANCOCK.



LIBERTY BELL.

times and manners of those days of extremity. The privateers arrived from time to time with their prizes in the harbor; all balls or dancing assemblies were interdicted; an appeal is made by Dr. T. Young to the "merciful ladies of Philadelphia for old sheets and shirts, as his supply of lint and linen is exhausted, and without them he can not return to the field of battle." The benevolent citizens are informed on another day that the prisoners are sorely in need of necessaries of life, and that "the cart will make its usual evening round for the collection of broken victuals and old clothes for their use."

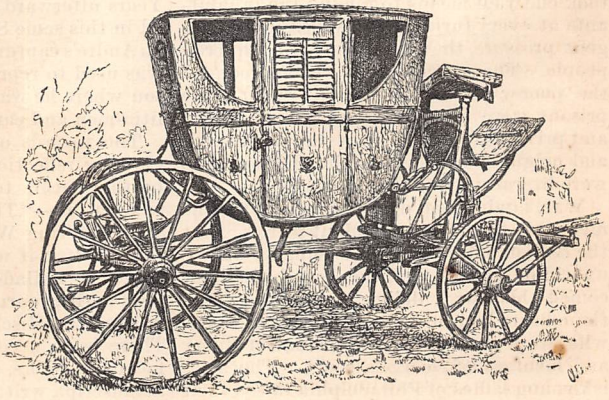
Farther on we read with grim satisfaction a proclamation from the committee that "as an order from the Hon'ble Congress had fixed the price of salt at 7*s*. 6*d*. per bushel, and as Stephen Shewell" (jailer of the charming Betty) "has been convicted of selling it for 12*s*. per bushel, and pleaded guilty, the Committee of Safety do declare and hold up said Stephen Shewell as an enemy to his country, and preclude him from all trade or association with the inhabitants thereof." *Vale*, Stephen!

When General Howe advanced, threatening the city, the schools were closed and shops shut by order of the Committee of Safety. Congress decamped with flying feet to Baltimore, leaving Washington and Robert Morris with absolute powers as far as the town was concerned. The exultant Whigs vented a good deal of their patriotism in nagging the Quakers, breaking their windows, and compelling them to receive the Continental money, of which the wary Friends were justly suspicious. Finally, the Committee of Safety exiled half a dozen of the leading Friends, with a Tory fencing master, Pike, to the wilds of Western Virginia. Young Graydon, himself a prisoner on parole of the British, met the cavalcade at Reading, and declares that he found them quite a jolly party, Pike, in his scarlet coat, playing caterer at every inn, and humored in his frisky good humor by his drab-coated comrades, who dearly loved a savory meal. But the truth is that the exile to these men, many of whom were poor, and who left their families unprovided for, was bitterly cruel and unjust.

Washington, to incite confidence, marched the whole Continental army through Philadelphia. Officers were instructed, in the order of the day, to make the appearance and discipline of the troops as decent as circumstances would permit; and the soldiers were especially enjoined, when a quickstep was played, not to dance or kick each other, as was their habit.

During this year the ravages of small-pox were added to the terrors of war; more than two thousand soldiers were buried in the Potters' Field, now known as Washington Square. There is a still older pathetic story connected with this little grove of trees, of how a young girl, a daughter of one of the most prominent families, in some sudden insanity of grief, killed herself, and was therefore refused burial in any churchyard. She was laid among the outcasts in Potters' Field, and for generations thereafter her kinsfolk were buried beside her, "for love to bear her company," says the old historian.

In September, 1777, a detachment of the royal army marched into the town. Such



THE CHEW COACH.

A TORY BELLE OF 1777.—[FROM A SKETCH BY MAJOR ANDRÉ.]

preparation as was possible had been made. The bells of the State-house and Christ Church had been sunk in the Delaware to keep them from falling into the hands of the captors as booty. Deborah Logan, who watched the entry of the royalists, declares that "the contrast between them and our own poor ragged, barefooted troops caused a feeling of despair." The Tory families received them with joy. Many of their leading men who had fled from the town returned now in triumph in the suit of Cornwallis and Howe. The battle of Germantown soon followed. There were few of the killed or wounded who were not known in Philadelphia. The British commanders took effectual means to remind the inhabitants at every turn, by every possible stringent pressure, that they were a conquered people. The scarcity of provisions reduced the poorer classes to extreme want; the prisons were filled with American officers and privates (a few months ago the friends and neighbors of the rejoicing Tories), who were literally reduced to starvation.

War, famine, and death hovered over the miserable town like attendant Furies. But the British officers made the summer one of unbridled gayety, and the Tory belles welcomed them with delight. One or two of the officers had brought their young wives, who were provided with the latest finery and fashions of George's court. The modish young ladies of Philadelphia raised their towering head-dresses still higher, devised masquerade costumes, flaunted and flirted with these knights-errant actually within sight and hearing of the horrors of a battle-field, or the prison bars behind which their old friends looked out. It was like nothing so much as the fluttering of the gaudy butterflies over the graves in Potters' Field.

The student of old-time manners or of human nature itself can find abundant material in the gossip remaining to us concerning the occupancy of this town by Sir William Howe. There is the dark background of misery and blood; there is the brief brilliance of Tory splendor; there are dramatic figures of every type whom history has limned boldly for us — the weak, vacillating Howe, sentimental, gentle André, the coarse, quondam apothecary Arnold. The story of the gayety of the splendid company, read with the remembrance of the death and disaster which followed, is one of the most sharply lined of tragedies.

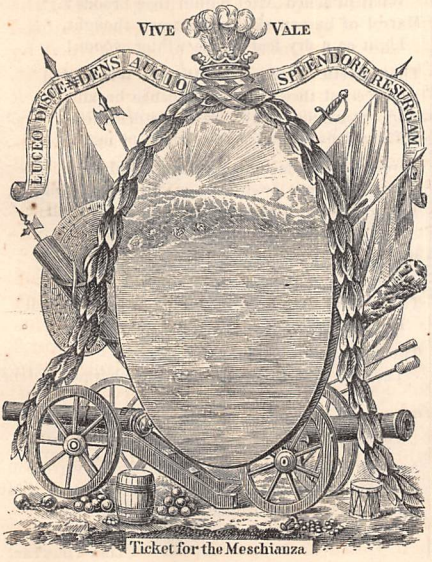
Major John André was chief promoter of the revels. The officers formed clubs, gave brilliant dinners and dances, and were feasted in turn by their partisans in town. Balls were given at the City Tavern, cricket clubs were established, and cock-fighting became a fashionable amusement.

As in New York, a theatre was opened by the officers for the benefit of the widows and orphans of the royal army, André being stage-manager, scene-painter, and general utility man. The theatre was the dimly lighted upper room of a sail-maker's shop, and was crowded by "the rank and fashion of the city." The plays were light comedies, and not always of the cleaner kind. The officers wrote and smiled at jests in play and prologue which would bring a blush nowadays to even the cheeks of the friends of *opéra bouffe*. One scene, painted by the unfortunate artist, is described by Charles Durang as drawn with much spirit. It was a woodland glade, and on the back was scrawled "J. André" in black paint. Years afterward a trashy play was presented in this same Southwark theatre, founded on André's capture and death; and this scene was used to represent the pass on the Hudson where he was arrested by the three militia-men and carried to his execution.

The records of the day, too, are full of glowing reflections of the grand *fête* given by the officers to Sir William Howe on his resignation—"The most splendid pageant," says admiring Watson, "ever witnessed in this country, if we except the procession of trades in Philadelphia in 1788." This *fête* was a tilt, tournament, and ball, and was dubbed the Mischianza, meaning a medley. There is an account by André of its long-faded splendors, and one or two others, in manuscript, written by aged women, who in their youth had formed part of the specta-

cle. To have been one of the princesses in this court of a night was apparently to have a life-long patent of nobility. The guests embarked at four in the afternoon at Green Street wharf, they tell us, in a grand regatta of three divisions: galleys for Lord Howe and his brother, Sir Henry Clinton, and other general officers with the ladies, flat-boats lined with cloth, and barges, which, says André in his account, "light skimming, stretched their oary wings." Other boats with bands of music completed the procession. The seven Ladies of the Blended Rose wore a flowing white silk robe, open in front to the waist, pink spangled sash, white shoes and stockings, also spangled, hair towering a yard high, filled with feathers and jewelry. The seven Ladies of the Burning Mountain wore black and red Turkish dresses, a brilliant mixture of satin, spangles, scarlet, and jewels. The wharves and river were crowded with what André deemed enthusiastic spectators, but who probably were just such a rabble as would assemble on the banks of the Delaware now to look at young women in masquerade dress on exhibition in the river in the middle of the afternoon. The harbor was filled with shipping, men-of-war and transports, which formed in line, their flags flying, and saluted with a tremendous cannonade. As the glittering procession drew up at Market Street wharf, the bands played "God Save the King," which, says André, was answered by three mighty cheers from the shore. The boats floated down the river, the air thus charged with loyalty, and landed below Old Swedes' Church, in front of the Wharton country-seat, which had been chosen as the scene of the revels. All the bands of the army moved in front, all the vessels in the harbor fired salutes, light horse and grenadiers formed an avenue for the knights and ladies to pass through, followed by their magnificent *cortége*. Then followed a tournament, Lord Cathcart appearing as chief knight of the Blended Rose. Major André defended the claims to beauty of Miss Chew, and twelve other valiant knights appeared in honor of the other princesses. There were heralds, gage of battle, defiance, the shivering of lances, firing of pistols, clashing of swords; and then the marshal rushed in, declaring that the fair damsels of the Blended Rose and Burning Mountain were content with the valor of their knights. The warriors sheathed their swords, and the stately procession, the music going before, marched through pavilion after pavilion, the walls of which were hung with mirrors, flowers, and banners, and painted by the indefatigable André in imitation of Sienna marble and wreaths of roses. More pavilions, hundreds of feet long, with canvas walls painted in imitation of palaces; tea and lemonade; knights kneeling to receive the favors of their ladies; fire-works, Fame, Chinese fountains, and banners blazing against the sky and going out in powder and ill-smelling smoke; four drawing-rooms furnished with borrowed luxury from houses in the city; a ball. At midnight another brilliant sham pavilion, a thousand wax tapers, twelve hundred dishes, and twenty-four black slaves in Oriental dresses, with silver collars and bracelets, bending to the ground. After the banquet, dancing until morning.

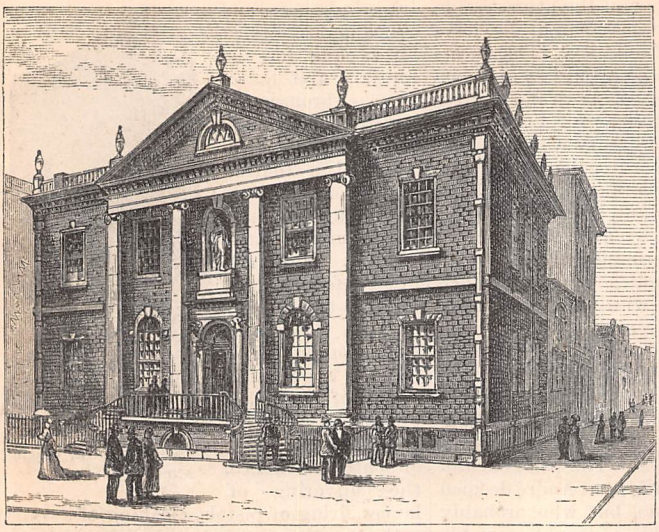
LORD CATHCART.—[FROM A SILHOUETTE BY MAJOR ANDRÉ.]



Ticket for the Meschianza.

While the Mischianza was at its height, a body of Whig infantry attacked the abattis at the north of the city. The long roll sounded along the whole range of the encampments, and was answered by the guns in the redoubt and from the men-of-war and transports in the river. The knights assured the ladies that the firing was in honor of the celebration, and they danced on.

When we remember that these were adult men and women who dubbed themselves knights and ladies of Blended Rose and Burning Mountain, and for twelve solid hours carried on the clumsy trickery of sham tournaments, sham palace, and a pageant of which nothing was real but the thunder of cannon and death waiting without, the Mischianza becomes not a magnificent specta-



THE PHILADELPHIA LIBRARY.

cle, but one of the most significant historical events of the Revolution. It was the last formal effort to assume the manners of a court and of a social life to which the country and the people themselves were in character and purpose alien and unsuited. While the Tory belles of Philadelphia were paying homage to Sir William Howe, the most learned men and brilliant women in Europe were crowding about a hearty, shrewd, strong old man, whose gray hair fell loosely on his shoulders, and whose keen, kindly eyes looked out through spectacles. They saluted him as first of philosophers and statesmen, and recognized him as embodying the true meaning of the thought, work, and social life in the new republic.

In precisely one month after the Mischianza the British evacuated Philadelphia, and their reign there was ended. "The splendid farce," says Paine, "was in reality an ovation to Howe for thirteen colonies wretchedly lost and a three months' campaign of disgraces and defeats." In three years from the night of the tournament its actors were widely scattered. Some of the "princesses" had married Englishmen and left the country. One of them had married the vulgar spendthrift Arnold, and was exiled with him forever from her home; and André had ended his life on the gallows.

With the fading of that glittering spectacle we shall end our hurried series of glimpses into life in Old Philadelphia. Its condition during the term of years in which it was the national capital and was controlled by Washington's simple, high-bred court is familiar to the most careless reader. It would be a hackneyed story, too, to insist upon the chief boast of Philadelphia in the succession of profound and eloquent jurists and counselors who have made her bar famous and given stamina and high breeding to her society during the century just gone.

The old acerbities and social contests of the days of the Revolution are over. The old Whig names belong now to men most eager to hold out welcoming hands to their ancient British foes; the descendants of Tories are foremost in 1876 in urging the claims of the republic for the respect and homage of the world; the Quakers are calm, moderate, and slow of speech as of old. But when the stranger who visits Philadelphia this year shall look for some sign of her title to the City of Brotherly Love, and find it in her magnificent asylums, her hospitals, her innumerable humane, practical methods of helping men to help themselves, he will discover that the Friends are, in the great essentials, still the governing class of the powerful city of Penn.

TO A VIOLIN.

What wondrous power from heaven upon thee wrought?
What prisoned Ariel within thee broods?
Marvel of human skill and human thought,
Light as a dry leaf in the winter woods!

Thou mystic thing, all beautiful! What mind
Conceived thee, what intelligence began
And out of chaos thy rare shape designed,
Thou delicate and perfect work of man!

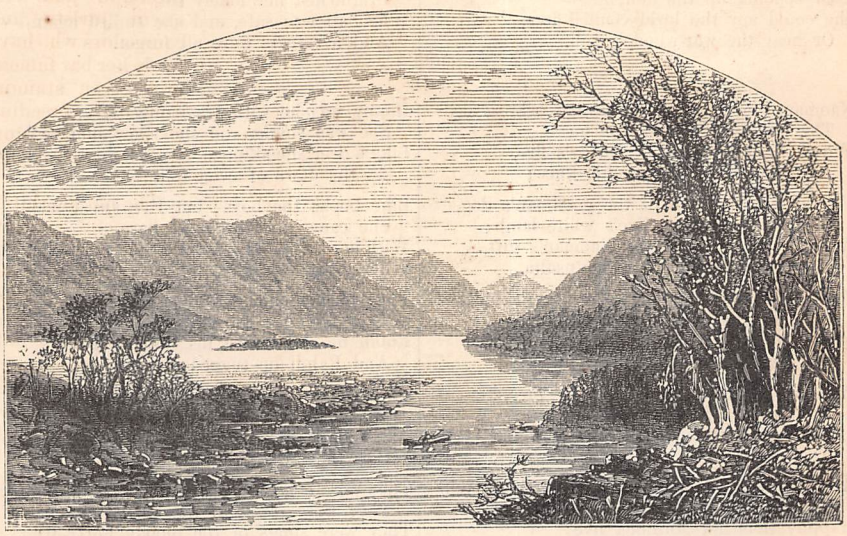
Across my hands thou liest mute and still;
Thou wilt not breathe to me thy secret fine;
Thy matchless tones the eager air shall thrill
To no entreaty or command of mine;

But comes thy master, lo! thou yieldest all:
Passion and pathos, rapture and despair;
To the soul's need thy searching voice doth call
In language exquisite beyond compare,

Till into speech articulate at last
Thou seem'st to break, and thy charmed listener hears
Thee wake the echoes of the vanished past,
Touching the source of gladness and of tears;

And with bowed head he lets the sweet wave roll
Across him, swayed by that weird power of thine,
And reverence and wonder fill his soul
That man's creation should be so divine.

Celia Thaxter.



MOUTH OF MOODNA CREEK.

NAOMAN:

A LEGEND OF THE HUDSON.

By BISHOP CLEVELAND COXE.

[The story of the massacre of an early settler and his family near Newburgh has been briefly told by Mr. J. K. Paulding, with fidelity to the traditions of the beautiful region on the Hudson of which they were among the first inhabitants. With this region, in Orange County, the writer has been familiar from early boyhood, and has learned its history from those who are best entitled to credit. For the purposes of the ballad he has not felt himself limited to the letter of historic detail, but the outline furnished by Mr. Paulding has not been disregarded. In the writer's boyhood the stream which flowed near the scene was yet known as "Murderer's Creek." It was afterward softened into "Murdner's Creek." (I have suggested Murdy's, short for Murdock, in the ballad.) But it has latterly been cast into the Indian-looking name of "Moodna." Those who drive up the right bank of the river between Cornwall and Newburgh cross the "Moodna" by a bridge of several rods in length, about half-way, perhaps, between those two points. The view downward to West Point, through the finest gorge of the Highlands, is especially beautiful.]

I.

Brightly glows the sumac red
The alder boughs between,
And ye should see the blackberry
Glisten 'mid hazels green;

For so it was, in days long gone,
Gleamed in the brake hereby
The red of the savage's copper cheek
And the black of his piercing eye.

The yeoman old, he sat him down
As he spake such words to me—
He sat him down on a mossy stone—
A gray-haired wight was he;

And he told how the Indians stole away
His mother's only boy;
And the tales he told were the wild-wood tales
Of his life with the Iroquois.

Ye have seen, perchance, the Moodna's glen,
That gapes toward the Hudson's tide,
And ye have watched the troutlet's leap
To the fly where its waters glide;

But would that with me ye had stood that day,
Listening the yeoman old,
As he pointed the spot with his hickory staff,
And wept at the tale he told.

He pointed athwart the Hudson's wave,
Where broad is its flow, like a sea:
There was the islet of Polopfels,
And the Fishers'-kills showed he;

And the Highlands huge they swelled below,
With the clouds about their scalps,
That glistened and glowed in the evening sun
Like the snow cliffs on the Alps.

And he said: This stone that I sit upon
Was the step of Murdy's door;
Here would he sit, with his wife and babes,
When the noontide heat was sore;

For here was the shade of his own roof-tree,
And the cot of the pale-faced pair:
Blue were the eyes of their little maid,
And yellow her curling hair.

But, save from the huts at the Fishers'-kills
There, o'er the waters wide,
They never saw gleam of a neighbor's lamp
In the dark of the eventide.

Often, at night, when the wife awoke,
She woke and she breathed a prayer
To Jesu Christ for her children three,
As they lay sweet dreaming there;

For, oh! through the midnight, across the stream,
Or echoing up the dell,
She could spy the lurid council-fires,
Or hear the war-whoop's yell.

Gladsome it was when the ruddy dawn
Brightened her lonely cot,
When all was safe, and she smiled again,
And her fears were all forgot.

II.

Naoman, the chief of the savage tribe—
The children's friend was he—
Would light his pipe at Murdy's fire,
And take little Eve on his knee;

Would pat the head of the goodman's dog,
That was gentle as Eve's white lamb;
And the scarlet bird was Naoman's gift,
That sung them a morning psalm.

On their hearth the spotted panther's hide
And the fur of the shaggy bear
Were spread full oft, of a winter's night,
For Naoman to stretch him there.

And the children loved his bony face,
And would kiss his cheek so red:
Eve played with his necklace of eagles' claws,
And the feathery tuft on his head.

And, for that Naoman was sure their friend,
Of his tribe they had no fear:
Happily thus did Murdock live
With Elspeth, his wife so dear.

Happy was he with his happy wife:
She was young, and she loved him well:
Like a deer she skipped when he moor'd his boat
As the dews of even fell.

Like bucks the boys; but Eve, sweet maid,
She came like the timid hare,
With her snow-white hand o'er her sky-blue eyes
Screening the sunset's glare.

Then back amain the brothers twain
They bounded the maid before:
Robin he shouldered his father's gun,
And Ralph he tugged with an oar.

Oh, then it was joy in Murdy's cot,
When the savory meal was done,
And songs he would sing till the stars came out
O'er the red of the sunken sun.

They were songs of the Scottish heath and tarn,
They were songs of the border fray,
They were songs of the bloody Forty-five,
And raids of the olden day.

"THE CHILDREN'S FRIEND."

He sung of the dance on the straths so green,
And Eve would bound like the roe;
Of the fray he sang, and the boys looked fierce,
And they longed to the wars to go.

The thrush in the tree that all day long
Had frolicked about the door,
He listened the songs, with his mate on her nest,
And the next day sang them o'er.

Night after night so went, so came;
The summer so went it by:
Merry the weeks and merry the months,
Till the falling leaf was nigh.

But, day by day, when Murdy went
With his nets to sweep the mere,
Sadly the children saw his sail
'Mid the Highlands disappear.

III.

Mother, look here! This arrow sharp
In my way to the woods I found;
Its feather is torn from the crow's jet wing,
And a snake-skin twines it round.

Elsie turned pale as she took the dart,
Looked white on the raven shaft;
But she patted the curls on Eve's bright head,
And she made believe she laughed.

Mother, said Ralph, look here! look here!
The elm-tree boughs among,
Over our roof, by a single hair,
This hatchet of flint was hung.

The mother she sighed, and she said, Dear Lord,
What can the meaning be?
Again and again at the cottage door
For her husband's sail looked she.

But there it lay, all idly still,
Far under the dark Crow-Nest;
And there stood she, with her straining eyes,
And her hand on a heaving breast.

Mother, cried Eve, half dead with fright
(She came from the copse hard by),
As I searched for nests, I saw—I saw
An Indian's deadly eye.

I stretched my hand, for a feather stirred,
I thought 'twas the robin's wing;
Oh, mother, 'twas not—I laid my palm
On a scalp with a tufted thing;

And a savage he showed his wolfish teeth,
And he growled like a beast at bay;
His eye it glared like a fiend's at me,
As he slunk like a snake away.

The mother looked hard after Murdy's sail,
And paler she looked, but smiled;
And she said, No fear, 'twas a drunken rogue;
Don't cry, little Eve, my child.

And the child soon slept, but the mother wept,
And paler her cheek it grew,
For the wind was wafting her husband's sail
Where the river is hid from view.

Startled she turned when a foot fell near,
And she whispered the Lord's dear Name:
The thicket stirred—naught else was heard—
And a savage—Naoman—came.

Sullen he came and stern, for naught
He answered when sweet spake she;
Dumb on this stone he sat him down—
Dumb as the stone sat he.

But where is Murdy, thine own goodman?
He is gone to the mere, she said.
'Twas so the silence broke at last
'Twixt the pale-face and the red.

Few words they spent; no ear was lent
That white or red could spy;
But skulking close was one that heard,
And flashed like a fiend's his eye.

IV.

Long was the dark that dismal night,
But the cold and gibbous moon
It rose at last o'er the Beacon mount,
And silvered the clouds aboon.

Then Murdy stole forth from his stilly cot,
And Elsie she followed near:
Two boys he bore in his brawny arms;
Her burden not less was dear.

Fast, fast asleep the children slept;
They had said their little prayers,
And now of the Shepherd Good they dreamt,
The lambs in His arms that bears.

Stealthy and slow they reach his boat;
Softly he pushed from shore:
You could hear from the glen the brawling brook,
But never a dip of his oar.

His oar plied he, till he lifted sail,
And steered for the further coast:
Glimmered the sheet through the moon-lit mist,
Like a dead man's hovering ghost.

Then calmer grew Murdy's throbbing heart,
Though his cot he no more could see:
No dog had barked, no sound told tale
Of his flight from his own roof-tree.

But, oh! it was sad he had come so late
From his fishing adown the tide;
'Twas shame that the mischievous moon arose
If his shimmering sail were spied!

But there was the rocky Polopfels:
They have gained the middle mere;
Give I may win a bow-shot yond,
Quoth Murdy, there'll be no fear!

Slowly but safely glides the bark;
Soundly the babes sleep on;
Then Murdy he pulled with his muffled oar,
And said, We'll be there anon.

And now they have passed the current's sweep,
And hark!—'tis the voice of rills;
'Tis the fall they hear, o'er the miller's wheel,
At the friendly Fishers'-kills.

But—whoop! And a sharp canoe shoots forth
From the shade of the Polopfels.
Robin wakes up: I dreamed, cried he,
That I heard the Indian yells.

Robin, my boy, pull thou this oar,
Poor Murdy he groaned and said;
Mother shall steer, and you and I
We must push the boat ahead.

Mother, look there! It was Eve's sweet voice,
As she woke with affrighted eye;
And she pointed athwart the moon-path broad—
Look there! she could only cry.

'Tis a hellish crew, with their paddles twelve,
'Tis their tufted scalps she sees;
And Elsie she folded her daughter dear
To her heart; but it seemed to freeze.

V.

Murdy hath lifted his firelock true,
Twice hath he ta'en his aim,
And twice hath Elsie stayed his hand:
Hold thee! in Jesu's name.

Quick was the breath that Murdy drew;
Once more his gun took he;
Fire! fire! cried Ralph and Robin both;
But the mother—Nay, quoth she;

For, if ye should shoot, my husband dear—
Yes, father, said Eve beside—
They will burn us all, and our cottage too,
Before the morning-tide.

Liever had I they should burn but me;
Naoman will shield thee well.
Naoman is good, poor Murdy groaned,
But his tribe are hounds of hell.

With sinewy arm he plies his oar,
He pulls, till it breaks amain,
Then hid he his face; through his honest hands
His tears they were shed like rain.

He can do no more: but Elsie's voice
She lifts it clear and high;
O Christ, said she, take only me—
For these sweet babes I die.

Light be the boat, the breeze upsprings,
Tighten thy sail, she cried;
Flutters her robe like angels' wings
As she leaps from the shallop's side.

Loudly the war-whoop rang, and near,
It rang on the cold night air;
But Murdy sprung where Elsie sank,
Like a panther from his lair.

And the wail of the children's sorrow rose
As he wrestled with sinewy arm,
Till safe once more his prize he bore,
And they saw she had no harm.

But nearer the war-whoop rang again;
Murdy has fired his shot;
Again, again, his carbine blazed,
It blazed and it failed him not.

Paddles and scalp-locks down they dropped;
Six foemen—how fast they fell!
But all in vain: six fiends are slain,
But six—at his side they yell.

Pinioned his hands and bound his feet,
Like a slaughtered thing he lies;
Robin is tethered, but bold he looks,
Watching his mother's eyes.

She whispered Naoman's name, and said,
Even yet he will save us, dear;
But she sobbed as she looked where her husband lay,
And where Eve was crouching near.

The boat in tow, they backward row—
Weary the way, and far;
But now the hills with daylight glow,
And glitters the morning-star.

VI.

In a wigwam's hive the captives five
They lie on the hard dank ground,
And chiefs a score and warriors more
Like wolves inclose them round.

And Naoman sits those chiefs among
Like a stone that bears no trace;
Silent and stern, like a Roman bust,
He has set his copper face.

Vainly the woman's eye explores,
In vain the children three;
Brother and friend he was theirs yestreen,
Now naught of them all knows he.

Then a sachem rose, and Eve's fair locks
He clutched as he drew her nigh:
So have ye seen the taloned hawk
On the trembling ring-dove fly.

Tell me, thou pale-faced wife, he cried,
As he twisted the golden hair,
Who is the traitor betrayed his tribe?
And his scalp-knife he made it bare.

And Eve, as she writhed in the Indian's grasp,
'Twas her father's groan she heard;
And her streaming eyes to her mother's eyes
Looked up, but she spake no word.

Woman—once more the savage growled,
And the tomahawk waved on high—
What red man's tongue, like a woman's tongue
And a traitor's, bade thee fly?

Speak, or anon thy child shall bleed,
Thy boys, and thy husband dear,
Then deep in thy brain this flinty blade
I'll bury from ear to ear.

Up sprang the lads, but their sire was bound;
They strove for the darling girl
E'en while the hatchet o'er her head
Waved like the vulture's whirl.

Nay, said Naoman. Stern he rose,
And his pipe he laid it down;
He touched the scalp-lock sullenly
That rose from his shaven crown.

The pale-faced wife keeps faith, said he,
But false to my tribe was I:
Woman, for love of these white lambs,
Thou shalt see Naoman die.

Grandly he drew his shaggy robe
His stalwart shoulders round,
And terribly rose the savage whoop
As he bowed him to the ground.

Deep in the cleft of the old man's skull
They drove the hatchet's blade;
So quick, it seemed the very blow
That was aimed at the little maid.

Silent the bleeding corse it lay,
Silent they all looked on;
But the children wept and their father moaned:
Their only friend was gone.

"AGAIN, AGAIN, HIS CARBINE BLAZED."

Brightly the sun o'er the Beacon shone—
  Why should I tell thee more?
Merrily sang the little bird
  In the cage by Murdy's door.

The yeoman rose, as these words he spake;
  My foot from the stone moved I.
This was the stone of their door, he said,
  And they laid them there to die.

Look, it is green with the velvet moss;
  It was red with their blood that day:
To God their innocent souls went up;
  But the fiends—they shall burn for aye.

Murdy and Elsie and Eve are gone;
  Robin and Ralph—they saw
Their mother and sister bleed like lambs
  In the wolf's devouring paw.

Like a tartaned chief on Scotia's heath,
  No savage more cool than he,
Robin, said Ralph, as father died,
  So like his sons must we.

And the boys they bled as martyrs bleed,
  With a cry, half hymn, half prayer;
And the savage that saw and told it me
  Became a Christian there.

VII.

Merrily flows the Moodna now:
  Horrid it flowed that day;
For one and four the dead it bore;
  It carried them far away.

And when, that day, the sun went down,
  Silent was all and drear;
But hot through the ashes the embers glowed
  Of the cottage that once stood here.

See, cried the man—for sunset then
  O'er the stream its crimson threw—
Looked ever a wave so red before
  When all around 'tis blue?

That is the stain of their blood, said he;
  At sunset it comes each night;
In winter, this brook it freezes not,
  For nothing can make it white.

They call it the Murderer's Brook, full well,
  Quoth he, as he dried his eye;
But for innocent souls and true, like theirs,
  'Twas harder to live than die.

It was hard to live in those heathen days,
  If half be true that's told;
And the Christian that came to the howling woods
  Was a daring man and bold.

Bold were his boys, and bold his girls;
But his wife, bethinketh me,
Was bolder far than the innocents,
And a hero more than he;

For 'twas not the robin that looked so red,
Nor the berry so black, hereby;
'Twas the Indian that ever was lurking near,
And the sheen of his piercing eye.

RATS.

IT was really true, then!

Poor old Barrada, after so many years, happy at last! Well, that was good. So much snatched from sorrow, at any rate. And how pretty she was! yet forty, if a day—Barrada nearly half again as old—and she had waited for him twenty years.

It had been a standing joke with us that when Barrada's ship came in he was to marry—was to marry this faithful but mythical Louisa, who, somewhere unseen in the background, was waiting for the shabby old fellow in whom she believed enough to wait, but who, although he contrived in various mysterious ways to procure a livelihood for one, had never proved quite equal to procuring that livelihood for two, notwithstanding that he was always on the point of fortune, just about to command success—a fair wind blowing in the sails of his ship that never came to shore.

It seemed absurd to think of Barrada's marrying at all. But that a lovely woman—and he always said she was lovely—should cherish a romantic and sentimental attachment to the old fellow seemed the most chimerical of all his chimeras. And here it was, really true.

I was passing the Church of St. Cecilia, and I saw them come out, married. I had been attracted by the sound of the low-rolling organ, and had turned my head just in time to lift my hat to old Barrada and his bride. But it was a wasted courtesy so far as they were concerned: they never saw me. They were in the condition of the little creature whose world is narrowed to the focus of his vision, and who sees no farther than he can dart his tongue; they saw only each other and the next step as they walked. A sweet apple-blossom face was hers, with its blue eyes, its dimple, its confiding smile, framed in a ripple of chestnut hair; a stately, well-made shape. And old Barrada—he looked a mercenary Don Quixote in modern morning costume. With his hawk nose, his riotous gray hair, his dark eye blazing from under a jungle of black eyebrow, his warlike mustache, the erect height of his figure, his haughty bearing—indeed you would have taken him for nothing less than a field-marshal; you would never have suspected him to be a rat-catcher. And yet he was: a rat-catcher.

That is, he had become a rat-catcher. It was becoming a rat-catcher that enabled him to marry. When he was a field-marshal he could no more marry than a church mouse. A church mouse, indeed, was not so poor as he, for the little rodent always has the candle ends to gnaw, and there were times when, for want of a meal, old Barrada had been at his *wits'* ends.

When he was a field-marshal? Oh yes; old Barrada had all the decorations. He was a Knight Della Morte of one royal rebellion; he had the stars and ribbons of another, conferred upon the field. The only trouble about them was that he had no coat quite suitable to wear with them. Wherever there had been revolt against tyranny, wherever there had been foot-hold for a filibustero, there, all at once, old Barrada had seemed to appear, like a precipitate from the revolutionary atmosphere. He had been hunted by blood-hounds with a kingly pretender in Spain; he had floated down the mountain streams of Oriental Europe on bladders, carrying dispatches in his mouth from one insurgent army to another; he had chased slavers a stern chase from ocean to ocean; he had seen the inside of the Khedive's prisons; it was whispered under the breath that he knew more than he chose to tell concerning certain dark uprisings under the outrageous rule of British India; while the political hurricanes that infest the islands of the West Indian waters had drawn him into their vortex, when he was beaching his boatful of arms on remote shores under shadow of overhanging palm groves, or else escaping the garrote in the public plazas; and as to the tempests in the South American tea-pots, he had been an unfailing constituent of them, hanged on a lamp post by one party just in time to be cut down by the other too frequently for the occurrence to be worthy of special note. If in all this he sought liberty, without doubt there was a grain of self-seeking there too. He never forgot the ingots of the incas, nor that De Soto shod his horse with silver.

For the rest of the time he received a precarious income from various newspapers, to which he contributed elaborate reviews of the campaign in Beloochistan, and of the military pretensions of the chief of the Laklacs—to do him justice, excellently written articles, although they were upon subjects which for popular apprehension might be called abstruse, and their honors were always worn modestly by the editors who, through their means, were accredited with a fund of curious and useless but unsuspected knowledge. When every other means failed—no rebellions to join and none to write about—old Barrada used to button his coat the more tightly, and live uncomplainingly upon apples, solacing himself with views of the future and Louisa; of the Mexican silver mine, in which his interest was undi-

vided, but which was full of water; of his shares in the Nova Zembla Ice Company, where the ice harvest was undisputed, but where the harvesting fleet was frozen in, and had been any time these twenty years; of his great scheme for condensing sunshine into a substance to be dissolved in dark days and dull weather, to which he never could get any listeners; of the hour when Louisa and himself should ride in their carriage, and see the hats come off of this head and of that, whose owners were not yet poor enough to do him honor. Dear old Barrada! we used to laugh at him, but we were all fond of him, and would many a time have relieved his necessities but for his unflinching pride that never abased itself to the acceptance of a dollar unearned.

Having this prelude, you may judge of my surprise one morning when, not meeting him for some months, happening to pass the Vervain House, I saw Barrada coming down the steps using a gold tooth-pick, dressed most unimpeachably, and beckoning to the driver of a stylish clarence—looking altogether as if one of the numberless South American governments whose debts he had assumed in times gone by had come into liquidation. "How are you, Barrada?" I cried. "How goes the world?"

"Never better," he answered. "Never better! I'm on the high-road to fortune, you'll be glad to know, at last."

"The high-road to fortune?" I asked, perhaps a little indifferently, it being a romance which familiarity made less critically interesting than some others.

"Ah, you're a trifle skeptical," he said. "But it's fact this time, though—solid fact. I have the shekels."

"How in the world—" I began.

"Haven't you heard?" he asked, in the gayest and most pleased surprise. And then bringing his voice down to a whistle that might have terrified any lurker in dark holes; "Rats!" he cried. "Rats!"

"What!"

"Rats!" he repeated, exultantly. "Rats! Is there any thing singular in that, that you should wear so puzzled a face?" he exclaimed. "Is not 'rats' a term of the English language? Are you persuaded of my insanity?" And he took out and flourished a handkerchief of Indian grass-cloth, embroidered with a monogram in gold thread the size of your hand.

"I am not sure that I quite understand you, Barrada," I said, hesitatingly.

"Well, then, I reiterate, my good friend," he replied, in the best humor, "that I am on the high-road to fortune, and although not in Cinderella's coach, yet, nevertheless, drawn there by rats. I see you haven't heard a word about it! I'm so glad to be the one to tell you—"

"To tell me what?" I asked, impatiently.

"Yes, Sir, rats are conducting me on this road from ruin," he said. "To tell you that! It doesn't sound very well; something else would sound better—coals, bonds, real estate. But the jingling of the guinea sounds just as well apropos of rats as of puts and calls; 'helps the hurt that honor feels,' my man, amazingly."

"Do tell me what in wonder you mean, Barrada!" I cried.

He laughed long and gayly, took out a wallet, and, opening it, ran his thumb through a packet of new bank-bills, replaced it, and drew a slippery handful of gold coin from his pocket, letting them, one after another, slide back again, except the quarter eagle that made a leap for freedom, and rolled down the step, to be seized by a little boot-black, at whom Barrada twinkled his eye as he made off with it. "I'll tell you all about it," said Barrada. "Of course I had some scruples of pride at first. I remembered that one of my great-grandfathers was a Spanish beggar of a grandee, that I sprang from the English gentry myself, and that my coat of arms bears a noble quartering. But you can't live on quarterings now, can you?" he said, turning upon me.

"I really don't know. I never tried."

"I have—and failed. And if my ancestors thought no more of me than to let me fall into such a strait, why the deuce should I think of them? All the more, if there's a dear girl waiting with divine patience. Well, and one night, when hunger pinched—yes, indeed, hunger pinched—I sat cursing my lot, when a little scratching and scraping in the wall rasped on me. 'A rat i' the arras.' And with the words came a flash, an inspiration. 'By George! I have it!' I shouted. And I had it, Sir—the one charm, the one compelling word, the one mystical scroll of letters that the alchemists were always seeking in order to turn dross to gold."

"Nonsense, Barrada."

"Fact. It was an old recipe, Sir, that was written in my grandmother's Bible. I believe in the Bible, Sir!" cried Barrada, as if challenging the whole force of the infidel.

"Well?" I said, recalling him.

"Well, an old recipe. I knew its value, for I had tried it once before—once when we were shut up by the hostile party in the citadel of the fortress of Herzegothuria. Provisions were scant then at the best, you may imagine: aching appetite stimulated our brains in those days; but long before we came to a diet of sole-leather we were alarmed by the impudence of the rats, and had the fate of the old bishop who was eaten by rats in his tower before us. I don't know but I may have told you that one carried off a soldier's baby—"

"No, you never told me."

"By the head; and would speedily have converted her into rats but for a timely bomb that blew her out of the same hole she went in at."

"Oh, come now, Barrada!"

"Fact, Sir, fact. And another fact is that you fellows, who stay at home and fight your battles in columns of fine print, never believe a word that we can tell you—we who have had all the rub, and have lived through all the detail that never finds its way into print."

"Ah, well, that has nothing to do with your fortune," I said.

"Hasn't it? You shall see. My good friend, it has every thing to do with my fortune. I remembered, I say, my grandmother's recipe, the only legacy the sweet old soul ever left me. I compounded it, applied it. In three days' time there was one dying rat gasping for air and water on the barbacan; and there was such an irruption of angry, infuriated rats from the fortress overrunning the enemy, such an army of rats scampering through the mines and counter-mines, into the camp, over the equipage, through the commissary—such a sally of swarming wildernesses of multitudinous rats—that the enemy raised the siege at once, and retired in confusion before them."

"Oh, pshaw! Tell that to the marines."

"What would be the use? They wouldn't believe it any more than you do," said Barrada, with his imperturbable good humor. "I suppose you wouldn't believe either—"

"That time is money? I do. And that you have an immense fortune, old boy, in that commodity. But I haven't, and must be going—"

"Well, then, to make a long story short," said Barrada, with a detaining gesture, "I wrote out my grandmother's recipe again, after hesitating two or three days about it, I must confess, for my old blue blood tingled at the word rat-catcher. I compounded it again, and then, box in hand, I went boldly to the keeper of the Vervain House, and told him what I could do for him in the way of ridding him of his rats. Rats, Sir? They swarmed in that house; they went in when you did; they ate the quicksilver off the mirrors and the soap out of the sinks; they had become that bold that guests had to take the drawers from the bureaus and stand them on end, in order to get the room quiet enough for sleep, the rumpus in the drawers was so alarming. Cat-naps were all they could indulge in under the circumstances; and if sound sleep was indispensable, then they were obliged to take two rooms, and order a cheese into the outer one to divert the minds of the vermin. Listen to this, will you?" said Barrada, growing excited, and bending forward with an accenting finger. "They actually carried off half a dozen bottles of the wines, whiskies, and other liquors—choicest brands, mind you—from the cellars every day of their lives, and nobody to hinder!"

"You don't mean so!"

"Not one less. So I told Vervain I could rid him of his rats. By Jove, I thought of the Pied Piper of Hamelin, Sir, and, by Jove, I looked like him! But the man's life was a burden to him; rats were his bane; rat's bane had been his ruin. He didn't believe me, but he let me try; he gave me the commission to free his house, and I did it."

"You did? The Vervain? By George, Barrada," I cried, with interest, "that was a good day's work! How under heaven did you accomplish it?"

"Well, I don't mind telling you—quite between ourselves. I set a trap and caught one rat. Then I anointed him with—well, no; that's my secret; it's valuable while I have it, but one of the things it spoils to share. I anointed him from ears to tip with the contents of my box, and then I let him run. The moment that the other rats touched him, saw him, scented him, they fled for dear life, fled as if the devil was after them, fled down this wainscot and up that furring and along the other rafters, through the halls, out of the doors, into the streets—"

"But, Barrada, it's impossible. Why, how can you account for any thing—"

"I'm not obliged to account for it. I'm only called upon to effect it. However, I suppose the other rats look upon this rat as a dirty dog, dislike his company, and are afraid of getting into the same pucker themselves if they stay; so they judge discretion to be the better part of valor, and take flight for parts unknown. The anointed rat comes out for water or air, or for some other reason best known to himself, in two or three days, and dies: it's a case of extreme unction, you see, for him, poor vagabond. Yes, Sir," cried Barrada, suddenly, as the last echo of his hearty laughter pealed—this old fellow who never used to know how to laugh—"yes, I cleared the Vervain House, and Vervain gave me a certificate, which I took to the St. Clair, and so onward through the Blenheim, the Bancroft—in fact, I have a stack of them;" and he took from another pocket an appalling file of applications from the various leading hotels of the country for his services. "You see, I charge them a proper stipend at the start, and afterward I put an agent there, who engages to keep the house perpetually free on receipt of board and so much a year. He gets the board, and I get the 'so much;' it's quite handsome, let me assure you."

"Certainly, Barrada," I replied, not in the least believing it to be any more than one of his usual castles in Spain that he was building, in spite of the accidental gold coin

and greenbacks, "there can't be any doubt that your fortune is made."

"Not a bit of doubt," said he, still with his air of the fine day-dreamer. "To be sure, there are disagreeable things in connection with it that might discourage some people, as there are with every business under heaven. For instance, my agent was to have the best board for himself and wife at the Vervain so long as I fulfilled my obligations. They were a gentleman and lady of good appearance, fine manners, impecunious; but that we may all be some day, you know. I have been myself. Well, they met with every sort of obstruction—the tables were full, their chairs were taken, the soup was all gone, their rooms were not attended to, their orders were not filled. Finally I looked into it, on their complaint, and I traced it to the steward. Do you believe me, Sir"—with righteous indignation—"that scandalous scoundrel had been in the habit of selling out of the back-door some half dozen bottles daily of the wines, whiskies, and other liquors—choicest brands, mind you—from the cellar, and charging those bottles to the rats! And now that there were no rats to charge them to, he wanted to make the place too hot to hold these rat-ridding strangers. I soon gave him his quietus, though, and since then it has been smooth sailing. I have been through the hotels here; have free lunch at every one of them; am going on now to the next city. How many cities are there in the country, Sir—how many hotels in each city? Do you see? How can there be any doubt of fortune? Why, it's as certain as to-morrow! I've money in the bank! Piling it in—piling it in! By George, there's millions in it!"

"But, Barrada," I said, "I don't see that you make any headway against the rats. You only kill one poor little fellow; you don't exterminate them."

"Exterminate them!" he cried, with a start. "Good heavens! do you take me for a fool? Of course I don't exterminate them. I'm in the rat business," he cried. Here his voice fell, his eye twinkled again. "The rat business, Sir! Should I destroy my stock in trade, kill the goose that lays the fatted calf?—I mean—you know what I mean! My good friend, I'm in the rat business! Going up town? I'm bound the other way. God bless you, my dear fellow. I knew you'd be glad. By-the-way, if you hear any one speak of this change of fortune, I've had a legacy from my grandmother. Best so, for Louisa's sake. By-by." And I left him driving his imaginary army of rats before him from New York to Baltimore, from Baltimore to Richmond, from Richmond to the Gulf; and I felt that the Pied Piper of Hamelin was nothing to him.

Occupied with my own affairs, I had hardly given him another thought, till I suddenly came upon him as he stepped along the porch of St. Cecilia's to the rolling music of the organ, with that fair apple-blossom-faced woman on his arm; and I was still full of wonder concerning him and his remembered story when I reached a distant city, some days afterward, and on coming in from a drive, took May's letter, that I found in the box, up stairs to my wife.

"Just hear this, my love," exclaimed my wife; and as she began to read a passage from May's letter, there came a tap upon the door, and I opened it to admit my good friend the proprietor of the house.

"Beg pardon for interrupting," said he. "But may I ask if you know any thing of a person by the name of Barrada?"

"Certainly. He is an old friend of mine, an honest gentleman," said I, beginning to smell a rat. "Is he here?"

"Yes. He just arrived. With his wife. He refers to you, and brings me this certificate from the Vervain House, indorsed by all the other houses in that place. Well, I am glad to hear it. The house is rat-riddled. I shall employ him, then."

This was the certificate:

"I hereby declare that Mr. Barrada has been employed by me, for the sum of one thousand dollars, to clear the Vervain House of rats, and that he has performed his task so effectually as to drive every rat off the premises. I recommend him to all in need of his valuable services. VICTOR VERVAIN."

And this was the passage of May's letter that my wife was interrupted in reading:

"If you only knew what we are suffering—what the whole square is suffering! We are swamped in an inundation of rats. Nobody sleeps at night. They are every where—by twos and threes and twenties, grating and grinding, scampering and squealing, in the larder, in the chambers, in the drawing-rooms; they are swimming in the milk pans, burrowing in the butter tubs, actually baked in the bread! We have to keep every thing in tins; they steal before our face and eyes; they have eaten my back hair; they are in process of devouring the beautiful great Axminster carpets; and a couple sit this minute on the sideboard, one deliberately picking his walnut, and the other, flat on the handle of the decanter, dropping his tail into the sherry, and then whisking it through his mouth. Yesterday Mrs. Locke brought home my lovely pearls that I have missed so long and she has admired so much—well, maybe the rats did carry them into her house. But how do you suppose—unless you have seen one of the wretches lie on his back with an egg in his paws, and another drag him away—that Mr. Locke's ivory miniature turned up in my wardrobe, where ma found it, with a nest of little rats sharpening their teeth upon it? Poor papa's gouty foot is done up in flannel till it looks like a bale of

cotton, and he clears a swath round him with his crutch, because, putting on his boot the other morning, he disturbed a rat sleeping comfortably in the toe, who resented the intrusion tooth and nail. They have probably ruined Charlie's beauty for life by a night attack upon his face, which had been smeared with tallow for a cold. As for the cat, they ate her up long ago. There is nothing left of the little black-and-tan but the ears that you never would have cut off. And to-night we are all sitting up in mortal terror, for they have taken bundles and bundles of the lucifer-matches, every match in the house, out of sight and into the walls, to nibble off the phosphorus in peace, and we are momently expecting the flames to burst out all around us. It is worse than the plagues in Egypt. What do you suppose we have done? and are we, on this little street, so much worse than the rest of the world? Only a square away the people at the Vervain House are eating and drinking and dancing and gambling as if Sodom and Gomorrah had shaken off their ashes—and nobody sees a rat! They do say that an old filibustero named Barrada— But, no, that is an absurd impossibility!"

ALIF-LAILA.

An Eastern Story.

By EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

THE monthly magazine, as known to our Western civilization, dates, of course, from a period this side of the re-invention of printing in Europe—or of what Bishop Whately wisely calls the introduction of paper in the West. Our sets of monthlies, bi-monthlies, and semi-monthlies only run back a hundred or two years, therefore—to the joy of librarians, to whom, be it confessed, they bring misery untold.

But in the East, where printing has existed so long that the memory of man goes not to the contrary, it is almost impossible to say how far back was the introduction of the monthly literary magazine. This publication was accompanied with certain advantages and certain disadvantages, which sprang from the peculiarities of the Eastern calendar. The Eastern month being lunar, the magazine, if accuracy were consulted, had to be issued once in twenty-nine days, twelve hours, and forty-four minutes. On the other hand, the people of the East are less exacting or precise than we are in their estimates of time; and in the long-run, if they had thirteen monthlies in one year and twelve in each of the next two years, it generally proved that subscribers were satisfied.

There is a story of two of these early magazines—universally known through the East, where, indeed, it is told in many exaggerated and impossible forms—which is worth repeating for Western readers not yet familiar with it; for it gives both instruction and warning in an age in which every boy in college and every girl in a "female seminary" regards magazine-writing as the chief end of man and of woman—an age in which editors are feeling round, somewhat blindly, to know what their rights may be, or whether, in fact, they have any rights, which is doubtful. The story simply told, without any of the absurd adornments which are put upon it in the East, teaches all men how some of the most difficult editorial questions were decided there, and what are the delicate relations between contributors and the public.

Far back in the period of mythical history in the East two brothers, men of spirit, tact, shrewdness, and literary culture, conducted at the same time two monthly magazines. The offices of publication were so far from each other, and the "constituencies" were so different, that the two journals did not in the least interfere with each other. Those were in the happy days when there were no mails; and each magazine had its own staff and its own contributors, the one set skilled in the language and literature of Tartary, and the other in those of India. Though the two brothers loved each other, they seldom exchanged letters, and the chosen contributors of one journal never sent articles to the other.

One of these magazines, called the *Friend of the City*, in their queer Eastern way, was published at Delhi. The other, called the *King of the Age*, was published at Samarcand. Each of them achieved great popularity, and, by virtue of its popularity, great power. At Delhi, in particular, the editor became the real controlling power in the city, and in what we call the kingdom. Not but what there was some kind of a sachem or mikado, who in after-ages would have been called a sultan or an emperor, who did not edit the magazine, but was kept for or by his sins in a certain prison, which he called a palace, which stood where Shah Jehan long after built his magnificent abode. But this poor dog of a mikado had nothing to do with the real government. He had to put his seal to a good many documents, and he had to settle a horrible mess of quarrels among his servants and harem people every day; and sometimes he had the bore of turning out in the hot sun, with umbrellas and elephants and bands of music, and so on, to receive some foreign embassy. This he called reigning, and a very stupid life it was, and very hard work did it bring upon him. But all the fun of command, all the real disposition of the forces of Delhi and that country, and all the comfort of life which comes from success and the "joy of eventful living," these came, not to this poor shah, mogul, sultan, emperor, or sachem, or what-

ever you choose to call him, but to the editor of the *Friend of the City*. He drove his span of horses when he chose and as he chose, he sent the army where he chose when he chose, and he dictated the terms of the treaties with the foreign powers. All this he did because he had a large subscription list and he edited well.

With similar success, though with some difference in form, his younger brother edited the *King of the Age* at distant Samarcand. Now you ought to know, dear reader, what I am sorry to say you do not know, that Samarcand is far, far away from Delhi. It is more than a thousand miles, were a carrier-dove flying to his love in Delhi from his cage in Samarcand; and when you come to tedious traveling by camels and horses and asses—why, there are rivers and mountains between, and the ways, such as they are, turn hither and thither, so that the journey is two thousand miles or more. All the same, the editor of the *Friend of the City* dearly loved his brother who edited the *King of the Age;* and after they had been parted twenty years, he felt so strong a desire to see this brother that he directed his chief assistant editor to repair to him at Samarcand and to bring him.

Having taken the advice of this sub-editor, who was a more practical person than he was, he gave orders to prepare handsome presents, such as horses adorned with costly jewels, and mamelukes and beautiful virgins, and the most expensive stuffs of India. He then wrote a letter to his brother, in which he told him how eager he was to see him; and having sealed it and given it to the sub-editor, together with the presents, he bade him strain his nerves and tuck up his skirts and go and return as quickly as possible. The sub-editor answered, "I hear, and I obey." He packed his baggage and made ready his provisions in three days, and on the fourth day he departed and went toward the wastes and the mountains. He traveled night and day. The different news agents in the provinces where he stopped came forth to meet him with costly presents and gifts of gold and silver, and accounts of sales, and orders for back numbers and bound volumes, and each news agent accompanied the sub-editor one day's journey. Thus he continued until he approached the city of Samarcand, when he sent forward a messenger to the editor of the *King of the Age* to inform him of his approach. The messenger entered the city, inquired the way to the office, and introducing himself to the editor, kissed the ground before him, and acquainted him with the approach of his brother's sub-editor. On this the editor ordered all his staff, with the proof-readers and publishers, to go forth a day's journey to meet him, and they did so. And when they met him, they welcomed him and walked by his stirrups till they returned into the city. The messenger from Delhi then delivered his chief's letter. The Samarcand editor took it, read it, and understood its contents. "But," said he to the messenger, "I will not go till I have entertained thee three days." He therefore lodged him in a palace befitting his rank, accommodated all his suit in tents, and appointed all things requisite in food and drink, and for three days they feasted. His New-Year's number was just printed, and having got that off his hands, on the fourth day he equipped himself for the journey, and collected presents suitable to his brother's dignity.

Having completed these preparations, he left the charge of the magazine with his chief of staff, and set out for his visit to his brother. As is the custom in the East, the caravan encamped a mile from the city to make sure that nothing was forgotten. It occurred to the Samarcand brother, after his evening meal, that it would be well to take with him an early copy of the New-Year's number in advance to his brother, as they were not yet delivered to the trade. He mounted his horse, therefore, and rode back to the city, and to save himself from going to the office, he stopped near the gates, at the house of one of his chief contributors—a young lady of great promise, whose reputation had been manufactured, indeed, by the *King of the Age*—to ask her for the "early copy" which had been sent to her because she had some verses in it.

What did he see as he entered the house but that this false woman was giving a sealed letter to a negro slave. He seized it, he tore it open, and found that it was a copy of verses which she had written and addressed to the *Fountain of Light*, which was the rival magazine in Samarcand. On beholding this, the world became black before his eyes. He said to himself, "If this happens when I have not departed from the city, what will not this vile woman do while I am sojourning with my brother?" He then drew his cimeter and cut off her head, as she fell at his knees for pardon. He took from her table the early copy of the *King of the Age*, gave orders for departure, and journeyed to the city of Delhi.

As they approached Delhi, the *Friend of the City*, or the editor of that journal, came out to meet them, and welcomed his brother with the utmost delight. He then ordered that the city should be decorated for the occasion. But the mind of his brother was distracted by reflections upon the conduct of his favorite contributor. Excessive grief took possession of him, and his countenance became sallow and his frame emaciated. His brother observed these symptoms of a mind ill at ease, and asked him the cause. "Oh, my brother!" he replied, "I have an inward wound;" but he explained not to

him the cause. His host then proposed a great press excursion on the Jumna, which he hoped might cheer his brother's mind. But after all the preparations had been made, he was destined to suffer disappointment, his brother being so ill that the party proceeded without him.

After they had gone, the poor sufferer from Samarcand sat in his beautiful apartment in his brother's palace, and to divert his mind, looked out into the garden. Scarcely was the excursion party gone, when a gay laughing party of young men and women came into the garden, whom he recognized at once as being the contributors to his brother's magazine, all of whom had been introduced to him at a collation the day before. He was interested to see their proceedings. They entertained themselves in the garden; and the favorite contributor of all, a lady celebrated through India for her short stories, sat down by a fountain, clapped her hands, and cried, "Masoud! Masoud!" Now Masoud was the editor of the *Pearl of Wit*, which was an upstart magazine, the hated rival of the *Friend of the City*. In a moment he came in, led by two mamelukes, who made prostrations before him; and he bowed to the chief contributor, and sat at her feet. Then she drew from her pocket a little roll of vellum, and read to him and to all the others a short story of only six thousand words. And all the contributors applauded, some from sympathy and some to conceal their jealousy. But Masoud applauded most of all, and took the roll, and hung around her neck a necklace of diamonds. Then all the other contributors read articles in turn; and Masoud took an article from each, and to each he gave either a purse of gold, or a bracelet, or a diamond, according to the reputation before the public of each contributor. Now all these reputations had been made by the advertising clerk of the *Friend of the City*.

When, therefore, the Samarcand editor saw from his window these shameless proceedings, his heart warmed gladly within him. "By Allah!" he exclaimed, "my affliction is lighter than this affliction!" His grief was soothed, and he no longer abstained from food and drink.

And so it fell out that when, after five days, his brother returned from the excursion, he was delighted to find that his brother guest was cheerful and well. His face had recovered its color, and he ate with appetite. "Oh, my brother!" he cried, "how is this change? Acquaint me with thy condition." Then his brother took him on one side, away from the staff, from the mamelukes and the publishers, and told him all. The Delhi editor could not believe the tale. But the next day he made as if he would go on an excursion with the Board of Trade; and no sooner had the party left the city than he returned to his palace in disguise, and then, looking from the window as his brother had done, he saw a like sight: the contributors were all reading their articles, and selling them to Masoud and other editors of rival magazines.

As soon as the editor saw this, he wrote a note to the chief contributor, and asked her to call at the office the next day. So soon as she entered, he charged her with her guilt; and before the miserable creature could reply, he drew his cimeter and cut off her head. He then sent shorter notes to the lesser contributors; and as each one entered the office, he explained briefly that he knew all, and, with his own hand, beheaded him. He then ordered the porters and janitors to throw the heads and bodies into the Jumna, and, with his brother's assistance, he called in a new circle of new contributors, and made up the next number of the *Friend of the City* from their poems and articles. The director of advertisements and of press criticisms manufactured reputations for them all, and the number was pronounced the most brilliant number of the *Friend of the City* which had ever been published.

Then the editor sent advance copies to each of these contributors, and asked them to call at the office the next morning. As each one called, the editor drew his cimeter and cut off the contributor's head. He then called the porters and janitors and bade them throw the carcasses and heads into the Jumna, and proceeded to make up the next number. And thus he did for three years.

As the third year passed, however, the assistant editors began to observe that there was a certain difficulty in collecting poems and articles. Nay, it was even whispered that in the publication office they feared that the magazine was losing popularity. The rumors from the publication office were not often permitted to exhale in the editorial rooms. But still there was a suspicion that from the homes of the authors who had been cut short so summarily there was going out a sort of public opinion unfavorable to the renewal of subscriptions. As for authors, for some time they presented themselves freely. Each poet and each story writer was quite sure that her communication was so much better than any thing which had ever been written before that they all moved up to the fatal edge of publication with serenity, each quite sure that for herself the rule would be reversed, and each quite sure that the others deserved decapitation. But, as has been said, after three years the steady supply of articles was a little checked, perhaps because a rumor was put in circulation by the conductors of the *Pearl of Wit* that the editor of the *Friend of the City* was crazy, and could not if he would,

and would not if he could, tell a bad article from a good one.

All these rumors and contingencies made the position of the sub-editor very uncomfortable as the third year drew to a close. He had to make up each number all the same, and he had to direct the chief of the advertisements how to make the reputations of the authors. But really the authors were so short-lived now that the reputations were scarcely worth the making.

Of this remarkable man the name unfortunately is lost. But, happily for literature and for posterity, he had two remarkable daughters, of whom the eldest has won an extraordinary reputation in the East, where she stands, indeed, at the very head of literature. At the period with which this history deals she was young and beautiful. She had a courage above her sex, remarkable penetration, and genius unbounded. She had read every thing, and her memory was so wonderful that of all she had read she forgot nothing. She had studied history, philosophy, medicine, and the arts, and her verses were acknowledged to be better than those of the most distinguished poets of her time. As has been said, her beauty was ravishing, and her amiability and her virtue rivaled her wit, her memory, her prudence, her accomplishments, and her personal loveliness.

One day, when the sub-editor had white paper before him, wondering how he should make up the "schedule" for his next number, this lovely girl came to him and said, "Papa, grant me a boon;" and she kissed him.

And he said, "A thousand, my darling."

"Though they should cost you the half of your kingdom, papa?"

"Though they should cost me the whole, my darling," said the fond father, rashly.

The girl clapped her hands and cried, "Victory! victory! Papa, I want to write the first article for the next number of the *Friend of the City*."

Oh, how agonized was her poor father! How he begged her to release him from his fatal promise! but in vain. The girl was determined. She had her father's word, and she would not let him go.

"Dear child," he said, "have you lost your senses? You know that the chief cuts off the head of each contributor as soon as she has received the advance copy of the magazine. Do you really ask me to offer you to the knife?"

"Yes, papa," said the brave girl; "I know all the danger that I run, and it does not deter me. If I die, my death will be glorious. If I live, I save my country."

And at last the wretched father, driven to a partial consent by his daughter's firmness, went to the editor-in-chief with the schedule of the number for his approval, and showed to him that the first article on the fatal list, namely,

"THE TRAVELING MERCHANT,"

was

"BY SCHEHEREZADE."

The editor knew the name full well, and he knew that the author was the sub-editor's daughter.

"Dog," said he, "do you suppose that because I am fond of you and use you, I shall spare your cursed house more than any other house in Delhi?"

The poor sub-editor, all in tears, said that he had no such hope.

"Be not deceived," said the editor. "When you bring to me your daughter Scheherezade's article, you take her life with your own hands."

"Sir," said the sub-editor, "I hear and I obey. My heart will break, but I shall obey you. Nature will murmur, but I know my place, and you will see that the proofs are well read and that my hands do not flinch." The editor accepted his promise, and bade him bring the article when he pleased.

Quite in time for the first or illustrated form, the sub-editor brought in the article, with a series of spirited illustrations, drawn on the block by Dinarzade, the sister of the virgin martyr Scheherezade. This celebrated article has never been fully printed in Western journals till now, although it has attained great celebrity all over the world, and has often been printed in abridged forms. The following is a more complete and correct version of it than we have found elsewhere:

THE TRAVELING MERCHANT.

Once upon a time there was a rich merchant, wonderfully successful in his dealings, who had great store of goods of all sorts, of money also, and of women, children, and all sorts of slaves, as well as of houses, warehouses, and lands. And he had this wealth not only at home, but in all the countries of the world. He had to make journeys sometimes, so that he might see his factors and correspondents face to face. And once, when he was obliged to go and collect some money, he took his scrip or travel-bag, and packed in it some biscuit and some dates of Mecca for provision for the journey, because he would have in some places to pass over deserts. And so he mounted his horse and set out upon his journey. God gave him good success in his traveling. He came prosperously to the place he sought, he finished his business prosperously, and prosperously he set out upon his return.

After he had traveled three days toward home, the fourth day was very hot. And the merchant was so much distressed by the heat that he turned aside into a garden by

the way-side to rest himself under the shade of some trees he saw there. He made his resting-place under the shade of a large nut tree, he fastened his horse so that he could not run, and then opening his scrip, he took out one or two biscuits and a few dates to make a meal. He ate the biscuits and the dates, and threw the date stones right and left upon the ground. Then, having satisfied himself with his frugal repast, he stood up and washed himself, and then knelt down and said his prayers.

He had not finished his prayers, but was still upon his knees, when he saw before him an immense genie, so large that while his feet were on the ground, his head was in the clouds, and so old that he was white with age. He held in his hand a long drawn sword, and before the merchant could move, the genie cried out to him,

"Stand up, that I may kill you with this sword, as you have killed my son!"

When the merchant heard these words of horror he was terrified by them as much as he had been at the sight of the monster; but in the midst of his terror he stammered out, "Oh, my lord, what is my crime? why do you kill me?"

Then the genie replied again, "I will kill you, as you have killed my son."

Then the merchant said, "Who has killed your son?"

And the genie answered, "You."

"Oh, my lord," said the poor merchant, "I never saw your son, and I do not know who he is."

But the genie said, "You have killed him."

Then the merchant said, "My lord, by the living Allah, I have not killed him. How and where and when did I kill him?"

The genie answered him, "Did you not lie down when you came into the garden? Did you not take dates out of your travel-bag, did you not eat the dates, and did you not throw the stones about, some on the left side, and some on the right?"

"It is true, my lord," said the merchant; "I did as you say."

"Very well," said the genie, "and so you killed my son; for my son was passing by just then, and as you threw the date stones, one of them struck him and killed him. Does not the law say, 'Whoso killeth another, shall be killed in turn?'"

"Verily, this is the law," said the merchant; "but indeed, indeed, my lord, I did not kill your son; or, if I killed him, I call upon Allah to witness, without Whom is no might and no wisdom, that I did it unwittingly. Forgive me, my lord, oh, forgive me if I have done this thing!"

"No," said the genie; "surely you must die."

So saying, he seized the merchant and threw him upon the ground. Then he lifted his great sword into the air again and held it ready to strike. The poor merchant thought of his home and family, of his wives and his little ones. He thought he had not a moment more to live, and he shed such floods of tears that his clothes were wet with the moisture.

He cried again, "There is no power nor might but with the infinite Allah alone;" and then he repeated the following verses:

"Time knows two days:
Of one the face is bright and clear;
Of one the face is dark and drear.

"Life has two sides:
One is as warm and glad as light;
One is as cold and black as night.

"Time fooled with me:
His flattering fingers soothed with magic spell,
Just while his lying kiss was luring me to hell.

"Who sneers at me?
Are not the trees that feel the tempest's blow
The stately trees of pride that highest grow?

"Come sail with me:
See floating corpses on the topmost waves;
The precious pearls are hid in secret caves.

"See the eclipse!
A thousand stars unquenched forever blaze;
But sun and moon must hide their brighter rays.

"I looked for fruit:
On branches green and fresh no fruit I found;
I plucked the fruit from branches sere and browned.

"Night smiled on me!
Because I saw the diamonds in the sky,
Poor fool! I had forgot that death was nigh."

When the merchant had finished these verses, and had wept to his heart's content, the genie, who had waited through it all, said, "It is enough; now I must kill you."

"What!" said the merchant, "will nothing change you?"

"Nothing," said the genie. "You must die."

"TO BE CONTINUED."

These last words were emblazoned in a beautiful scroll of Dinarzade's most perfect designing.

The editor of the *Friend of the City* was not accustomed, himself, to read manuscripts, proofs, or revises, unless the articles were his own. He first saw the articles of the sub-editor and contributors in plate proof. When the plate proofs of this number were brought to him, he began at once on the story of the merchant. He read it with unaffected, not to say unwonted, interest. When he turned the last page, he said to himself, "How ever will she wind it up in so few lines?" And when he came to the masterpiece of Scheherezade's success and of Dinarzade's art, he laid down the sheets with a mingled feeling not easily described. His cruelty was foiled. But of that he thought little. His curiosity was piqued. A jaded editor of twenty-three years' experience was curious for a *dénouement*. But of this he thought little. For not one moment did he think of taking the author's

blood. He saw too clearly the future of the magazine. In short, every other emotion sank within him before the profound awe which overwhelmed his being. The editor looked down the ages. He saw that his magazine might last forever. For in that series of plate proofs the SERIAL was born.

From that moment the position of the lovely Scheherezade and her accomplished sister Dinarzade on that magazine was secure. That single serial ran twenty-seven years, through one thousand and one numbers, and was known through the East as "Alif-Laila." Long before it ended, other serials had been begun, and no citizen of Delhi or the neighborhood ever subscribed for the *Friend of the City* but he continued his subscription for generation after generation.

The tales of Scheherezade have been collected, as is well known, in endless editions and translated into all languages. The languages of the East are so little understood that the names of the magazines have in time been transferred to the two editors. The *Friend of the City* in Arabic is Shahriar, and that name in varied spelling is generally given to the editor of that print. His brother, by a similar oversight, is usually called Shahzeban, which word means the *King of the Age*.

But these names are forgotten, as they should be. The name which is remembered is that of the lovely and virtuous Scheherezade, the savior of her country, who, to her other titles to the gratitude of men, adds this, that she invented the Serial.

GABRIELLO AND ADRIANA.

[A DRAMATIC SKETCH HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED.]

BY BARRY CORNWALL.

G. COME hither, Adriana. You and I
Have lived in Brescia here as lovers—nay,
Husband and wife—now full three years, or more?
A. 'Tis more.
G. You're right, sweet; 'tis so. In that time
I never failed to see you at the hour
We fixed for meeting. If 'twere fine, 'twas well;
If cold, my love was warm; if stormy, I
Wrapped my cloak round and smiled, for you were safe;
And when the piping winds of winter blew
Sleet and the drenching rain against me, and
On high the fighting elements cast out
Their sheeted fires (clearing the middle air
From pestilence), 'twas something cheerful *still*
To think o'the after-welcome you would give me.
But these are trifles.
A. Not to me. I know
How constant you have been, love. Have I not
Confessed it often?
G. Often.
A. Well! then why
Remind me thus—thus harshly (for you did)—
Of what I own to gratefully?
G. Adriana,
Last night, 'tis said—the only night when I,
Since our sweet marriage, have been barred from you—
The young Count Strozzi visited—your *father;*
Was't not so?
A. Yes.
G. And why was I excluded?
A. I had a silly trouble on me. You
Will laugh when I shall tell you of't. I hope
You will indeed laugh, if't be but to shame
Me from my idle fears. I have had a dream—
G. Poor girl! [*Smiling.*]
A. A horrid dream. Sit closer still,
And press your palm 'gainst mine. That's well; but you
Have quite forgot your usual kiss.
G. There!
A. Oh!
You press my lip too hard.
G. I'll try again.
A. Pshaw! But laugh at me now, dear. I have had
A horrid dream. Methought we lay together
Beside this splashing fountain. It was night
(A sultry night), and overhead the stars
Kept rolling round and round the moonless skies;
The noise they uttered in their rushing course
Was like a serpent's hiss. Look there, Gabriello;
Orion's central star moved then.
G. Away,
You idle girl!
A. Keep your eye fixed.
G. Go on.
A. Well, I was lying then, as I am now,
Within your arms. (How sweet love's pillow is!)
I looked at you and smiled. I spoke, but you
Were silent as from fear, and now and then
Heaved a deep sigh, and trembled. Still the stars
Went round and round, their circles lessening
At each revolve. At last one reached the point
Right o'er your head, and sank; another came
(The next in order) and attained the point,
And sank in night too; then another died:
Orb after orb came rolling in its round,
As though impelled within your influence, and
Died like the first. Saturn alone (he was
Your natal star) blazed sullenly aloof.
At last he staggered, with a hideous noise
As if a globe were cracking, and his rings
Shook and looked white about him, and a light
Came shivering from the sphere. But why tell this?
He died with the rest at last. Then I—
G. Awoke.
A. No, no: would that I had! Now listen, love—
Attentive, too—
G. I rest upon your words,
You tell a dream so prettily.
A. I dreamt
That when the last star died, a thundering noise
Was heard i'the air, like groans and horrid laughs,
And shrieks, and syllables in an unknown tongue;
And over us a mighty pair of wings
Flapped, and cast damp and sepulchral air,
And touched the lips with moisture. (But you lay
Beside me, so I felt no fear.) At last
There sprang a shadowy thing from out your body,
And stood *in silence* by you. It was black,
But had no visible shape; and yet methought
Once it spread out two arms (or somewhat like),
Whereto were fixed vast pinions that dispensed
An earthy scent about. The Thing was not
Stone, flesh, nor vapor, but it seemed to be
A dismal compound of the Elements,
Huddled by chance together, ere the form
Of Man was fashioned into beauty, and,

Like some most loathsome and unfinished thing,
Flung aside forever.
G. So what happened then?
A. Why, then the Thing breathed on you, and you screamed
And struggled; but it laughed, flapped its chill wings
Like a vampire, and breathed on you, and then you
Lay still.
G. Proceed.
A. And then the earth did yawn,
And a chasm near you gaped, and there came forth
Blue fires, and sounds of death and torture, and
Curses and shrieks—then solitary laughs;
And then it seized you roughly in its arms
(I could not hold you then, dear Gabriello),
And with what *might be called a look*, it sprung
Into the gulf forever. Then I woke.
G. And is this all?
A. Is't not enough? Alas!
G. Shame, silly girl! Look up and kiss me. So!
The ghost, you see, hath never harmed my lip,
And yours grows sweeter daily.
A. How you flatter!
You do the same to others. You were called
A gallant youth before I knew you.
G. Ay,
But not since, Adriana. I have lost
My name for gallantry: a serious thing.
Alas! alas! I have half a mind to grieve
As you did 'bout the dream.
A. Oh, why will you
Bring that back to my memory? Let us talk
Of something else.
G. Why, then, about *my* dream;
For I've dreamt too; and 'twas a terrible dream,
And yet I'm here to laugh at't.
A. When did't happen?
G. Last night.
A. And was it of yourself?
G. Ay, love;
A fatal sort of matter, too, as you
Shall learn. I dreamt that—
A. Was't about the stars?
G. No, no, you coward. I—
A. Now, as I live,
Orion's lights are out!
G. Your eyes are dim.
Look, there they are; there.
A. Ay, they are come again.
G. Well, as you please. Methought I had a fawn,
Young, white and spotless as the snow that lies
On inaccessible hills. I thought I loved
This deer as I love you, sweet.
A. Ay! so much?
G. Why, haply not; but much, that's certain. So,
To keep the pretty thing secure, I bought
A collar of gold, and locked it round its neck;
And fastening it to me by a chain, I roamed
For exercise in the forest. The silly fawn
Frolicked, and tossed its antlered head about,
And licked my hand at times, and then 'twould browse
On thyme and fragrant herbs a while. At last,
Fatigued, I sat on a green hillock that rose
'Neath a wild orange-tree; the leaves exhaled
Delightful perfume, and I plucked some flowers
To make a coronet for my horned fool,
And flung a leaf or two at times toward it.
These it would take in its mouth, but liking not
The taste, cast them away, and then would run
In sportive anger toward me. This did waste
Some time. At last, while I was busy with
My garland, the chain shook, and I did hear
A sob, like sorrow, from my pretty fawn.
I looked, and such a picture of affright
I never saw. Its ears pricked up, its eyes
(From which a tremulous light came) seemed to start
From the head, the slight limbs trembled, and the flanks
Heaved up and down as though it had been chased,
And the whole form recoiled upon the haunches,
The fore-feet stretched out, the hinder, bent
Beneath the body, looked like—what, my love?
I want a simile.
A. Go on, go on.
G. Well, a black greyhound bitch then started forth;
Lean 'twas, and like a wolf.
A. But black?
G. Yes, black
As winter nights are when the heavy clouds
Do curtain up the stars.
A. I do not like
The color.
G. Nor the beast, sweet, as you'll find.
The dog ran toward me—
A. Toward the fawn, you mean.
G. Toward me, my Adriana; that was odd.
A. But all dreams are, you know.
G. They are. I like
To see you talk thus: some half hour ago
And you'd have fancied something terrible
From this poor tale.
A. True, true. But to the story.
G. The dog ran toward me with outstretched jaws
From which the white foam trickled; its red tongue
Was curled within the mouth, and every tooth
Stood bare and grinning at me. Then I shook.
A. Afraid, my love?
G. Why, 'faith, a little frightened.
I had no power to move, sweet. Then it sprung
Against my heart. By heaven! I felt a pain
As if a dagger struck me; and it seized
My side (my left side, here), and gnawed its way
In a moment to my heart. The blood gushed out,
And once, methought, so freely that the dog
Was blinded with it. But she shook't away,
And came with fiercer appetite. At last—
Now hearken, love—
A. I do, I do!
G. At last—
A. What then?
G. I—
A. Ha! speak quickly—then?
G. I woke.
A. Ha! ha! ha! ha! I'll punish you for this.
And this is really all?
G. In truth 'tis all.
Is't not enough? Will you have more?
A. No, no.
G. Now, Adriana, learn how little hath
A dream to do with life: and yet life is
Itself a dream, perhaps. With me it hath
Been happy, for young Adriana's mine,
Whom all the youths of Brescia sought and loved.
Yet not a dream was that we've had, indeed,
Should all our hopes be frail, evanishing
With the coarse mould that pens the spirit up.
Oh no, no! that's immortal sure. How fine
And marvelous that subtle Intellect is!
Beauty's creator! It adorns the body,
And lights it like a star; it shines forever,
And, like a watch-tower to the infidel,
Shows there's a land—to come.
A. How grave you are!
G. Something oppresses me. I'll blow't away.
There! look! 'tis gone. Ah!
A. What's the matter, love?
G. Oh, Adriana! Ah, now clasp your arms
About me, love. My life's departing. Quick!
Closer—oh, close! Press harder, sweet; the blood
Is running from my heart.
A. Oh, Gabriello!
Speak, speak! Your eyes are fixed. Nay, do not grind
Your teeth thus—so—
G. My love— Ah! [*Dies.*]
A. So: that's well.
You're easier? Ah! he's dead! [*Faints.*]

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DANIEL DERONDA.

BY GEORGE ELIOT,

AUTHOR OF "ADAM BEDE," "MIDDLEMARCH," "SCENES OF CLERICAL LIFE," ETC.

BOOK III.—MAIDENS CHOOSING.

CHAPTER XIX.

"I pity the man who can travel from Dan to Beersheba, and say, 'Tis all barren;' and so it is: and so is all the world to him who will not cultivate the fruits it offers."—STERNE: *Sentimental Journey.*

TO say that Deronda was romantic would be to misrepresent him; but under his calm and somewhat self-repressed exterior there was a fervor which made him easily find poetry and romance among the events of every-day life. And perhaps poetry and romance are as plentiful as ever in the world, except for those phlegmatic natures who I suspect would in any age have regarded them as a dull form of erroneous thinking. They exist very easily in the same room with the microscope, and even in railway carriages: what banishes them is the vacuum in gentleman and lady passengers. How should all the apparatus of heaven and earth, from the farthest firmament to the tender bosom of the mother who nourished us, make poetry for a mind that has no movements of awe and tenderness, no sense of fellowship which thrills from the near to the distant, and back again from the distant to the near?

To Deronda this event of finding Mirah was as heart-stirring as any thing that befell Orestes or Rinaldo. He sat up half the night, living again through the moments since he had first discerned Mirah on the river-brink, with the fresh and fresh vividness which belongs to emotive memory. When he took up a book to try and dull this urgency of inward vision, the printed words were no more than a net-work through which he saw and heard every thing as clearly as before—saw not only the actual events of two hours, but possibilities of what had been and what might be which those events were enough to feed with the warm blood of passionate hope and fear. Something in his own experience caused Mirah's search after her mother to lay hold with peculiar force on his imagination. The first prompting of sympathy was to aid her in the search: if given persons were extant in London, there were ways of finding them, as subtle as scientific experiment, the right machinery being set at work. But here the mixed feelings which belonged to Deronda's kindred experience naturally transfused themselves into his anxiety on behalf of Mirah.

The desire to know his own mother, or to know about her, was constantly haunted with dread; and in imagining what might befall Mirah, it quickly occurred to him that finding the mother and brother from whom she had been parted when she was a little one might turn out to be a calamity. When she was in the boat she said that her mother and brother were good; but the goodness might have been chiefly in her own ignorant innocence and yearning memory, and the ten or twelve years since the parting had been time enough for much worsening. Spite of his strong tendency to side with the objects of prejudice, and in general with those who got the worst of it, his interest had never been practically drawn toward existing Jews, and the facts he knew about them, whether they walked conspicuous in fine apparel or lurked in by-streets, were chiefly of the sort most repugnant to him. Of learned and accomplished Jews he took it for granted that they had dropped their religion, and wished to be merged in the people of their native lands. Scorn flung at a Jew as such would have roused all his sympathy in griefs of inheritance; but the indiscriminate scorn of a race will often strike a specimen who has well earned it on his own account, and might fairly be gibbeted as a rascally son of Adam. It appears that the Caribs, who know little of theology, regard thieving as a practice peculiarly connected with Christian tenets, and probably they could allege experimental grounds for this opinion. Deronda could not escape (who can?) knowing ugly stories of Jewish characteristics and occupations; and though one of his favorite protests was against the severance of past and present history, he was like others who shared his protest, in never having cared to reach any more special conclusions about actual Jews than that they retained the virtues and vices of a long-oppressed race. But now that Mirah's longing roused his mind to a closer survey of details, very disagreeable images urged themselves of what it might be to find out this middle-aged Jewess and her son. To be sure, there was the exquisite refinement and charm of the creature herself to make a presumption in favor of her immediate kindred, but—he must wait to know more: perhaps through Mrs. Meyrick he might gather some guiding hints from Mirah's own lips. Her voice, her accent, her looks, all the sweet purity that clothed her as with a consecrating garment, made him shrink the more from giving her, either ideally or practically, an association with what was hateful or contaminating. But these fine words with which we fumigate and becloud unpleasant facts are not the language in which we think. Deronda's thinking went on in rapid images of what might be: he saw himself guided by some official scout into a dingy street; he entered through a dim doorway, and saw a hawk-eyed woman, rough-headed and unwashed, cheapening a hungry girl's last bit of finery; or in some quarter only the more hideous for being smarter, he found himself under the breath of a young Jew, talkative and familiar, willing to show his acquaintance with gentlemen's tastes, and not fastidious in any transactions with which they would favor him—and so on through the brief chapter of his experience in this kind. Excuse him: his mind was not apt to run spontaneously into insulting ideas, or to practice a form of wit

which identifies Moses with the advertisement sheet; but he was just now governed by dread, and if Mirah's parents had been Christian, the chief difference would have been that his forebodings would have been fed with wider knowledge. It was the habit of his mind to connect dread with unknown parentage, and in this case as well as his own there was enough to make the connection reasonable.

But what was to be done with Mirah? She needed shelter and protection in the fullest sense, and all his chivalrous sentiment roused itself to insist that the sooner and the more fully he could engage for her the interest of others besides himself, the better he should fulfill her claims on him. He had no right to provide for her entirely, though he might be able to do so; the very depth of the impression she had produced made him desire that she should understand herself to be entirely independent of him; and vague visions of the future, which he tried to dispel as fantastic, left their influence in an anxiety, stronger than any motive he could give for it, that those who saw his actions closely should be acquainted from the first with the history of his relation to Mirah. He had learned to hate secrecy about the grand ties and obligations of his life—to hate it the more because a strong spell of interwoven sensibilities hindered him from breaking such secrecy. Deronda had made a vow to himself that, since the truths which disgrace mortals are not all of their own making, the truth should never be made a disgrace to another by his act. He was not without terror lest he should break this vow, and fall into the apologetic philosophy which explains the world into containing nothing better than one's own conduct.

At one moment he resolved to tell the whole of his adventure to Sir Hugo and Lady Mallinger the next morning at breakfast, but the possibility that something quite new might reveal itself on his next visit to Mrs. Meyrick's checked this impulse, and he finally went to sleep on the conclusion that he would wait until that visit had been made.

CHAPTER XX.

"It will hardly be denied that even in this frail and corrupted world we sometimes meet persons who, in their very mien and aspect, as well as in the whole habit of life, manifest such a signature and stamp of virtue as to make our judgment of them a matter of intuition rather than the result of continued examination."—ALEXANDER KNOX: quoted in Southey's *Life of Wesley*.

MIRAH said that she had slept well that night; and when she came down in Mab's black dress, her dark hair curling in fresh fibrils as it gradually dried from its plenteous bath, she looked like one who was beginning to take comfort after the long sorrow and watching which had paled her cheek and made deep blue semicircles under her eyes. It was Mab who carried her breakfast and ushered her down—with some pride in the effect produced by a pair of tiny felt slippers which she had rushed out to buy because there were no shoes in the house small enough for Mirah, whose borrowed dress ceased about her ankles and displayed the cheap clothing that, moulding itself on her feet, seemed an adornment as choice as the sheaths of buds. The farthing buckles were bijoux.

"Oh, if you please, mamma!" cried Mab, clasping her hands and stooping toward Mirah's feet, as she entered the parlor. "Look at the slippers, how beautifully they fit! I declare she is like the Queen Budoor—'two delicate feet, the work of the protecting and all-recompensing Creator, support her; and I wonder how they can sustain what is above them.'"

Mirah looked down at her own feet in a child-like way, and then smiled at Mrs. Meyrick, who was saying inwardly, "One could hardly imagine this creature having an evil thought. But wise people would tell me to be cautious." She returned Mirah's smile and said, "I fear the feet have had to sustain their burden a little too often lately. But to-day she will rest and be my companion."

"And she will tell you so many things and I shall not hear them!" grumbled Mab, who felt herself in the first volume of a delightful romance, and obliged to miss some chapters because she had to go to pupils.

Kate had already gone to make sketches along the river, and Amy was away on business errands. It was what the mother wished, to be alone with this stranger, whose story must be a sorrowful one, yet was needful to be told.

The small front parlor was as good as a temple that morning. The sunlight was on the river, and soft air came in through the open window; the walls showed a glorious silent cloud of witnesses—the Virgin soaring amidst her cherubic escort; grand Melancholia with her solemn universe; the Prophets and Sibyls; the School of Athens; the Last Supper; mystic groups where far-off ages made one moment; grave Holbein and Rembrandt heads; the Tragic Muse; last-century children at their musings or their play; Italian poets—all were there through the medium of a little black and white. The neat mother who had weathered her troubles, and come out of them with a face still cheerful, was sorting colored wools for her embroidery. Hafiz purred on the window-ledge, the clock on the mantel-piece ticked without hurry, and the occasional sound of wheels seemed to lie outside the more massive central quiet. Mrs. Meyrick thought that this quiet might be the best invitation to speech on the part of her companion, and chose not to disturb it by remark. Mirah sat opposite in her former attitude, her hands clasped on her lap, her ankles crossed, her eyes at first traveling slowly over the objects around her, but finally resting with a sort of placid reverence on Mrs. Meyrick. At length she began to speak softly.

"I remember my mother's face better than any thing; yet I was not seven when I was taken away, and I am nineteen now."

"I can understand that," said Mrs. Meyrick. "There are some earliest things that last the longest."

"Oh yes, it was the earliest. I think my life began with waking up and loving my mother's face: it was so near to me, and her arms were round me, and she sang to me. One hymn she sang so often! so often! and then she taught me to sing it with her: it was the first I ever sang. They were always Hebrew hymns she sang; and because I never knew the meaning of the words, they seemed full of nothing but our love and happiness. When I lay in my little bed and it was all white above me, she used to bend over

me between me and the white, and sing in a sweet low voice. I can dream myself back into that time when I am awake, and often it comes back to me in my sleep—my hand is very little, I put it up to her face, and she kisses it. Sometimes in my dream I begin to tremble and think that we are both dead; but then I wake up, and my hand lies like this, and for a moment I hardly know myself. But if I could see my mother again, I should know her."

"You must expect some change after twelve years," said Mrs. Meyrick, gently. "See my gray hair: ten years ago it was bright brown. The days and the months pace over us like restless little birds, and leave the marks of their feet backward and forward; especially when they are like birds with heavy hearts—then they tread heavily."

"Ah, I am sure her heart has been heavy for want of me. But to feel her joy if we could meet again, and I could make her know how I love her, and give her deep comfort after all her mourning! If that could be, I should mind nothing; I should be glad that I have lived through my trouble. I did despair. The world seemed miserable and wicked; none helped me so that I could bear their looks and words; I felt that my mother was dead, and death was the only way to her. But then in the last moment—yesterday, when I longed for the water to close over me—and I thought that death was the best image of mercy—then goodness came to me living, and I felt trust in the living. And—it is strange—but I began to hope that she was living too. And now I am with you—here—this morning, peace and hope have come into me like a flood. I want nothing; I can wait; because I hope and believe and am grateful—oh, so grateful! You have not thought evil of me—you have not despised me."

Mirah spoke with low-toned fervor, and sat as still as a picture all the while.

"Many others would have felt as we do, my dear," said Mrs. Meyrick, feeling a mist come over her eyes as she looked at her work.

"But I did not meet them—they did not come to me."

"How was it that you were taken from your mother?"

"Ah, I am a long while coming to that. It is dreadful to speak of, yet I must tell you—I must tell you every thing. My father—it was he who took me away. I thought we were only going on a little journey, and I was pleased. There was a box with all my little things in. But we went on board a ship, and got farther and farther away from the land. Then I was ill; and I thought it would never end—it was the first misery, and it seemed endless. But at last we landed. I knew nothing then, and believed what my father said. He comforted me, and told me I should go back to my mother. But it was America we had reached, and it was long years before we came back to Europe. At first I often asked my father when we were going back; and I tried to learn writing fast, because I wanted to write to my mother; but one day, when he found me trying to write a letter, he took me on his knee and told me that my mother and brother were dead; that was why we did not go back. I remember my brother a little; he carried me once; but he was not always at home. I believed my father when he said that they were dead. I saw them under the earth when he said they were there, with their eyes forever closed. I never thought of its not being true; and I used to cry every night in my bed for a long while. Then when she came so often to me in my sleep, I thought she must be living about me though I could not always see her; and that comforted me. I was never afraid in the dark because of that; and very often in the day I used to shut my eyes and bury my face and try to see her and to hear her singing. I came to do that at last without shutting my eyes."

Mirah paused with a sweet content in her face, as if she were having a happy vision, while she looked out toward the river.

"Still your father was not unkind to you, I hope," said Mrs. Meyrick, after a minute, anxious to recall her.

"No; he petted me, and took pains to teach me. He was an actor; and I found out, after, that the 'Coburg' I used to hear of his going to at home was a theatre. But he had more to do with the theatre than acting. He had not always been an actor; he had been a teacher, and knew many languages. His acting was not very good, I think; but he managed the stage, and wrote and translated plays. An Italian lady, a singer, lived with us a long time. They both taught me; and I had a master besides, who made me learn by heart and recite. I worked quite hard, though I was so little; and I was not nine when I first went on the stage. I could easily learn things, and I was not afraid. But then and ever since I hated our way of life. My father had money, and we had finery about us in a disorderly way; always there were men and women coming and going, there was loud laughing and disputing, strutting, snapping of fingers, jeering, faces I did not like to look at—though many petted and caressed me. But then I remembered my mother. Even at first, when I understood nothing, I shrank away from all those things outside me into companionship with thoughts that were not like them; and I gathered thoughts very fast, because I read many things—plays and poetry, Shakspeare and Schiller, and learned evil and good. My father began to believe that I might be a great singer: my voice was considered wonderful for a child; and he had the best teaching for me. But it was painful that he boasted of me, and set me to sing for show at any minute, as if I had been a musical box. Once when I was ten years old, I played the part of a little girl who had been forsaken and did not know it, and sat singing to herself while she played with flowers. I did it without any trouble; but the clapping and all the sounds of the theatre were hateful to me; and I never liked the praise I had, because it seemed all very hard and unloving: I missed the love and the trust I had been born into. I made a life in my own thoughts quite different from every thing about me: I chose what seemed to me beautiful out of the plays and every thing, and made my world out of it; and it was like a sharp knife always grazing me that we had two sorts of life which jarred so with each other—women looking good and gentle on the stage, and saying good things as if they felt them, and directly after I saw them with coarse, ugly manners. My father sometimes noticed my shrinking ways; and Signora said one day when I had been rehearsing, 'She will never be an artist: she has no notion of being any body but herself. That does very well

now, but by-and-by you will see—she will have no more face and action than a singing-bird.' My father was angry, and they quarreled. I sat alone and cried, because what she had said was like a long unhappy future unrolled before me. I did not want to be an artist; but this was what my father expected of me. After a while Signora left us, and a governess used to come and give me lessons in different things, because my father began to be afraid of my singing too much; but I still acted from time to time. Rebellious feelings grew stronger in me, and I wished to get away from this life; but I could not tell where to go, and I dreaded the world. Besides, I felt it would be wrong to leave my father: I dreaded doing wrong, for I thought I might get wicked and hateful to myself, in the same way that many others seemed hateful to me. For so long, so long, I had never felt my outside world happy; and if I got wicked I should lose my world of happy thoughts where my mother lived with me. That was my childish notion all through those years. Oh, how long they were!"

Mirah fell to musing again.

"Had you no teaching about what was your duty?" said Mrs. Meyrick. She did not like to say "religion"—finding herself on inspection rather dim as to what the Hebrew religion might have turned into at this date.

"No—only that I ought to do what my father wished. He did not follow our religion at New York, and I think he wanted me not to know much about it. But because my mother used to take me to the synagogue, and I remembered sitting on her knee and looking through the railing and hearing the chanting and singing, I longed to go. One day when I was quite small I slipped out and tried to find the synagogue, but I lost myself a long while, till a peddler questioned me and took me home. My father, missing me, had been in much fear, and was very angry. I too had been so frightened at losing myself that it was long before I thought of venturing out again. But after Signora left us we went to rooms where our landlady was a Jewess and observed her religion. I asked her to take me with her to the synagogue; and I read in her prayer-books and Bible, and when I had money enough I asked her to buy me books of my own, for these books seemed a closer companionship with my mother: I knew that she must have looked at the very words and said them. In that way I have come to know a little of our religion, and the history of our people, besides piecing together what I read in plays and other books about Jews and Jewesses; because I was sure that my mother obeyed her religion. I had left off asking my father about her. It is very dreadful to say it, but I began to disbelieve him. I had found that he did not always tell the truth, and made promises without meaning to keep them; and that raised my suspicion that my mother and brother were still alive though he had told me that they were dead. For in going over the past again and again as I got older and knew more, I felt sure that my mother had been deceived, and had expected to see us back again after a very little while; and my father's taking me on his knee and telling me that my mother and brother were both dead seemed to me now nothing but a bit of acting, to set my mind at rest. The cruelty of that falsehood sank into me, and I hated all untruth because of it. I wrote to my mother secretly: I knew the street—Colman Street—where we lived, and that it was near Blackfriars Bridge and the Coburg, and that our name was Cohen then, though my father called us Lapidoth, because, he said, it was a name of his forefathers in Poland. I sent my letter secretly; but no answer came, and I thought there was no hope for me. Our life in America did not last much longer. My father suddenly told me we were to pack up and go to Hamburg, and I was rather glad. I hoped we might get among a different sort of people, and I knew German quite well—some German plays almost all by heart. My father spoke it better than he spoke English. I was thirteen then, and I seemed to myself quite old—I knew so much, and yet so little. I think other children can not feel as I did. I had often wished that I had been drowned when I was going away from my mother. But I set myself to obey and suffer: what else could I do? One day when we were on our voyage, a new thought came into my mind. I was not very ill that time, and I kept on deck a good deal. My father acted and sang and joked to amuse people on board, and I used often to overhear remarks about him. One day, when I was looking at the sea and nobody took notice of me, I overheard a gentleman say, 'Oh, he is one of those clever Jews—a rascal, I shouldn't wonder. There's no race like them for cunning in the men and beauty in the women. I wonder what market he means that daughter for.' When I heard this, it darted into my mind that the unhappiness in my life came from my being a Jewess, and that always, to the end, the world would think slightly of me, and that I must bear it, for I should be judged by that name; and it comforted me to believe that my suffering was part of the affliction of my people—my part in the long song of mourning that has been going on through ages and ages. For if many of our race were wicked and made merry in their wickedness, what was that but part of the affliction borne by the just among them, who were despised for the sins of their brethren?—But you have not rejected me."

Mirah had changed her tone in this last sentence, having suddenly reflected that at this moment she had reason not for complaint but for gratitude.

"And we will try to save you from being judged unjustly by others, my poor child," said Mrs. Meyrick, who had now given up all attempt at going on with her work, and sat listening with folded hands and a face hardly less eager than Mab's would have been. "Go on, go on: tell me all."

"After that we lived in different towns—Hamburg and Vienna the longest. I began to study singing again, and my father always got money about the theatres. I think he brought a good deal of money from America: I never knew why we left. For some time he was in great spirits about my singing, and he made me rehearse parts and act continually. He looked forward to my coming out in the opera. But by-and-by it seemed that my voice would never be strong enough—it did not fulfill its promise. My master at Vienna said, 'Don't strain it further: it will never do for the public: it is gold, but a thread of gold dust.' My father was bitterly disappointed: we were not so well off at that time. I think I have not quite

told you what I felt about my father. I knew he was fond of me and meant to indulge me, and that made me afraid of hurting him; but he always mistook what would please me and give me happiness. It was his nature to take every thing lightly; and I soon left off asking him any question about things that I cared for much, because he always turned them off with a joke. He would even ridicule our own people; and once when he had been imitating their movements and their tones in praying, only to make others laugh, I could not restrain myself—for I always had an anger in my heart about my mother—and when we were alone I said, 'Father, you ought not to mimic our own people before Christians who mock them: would it not be bad if I mimicked you, that they might mock you?' But he only shrugged his shoulders and laughed and pinched my chin, and said, 'You couldn't do it, my dear.' It was this way of turning off every thing, that made a great wall between me and my father, and whatever I felt most I took the most care to hide from him. For there were some things—when they were laughed at I could not bear it: the world seemed like a hell to me. Is this world and all the life upon it only like a farce or a vaudeville, where you find no great meanings? Why, then, are there tragedies and grand operas, where men do difficult things and choose to suffer? I think it is silly to speak of all things as a joke. And I saw that his wishing me to sing the greatest music, and parts in grand operas, was only wishing for what would fetch the greatest price. That hemmed in my gratitude for his affectionateness, and the tenderest feeling I had toward him was pity. Yes, I did sometimes pity him. He had aged and changed. Now he was no longer so lively. I thought he seemed worse—less good to others and to me. Every now and then in the latter years his gayety went away suddenly, and he would sit at home silent and gloomy; or he would come in and fling himself down and sob, just as I have done myself when I have been in trouble. If I put my hand on his knee and said, 'What is the matter, father?' he would make no answer, but would draw my arm round his neck and put his arm round me, and go on crying. There never came any confidence between us; but, oh! I was sorry for him. At those moments I knew he must feel his life bitter, and I pressed my cheek against his head and prayed. Those moments were what most bound me to him; and I used to think how much my mother once loved him, else she would not have married him.

"But soon there came the dreadful time. We had been at Pesth and we came back to Vienna. In spite of what my master Leo had said, my father got me an engagement, not at the opera, but to take singing parts at a suburb theatre in Vienna. He had nothing to do with the theatre then; I did not understand what he did, but I think he was continually at a gambling house, though he was careful always about taking me to the theatre. I was very miserable. The plays I acted in were detestable to me. Men came about us and wanted to talk to me: women and men seemed to look at me with a sneering smile: it was no better than a fiery furnace. Perhaps I make it worse than it was—you don't know that life; but the glare and the faces, and my having to go on and act and sing what I hated, and then see people who came to stare at me behind the scenes—it was all so much worse than when I was a little girl. I went through with it; I did it; I had set my mind to obey my father and work, for I saw nothing better that I could do. But I felt that my voice was getting weaker, and I knew that my acting was not good except when it was not really acting, but the part was one that I could be myself in, and some feeling within me carried me along. That was seldom.

"Then, in the midst of all this, the news came to me one morning that my father had been taken to prison, and he had sent for me. He did not tell me the reason why he was there, but he ordered me to go to an address he gave me, to see a Count who would be able to get him released. The address was to some public rooms, where I was to ask for the Count, and beg him to come to my father. I found him, and recognized him as a gentleman whom I had seen the other night for the first time behind the scenes. That agitated me, for I remembered his way of looking at me and kissing my hand—I thought it was in mockery. But I delivered my errand, and he promised to go immediately to my father, who came home again that very evening, bringing the Count with him. I now began to feel a horrible dread of this man, for he worried me with his attentions; his eyes were always on me: I felt sure that whatever else there might be in his mind toward me, below it all there was scorn for the Jewess and the actress. And when he came to me the next day in the theatre and would put my shawl round me, a terror took hold of me; I saw that my father wanted me to look pleased. The Count was neither very young nor very old: his hair and eyes were pale; he was tall and walked heavily; and his face was heavy and grave except when he looked at me. He smiled at me, and his smile went through me with horror: I could not tell why he was so much worse to me than other men. Some feelings are like our hearing: they come as sounds do, before we know their reason. My father talked to me about him when we were alone, and praised him—said what a good friend he had been. I said nothing, because I supposed he had got my father out of prison. When the Count came again, my father left the room. He asked me if I liked being on the stage. I said No, I only acted in obedience to my father. He always spoke French, and called me *petit ange* and such things, which I felt insulting. I knew he meant to make love to me, and I had it firmly in my mind that a nobleman, and one who was not a Jew, could have no love for me that was not half contempt. But then he told me that I need not act any longer; he wished me to visit him at his beautiful place, where I might be queen of every thing. It was difficult to me to speak, I felt so shaken with anger: I could only say, 'I would rather stay on the stage forever,' and I left him there. Hurrying out of the room, I saw my father sauntering in the passage. My heart was crushed. I went past him and locked myself up. It had sunk into me that my father was in a conspiracy with that man against me. But the next day he persuaded me to come out: he said that I had mistaken every thing, and he would explain: if I did not come out and act and fulfill my engagement, we should be ruined and he must starve. So I went on acting, and for a week or more the Count never came near me. My father changed our lodgings, and kept at home except when he

went to the theatre with me. He began one day to speak discouragingly of my acting, and say I could never go on singing in public—I should lose my voice—I ought to think of my future, and not put my nonsensical feelings between me and my fortune. He said, 'What will you do? You will be brought down to sing and beg at people's doors. You have had a splendid offer, and ought to accept it.' I could not speak: a horror took possession of me when I thought of my mother and of him. I felt for the first time that I should not do wrong to leave him. But the next day he told me that he had put an end to my engagement at the theatre, and that we were to go to Prague. I was getting suspicious of every thing, and my will was hardening to act against him. It took us two days to pack and get ready; and I had it in my mind that I might be obliged to run away from my father, and then I would come to London and try if it were possible to find my mother. I had a little money, and I sold some things to get more. I packed a few clothes in a little bag that I could carry with me, and I kept my mind on the watch. My father's silence—his letting drop that subject of the Count's offer—made me feel sure that there was a plan against me. I felt as if it had been a plan to take me to a mad-house. I once saw a picture of a mad-house, that I could never forget; it seemed to me very much like some of the life I had seen—the people strutting, quarreling, leering—the faces with cunning and malice in them. It was my will to keep myself from wickedness, and I prayed for help. I had seen what despised women were: and my heart turned against my father, for I saw always behind him that man who made me shudder. You will think I had not enough reason for my suspicions, and perhaps I had not, outside my own feeling; but it seemed to me that my mind had been lit up, and all that might be stood out clear and sharp. If I slept, it was only to see the same sort of things, and I could hardly sleep at all. Through our journey I was every where on the watch. I don't know why, but it came before me like a real event, that my father would suddenly leave me and I should find myself with the Count where I could not get away from him. I thought God was warning me: my mother's voice was in my soul. It was dark when we reached Prague, and though the strange bunches of lamps were lit, it was difficult to distinguish faces as we drove along the street. My father chose to sit outside—he was always smoking now—and I watched every thing in spite of the darkness. I do believe I could see better then than ever I did before: the strange clearness within seemed to have got outside me. It was not my habit to notice faces and figures much in the street; but this night I saw every one; and when we passed before a great hotel, I caught sight only of a back that was passing in—the light of the great bunch of lamps a good way off fell on it. I knew it—before the face was turned, as it fell into shadow, I knew who it was. Help came to me. I feel sure help came to me. I did not sleep that night. I put on my plainest things—the cloak and hat I have worn ever since; and I sat watching for the light and the sound of the doors being unbarred. Some one rose early—at four o'clock—to go to the railway. That gave me courage. I slipped out with my little bag under my cloak, and none noticed me. I had been a long while attending to the railway guide, that I might learn the way to England; and before the sun had risen I was in the train for Dresden. Then I cried for joy. I did not know whether my money would last out, but I trusted. I could sell the things in my bag, and the little rings in my ears, and I could live on bread only. My only terror was lest my father should follow me. But I never paused. I came on, and on, and on, only eating bread now and then. When I got to Brussels, I saw that I should not have enough money, and I sold all that I could sell; but here a strange thing happened. Putting my hand into the pocket of my cloak, I found a half napoleon. Wondering and wondering how it came there, I remembered that on the way from Cologne there was a young workman sitting against me. I was frightened at every one, and did not like to be spoken to. At first he tried to talk, but when he saw that I did not like it, he left off. It was a long journey; I ate nothing but a bit of bread, and he once offered me some of the food he brought in, but I refused it. I do believe it was he who put that bit of gold in my pocket. Without it I could hardly have got to Dover, and I did walk a good deal of the way from Dover to London. I knew I should look like a miserable beggar-girl. I wanted not to look very miserable, because if I found my mother it would grieve her to see me so. But, oh! how vain my hope was that she would be there to see me come! As soon as I set foot in London, I began to ask for Lambeth and Blackfriars Bridge, but they were a long way off, and I went wrong. At last I got to Blackfriars Bridge and asked for Colman Street. People shook their heads. None knew it. I saw it in my mind—our door-steps, and the white tiles hung in the windows, and the large brick building opposite with wide doors. But there was nothing like it. At last when I asked a tradesman where the Coburg Theatre and Colman Street were, he said, 'Oh, my little woman, that's all done away with. The old streets have been pulled down; every thing is new.' I turned away, and felt as if death had laid a hand on me. He said: 'Stop, stop! young woman; what is it you're wanting with Colman Street, eh?' meaning well, perhaps. But his tone was what I could not bear; and how could I tell him what I wanted? I felt blinded and bewildered with a sudden shock. I suddenly felt that I was very weak and weary, and yet where could I go? for I looked so poor and dusty, and had nothing with me—I looked like a street beggar. And I was afraid of all places where I could enter. I lost my trust. I thought I was forsaken. It seemed that I had been in a fever of hope—delirious—all the way from Prague: I thought that I was helped, and I did nothing but strain my mind forward and think of finding my mother; and now—there I stood in a strange world. All who saw me would think ill of me, and I must herd with beggars. I stood on the bridge and looked along the river. People were going on to a steamboat. Many of them seemed poor, and I felt as if it would be a refuge to get away from the streets: perhaps the boat would take me where I could soon get into a solitude. I had still some pence left, and I bought a loaf when I went on the boat. I wanted to have a little time and strength to think of life and death. How could I live? And now, again, it seemed that if ever I were to find my mother again, death was the way

to her. I ate, that I might have strength to think. The boat set me down at a place along the river —I don't know where—and it was late in the evening. I found some large trees apart from the road and I sat down under them that I might rest through the night. Sleep must have soon come to me, and when I awoke it was morning. The birds were singing, the dew was white about me, I felt chill and, oh! so lonely! I got up and walked and followed the river a long way, and then turned back again. There was no reason why I should go any where. The world about me seemed like a vision that was hurrying by while I stood still with my pain. My thoughts were stronger than I was: they rushed in and forced me to see all my life from the beginning: ever since I was carried away from my mother I had felt myself a lost child taken up and used by strangers, who did not care what my life was to me, but only what I could do for them. It seemed all a weary wandering and heart-loneliness—as if I had been forced to go to merry-makings without the expectation of joy. And now it was worse. I was lost again, and I dreaded lest any stranger should notice me and speak to me. I had a terror of the world. None knew me; all would mistake me. I had seen so many in my life who made themselves glad with scorning, and laughed at another's shame. What could I do? This life seemed to be closing in upon me with a wall of fire—every where there was scorching that made me shrink. The high sunlight made me shrink. And I began to think that my despair was the voice of God telling me to die. But it would take me long to die of hunger. Then I thought of my People, how they had been driven from land to land and been afflicted, and multitudes had died of misery in their wandering—was I the first? And in the wars and troubles when Christians were cruelest, our fathers had sometimes slain their children and afterward themselves; it was to save them from being false apostates. That seemed to make it right for me to put an end to my life; for calamity had closed me in too, and I saw no pathway but to evil. But my mind got into war with itself, for there were contrary things in it. I knew that some had held it wrong to hasten their own death, though they were in the midst of flames; and while I had some strength left, it was a longing to bear if I ought to bear—else where was the good of all my life? It had not been happy since the first years: when the light came every morning I used to think, 'I will bear it.' But always before, I had some hope; now it was gone. With these thoughts I wandered and wandered, inwardly crying to the Most High, from whom I should not flee in death more than in life—though I had no strong faith that He cared for me. The strength seemed departing from my soul: deep below all my cries was the feeling that I was alone and forsaken. The more I thought, the wearier I got, till it seemed I was not thinking at all, but only the sky and the river and the Eternal God were in my soul. And what was it whether I died or lived? If I lay down to die in the river, was it more than lying down to sleep?—for there too I committed my soul—I gave myself up. I could not hear memories any more: I could only feel what was present in me—it was all one longing to cease from my weary life, which seemed only a pain outside the great peace that I might enter into. That was how it was. When the evening came and the sun was gone, it seemed as if that was all I had to wait for. And a new strength came into me to will what I would do. You know what I did. I was going to die. You know what happened—did he not tell you? Faith came to me again: I was not forsaken. He told you how he found me?"

Mrs. Meyrick gave no audible answer, but pressed her lips against Mirah's forehead.

"She's just a pearl: the mud has only washed her," was the fervid little woman's closing commentary when, *tête-à-tête* with Deronda in the back parlor that evening, she had conveyed Mirah's story to him with much vividness.

"What is your feeling about a search for this mother?" said Deronda. "Have you no fears? I have, I confess."

"Oh, I believe the mother's good," said Mrs. Meyrick, with rapid decisiveness. "Or *was* good. She may be dead—that's my fear. A good woman, you may depend: you may know it by the scoundrel the father is. Where did the child get her goodness from? Wheaten flour has to be accounted for."

Deronda was rather disappointed at this answer: he had wanted a confirmation of his own judgment, and he began to put in demurrers. The argument about the mother would not apply to the brother; and Mrs. Meyrick admitted that the brother might be an ugly likeness of the father. Then, as to advertising, if the name was Cohen, you might as well advertise for two undescribed terriers: and here Mrs. Meyrick helped him, for the idea of an advertisement, already mentioned to Mirah, had roused the poor child's terror: she was convinced that her father would see it—he saw every thing in the papers. Certainly there were safer means than advertising: men might be set to work whose business it was to find missing persons; but Deronda wished Mrs. Meyrick to feel with him that it would be wiser to wait, before seeking a dubious—perhaps a deplorable result; especially as he was engaged to go abroad the next week for a couple of months. If a search were made, he would like to be at hand, so that Mrs. Meyrick might not be unaided in meeting any consequences—supposing that she would generously continue to watch over Mirah.

"We should be very jealous of any one who took the task from us," said Mrs. Meyrick. "She will stay under my roof: there is Hans's old room for her."

"Will she be content to wait?" said Deronda, anxiously.

"No trouble there! It is not her nature to run into planning and devising; only to submit. See how she submitted to that father. It was a wonder to herself how she found the will and contrivance to run away from him. About finding her mother, her only notion now is to trust: since you were sent to save her and we are good to her, she trusts that her mother will be found in the same unsought way. And when she is talking, I catch her feeling like a child."

Mrs. Meyrick hoped that the sum Deronda put into her hands as a provision for Mirah's wants was more than would be needed: after a little while Mirah would perhaps like to occupy herself as the other girls did, and make herself inde-

pendent. Deronda pleaded that she must need a long rest.

"Oh yes; we will hurry nothing," said Mrs. Meyrick. "Rely upon it, she shall be taken tender care of. If you like to give me your address abroad, I will write to let you know how we get on. It is not fair that we should have all the pleasure of her salvation to ourselves. And besides, I want to make believe that I am doing something for you as well as for Mirah."

"That is no make-believe. What should I have done without you last night? Every thing would have gone wrong. I shall tell Hans that the best of having him for a friend is knowing his mother."

After that they joined the girls in the other room, where Mirah was seated placidly, while the others were telling her what they knew about Mr. Deronda—his goodness to Hans, and all the virtues that Hans had reported of him.

"Kate burns a pastille before his portrait every day," said Mab. "And I carry his signature in a little black silk bag round my neck to keep off the cramp. And Amy says the multiplication table in his name. We must all do something extra in honor of him, now he has brought you to us."

"I suppose he is too great a person to want any thing," said Mirah, smiling at Mab, and appealing to the graver Amy. "He is perhaps very high in the world?"

"He is very much above us in rank," said Amy. "He is related to grand people. I dare say he leans on some of the satin cushions we prick our fingers over."

"I am glad he is of high rank," said Mirah, with her usual quietness.

"Now, why are you glad of that?" said Amy, rather suspicious of this sentiment, and on the watch for Jewish peculiarities which had not appeared.

"Because I have always disliked men of high rank before."

"Oh, Mr. Deronda is not so very high," said Kate. "He need not hinder us from thinking ill of the whole peerage and baronetage if we like."

When he entered, Mirah rose with the same look of grateful reverence that she had lifted to him the evening before: impossible to see a creature freer at once from embarrassment and boldness. Her theatrical training had left no recognizable trace; probably her manners had not much changed since she played the forsaken child at nine years of age; and she had grown up in her simplicity and truthfulness like a little flower seed that absorbs the chance confusion of its surroundings into its own definite mould of beauty. Deronda felt that he was making acquaintance with something quite new to him in the form of womanhood. For Mirah was not child-like from ignorance: her experience of evil and trouble was deeper and stranger than his own. He felt inclined to watch her and listen to her as if she had come from a far-off shore inhabited by a race different from our own.

But for that very reason he made his visit brief: with his usual activity of imagination as to how his conduct might affect others, he shrank from what might seem like curiosity, or the assumption of a right to know as much as he pleased of one to whom he had done a service. For example, he would have liked to hear her sing, but he would have felt the expression of such a wish to be a rudeness in him—since she could not refuse, and he would all the while have a sense that she was being treated like one whose accomplishments were to be ready on demand. And whatever reverence could be shown to woman, he was bent on showing to this girl. Why? He gave himself several good reasons; but whatever one does with a strong spontaneous outflow of will, has a store of motive that it would be hard to put into words. Some deeds seem little more than interjections which give vent to the long passion of a life.

So Deronda soon took his farewell for the two months during which he expected to be absent from London, and in a few days he was on his way with Sir Hugo and Lady Mallinger to Leubronn.

He had fulfilled his intention of telling them about Mirah. The Baronet was decidedly of opinion that the search for the mother and brother had better be let alone. Lady Mallinger was much interested in the poor girl, observing that there was a Society for the Conversion of the Jews, and that it was to be hoped Mirah would embrace Christianity; but perceiving that Sir Hugo looked at her with amusement, she concluded that she had said something foolish. Lady Mallinger felt apologetically about herself as a woman who had produced nothing but daughters in a case where sons were required, and hence regarded the apparent contradictions of the world as probably due to the weakness of her own understanding. But when she was much puzzled, it was her habit to say to herself, "I will ask Daniel." Deronda was altogether a convenience in the family; and Sir Hugo too, after intending to do the best for him, had begun to feel that the pleasantest result would be to have this substitute for a son always ready at his elbow.

This was the history of Deronda, so far as he knew it, up to the time of that visit to Leubronn in which he saw Gwendolen Harleth at the gaming table.

CHAPTER XXI.

It is a common sentence that Knowledge is power; but who hath duly considered or set forth the power of Ignorance? Knowledge slowly builds up what Ignorance in an hour pulls down. Knowledge, through patient and frugal centuries, enlarges discovery and makes record of it; Ignorance, wanting its day's dinner, lights a fire with the record, and gives a flavor to its one roast with the burnt souls of many generations. Knowledge, instructing the sense, refining and multiplying needs, transforms itself into skill, and makes life various with a new six days' work; comes Ignorance drunk on the seventh, with a firkin of oil and a match and an easy "Let there not be"—and the many-colored creation is shriveled up in blackness. Of a truth, Knowledge is power, but it is a power reined by scruple, having a conscience of what must be and what may be; whereas Ignorance is a blind giant who, let him but wax unbound, would make it a sport to seize the pillars that hold up the long-wrought fabric of human good, and turn all the places of joy dark as a buried Babylon. And looking at life parcel-wise, in the growth of a single lot, who having a practiced vision may not see that ignorance of the true bond between events, and false conceit of means whereby sequences may be compelled—like that falsity of eyesight which overlooks the gradations of distance, seeing that which is afar off as if it were within a step or a grasp—precipitate the mistaken soul on destruction?

It was half past ten in the morning when Gwendolen Harleth, after her gloomy journey from Leubronn, arrived at the station from which

she must drive to Offendene. No carriage or friend was awaiting her, for in the telegram she had sent from Dover she had mentioned a later train, and in her impatience of lingering at a London station she had set off without picturing what it would be to arrive unannounced at half an hour's drive from home—at one of those stations which have been fixed on not as near any where but as equidistant from every where. Deposited as a *feme-sole* with her large trunks, and having to wait while a vehicle was being got from the large-sized lantern called the Railway Inn, Gwendolen felt that the dirty paint in the waiting-room, the dusty decanter of flat water, and the texts in large letters calling on her to repent and be converted, were part of the dreary prospect opened by her family troubles; and she hurried away to the outer door looking toward the lane and fields. But here the very gleams of sunshine seemed melancholy, for the autumnal leaves and grass were shivering, and the wind was turning up the feathers of a cock and two croaking hens which had doubtless parted with their grown-up offspring, and did not know what to do with themselves. The railway official also seemed without resources, and his innocent demeanor in observing Gwendolen and her trunks was rendered intolerable by the cast in his eye; especially since, being a new man, he did not know her, and must conclude that she was not very high in the world. The vehicle—a dirty old barouche—was within sight, and was being slowly prepared by an elderly laborer. Contemptible details these, to make part of a history; yet the turn of most lives is hardly to be accounted for without them. They are continually entering with cumulative force into a mood until it gets the mass and momentum of a theory or a motive. Even philosophy is not quite free from such determining influences; and to be dropped solitary at an ugly irrelevant-looking spot, with a sense of no income on the mind, might well prompt a man to discouraging speculation on the origin of things and the reason of a world where a subtle thinker found himself so badly off. How much more might such trifles tell on a young lady equipped for society with a fastidious taste, an Indian shawl over her arm, some ten cubic feet of trunks by her side, and a mortal dislike to the new consciousness of poverty which was stimulating her imagination of disagreeables? At any rate they told heavily on poor Gwendolen, and helped to quell her resistant spirit. What was the good of living in the midst of hardships, ugliness, and humiliation? This was the beginning of being at home again, and it was a sample of what she had to expect.

Here was the theme on which her discontent rung its sad changes during her slow drive in the uneasy barouche, with one great trunk squeezing the meek driver, and the other fastened with a rope on the seat in front of her. Her ruling vision all the way from Leubronn had been that the family would go abroad again; for of course there must be some little income left—her mamma did not mean that they would have literally nothing. To go to a dull place abroad and live poorly was the dismal future that threatened her: she had seen plenty of poor English people abroad, and imagined herself plunged in the despised dullness of their ill-plenished lives, with Alice, Bertha, Fanny, and Isabel all growing up in tediousness around her, while she advanced toward thirty, and her mamma got more and more melancholy. But she did not mean to submit, and let misfortune do what it would with her: she had not yet quite believed in the misfortune; but weariness, and disgust with this wretched arrival, had begun to affect her like an uncomfortable waking, worse than the uneasy dreams which had gone before. The self-delight with which she had kissed her image in the glass had faded before the sense of futility in being any thing whatever—charming, clever, resolute—what was the good of it all? Events might turn out anyhow, and men were hateful. Yes, men were hateful. Those few words were filled out with very vivid memories. But in these last hours a certain change had come over their meaning. It is one thing to hate stolen goods, and another thing to hate them the more because their being stolen hinders us from making use of them. Gwendolen had begun to be angry with Grandcourt for being what had hindered her from marrying him, angry with him as the cause of her present dreary lot.

But the slow drive was nearly at an end, and the lumbering vehicle coming up the avenue was within sight of the windows. A figure appearing under the portico brought a rush of new and less selfish feeling in Gwendolen, and when, springing from the carriage, she saw the dear beautiful face, with fresh lines of sadness in it, she threw her arms round her mother's neck, and for the moment felt all sorrows only in relation to her mother's feeling about them.

Behind, of course, were the sad faces of the four superfluous girls, each, poor thing—like those other many thousand sisters of us all—having her peculiar world which was of no importance to any one else, but all of them feeling Gwendolen's presence to be somehow a relenting of misfortune: where Gwendolen was, something interesting would happen; even her hurried submission to their kisses, and "Now go away, girls," carried the sort of comfort which all weakness finds in decision and authoritativeness. Good Miss Merry, whose air of meek depression, hitherto held unaccountable in a governess affectionately attached to the family, was now at the general level of circumstances, did not expect any greeting, but busied herself with the trunks and the coachman's pay; while Mrs. Davilow and Gwendolen hastened up stairs and shut themselves in the black and yellow bedroom.

"Never mind, mamma dear," said Gwendolen, tenderly pressing her handkerchief against the tears that were rolling down Mrs. Davilow's cheeks. "Never mind. I don't mind. I will do something. I will be something. Things will come right. It seemed worse because I was away. Come now! you must be glad because I am here."

Gwendolen felt every word of that speech. A rush of compassionate tenderness stirred all her capability of generous resolution; and the self-confident projects which had vaguely glanced before her during her journey sprang instantaneously into new definiteness. Suddenly she seemed to perceive how she could be "something." It was one of her best moments, and the fond mother, forgetting every thing below that tide-mark, looked at her with a sort of adoration. She said,

"Bless you, my good, good darling! I can be happy, if you can."

But later in the day there was an ebb; the old slippery rocks, the old weedy places, re-appeared. Naturally there was a shrinking of courage as misfortune ceased to be a mere announcement, and began to disclose itself as a grievous, tyrannical inmate. At first—that ugly drive at an end—it was still Offendene that Gwendolen had come home to, and all surroundings of immediate consequence to her were still there to secure her personal ease: the roomy stillness of the large, solid house while she rested, all the luxuries of her toilet cared for without trouble to her, and a little tray with her favorite food brought to her in private. For she had said, "Keep them all away from us to-day, mamma; let you and me be alone together."

When Gwendolen came down into the drawing-room, fresh as a newly dipped swan, and sat leaning against the cushions of the settee beside her mamma, their misfortune had not yet turned its face and breath upon her. She felt prepared to hear every thing, and began, in a tone of deliberate intention,

"What have you thought of doing exactly, mamma?"

"Oh, my dear, the next thing to be done is to move away from this house. Mr. Haynes, most fortunately, is as glad to have it now as he would have been when we took it. Lord Brackenshaw's agent is to arrange every thing with him to the best advantage for us: Bazley, you know; not at all an ill-natured man."

"I can not help thinking that Lord Brackenshaw would let you stay here rent free, mamma," said Gwendolen, whose talents had not been applied to business so much as to discernment of the admiration excited by her charms.

"My dear child, Lord Brackenshaw is in Scotland, and knows nothing about us. Neither your uncle nor I would choose to apply to him. Besides, what could we do in this house without servants, and without money to warm it? The sooner we are out the better. We have nothing to carry but our clothes, you know."

"I suppose you mean to go abroad, then?" said Gwendolen. After all, this was what she had familiarized her mind with.

"Oh no, dear, no. How could we travel? You never did learn any thing about income and expenses," said Mrs. Davilow, trying to smile, and putting her hand on Gwendolen's as she added, mournfully, "That makes it so much harder for you, my pet."

"But where are we to go?" said Gwendolen, with a trace of sharpness in her tone. She felt a new current of fear passing through her.

"It is all decided. A little furniture is to be got in from the Rectory—all that can be spared." Mrs. Davilow hesitated. She dreaded the reality for herself less than the shock she must give Gwendolen, who looked at her with tense expectancy, but was silent.

"It is Sawyer's Cottage we are to go to."

At first Gwendolen remained silent, paling with anger—justifiable anger, in her opinion. Then she said, with haughtiness,

"That is impossible. Something else than that ought to have been thought of. My uncle ought not to allow that. I will not submit to it."

"My sweet child, what else could have been thought of? Your uncle, I am sure, is as kind as he can be; but he is suffering himself: he has his family to bring up. And do you quite understand? You must remember—we have nothing. We shall have absolutely nothing except what he and my sister give us. They have been as wise and active as possible, and we must try to earn something. I and the girls are going to work a table-cloth border for the Ladies' Charity at Wancester, and a communion cloth that the parishioners are to present to Pennicote church."

Mrs. Davilow went into these details timidly; but how else was she to bring the fact of their position home to this poor child, who, alas! must submit at present, whatever might be in the background for her? and she herself had a superstition that there must be something better in the background.

"But surely somewhere else than Sawyer's Cottage might have been found," Gwendolen persisted—taken hold of (as if in a nightmare) by the image of this house where an exciseman had lived.

"No indeed, dear. You know houses are scarce, and we may be thankful to get any thing so private. It is not so very bad. There are two little parlors and four bedrooms. You shall sit alone whenever you like."

The ebb of sympathetic care for her mamma had gone so low just now that Gwendolen took no notice of these deprecatory words.

"I can not conceive that all your property is gone at once, mamma. How can you be sure in so short a time? It is not a week since you wrote to me."

"The first news came much earlier, dear. But I would not spoil your pleasure till it was quite necessary."

"Oh, how vexatious!" said Gwendolen, coloring with fresh anger. "If I had known, I could have brought home the money I had won; and for want of knowing, I staid and lost it. I had nearly two hundred pounds, and it would have done for us to live on a little while, till I could have carried out some plan." She paused an instant, and then added, more impetuously, "Every thing has gone against me. People have come near me only to blight me."

Among the "people" she was including Deronda. If he had not interfered in her life, she would have gone to the gaming table again with a few napoleons, and might have won back her losses.

"We must resign ourselves to the will of Providence, my child," said poor Mrs. Davilow, startled by this revelation of the gambling, but not daring to say more. She felt sure that "people" meant Grandcourt, about whom her lips were sealed. And Gwendolen answered immediately,

"But I don't resign myself. I shall do what I can against it. What is the good of calling people's wickedness Providence? You said in your letter it was Mr. Lassman's fault we had lost our money. Has he run away with it all?"

"No, dear; you don't understand. There were great speculations: he meant to gain. It was all about mines and things of that sort. He risked too much."

"I don't call that Providence: it was his improvidence with our money, and he ought to be punished. Can't we go to law and recover our fortune? My uncle ought to take measures, and not sit down by such wrongs. We ought to go to law."

"My dear child, law can never bring back money lost in that way. Your uncle says it is

milk spilled upon the ground. Besides, one must have a fortune to get any law: there is no law for people who are ruined. And our money has only gone along with other people's. We are not the only sufferers: others have to resign themselves besides us."

"But I don't resign myself to live at Sawyer's Cottage and see you working for sixpences and shillings because of that. I shall not do it. I shall do what is more befitting our rank and education."

"I am sure your uncle and all of us will approve of that, dear, and admire you the more for it," said Mrs. Davilow, glad of an unexpected opening for speaking on a difficult subject. "I didn't mean that you should resign yourself to worse when any thing better offered itself. Both your uncle and aunt have felt that your abilities and education were a fortune for you, and they have already heard of something within your reach."

"What is that, mamma?" Some of Gwendolen's anger gave way to interest, and she was not without romantic conjectures.

"There are two situations that offer themselves. One is in a bishop's family, where there are three daughters, and the other is in quite a high class of school; and in both your French and music and dancing, and then your manners and habits as a lady, are exactly what is wanted. Each is a hundred a year—and—just for the present"—Mrs. Davilow had become frightened and hesitating—"to save you from the petty, common way of living that we must go to—you would perhaps accept one of the two."

"What! be like Miss Graves at Madame Meunier's? No."

"I think, myself, that Dr. Mompert's would be more suitable. There could be no hardship in a bishop's family."

"Excuse me, mamma. There are hardships every where for a governess. And I don't see that it would be pleasanter to be looked down on in a bishop's family than in any other. Besides, you know very well I hate teaching. Fancy me shut up with three awkward girls something like Alice! I would rather emigrate than be a governess."

What it precisely was to emigrate, Gwendolen was not called on to explain. Mrs. Davilow was mute, seeing no outlet, and thinking with dread of the collision that might happen when Gwendolen had to meet her uncle and aunt. There was an air of reticence in Gwendolen's haughty resistant speeches, which implied that she had a definite plan in reserve; and her practical ignorance, continually exhibited, could not nullify the mother's belief in the effectiveness of that forcible will and daring which had held the mastery over herself.

"I have some ornaments, mamma, and I could sell them," said Gwendolen. "They would make a sum: I want a little sum—just to go on with. I dare say Marshall at Wancester would take them: I know he showed me some bracelets once that he said he had bought from a lady. Jocosa might go and ask him. Jocosa is going to leave us, of course. But she might do that first."

"She would do any thing she could, poor dear soul! I have not told you yet—she wanted me to take all her savings—her three hundred pounds. I tell her to set up a little school. It will be hard for her to go into a new family, now she has been so long with us."

"Oh, recommend her for the bishop's daughters," said Gwendolen, with a sudden gleam of laughter in her face. "I am sure she will do better than I should."

"Do take care not to say such things to your uncle," said Mrs. Davilow. "He will be hurt at your despising what he has exerted himself about. But I dare say you have something else in your mind that he might not disapprove, if you consulted him."

"There is some one else I want to consult first. Are the Arrowpoints at Quetcham still, and is Herr Klesmer there? But I dare say you know nothing about it, poor dear mamma. Can Jeffries go on horseback with a note?"

"Oh, my dear, Jeffries is not here, and the dealer has taken the horses. But some one could go for us from Leek's farm. The Arrowpoints are at Quetcham, I know. Miss Arrowpoint left her card the other day: I could not see her. But I don't know about Herr Klesmer. Do you want to send before to-morrow?"

"Yes, as soon as possible. I will write a note," said Gwendolen, rising.

"What can you be thinking of, Gwen?" said Mrs. Davilow, relieved in the midst of her wonderment by signs of alacrity and better humor.

"Don't mind what, there's a dear good mamma," said Gwendolen, reseating herself a moment to give atoning caresses. "I mean to do something. Never mind what, until it is all settled. And then you shall be comforted. The dear face! —it is ten years older in these three weeks. Now, now, now! don't cry"—Gwendolen, holding her mamma's head with both hands, kissed the trembling eyelids. "But mind you don't contradict me or put hinderances in my way. I must decide for myself. I can not be dictated to by my uncle or any one else. My life is my own affair. And I think"—here her tone took an edge of scorn—"I think I can do better for you than let you live in Sawyer's Cottage."

In uttering this last sentence Gwendolen again rose, and went to a desk, where she wrote the following note to Klesmer:

"Miss Harleth presents her compliments to Herr Klesmer, and ventures to request of him the very great favor that he will call upon her, if possible to-morrow. Her reason for presuming so far on his kindness is of a very serious nature. Unfortunate family circumstances have obliged her to take a course in which she can only turn for advice to the great knowledge and judgment of Herr Klesmer."

"Pray get this sent to Quetcham at once, mamma," said Gwendolen, as she addressed the letter. "The man must be told to wait for an answer. Let no time be lost."

For the moment the absorbing purpose was to get the letter dispatched; but when she had been assured on this point, another anxiety arose and kept her in a state of uneasy excitement. If Klesmer happened not to be at Quetcham, what could she do next? Gwendolen's belief in her star, so to speak, had had some bruises. Things had gone against her. A splendid marriage which presented itself within reach had shown a hideous flaw. The chances of roulette had not adjusted

themselves to her claims; and a man of whom she knew nothing had thrust himself between her and her intentions. The conduct of those uninteresting people who managed the business of the world had been culpable just in the points most injurious to her in particular. Gwendolen Harleth, with all her beauty and conscious force, felt the close threats of humiliation: for the first time the conditions of this world seemed to her like a hurrying, roaring crowd in which she had got astray, no more cared for and protected than a myriad of other girls, in spite of its being a peculiar hardship to her. If Klesmer were not at Quetcham, that would be all of a piece with the rest: the unwelcome negative urged itself as a probability, and set her brain working at desperate alternatives which might deliver her from Sawyer's Cottage or the ultimate necessity of "taking a situation"—a phrase that summed up for her the disagreeables most wounding to her pride, most irksome to her tastes; at least so far as her experience enabled her to imagine disagreeables.

Still Klesmer might be there, and Gwendolen thought of the result in that case with a hopefulness which even cast a satisfactory light over her peculiar troubles, as what might well enter into the biography of celebrities and remarkable persons. And if she had heard her immediate acquaintances cross-examined as to whether they thought her remarkable, the first who said "No" would have surprised her.

CHAPTER XXII.

We please our fancy with ideal webs
Of innovation, but our life meanwhile
Is in the loom, where busy passion plies
The shuttle to and fro, and gives our deeds
The accustomed pattern.

GWENDOLEN'S note, coming "pat betwixt too early and too late," was put into Klesmer's hands just when he was leaving Quetcham, and in order to meet her appeal to his kindness, he, with some inconvenience to himself, spent the night at Wancester. There were reasons why he would not remain at Quetcham.

That magnificent mansion, fitted with regard to the greatest expense, had, in fact, become too hot for him, its owners having, like some great politicians, been astonished at an insurrection against the established order of things, which we plain people, after the event, can perceive to have been prepared under their very noses.

There were, as usual, many guests in the house, and among them one in whom Miss Arrowpoint foresaw a new pretender to her hand—a political man of good family who confidently expected a peerage, and felt on public grounds that he required a larger fortune to support the title properly. Heiresses vary, and persons interested in one of them beforehand are prepared to find that she is too yellow or too red, tall and toppling or short and square, violent and capricious or moony and insipid; but in every case it is taken for granted that she will consider herself an appendage to her fortune, and marry where others think her fortune ought to go. Nature, however, not only accommodates herself ill to our favorite practices by making "only children" daughters, but also now and then endows the misplaced daughter with a clear head and a strong will. The Arrowpoints had already felt some anxiety owing to these endowments of their Catherine. She would not accept the view of her social duty which required her to marry a needy nobleman or a commoner on the ladder toward nobility; and they were not without uneasiness concerning her persistence in declining suitable offers. As to the possibility of her being in love with Klesmer they were not at all uneasy—a very common sort of blindness. For in general mortals have a great power of being astonished at the presence of an effect toward which they have done every thing, and at the absence of an effect toward which they have done nothing but desire it. Parents are astonished at the ignorance of their sons, though they have used the most time-honored and expensive means of securing it; husbands and wives are mutually astonished at the loss of affection which they have taken no pains to keep; and all of us in our turn are apt to be astonished that our neighbors do not admire us. In this way it happens that the truth seems highly improbable. The truth is something different from the habitual lazy combinations begotten by our wishes. The Arrowpoints' hour of astonishment was come.

When there is a passion between an heiress and a proud independent-spirited man, it is difficult for them to come to an understanding; but the difficulties are likely to be overcome unless the proud man secures himself by a constant *alibi*. Brief meetings after studied absence are potent in disclosure: but more potent still is frequent companionship, with full sympathy in taste, and admirable qualities on both sides; especially where the one is in the position of teacher and the other is delightedly conscious of receptive ability which also gives the teacher delight. The situation is famous in history, and has no less charm now than it had in the days of Abelard.

But this kind of comparison had not occurred to the Arrowpoints when they first engaged Klesmer to come down to Quetcham. To have a first-rate musician in your house is a privilege of wealth; Catherine's musical talent demanded every advantage; and she particularly desired to use her quieter time in the country for more thorough study. Klesmer was not yet a Liszt, understood to be adored by ladies of all European countries with the exception of Lapland: and even with that understanding it did not follow that he would make proposals to an heiress. No musician of honor would do so. Still less was it conceivable that Catherine would give him the slightest pretext for such daring. The large check that Mr. Arrowpoint was to draw in Klesmer's name seemed to make him as safe an inmate as a footman. Where marriage is inconceivable, a girl's sentiments are safe.

Klesmer was eminently a man of honor, but marriages rarely begin with formal proposals, and, moreover, Catherine's limit of the conceivable did not exactly correspond with her mother's.

Outsiders might have been more apt to think that Klesmer's position was dangerous for himself if Miss Arrowpoint had been an acknowledged beauty; not taking into account that the most powerful of all beauty is that which reveals itself after sympathy and not before it. There is a charm of eye and lip which comes with every little phrase that certifies delicate perception or fine judgment, with every unostentatious word or

smile that shows a heart awake to others; and no sweep of garment or turn of figure is more satisfying than that which enters as a restoration of confidence that one person is present on whom no intention will be lost. What dignity of meaning goes on gathering in frowns and laughs which are never observed in the wrong place; what suffused adorableness in a human frame where there is a mind that can flash out comprehension and hands that can execute finely! The more obvious beauty, also adorable sometimes—one may say it without blasphemy—begins by being an apology for folly, and ends, like other apologies, in becoming tiresome by iteration; and that Klesmer, though very susceptible to it, should have a passionate attachment to Miss Arrowpoint, was no more a paradox than any other triumph of a manifold sympathy over a monotonous attraction. We object less to be taxed with the enslaving excess of our passions than with our deficiency in wider passion; but if the truth were known, our reputed intensity is often the dullness of not knowing what else to do with ourselves. Tannhäuser, one suspects, was a knight of ill-furnished imagination, hardly of larger discourse than a heavy Guardsman; Merlin had certainly seen his best days, and was merely repeating himself, when he fell into that hopeless captivity; and we know that Ulysses felt so manifest an *ennui* under similar circumstances that Calypso herself furthered his departure. There is, indeed, a report that he afterward left Penelope; but since she was habitually absorbed in worsted-work, and it was probably from her that Telemachus got his mean, pettifogging disposition, always anxious about the property and the daily consumption of meat, no inference can be drawn from this already dubious scandal as to the relation between companionship and constancy.

Klesmer was as versatile and fascinating as a young Ulysses on a sufficient acquaintance—one whom nature seemed to have first made generously, and then to have added music as a dominant power using all the abundant rest, and, as in Mendelssohn, finding expression for itself not only in the highest finish of execution, but in that fervor of creative work and theoretic belief which pierces the whole future of a life with the light of congruous, devoted purpose. His foibles of arrogance and vanity did not exceed such as may be found in the best English families; and Catherine Arrowpoint had no corresponding restlessness to clash with his: notwithstanding her native kindliness, she was perhaps too coolly firm and self-sustained. But she was one of those satisfactory creatures whose intercourse has the charm of discovery; whose integrity of faculty and expression begets a wish to know what they will say on all subjects, or how they will perform whatever they undertake; so that they end by raising not only a continual expectation, but a continual sense of fulfillment—the systole and diastole of blissful companionship. In such cases the outward presentment easily becomes what the image is to the worshiper. It was not long before the two became aware that each was interesting to the other; but the "how far" remained a matter of doubt. Klesmer did not conceive that Miss Arrowpoint was likely to think of him as a possible lover, and she was not accustomed to think of herself as likely to stir more than a friendly regard, or to fear the expression of more from any man who was not enamored of her fortune. Each was content to suffer some unshared sense of denial for the sake of loving the other's society a little too well; and under these conditions no need had been felt to restrict Klesmer's visits for the last year either in country or in town. He knew very well that if Miss Arrowpoint had been poor, he would have made ardent love to her instead of sending a storm through the piano, or folding his arms and pouring out a hyperbolical tirade about something as impersonal as the north pole; and she was not less aware that if it had been possible for Klesmer to wish for her hand, she would have found overmastering reasons for giving it to him. Here was the safety of full cups, which are as secure from overflow as the half empty, always supposing no disturbance. Naturally, silent feeling had not remained at the same point any more than the stealthy dial hand, and in the present visit to Quetcham, Klesmer had begun to think that he would not come again; while Catherine was more sensitive to his frequent *brusquerie*, which she rather resented as a needless effort to assert his footing of superior in every sense except the conventional.

Meanwhile enters the expectant peer, Mr. Bult, an esteemed party man who, rather neutral in private life, had strong opinions concerning the districts of the Niger, was much at home also in the Brazils, spoke with decision of affairs in the South Seas, was studious of his Parliamentary and itinerant speeches, and had the general solidity and suffusive pinkness of a healthy Briton on the central table-land of life. Catherine, aware of a tacit understanding that he was an undeniable husband for an heiress, had nothing to say against him but that he was thoroughly tiresome to her. Mr. Bult was amiably confident, and had no idea that his insensibility to counterpoint could ever be reckoned against him. Klesmer he hardly regarded in the light of a serious human being who ought to have a vote; and he did not mind Miss Arrowpoint's addiction to music any more than her probable expenses in antique lace. He was consequently a little amazed at an after-dinner outburst of Klesmer's on the lack of idealism in English politics, which left all mutuality between distant races to be determined simply by the need of a market: the crusades, to his mind, had at least this excuse, that they had a banner of sentiment round which generous feelings could rally: of course the scoundrels rallied too, but what then? they rally in equal force round your advertisement van of "Buy cheap, sell dear." On this theme Klesmer's eloquence, gesticulatory and other, went on for a little while like stray fire-works accidentally ignited, and then sank into immovable silence. Mr. Bult was not surprised that Klesmer's opinions should be flighty, but was astonished at his command of English idiom and his ability to put a point in a way that would have told at a constituents' dinner—to be accounted for probably by his being a Pole, or a Czech, or something of that fermenting sort, in a state of political refugeeism which had obliged him to make a profession of his music; and that evening in the drawing-room he for the first time went up to Klesmer at the piano, Miss Arrowpoint being near, and said,

"I had no idea before that you were a political man."

Klesmer's only answer was to fold his arms, put out his nether lip, and stare at Mr. Bult.

"You must have been used to public speaking. You speak uncommonly well, though I don't agree with you. From what you said about sentiment, I fancy you are a Panslavist."

"No; my name is Elijah. I am the Wandering Jew," said Klesmer, flashing a smile at Miss Arrowpoint, and suddenly making a mysterious wind-like rush backward and forward on the piano. Mr. Bult felt this buffoonery rather offensive and Polish, but—Miss Arrowpoint being there—did not like to move away.

"Herr Klesmer has cosmopolitan ideas," said Miss Arrowpoint, trying to make the best of the situation. "He looks forward to a fusion of races."

"With all my heart," said Mr. Bult, willing to be gracious. "I was sure he had too much talent to be a mere musician."

"Ah, Sir, you are under some mistake there," said Klesmer, firing up. "No man has too much talent to be a musician. Most men have too little. A creative artist is no more a mere musician than a great statesman is a mere politician. We are not ingenious puppets, Sir, who live in a box and look out on the world only when it is gaping for amusement. We help to rule the nations and make the age as much as any other public men. We count ourselves on level benches with legislators. And a man who speaks effectively through music is compelled to something more difficult than Parliamentary eloquence."

With the last word Klesmer wheeled from the piano and walked away.

Miss Arrowpoint colored, and Mr. Bult observed, with his usual phlegmatic solidity, "Your pianist does not think small beer of himself."

"Herr Klesmer is something more than a pianist," said Miss Arrowpoint, apologetically. "He is a great musician in the fullest sense of the word. He will rank with Schubert and Mendelssohn."

"Ah, you ladies understand these things," said Mr. Bult, none the less convinced that these things were frivolous because Klesmer had shown himself a coxcomb.

Catherine, always sorry when Klesmer gave himself airs, found an opportunity the next day in the music-room to say, "Why were you so heated last night with Mr. Bult? He meant no harm."

"You wish me to be complaisant to him?" said Klesmer, rather fiercely.

"I think it is hardly worth your while to be other than civil."

"You find no difficulty in tolerating him, then?—you have a respect for a political platitudinarian as insensible as an ox to every thing he can't turn into political capital. You think his monumental obtuseness suited to the dignity of the English gentleman."

"I did not say that."

"You mean that I acted without dignity, and you are offended with me."

"Now you are slightly nearer the truth," said Catherine, smiling.

"Then I had better put my burial-clothes in my portmanteau and set off at once."

"I don't see that. If I have to bear your criticism of my operetta, you should not mind my criticism of your impatience."

"But I do mind it. You would have wished me to take his ignorant impertinence about a 'mere musician' without letting him know his place. I am to hear my gods blasphemed as well as myself insulted. But I beg pardon. It is impossible you should see the matter as I do. Even you can't understand the wrath of the artist: he is of another caste for you."

"That is true," said Catherine, with some betrayal of feeling. "He is of a caste to which I look up—a caste above mine."

Klesmer, who had been seated at a table looking over scores, started up and walked to a little distance, from which he said,

"That is finely felt—I am grateful. But I had better go, all the same. I have made up my mind to go, for good and all. You can get on exceedingly well without me: your operetta is on wheels—it will go of itself. And your Mr. Bult's company fits me 'wie die Faust ins Auge.' I am neglecting my engagements. I must go off to St. Petersburg."

There was no answer.

"You agree with me that I had better go?" said Klesmer, with some irritation.

"Certainly; if that is what your business and feeling prompt. I have only to wonder that you have consented to give us so much of your time in the last year. There must be treble the interest to you any where else. I have never thought of your consenting to come here as any thing else than a sacrifice."

"Why should I make the sacrifice?" said Klesmer, going to seat himself at the piano, and touching the keys so as to give with the delicacy of an echo in the far distance a melody which he had set to Heine's "Ich hab' dich geliebet und liebe dich noch."

"That is the mystery," said Catherine, not wanting to affect any thing, but from mere agitation. From the same cause she was tearing a piece of paper into minute morsels, as if at a task of utmost multiplication imposed by a cruel fairy.

"You can conceive no motive?" said Klesmer, folding his arms.

"None that seems in the least probable."

"Then I shall tell you. It is because you are to me the chief woman in the world—the throned lady whose colors I carry between my heart and my armor."

Catherine's hands trembled so much that she could no longer tear the paper: still less could her lips utter a word. Klesmer went on:

"This would be the last impertinence in me, if I meant to found any thing upon it. That is out of the question. I mean no such thing. But you once said it was your doom to suspect every man who courted you of being an adventurer, and what made you angriest was men's imputing to you the folly of believing that they courted you for your own sake. Did you not say so?"

"Very likely," was the answer, in a low murmur.

"It was a bitter word. Well, at least one man who has seen women as plenty as flowers in May has lingered about you for your own sake. And since he is one whom you can never marry, you will believe him. That is an argument in favor of some other man. But don't give yourself for a meal to a minotaur like Bult. I shall go now and pack. I shall make my excuses to Mrs. Arrowpoint." Klesmer rose as he ended, and walked quickly toward the door.

"You must take this heap of manuscript, then," said Catherine, suddenly making a desperate effort. She had risen to fetch the heap from another table. Klesmer came back, and they had the length of the folio sheets between them.

"Why should I not marry the man who loves me, if I love him?" said Catherine. To her the effort was something like the leap of a woman from the deck into the life-boat.

"It would be too hard—impossible—you could not carry it through. I am not worth what you would have to encounter. I will not accept the sacrifice. It would be thought a *mésalliance* for you, and I should be liable to the worst accusations."

"Is it the accusations you are afraid of? I am afraid of nothing but that we should miss the passing of our lives together."

The decisive word had been spoken: there was no doubt concerning the end willed by each: there only remained the way of arriving at it, and Catherine determined to take the straightest possible. She went to her father and mother in the library, and told them that she had promised to marry Klesmer.

Mrs. Arrowpoint's state of mind was pitiable. Imagine Jean Jacques, after his essay on the corrupting influence of the arts, waking up among children of nature who had no idea of grilling the raw bone they offered him for breakfast with the primitive *couvert* of a flint; or Saint Just, after fervidly denouncing all recognition of pre-eminence, receiving a vote of thanks for the unbroken mediocrity of his speech, which warranted the dullest patriots in delivering themselves at equal length. Something of the same sort befell the authoress of "Tasso," when what she had safely demanded of the dead Leonora was enacted by her own Catherine. It is hard for us to live up to our own eloquence, and keep pace with our winged words, while we are treading the solid earth and are liable to heavy dining. Besides, it has long been understood that the proprieties of literature are not those of practical life. Mrs. Arrowpoint naturally wished for the best of every thing. She not only liked to feel herself at a higher level of literary sentiment than the ladies with whom she associated; she wished not to be below them in any point of social consideration. While Klesmer was seen in the light of a patronized musician, his peculiarities were picturesque and acceptable; but to see him by a sudden flash in the light of her son-in-law gave her a burning sense of what the world would say. And the poor lady had been used to represent her Catherine as a model of excellence.

Under the first shock she forgot every thing but her anger, and snatched at any phrase that would serve as a weapon.

"If Klesmer has presumed to offer himself to you, your father shall horsewhip him off the premises. Pray, speak, Mr. Arrowpoint."

The father took his cigar from his mouth, and rose to the occasion by saying, "This will never do, Cath."

"Do!" cried Mrs. Arrowpoint; "who in their senses ever thought it would do? You might as well say poisoning and strangling will not do. It is a comedy you have got up, Catherine. Else you are mad."

"I am quite sane and serious, mamma, and Herr Klesmer is not to blame. He never thought of my marrying him. I found out that he loved me, and loving him, I told him I would marry him."

"Leave that unsaid, Catherine," said Mrs. Arrowpoint, bitterly. "Every one else will say it for you. You will be a public fable. Every one will say that you must have made the offer to a man who has been paid to come to the house—who is nobody knows what—a gypsy, a Jew, a mere bubble of the earth."

"Never mind, mamma," said Catherine, indignant in her turn. "We all know he is a genius—as Tasso was."

"Those times were not these, nor is Klesmer Tasso," said Mrs. Arrowpoint, getting more heated. "There is no sting in *that* sarcasm, except the sting of undutifulness."

"I am sorry to hurt you, mamma. But I will not give up the happiness of my life to ideas that I don't believe in and customs I have no respect for."

"You have lost all sense of duty, then? You have forgotten that you are our only child—that it lies with you to place a great property in the right hands?"

"What are the right hands? My grandfather gained the property in trade."

"Mr. Arrowpoint, *will* you sit by and hear this without speaking?"

"I am a gentleman, Cath. We expect you to marry a gentleman," said the father, exerting himself.

"And a man connected with the institutions of this country," said the mother. "A woman in your position has serious duties. Where duty and inclination clash, she must follow duty."

"I don't deny that," said Catherine, getting colder in proportion to her mother's heat. "But one may say very true things and apply them falsely. People can easily take the sacred word duty as a name for what they desire any one else to do."

"Your parents' desire makes no duty for you, then?"

"Yes, within reason. But before I give up the happiness of my life—"

"Catherine, Catherine, it will not be your happiness," said Mrs. Arrowpoint, in her most raven-like tones.

"Well, what seems to me my happiness—before I give it up, I must see some better reason than the wish that I should marry a nobleman, or a man who votes with a party, that he may be turned into a nobleman. I feel at liberty to marry the man I love and think worthy, unless some higher duty forbids."

"And so it does, Catherine, though you are blinded and can not see it. It is a woman's duty not to lower herself. You are lowering yourself. Mr. Arrowpoint, will you tell your daughter what is her duty?"

"You must see, Catherine, that Klesmer is not the man for you," said Mr. Arrowpoint. "He won't do at the head of estates. He has a deuced foreign look—is an unpractical man."

"I really can't see what that has to do with it, papa. The land of England has often passed into the hands of foreigners—Dutch soldiers, sons of foreign women of bad character: if our land were sold to-morrow, it would very likely pass into the hands of some foreign merchant on 'Change. It is in every body's mouth that successful swin-

dlers may buy up half the land in the country. How can I stem that tide?"

"It will never do to argue about marriage, Cath," said Mr. Arrowpoint. "It's no use getting up the subject like a Parliamentary question. We must do as other people do. We must think of the nation and the public good."

"I can't see any public good concerned here, papa," said Catherine. "Why is it to be expected of an heiress that she should carry the property gained in trade into the hands of a certain class? That seems to me a ridiculous mish-mash of superannuated customs and false ambition. I should call it a public evil. People had better make a new sort of public good by changing their ambitions."

"That is mere sophistry, Catherine," said Mrs. Arrowpoint. "Because you don't wish to marry a nobleman, you are not obliged to marry a mountebank or a charlatan."

"I can not understand the application of such words, mamma."

"No, I dare say not," rejoined Mrs. Arrowpoint, with significant scorn. "You have got to a pitch at which we are not likely to understand each other."

"It can't be done, Cath," said Mr. Arrowpoint, wishing to substitute a better-humored reasoning for his wife's impetuosity. "A man like Klesmer can't marry such a property as yours. It can't be done."

"It certainly will not be done," said Mrs. Arrowpoint, imperiously. "Where is the man? Let him be fetched."

"I can not fetch him to be insulted," said Catherine. "Nothing will be achieved by that."

"I suppose you would wish him to know that in marrying you he will not marry your fortune," said Mrs. Arrowpoint.

"Certainly; if it were so, I should wish him to know it."

"Then you had better fetch him."

Catherine only went into the music-room and said, "Come:" she felt no need to prepare Klesmer.

"Herr Klesmer," said Mrs. Arrowpoint, with a rather contemptuous stateliness, "it is unnecessary to repeat what has passed between us and our daughter. Mr. Arrowpoint will tell you our resolution."

"Your marrying is quite out of the question," said Mr. Arrowpoint, rather too heavily weighted with his task, and standing in an embarrassment unrelieved by a cigar. "It is a wild scheme altogether. A man has been called out for less."

"You have taken a base advantage of our confidence," burst in Mrs. Arrowpoint, unable to carry out her purpose and leave the burden of speech to her husband.

Klesmer made a low bow in silent irony.

"The pretension is ridiculous. You had better give it up and leave the house at once," continued Mr. Arrowpoint. He wished to do without mentioning the money.

"I can give up nothing without reference to your daughter's wish," said Klesmer. "My engagement is to her."

"It is useless to discuss the question," said Mrs. Arrowpoint. "We shall never consent to the marriage. If Catherine disobeys us, we shall disinherit her. You will not marry her fortune. It is right you should know that."

"Madam, her fortune has been the only thing I have had to regret about her. But I must ask her if she will not think the sacrifice greater than I am worthy of."

"It is no sacrifice to me," said Catherine, "except that I am sorry to hurt my father and mother. I have always felt my fortune to be a wretched fatality of my life."

"You mean to defy us, then?" said Mrs. Arrowpoint.

"I mean to marry Herr Klesmer," said Catherine, firmly.

"He had better not count on our relenting," said Mrs. Arrowpoint, whose manners suffered from that impunity in insult which has been reckoned among the privileges of women.

"Madam," said Klesmer, "certain reasons forbid me to retort. But understand that I consider it out of the power either of you or of your fortune to confer on me any thing that I value. My rank as an artist is of my own winning, and I would not exchange it for any other. I am able to maintain your daughter, and I ask for no change in my life but her companionship."

"You will leave the house, however," said Mrs. Arrowpoint.

"I go at once," said Klesmer, bowing and quitting the room.

"Let there be no misunderstanding, mamma," said Catherine; "I consider myself engaged to Herr Klesmer, and I intend to marry him."

The mother turned her head away and waved her hand in sign of dismissal.

"It's all very fine," said Mr. Arrowpoint, when Catherine was gone; "but what the deuce are we to do with the property?"

"There is Harry Brendall. He can take the name."

"Harry Brendall will get through it all in no time," said Mr. Arrowpoint, relighting his cigar.

And thus, with nothing settled but the determination of the lovers, Klesmer had left Quetcham.

CHAPTER XXIII.

Among the heirs of Art, as at the division of the promised land, each has to win his portion by hard fighting: the bestowal is after the manner of prophecy, and is a title without possession. To carry the map of an ungotten estate in your pocket is a poor sort of copyhold. And in fancy to cast his shoe over Edom is little warrant that a man shall ever set the sole of his foot on an acre of his own there.

The most obstinate beliefs that mortals entertain about themselves are such as they have no evidence for beyond a constant, spontaneous pulsing of their self-satisfaction—as it were a hidden seed of madness, a confidence that they can move the world without precise notion of standing-place or lever.

"PRAY go to church, mamma," said Gwendolen, the next morning. "I prefer seeing Herr Klesmer alone." (He had written in reply to her note that he would be with her at eleven.)

"That is hardly correct, I think," said Mrs. Davilow, anxiously.

"Our affairs are too serious for us to think of such nonsensical rules," said Gwendolen, contemptuously. "They are insulting as well as ridiculous."

"You would not mind Isabel sitting with you? She would be reading in a corner."

"No, she could not: she would bite her nails and stare. It would be too irritating. Trust my

judgment, mamma. I must be alone. Take them all to church."

Gwendolen had her way, of course; only that Miss Merry and two of the girls staid at home to give the house a look of habitation by sitting at the dining-room windows.

It was a delicious Sunday morning. The melancholy waning sunshine of autumn rested on the leaf-strown grass and came mildly through the windows in slanting bands of brightness over the old furniture, and the glass panel that reflected the furniture; over the tapestried chairs with their faded flower wreaths, the dark enigmatic pictures, the superannuated organ at which Gwendolen had pleased herself with acting Saint Cecilia on her first joyous arrival, the crowd of pallid, dusty knickknacks seen through the open doors of the antechamber where she had achieved the wearing of her Greek dress as Hermione. This last memory was just now very busy in her; for had not Klesmer then been struck with admiration of her pose and expression? Whatever he had said, whatever she imagined him to have thought, was at this moment pointed with keenest interest for her: perhaps she had never before in her life felt so inwardly dependent, so consciously in need of another person's opinion. There was a new fluttering of spirit within her, a new element of deliberation in her self-estimate, which had hitherto been a blissful gift of intuition. Still it was the recurrent burden of her inward soliloquy that Klesmer had seen but little of her, and any unfavorable conclusion of his must have too narrow a foundation. She really felt clever enough for any thing.

To fill up the time, she collected her volumes and pieces of music, and laying them on the top of the piano, set herself to classify them. Then catching the reflection of her movements in the glass panel, she was diverted to the contemplation of the image there, and walked toward it. Dressed in black without a single ornament, and with the warm whiteness of her skin set off between her light brown coronet of hair and her square-cut bodice, she might have tempted an artist to try again the Roman trick of a statue in black, white, and tawny marble. Seeing her image slowly advancing, she thought, "I *am* beautiful"—not exultingly, but with grave decision. Being beautiful was, after all, the condition on which she most needed external testimony. If any one objected to the turn of her nose or the form of her neck and chin, she had not the sense that she could presently show her power of attainment in these branches of feminine perfection.

There was not much time to fill up in this way before the sound of wheels, the loud ring, and the opening doors assured her that she was not by any accident to be disappointed. This slightly increased her inward flutter. In spite of her self-confidence, she dreaded Klesmer as part of that unmanageable world which was independent of her wishes—something vitriolic, that would not cease to burn because you smiled or frowned at it. Poor thing! she was at a higher crisis of her woman's fate than in her past experience with Grandcourt. The questioning then was whether she should take a particular man as a husband. The inmost fold of her questioning now was whether she need take a husband at all—whether she could not achieve substantiality for herself and know gratified ambition without bondage.

Klesmer made his most deferential bow in the wide doorway of the antechamber—showing also the deference of the finest gray kerseymere trowsers and perfect gloves (the "masters of those who know" are happily altogether human). Gwendolen met him with unusual gravity, and holding out her hand, said, "It is most kind of you to come, Herr Klesmer. I hope you have not thought me presumptuous."

"I took your wish as a command that did me honor," said Klesmer, with answering gravity. He was really putting by his own affairs in order to give his utmost attention to what Gwendolen might have to say; but his temperament was still in a state of excitation from the events of yesterday likely enough to give his expressions a more than usually biting edge.

Gwendolen for once was under too great a strain of feeling to remember formalities. She continued standing near the piano, and Klesmer took his stand at the other end of it, with his back to the light and his terribly omniscient eyes upon her. No affectation was of use, and she began without delay.

"I wish to consult you, Herr Klesmer. We have lost all our fortune; we have nothing. I must get my own bread, and I desire to provide for my mamma, so as to save her from any hardship. The only way I can think of—and I should like it better than any thing—is to be an actress—to go on the stage. But of course I should like to take a high position, and I thought—if you thought I could"—here Gwendolen became a little more nervous—"it would be better for me to be a singer—to study singing also."

Klesmer put down his hat on the piano, and folded his arms as if to concentrate himself.

"I know," Gwendolen resumed, turning from pale to pink and back again—"I know that my method of singing is very defective; but I have been ill taught. I could be better taught; I could study. And you will understand my wish: to sing and act too, like Grisi, is a much higher position. Naturally, I should wish to take as high a rank as I can. And I can rely on your judgment. I am sure you will tell me the truth."

Gwendolen somehow had the conviction that, now she made this serious appeal, the truth would be favorable.

Still Klesmer did not speak. He drew off his gloves quickly, tossed them into his hat, rested his hands on his hips, and walked to the other end of the room. He was filled with compassion for this girl: he wanted to put a guard on his speech. When he turned again, he looked at her with a mild frown of inquiry, and said with gentle though quick utterance, "You have never seen any thing, I think, of artists and their lives?—I mean of musicians, actors, artists of that kind?"

"Oh no," said Gwendolen, not perturbed by a reference to this obvious fact in the history of a young lady hitherto well provided for.

"You are—pardon me," said Klesmer, again pausing near the piano—"in coming to a conclusion on such a matter as this, every thing must be taken into consideration—you are perhaps twenty?"

"I am twenty-one," said Gwendolen, a slight fear rising in her. "Do you think I am too old?"

Klesmer pouted his under-lip and shook his

long fingers upward in a manner totally enigmatic.

"Many persons begin later than others," said Gwendolen, betrayed by her habitual consciousness of having valuable information to bestow.

Klesmer took no notice, but said, with more studied gentleness than ever, "You have probably not thought of an artistic career until now: you did not entertain the notion, the longing—what shall I say?—you did not wish yourself an actress, or any thing of that sort, till the present trouble?"

"Not exactly; but I was fond of acting. I have acted; you saw me, if you remember—you saw me here in charades and as Hermione," said Gwendolen, really fearing that Klesmer had forgotten.

"Yes, yes," he answered, quickly, "I remember—I remember perfectly," and again walked to the other end of the room. It was difficult for him to refrain from this kind of movement when he was in any argument either audible or silent.

Gwendolen felt that she was being weighed. The delay was unpleasant. But she did not yet conceive that the scale could dip on the wrong side, and it seemed to her only graceful to say, "I shall be very much obliged to you for taking the trouble to give me your advice, whatever it may be."

"Miss Harleth," said Klesmer, turning toward her, and speaking with a slight increase of accent, "I will veil nothing from you in this matter. I should reckon myself guilty if I put a false visage on things—made them too black or too white. The gods have a curse for him who willingly tells another the wrong road. And if I misled one who is so young, so beautiful, who, I trust, will find her happiness along the right road, I should regard myself as a—*Bösewicht*." In the last word Klesmer's voice had dropped to a loud whisper.

Gwendolen felt a sinking of heart under this unexpected solemnity, and kept a sort of fascinated gaze on Klesmer's face, while he went on:

"You are a beautiful young lady—you have been brought up in ease—you have done what you would—you have not said to yourself, 'I must know this exactly,' 'I must understand this exactly,' 'I must do this exactly.'" In uttering these three terrible *musts*, Klesmer lifted up three long fingers in succession. "In sum, you have not been called upon to be any thing but a charming young lady, whom it is an impoliteness to find fault with."

He paused an instant; then resting his fingers on his hips again, and thrusting out his powerful chin, he said:

"Well, then, with that preparation, you wish to try the life of the artist; you wish to try a life of arduous, unceasing work, and—uncertain praise. Your praise would have to be earned, like your bread; and both would come slowly, scantily—what do I say?—they might hardly come at all."

This tone of discouragement, which Klesmer half hoped might suffice without any thing more unpleasant, roused some resistance in Gwendolen. With a slight turn of her head away from him, and an air of pique, she said:

"I thought that you, being an artist, would consider the life one of the most honorable and delightful. And if I can do nothing better?—I suppose I can put up with the same risks as other people do."

"Do nothing better?" said Klesmer, a little fired. "No, my dear Miss Harleth, you could do nothing better—neither man nor woman could do any thing better—if you could do what was best or good of its kind. I am not decrying the life of the true artist. I am exalting it. I say it is out of the reach of any but choice organizations—natures framed to love perfection and to labor for it; ready, like all true lovers, to endure, to wait, to say, I am not yet worthy, but she—Art, my mistress—is worthy, and I will live to merit her. An honorable life? Yes. But the honor comes from the inward vocation and the hard-won achievement: there is no honor in donning the life as a livery."

Some excitement of yesterday had revived in Klesmer and hurried him into speech a little aloof from his immediate friendly purpose. He had wished as delicately as possible to rouse in Gwendolen a sense of her unfitness for a perilous, difficult course; but it was his wont to be angry with the pretensions of incompetence, and he was in danger of getting chafed. Conscious of this, he paused suddenly. But Gwendolen's chief impression was that he had not yet denied her the power of doing what would be good of its kind. Klesmer's fervor seemed to be a sort of glamour such as he was prone to throw over things in general; and what she desired to assure him of was that she was not afraid of some preliminary hardships. The belief that to present herself in public on the stage must produce an effect such as she had been used to feel certain of in private life, was like a bit of her flesh—it was not to be peeled off readily, but must come with blood and pain. She said, in a tone of some insistence:

"I am quite prepared to bear hardships at first. Of course no one can become celebrated all at once. And it is not necessary that every one should be first-rate—either actresses or singers. If you would be so kind as to tell me what steps I should take, I should have the courage to take them. I don't mind going up hill. It will be easier than the dead level of being a governess. I will take any steps you recommend."

Klesmer was more convinced now that he must speak plainly.

"I will tell you the steps, not that I recommend, but that will be forced upon you. It is all one, so far, what your goal may be—excellence, celebrity, second, third rateness—it is all one. You must go to town under the protection of your mother. You must put yourself under training — musical, dramatic, theatrical: whatever you desire to do, you have to learn"—here Gwendolen looked as if she were going to speak, but Klesmer lifted up his hand and said decisively, "I know. You have exercised your talents—you recite—you sing—from the drawing-room *Standpunkt*. My dear Fräulein, you must unlearn all that. You have not yet conceived what excellence is: you must unlearn your mistaken admirations. You must know what you have to strive for, and then you must subdue your mind and body to unbroken discipline. Your mind, I say. For you must not be thinking of celebrity:—put that candle out of your eyes, and look only at excellence. You would, of course, earn nothing—you could get no engagement for a long

while. You would need money for yourself and your family. But that," here Klesmer frowned and shook his fingers as if to dismiss a triviality —"that could perhaps be found."

Gwendolen turned pink and pale during this speech. Her pride had felt a terrible knife edge, and the last sentence only made the smart keener. She was conscious of appearing moved, and tried to escape from her weakness by suddenly walking to a seat and pointing out a chair to Klesmer. He did not take it, but turned a little in order to face her, and leaned against the piano. At that moment she wished that she had not sent for him: this first experience of being taken on some other ground than that of her social rank and her beauty was becoming bitter to her. Klesmer, preoccupied with a serious purpose, went on without change of tone.

"Now, what sort of issue might be fairly expected from all this self-denial? You would ask that. It is right that your eyes should be open to it. I will tell you truthfully. The issue would be uncertain and—most probably—would not be worth much."

At these relentless words Klesmer put out his lip and looked through his spectacles with the air of a monster impenetrable by beauty.

Gwendolen's eyes began to burn, but the dread of showing weakness urged her to added self-control. She compelled herself to say, in a hard tone,

"You think I want talent, or am too old to begin."

Klesmer made a sort of hum and then descended on an emphatic "Yes! The desire and the training should have begun seven years ago—or a good deal earlier. A mountebank's child who helps her father to earn shillings when she is six years old—a child that inherits a singing throat from a long line of choristers, and learns to sing as it learns to talk, has a likelier beginning. Any great achievement in acting or in music grows with the growth. Whenever an artist has been able to say, 'I came, I saw, I conquered,' it has been at the end of patient practice. Genius at first is little more than a great capacity for receiving discipline. Singing and acting, like the fine dexterity of the juggler with his cups and balls, require a shaping of the organs toward a finer and finer certainty of effect. Your muscles —your whole frame—must go like a watch, true, true, true, to a hair. That is the work of springtime, before habits have been determined."

"I did not pretend to genius," said Gwendolen, still feeling that she might somehow do what Klesmer wanted to represent as impossible. "I only supposed that I might have a little talent—enough to improve."

"I don't deny that," said Klesmer. "If you had been put in the right track some years ago and had worked well, you might now have made a public singer, though I don't think your voice would have counted for much in public. For the stage your personal charms and intelligence might then have told without the present drawback of inexperience—lack of discipline—lack of instruction."

Certainly Klesmer seemed cruel, but his feeling was the reverse of cruel. Our speech, even when we are most single-minded, can never take its line absolutely from one impulse; but Klesmer's was as far as possible directed by compassion for poor Gwendolen's ignorant eagerness to enter on a course of which he saw all the miserable details with a definiteness which he could not if he would have conveyed to her mind.

Gwendolen, however, was not convinced. Her self-opinion rallied, and since the counselor whom she had called in gave a decision of such severe peremptoriness, she was tempted to think that his judgment was not only fallible, but biased. It occurred to her that a simpler and wiser step for her to have taken would have been to send a letter through the post to the manager of a London theatre, asking him to make an appointment. She would make no further reference to her singing: Klesmer, she saw, had set himself against her singing. But she felt equal to arguing with him about her going on the stage, and she answered in a resistant tone:

"I understand, of course, that no one can be a finished actress at once. It may be impossible to tell beforehand whether I should succeed; but that seems to me a reason why I should try. I should have thought that I might have taken an engagement at a theatre meanwhile, so as to earn money and study at the same time."

"Can't be done, my dear Miss Harleth—I speak plainly—it can't be done. I must clear your mind of these notions, which have no more resemblance to reality than a pantomime. Ladies and gentlemen think that when they have made their toilet and drawn on their gloves, they are as presentable on the stage as in a drawing-room. No manager thinks that. With all your grace and charm, if you were to present yourself as an aspirant to the stage, a manager would either require you to pay as an amateur for being allowed to perform, or he would tell you to go and be taught—trained to bear yourself on the stage, as a horse, however beautiful, must be trained for the circus; to say nothing of that study which would enable you to personate a character consistently, and animate it with the natural language of face, gesture, and tone. For you to get an engagement fit for you straight away is out of the question."

"I really can not understand that," said Gwendolen, rather haughtily; then, checking herself, she added, in another tone, "I shall be obliged to you if you will explain how it is that such poor actresses get engaged. I have been to the theatre several times, and I am sure there were actresses who seemed to me to act not at all well and who were quite plain."

"Ah, my dear Miss Harleth, that is the easy criticism of the buyer. We who buy slippers toss away this pair and the other as clumsy; but there went an apprenticeship to the making of them. Excuse me: you could not at present teach one of those actresses; but there is certainly much that she could teach you. For example, she can pitch her voice so as to be heard: ten to one you could not do it till after many trials. Merely to stand and move on the stage is an art—requires practice. It is understood that we are not now talking of a *comparse* in a petty theatre who earns the wages of a needle-woman. This is out of the question for you."

"Of course I must earn more than that," said Gwendolen, with a sense of wincing rather than of being refuted; "but I think I could soon learn to do tolerably well all those little things you have mentioned. I am not so very stupid. And

even in Paris I am sure I saw two actresses playing important ladies' parts who were not at all ladies, and quite ugly. I suppose I have no particular talent; but I *must* think it is an advantage, even on the stage, to be a lady, and not a perfect fright."

"Ah, let us understand each other," said Klesmer, with a flash of new meaning. "I was speaking of what you would have to go through if you aimed at becoming a real artist—if you took music and the drama as a higher vocation in which you would strive after excellence. On that head, what I have said stands fast. You would find—after your education in doing things slackly for one-and-twenty years—great difficulties in study: you would find mortifications in the treatment you would get when you presented yourself on the footing of skill. You would be subjected to tests: people would no longer feign not to see your blunders. You would at first only be accepted on trial. You would have to bear what I may call a glaring insignificance: any success must be won by the utmost patience. You would have to keep your place in a crowd, and, after all, it is likely you would lose it and get out of sight. If you determine to face these hardships and still try, you will have the dignity of a high purpose, even though you may have chosen unfortunately. You will have some merit, though you may win no prize. You have asked my judgment on your chances of winning. I don't pretend to speak absolutely; but measuring probabilities, my judgment is—you will hardly achieve more than mediocrity."

Klesmer had delivered himself with emphatic rapidity, and now paused a moment. Gwendolen was motionless, looking at her hands, which lay over each other on her lap, till the deep-toned, long-drawn "*But*," with which he resumed, had a startling effect, and made her look at him again.

"But—there are certainly other ideas, other dispositions, with which a young lady may take up an art that will bring her before the public. She may rely on the unquestioned power of her beauty as a passport. She may desire to exhibit herself to an admiration which dispenses with skill. This goes a certain way on the stage: not in music: but on the stage, beauty is taken when there is nothing more commanding to be had. Not without some drilling, however: as I have said before, technicalities have in any case to be mastered. But these excepted, we have here nothing to do with art. The woman who takes up this career is not an artist: she is usually one who thinks of entering on a luxurious life by a short and easy road—perhaps by marriage—that is her most brilliant chance, and the rarest. Still, her career will not be luxurious to begin with: she can hardly earn her own poor bread independently at once, and the indignities she will be liable to are such as I will not speak of."

"I desire to be independent," said Gwendolen, deeply stung and confusedly apprehending some scorn for herself in Klesmer's words. "That was my reason for asking whether I could not get an immediate engagement. Of course I can not know how things go on about theatres. But I thought that I could have made myself independent. I have no money, and I will not accept help from any one."

Her wounded pride could not rest without making this disclaimer. It was intolerable to her that Klesmer should imagine her to have expected other help from him than advice.

"That is a hard saying for your friends," said Klesmer, recovering the gentleness of tone with which he had begun the conversation. "I have given you pain. That was inevitable. I was bound to put the truth, the unvarnished truth, before you. I have not said—I will not say—you will do wrong to choose the hard, climbing path of an endeavoring artist. You have to compare its difficulties with those of any less hazardous—any more private course which opens itself to you. If you take that more courageous resolve, I will ask leave to shake hands with you on the strength of our freemasonry, where we are all vowed to the service of Art, and to serve her by helping every fellow-servant."

Gwendolen was silent, again looking at her hands. She felt herself very far away from taking the resolve that would enforce acceptance; and after waiting an instant or two, Klesmer went on with deepened seriousness.

"Where there is the duty of service there must be the duty of accepting it. The question is not one of personal obligation. And in relation to practical matters immediately affecting your future—excuse my permitting myself to mention in confidence an affair of my own. I am expecting an event which would make it easy for me to exert myself on your behalf in furthering your opportunities of instruction and residence in London—under the care, that is, of your family—without need for anxiety on your part. If you resolve to take art as a bread-study, you need only undertake the study at first; the bread will be found without trouble. The event I mean is my marriage: in fact—you will receive this as a matter of confidence—my marriage with Miss Arrowpoint, which will more than double such right as I have to be trusted by you as a friend. Your friendship will have greatly risen in value for *her* by your having adopted that generous labor."

Gwendolen's face had begun to burn. That Klesmer was about to marry Miss Arrowpoint caused her no surprise, and at another moment she would have amused herself in quickly imagining the scenes that must have occurred at Quetcham. But what engrossed her feeling, what filled her imagination, now was the panorama of her own immediate future that Klesmer's words seemed to have unfolded. The suggestion of Miss Arrowpoint as a patroness was only another detail added to its repulsiveness: Klesmer's proposal to help her seemed an additional irritation after the humiliating judgment he had passed on her capabilities. His words had really bitten into her self-confidence and turned it into the pain of a bleeding wound; and the idea of presenting herself before other judges was now poisoned with the dread that they also might be harsh: they also would not recognize the talent she was conscious of. But she controlled herself, and rose from her seat before she made any answer. It seemed natural that she should pause. She went to the piano and looked absently at leaves of music, pinching up the corners. At last she turned toward Klesmer and said, with almost her usual air of proud equality, which in this interview had not been hitherto perceptible:

"I congratulate you sincerely, Herr Klesmer.

I think I never saw any one more admirable than Miss Arrowpoint. And I have to thank you for every sort of kindness this morning. But I can't decide now. If I make the resolve you have spoken of, I will use your permission—I will let you know. But I fear the obstacles are too great. In any case, I am deeply obliged to you. It was very bold of me to ask you to take this trouble."

Klesmer's inward remark was, "She will never let me know." But with the most thorough respect in his manner, he said, "Command me at any time. There is an address on this card which will always find me with little delay."

When he had taken up his hat and was going to make his bow, Gwendolen's better self, conscious of an ingratitude which the clear-seeing Klesmer must have penetrated, made a desperate effort to find its way above the stifling layers of egoistic disappointment and irritation. Looking at him with a glance of the old gayety, she put out her hand, and said with a smile, "If I take the wrong road, it will not be because of your flattery."

"God forbid that you should take any road but one where you will find and give happiness!" said Klesmer, fervently. Then, in foreign fashion he touched her fingers lightly with his lips, and in another minute she heard the sound of his departing wheels getting more distant on the gravel.

Gwendolen had never in her life felt so miserable. No sob came, no passion of tears, to relieve her. Her eyes were burning; and the noonday only brought into more dreary clearness the absence of interest from her life. All memories, all objects, the pieces of music displayed, the open piano—the very reflection of herself in the glass—seemed no better than the packed-up shows of a departing fair. For the first time since her consciousness began, she was having a vision of herself on the common level, and had lost the innate sense that there were reasons why she should not be slighted, elbowed, jostled—treated like a passenger with a third-class ticket, in spite of private objections on her own part. She did not move about; the prospects begotten by disappointment were too oppressively preoccupying; she threw herself into the shadiest corner of a settee, and pressed her fingers over her burning eyelids. Every word that Klesmer had said seemed to have been branded into her memory, as most words are which bring with them a new set of impressions and make an epoch for us. Only a few hours before, the dawning smile of self-contentment rested on her lips as she vaguely imagined a future suited to her wishes: it seemed but the affair of a year or so for her to become the most approved Juliet of the time; or, if Klesmer encouraged her idea of being a singer, to proceed by more gradual steps to her place in the opera, while she won money and applause by occasional performances. Why not? At home, at school, among acquaintances, she had been used to have her conscious superiority admitted; and she had moved in a society where every thing, from low arithmetic to high art, is of the amateur kind politely supposed to fall short of perfection only because gentlemen and ladies are not obliged to do more than they like; otherwise they would probably give forth abler writings and show themselves more commanding artists than any the world is at present obliged to put up with. The self-confident visions that had beguiled her were not of a highly exceptional kind; and she had at least shown some rationality in consulting the person who knew the most and had flattered her the least. In asking Klesmer's advice, however, she had rather been borne up by a belief in his latent admiration than bent on knowing any thing more unfavorable that might have lain behind his slight objections to her singing; and the truth she had asked for with an expectation that it would be agreeable had come like a lacerating thong.

"Too old—should have begun seven years ago—you will not, at best, achieve more than mediocrity—hard, incessant work, uncertain praise—bread coming slowly, scantily, perhaps not at all—mortifications, people no longer feigning not to see your blunders—glaring insignificance"—all these phrases rankled in her; and even more galling was the hint that she could only be accepted on the stage as a beauty who hoped to get a husband. The "indignities" that she might be visited with had no very definite form for her, but the mere association of any thing called "indignity" with herself roused a resentful alarm. And along with the vaguer images which were raised by those biting words, came the more precise conception of disagreeables which her experience enabled her to imagine. How could she take her mamma and the four sisters to London, if it were not possible for her to earn money at once? And as for submitting to be a *protégée*, and asking her mamma to submit with her to the humiliation of being supported by Miss Arrowpoint—that was as bad as being a governess; nay, worse; for suppose the end of all her study to be as worthless as Klesmer clearly expected it to be, the sense of favors received and never repaid would imbitter the miseries of disappointment. Klesmer doubtless had magnificent ideas about helping artists; but how could he know the feelings of ladies in such matters? It was all over: she had entertained a mistaken hope; and there was an end of it.

"An end of it!" said Gwendolen, aloud, starting from her seat as she heard the steps and voices of her mamma and sisters coming in from church. She hurried to the piano and began gathering together her pieces of music with assumed diligence, while the expression on her pale face and in her burning eyes was what would have suited a woman enduring a wrong which she might not resent, but would probably revenge.

"Well, my darling," said gentle Mrs. Davilow, entering, "I see by the wheel marks that Klesmer has been here. Have you been satisfied with the interview?" She had some guesses as to its object, but felt timid about implying them.

"Satisfied, mamma? oh yes," said Gwendolen, in a high hard tone, for which she must be excused, because she dreaded a scene of emotion. If she did not set herself resolutely to feign proud indifference, she felt that she must fall into a passionate outburst of despair, which would cut her mamma more deeply than all the rest of their calamities.

"Your uncle and aunt were disappointed at not seeing you," said Mrs. Davilow, coming near the piano, and watching Gwendolen's movements. "I only said that you wanted rest."

"Quite right, mamma," said Gwendolen, in the same tone, turning to put away some music.

"Am I not to know any thing now, Gwendolen? Am I always to be in the dark?" said Mrs. Davilow, too keenly sensitive to her daughter's manner and expression not to fear that something painful had occurred.

"There is really nothing to tell now, mamma," said Gwendolen, in a still higher voice. "I had a mistaken idea about something I could do. Herr Klesmer has undeceived me. That is all."

"Don't look and speak in that way, my dear child: I can not bear it," said Mrs. Davilow, breaking down. She felt an undefinable terror.

Gwendolen looked at her a moment in silence, biting her inner lip; then she went up to her, and putting her hands on her mamma's shoulders, said, with a drop of her voice to the lowest under-tone, "Mamma, don't speak to me now. It is useless to cry and waste our strength over what can't be altered. You will live at Sawyer's Cottage, and I am going to the bishop's daughters. There is no more to be said. Things can not be altered, and who cares? It makes no difference to any one else what we do. We must try not to care ourselves. We must not give way. I dread giving way. Help me to be quiet."

Mrs. Davilow was like a frightened child under her daughter's face and voice: her tears were arrested, and she went away in silence.

CHAPTER XXIV.

"I question things and do not find
One that will answer to my mind;
And all the world appears unkind."
—WORDSWORTH.

GWENDOLEN was glad that she had got through her interview with Klesmer before meeting her uncle and aunt. She had made up her mind now that there were only disagreeables before her, and she felt able to maintain a dogged calm in the face of any humiliation that might be proposed.

The meeting did not happen until the Monday, when Gwendolen went to the Rectory with her mamma. They had called at Sawyer's Cottage by the way, and had seen every cranny of the narrow rooms in a mid-day light unsoftened by blinds and curtains; for the furnishing to be done by gleanings from the Rectory had not yet begun.

"How *shall* you endure it, mamma?" said Gwendolen, as they walked away. She had not opened her lips while they were looking round at the bare walls and floors, and the little garden with the cabbage stalks, and the yew arbor all dust and cobwebs within. "You and the four girls all in that closet of a room, with the green and yellow paper pressing on your eyes? And without me?"

"It will be some comfort that you have not to bear it too, dear."

"If it were not that I must get some money, I would rather be there than go to be a governess."

"Don't set yourself against it beforehand, Gwendolen. If you go to the palace, you will have every luxury about you. And you know how much you have always cared for that. You will not find it so hard as going up and down those steep narrow stairs, and hearing the crockery rattle through the house, and the dear girls talking."

"It is like a bad dream," said Gwendolen, impetuously. "I can not believe that my uncle will let you go to such a place. He ought to have taken some other steps."

"Don't be unreasonable, dear child. What could he have done?"

"That was for him to find out. It seems to me a very extraordinary world if people in our position must sink in this way all at once," said Gwendolen, the other worlds with which she was conversant being constructed with a sense of fitness that arranged her own future agreeably.

It was her temper that framed her sentences under this entirely new pressure of evils: she could have spoken more suitably on the vicissitudes in other people's lives, though it was never her aspiration to express herself virtuously so much as cleverly—a point to be remembered in extenuation of her words, which were usually worse than she was.

And, notwithstanding the keen sense of her own bruises, she was capable of some compunction when her uncle and aunt received her with a more affectionate kindness than they had ever shown before. She could not but be struck by the dignified cheerfulness with which they talked of the necessary economies in their way of living, and in the education of the boys. Mr. Gascoigne's worth of character, a little obscured by worldly opportunities—as the poetic beauty of women is obscured by the demands of fashionable dressing—showed itself to great advantage under this sudden reduction of fortune. Prompt and methodical, he had set himself not only to put down his carriage, but to reconsider his worn suits of clothes, to leave off meat for breakfast, to do without periodicals, to get Edwy from school and arrange hours of study for all the boys under himself, and to order the whole establishment on the sparest footing possible. For all healthy people economy has its pleasures; and the Rector's spirit had spread through the household. Mrs. Gascoigne and Anna, who always made papa their model, really did not miss any thing they cared about for themselves, and in all sincerity felt that the saddest part of the family losses was the change for Mrs. Davilow and her children.

Anna for the first time could merge her resentment on behalf of Rex in her sympathy with Gwendolen; and Mrs. Gascoigne was disposed to hope that trouble would have a salutary effect on her niece, without thinking it her duty to add any bitters by way of increasing the salutariness. They had both been busy devising how to get blinds and curtains for the cottage out of the household stores; but with delicate feeling they left these matters in the background, and talked at first of Gwendolen's journey, and the comfort it was to her mamma to have her at home again.

In fact, there was nothing for Gwendolen to take as a justification for extending her discontent with events to the persons immediately around her, and she felt shaken into a more alert attention, as if by a call to drill that every body else was obeying, when her uncle began in a voice of firm kindness to talk to her of the efforts he had been making to get her a situation which would offer her as many advantages as possible. Mr. Gascoigne had not forgotten Grandcourt, but the possibility of further advances from that quarter was something too vague for a man of his good sense to be determined by it: uncertainties of that kind must not now slacken his action in do-

ing the best he could for his niece under actual conditions.

"I felt that there was no time to be lost, Gwendolen; for a position in a good family where you will have some consideration is not to be had at a moment's notice. And however long we waited, we could hardly find one where you would be better off than at Bishop Mompert's. I am known to both him and Mrs. Mompert, and that, of course, is an advantage for you. Our correspondence has gone on favorably; but I can not be surprised that Mrs. Mompert wishes to see you before making an absolute engagement. She thinks of arranging for you to meet her at Wancester when she is on her way to town. I dare say you will feel the interview rather trying for you, my dear; but you will have a little time to prepare your mind."

"Do you know *why* she wants to see me, uncle?" said Gwendolen, whose mind had quickly gone over various reasons that an imaginary Mrs. Mompert with three daughters might be supposed to entertain—reasons all of a disagreeable kind to the person presenting herself for inspection.

The Rector smiled. "Don't be alarmed, my dear. She would like to have a more precise idea of you than my report can give. And a mother is naturally scrupulous about a companion for her daughters. I have told her you are very young. But she herself exercises a close supervision over her daughters' education, and that makes her less anxious as to age. She is a woman of taste and also of strict principle, and objects to having a French person in the house. I feel sure that she will think your manners and accomplishments as good as she is likely to find; and over the religious and moral tone of the education she, and indeed the bishop himself, will preside."

Gwendolen dared not answer, but the repression of her decided dislike to the whole prospect sent an unusually deep flush over her face and neck, subsiding as quickly as it came. Anna, full of tender fears, put her little hand into her cousin's, and Mr. Gascoigne was too kind a man not to conceive something of the trial which this sudden change must be for a girl like Gwendolen. Bent on giving a cheerful view of things, he went on in an easy tone of remark, not as if answering supposed objections:

"I think so highly of the position that I should have been tempted to try and get it for Anna, if she had been at all likely to meet Mrs. Mompert's wants. It is really a home, with a continuance of education in the highest sense: 'governess' is a misnomer. The bishop's views are of a more decidedly Low-Church color than my own—he is a close friend of Lord Grampian's; but though privately strict, he is not by any means narrow in public matters. Indeed, he has created as little dislike in his diocese as any bishop on the bench. He has always remained friendly to me, though before his promotion, when he was an incumbent of this diocese, we had a little controversy about the Bible Society."

The Rector's words were too pregnant with satisfactory meaning to himself for him to imagine the effect they produced in the mind of his niece. "Continuance of education"—"bishop's views"—"privately strict"—"Bible Society"—it was as if he had introduced a few snakes at large for the instruction of ladies who regarded them as all alike furnished with poison-bags, and biting or stinging according to convenience. To Gwendolen, already shrinking from the prospect opened to her, such phrases came like the growing heat of a burning-glass—not at all as the links of persuasive reflection which they formed for the good uncle. She began desperately to seek an alternative.

"There was another situation, I think, mamma spoke of?" she said, with determined self-mastery.

"Yes," said the Rector, in rather a depreciatory tone; "but that is in a school. I should not have the same satisfaction in your taking that. It would be much harder work, you are aware, and not so good in any other respect. Besides, you have not an equal chance of getting it."

"Oh dear no," said Mrs. Gascoigne, "it would be much harder for you, my dear—much less appropriate. You might not have a bedroom to yourself." And Gwendolen's memories of school suggested other particulars which forced her to admit to herself that this alternative would be no relief. She turned to her uncle again and said, apparently in acceptance of his ideas,

"When is Mrs. Mompert likely to send for me?"

"That is rather uncertain, but she has promised not to entertain any other proposal till she has seen you. She has entered with much feeling into your position. It will be within the next fortnight, probably. But I must be off now. I am going to let part of my glebe uncommonly well."

The Rector ended very cheerfully, leaving the room with the satisfactory conviction that Gwendolen was going to adapt herself to circumstances like a girl of good sense. Having spoken appropriately, he naturally supposed that the effects would be appropriate; being accustomed as a household and parish authority to be asked to "speak to" refractory persons, with the understanding that the measure was morally coercive.

"What a stay Henry is to us all!" said Mrs. Gascoigne, when her husband had left the room.

"He is indeed," said Mrs. Davilow, cordially. "I think cheerfulness is a fortune in itself. I wish I had it."

"And Rex is just like him," said Mrs. Gascoigne. "I must tell you the comfort we have had in a letter from him. I must read you a little bit," she added, taking the letter from her pocket, while Anna looked rather frightened—she did not know why, except that it had been a rule with her not to mention Rex before Gwendolen.

The proud mother ran her eyes over the letter, seeking for sentences to read aloud. But apparently she had found it sown with what might seem to be closer allusions than she desired to the recent past, for she looked up, folding the letter, and saying,

"However, he tells us that our trouble has made a man of him: he sees a reason for any amount of work: he means to get a fellowship, to take pupils, to set one of his brothers going, to be every thing that is most remarkable. The letter is full of fun—just like him. He says, 'Tell mother she has put out an advertisement for a jolly good hard-working son, in time to hinder me from taking ship; and I offer myself for the place.' The letter came on Friday. I never

saw my husband so much moved by any thing since Rex was born. It seemed a gain to balance our loss."

This letter, in fact, was what had helped both Mrs. Gascoigne and Anna to show Gwendolen an unmixed kindliness; and she herself felt very amiably about it, smiling at Anna and pinching her chin as much as to say, "Nothing is wrong with you now, is it?" She had no gratuitously ill-natured feeling, or egoistic pleasure in making men miserable. She only had an intense objection to their making her miserable.

But when the talk turned on furniture for the cottage, Gwendolen was not roused to show even a languid interest. She thought that she had done as much as could be expected of her this morning, and indeed felt at a heroic pitch in keeping to herself the struggle that was going on within her. The recoil of her mind from the only definite prospect allowed her was stronger than even she had imagined beforehand. The idea of presenting herself before Mrs. Mompert in the first instance, to be approved or disapproved, came as pressure on an already painful bruise: even as a governess, it appeared, she was to be tested and was liable to rejection. After she had done herself the violence to accept the bishop and his wife, they were still to consider whether they would accept her; it was at her peril that she was to look, speak, or be silent. And even when she had entered on her dismal task of self-constraint in the society of three girls whom she was bound incessantly to edify, the same process of inspection was to go on: there was always to be Mrs. Mompert's supervision; always something or other would be expected of her to which she had not the slightest inclination; and perhaps the bishop would examine her on serious topics. Gwendolen, lately used to the social successes of a handsome girl, whose lively venturesomeness of talk has the effect of wit, and who six weeks before would have pitied the dullness of the bishop rather than have been embarrassed by him, saw the life before her as an entrance into a penitentiary. Wild thoughts of running away to be an actress, in spite of Klesmer, came to her with the lure of freedom; but his words still hung heavily on her soul; they had alarmed her pride and even her maidenly dignity: dimly she conceived herself getting among vulgar people who would treat her with rude familiarity—odious men whose grins and smirks would not be seen through the strong grating of polite society. Gwendolen's daring was not in the least that of the adventuress; the demand to be held a lady was in her very marrow; and when she had dreamed that she might be the heroine of the gaming table, it was with the understanding that no one should treat her with the less consideration, or presume to look at her with irony, as Deronda had done. To be protected and petted, and to have her susceptibilities consulted in every detail, had gone along with her food and clothing as matters of course in her life: even without any such warning as Klesmer's she could not have thought it an attractive freedom to be thrown in solitary dependence on the doubtful civility of strangers. The endurance of the episcopal penitentiary was less repulsive than that; though here too she would certainly never be petted or have her susceptibilities consulted. Her rebellion against this hard necessity which had come just to her of all people in the world—to her whom all circumstances had concurred in preparing for something quite different—was exaggerated instead of diminished as one hour followed another, filled with the imagination of what she might have expected in her lot and what it was actually to be. The family troubles, she thought, were easier for every one than for her—even for poor dear mamma, because she had always used herself to not enjoying. As to hoping that if she went to the Momperts' and was patient a little while, things might get better—it would be stupid to entertain hopes for herself after all that had happened: her talents, it appeared, would never be recognized as any thing remarkable, and there was not a single direction in which probability seemed to flatter her wishes. Some beautiful girls who, like her, had read romances where even plain governesses are centres of attraction and are sought in marriage, might have solaced themselves a little by transporting such pictures into their own future; but even if Gwendolen's experience had led her to dwell on love-making and marriage as her elysium, her heart was too much oppressed by what was near to her, in both the past and the future, for her to project her anticipations very far off. She had a world-nausea upon her, and saw no reason all through her life why she should wish to live. No religious view of trouble helped her: her troubles had in her opinion all been caused by other people's disagreeable or wicked conduct; and there was really nothing pleasant to be counted on in the world: that was her feeling; every thing else she had heard said about trouble was mere phrase-making not attractive enough for her to have caught it up and repeated it. As to the sweetness of labor and fulfilled claims; the interest of inward and outward activity; the impersonal delights of life as a perpetual discovery; the dues of courage, fortitude, industry, which it is mere baseness not to pay toward the common burden; the supreme worth of the teacher's vocation—these, even if they had been eloquently preached to her, could have been no more than faintly apprehended doctrines: the fact which wrought upon her was her invariable observation that for a lady to become a governess—to "take a situation"—was to descend in life and to be treated at best with a compassionate patronage. And poor Gwendolen had never dissociated happiness from personal pre-eminence and *éclat*. That where these threatened to forsake her, she should take life to be hardly worth the having, can not make her so unlike the rest of us, men or women, that we should cast her out of our compassion; our moments of temptation to a mean opinion of things in general being usually dependent on some susceptibility about ourselves and some dullness to subjects which every one else would consider more important. Surely a young creature is pitiable who has the labyrinth of life before her and no clew—to whom distrust in herself and her good fortune has come as a sudden shock, like a rent across the path that she was treading carelessly.

In spite of her healthy frame, her irreconcilable repugnance affected her even physically: she felt a sort of numbness, and could set about nothing; the least urgency, even that she should take her meals, was an irritation to her; the speech of others on any subject seemed unreasonable, because it did not include her feeling and was an

ignorant claim on her. It was not in her nature to busy herself with the fancies of suicide to which disappointed young people are prone: what occupied and exasperated her was the sense that there was nothing for her but to live in a way she hated. She avoided going to the Rectory again: it was too intolerable to have to look and talk as if she were compliant; and she could not exert herself to show interest about the furniture of that horrible cottage. Miss Merry was staying on purpose to help, and such people as Jocosa liked that sort of thing. Her mother had to make excuses for her not appearing, even when Anna came to see her. For that calm which Gwendolen had promised herself to maintain had changed into sick motivelessness: she thought, "I suppose I shall begin to pretend by-and-by, but why should I do it now?"

Her mother watched her with silent distress; and, lapsing into the habit of indulgent tenderness, she began to think what she imagined that Gwendolen was thinking, and to wish that every thing should give way to the possibility of making her darling less miserable.

One day when she was in the black and yellow bedroom and her mother was lingering there under the pretext of considering and arranging Gwendolen's articles of dress, she suddenly roused herself to fetch the casket which contained her ornaments.

"Mamma," she began, glancing over the upper layer, "I had forgotten these things. Why didn't you remind me of them? Do see about getting them sold. You will not mind about parting with them. You gave them all to me long ago."

She lifted the upper tray and looked below.

"If we can do without them, darling, I would rather keep them for you," said Mrs. Davilow, seating herself beside Gwendolen with a feeling of relief that she was beginning to talk about something. The usual relation between them had become reversed. It was now the mother who tried to cheer the daughter. "Why, how came you to put that pocket-handkerchief in here?"

It was the handkerchief with the corner torn off which Gwendolen had thrust in with the turquois necklace.

"It happened to be with the necklace—I was in a hurry," said Gwendolen, taking the handkerchief away and putting it in her pocket. "Don't sell the necklace, mamma," she added, a new feeling having come over her about that rescue of it which had formerly been so offensive.

"No, dear, no; it was made out of your dear father's chain. And I should prefer not selling the other things. None of them are of any great value. All my best ornaments were taken from me long ago."

Mrs. Davilow colored. She usually avoided any reference to such facts about Gwendolen's stepfather as that he had carried off his wife's jewelry and disposed of it. After a moment's pause she went on,

"And these things have not been reckoned on for any expenses. Carry them with you."

"That would be quite useless, mamma," said Gwendolen, coldly. "Governesses don't wear ornaments. You had better get me a gray frieze livery and a straw poke, such as my aunt's charity children wear."

"No, dear, no; don't take that view of it. I feel sure the Momperts will like you the better for being graceful and elegant."

"I am not at all sure what the Momperts will like me to be. It is enough that I am expected to be what they like," said Gwendolen, bitterly.

"If there is any thing you would object to less—any thing that could be done—instead of your going to the bishop's, do say so, Gwendolen. Tell me what is in your heart. I will try for any thing you wish," said the mother, beseechingly. "Don't keep things away from me. Let us bear them together."

"Oh, mamma, there is nothing to tell. I can't do any thing better. I must think myself fortunate if they will have me. I shall get some money for you. That is the only thing I have to think of. I shall not spend any money this year: you will have all the hundred pounds. I don't know how far that will go in housekeeping; but you need not stitch your poor fingers to the bone, and stare away all the sight that the tears have left in your dear eyes."

Gwendolen did not give any caresses with her words, as she had been used to do. She did not even look at her mother, but was looking at the turquois necklace as she turned it over her fingers.

"Bless you for your tenderness, my good darling!" said Mrs. Davilow, with tears in her eyes. "Don't despair because there are clouds now. You are so young. There may be great happiness in store for you yet."

"I don't see any reason for expecting it, mamma," said Gwendolen, in a hard tone; and Mrs. Davilow was silent, thinking, as she had often thought before, "What did happen between her and Mr. Grandcourt?"

"I *will* keep this necklace, mamma," said Gwendolen, laying it apart and then closing the casket. "But do get the other things sold even if they will not bring much. Ask my uncle what to do with them. I shall certainly not use them again. I am going to take the veil. I wonder if all the poor wretches who have ever taken it felt as I do."

"Don't exaggerate evils, dear."

"How can any one know that I exaggerate, when I am speaking of my own feeling? I did not say what any one else felt."

She took out the torn handkerchief from her pocket again, and wrapped it deliberately round the necklace. Mrs. Davilow observed the action with some surprise, but the tone of the last words discouraged her from asking any question.

The "feeling" Gwendolen spoke of with an air of tragedy was not to be explained by the mere fact that she was going to be a governess: she was possessed by a spirit of general disappointment. It was not simply that she had a distaste for what she was called on to do: the distaste spread itself over the world outside her penitentiary, since she saw nothing very pleasant in it that seemed attainable by her even if she were free. Naturally her grievances did not seem to her smaller than some of her male contemporaries held theirs to be when they felt a profession too narrow for their powers, and had an *a priori* conviction that it was not worth while to put forth their latent abilities. Because her education had been less expensive than theirs, it did not follow that she should have wider emotions or a keener intellectual vision. Her griefs were feminine; but to her, as a woman, they were not the less hard to bear, and she felt an equal right to the Promethean tone.

But the movement of mind which led her to keep the necklace, to fold it up in the handkerchief, and rise to put it in her *nécessaire*, where she had first placed it when it had been returned to her, was more peculiar, and what would be called less reasonable. It came from that streak of superstition in her which attached itself both to her confidence and her terror—a superstition which lingers in an intense personality even in spite of theory and science; any dread or hope for self being stronger than all reasons for or against it. Why she should suddenly determine not to part with the necklace was not much clearer to her than why she should sometimes have been frightened to find herself in the fields alone: she had a confused state of emotion about Deronda—was it wounded pride and resentment, or a certain awe and exceptional trust? It was something vague and yet mastering, which impelled her to this action about the necklace. There is a great deal of unmapped country within us which would have to be taken into account in an explanation of our gusts and storms.

CHAPTER XXV.

How trace the why and wherefore in a mind reduced to the barrenness of a fastidious egoism, in which all direct desires are dulled, and have dwindled from motives into a vacillating expectation of motives: a mind made up of moods, where a fitful impulse springs here and there conspicuously rank amidst the general weediness? 'Tis a condition apt to befall a life too much at large, unmoulded by the pressure of obligation. *Nam deteriores omnes sumus licentiæ*, saith Terence; or, as a more familiar tongue might deliver it, "*As you like*" *is a bad finger-post.*

POTENTATES make known their intentions and affect the funds at a small expense of words. So, when Grandcourt, after learning that Gwendolen had left Leubronn, incidentally pronounced that resort of fashion a beastly hole worse than Baden, the remark was conclusive to Mr. Lush that his patron intended straightway to return to Diplow. The execution was sure to be slower than the intention, and in fact Grandcourt did loiter through the next day without giving any distinct orders about departure—perhaps because he discerned that Lush was expecting them: he lingered over his toilet, and certainly came down with a faded aspect of perfect distinction which made fresh complexions, and hands with the blood in them, seem signs of raw vulgarity; he lingered on the terrace, in the gambling-rooms, in the reading-room, occupying himself in being indifferent to every body and every thing around him. When he met Lady Mallinger, however, he took some trouble—raised his hat, paused, and proved that he listened to her recommendation of the waters by replying, "Yes; I heard somebody say how providential it was that there always happened to be springs at gambling places."

"Oh, that was a joke," said innocent Lady Mallinger, misled by Grandcourt's languid seriousness, "in imitation of the old one about the towns and the rivers, you know."

"Ah, perhaps," said Grandcourt, without change of expression. Lady Mallinger thought this worth telling to Sir Hugo, who said, "Oh, my dear, he is not a fool. You must not suppose that he can't see a joke. He can play his cards as well as most of us."

"He has never seemed to me a very sensible man," said Lady Mallinger, in excuse of herself. She had a secret objection to meeting Grandcourt, who was little else to her than a large living sign of what she felt to be her failure as a wife—the not having presented Sir Hugo with a son. Her constant reflection was that her husband might fairly regret his choice, and if he had not been very good, might have treated her with some roughness in consequence, gentlemen naturally disliking to be disappointed.

Deronda, too, had a recognition from Grandcourt, for which he was not grateful, though he took care to return it with perfect civility. No reasoning as to the foundations of custom could do away with the early-rooted feeling that his birth had been attended with injury for which his father was to blame; and seeing that but for this injury Grandcourt's prospect might have been his, he was proudly resolute not to behave in any way that might be interpreted into irritation on that score. He saw a very easy descent into mean unreasoning rancor and triumph in others' frustration; and being determined not to go down that ugly pit, he turned his back on it, clinging to the kindlier affections within him as a possession. Pride certainly helped him well—the pride of not recognizing a disadvantage for one's self which vulgar minds are disposed to exaggerate, such as the shabby equipage of poverty: he would not have a man like Grandcourt suppose himself envied by him. But there is no guarding against interpretation. Grandcourt did believe that Deronda, poor devil, who he had no doubt was his cousin by the father's side, inwardly winced under their mutual position; wherefore the presence of that less lucky person was more agreeable to him than it would otherwise have been. An imaginary envy, the idea that others feel their comparative deficiency, is the ordinary *cortége* of egoism; and his pet dogs were not the only beings that Grandcourt liked to feel his power over in making them jealous. Hence he was civil enough to exchange several words with Deronda on the terrace about the hunting round Diplow, and even said, "You had better come over for a run or two when the season begins."

Lush, not displeased with delay, amused himself very well, partly in gossiping with Sir Hugo and in answering his questions about Grandcourt's affairs so far as they might affect his willingness to part with his interest in Diplow. Also about Grandcourt's personal entanglements, the Baronet knew enough already for Lush to feel released from silence on a sunny autumn day, when there was nothing more agreeable to do in lounging promenades than to speak freely of a tyrannous patron behind his back. Sir Hugo willingly inclined his ear to a little good-humored scandal, which he was fond of calling *traits de mœurs;* but he was strict in keeping such communications from hearers who might take them too seriously. Whatever knowledge he had of his nephew's secrets, he had never spoken of it to Deronda, who considered Grandcourt a pale-blooded mortal, but was far from wishing to hear how the red corpuscles had been washed out of him. It was Lush's policy and inclination to gratify every body when he had no reason to the contrary; and the Baronet always treated him well, as one of those easy-handled personages who, frequenting the society of gentlemen, without being exactly gentlemen themselves, can be the more serviceable, like

the second-best articles of our wardrobe, which we use with a comfortable freedom from anxiety.

"Well, you will let me know the turn of events," said Sir Hugo, "if this marriage seems likely to come off after all, or if any thing else happens to make the want of money more pressing. My plan would be much better for him than burdening Ryelands."

"That's true," said Lush, "only it must not be urged on him—just placed in his way that the scent may tickle him. Grandcourt is not a man to be always led by what makes for his own interest; especially if you let him see that it makes for your interest too. I'm attached to him, of course. I've given up every thing else for the sake of keeping by him, and it has lasted a good fifteen years now. He would not easily get any one else to fill my place. He's a peculiar character, is Henleigh Grandcourt, and it has been growing on him of late years. However, I'm of a constant disposition, and I've been a sort of guardian to him since he was twenty: an uncommonly fascinating fellow he was then, to be sure—and could be now, if he liked. I'm attached to him; and it would be a good deal worse for him if he missed me at his elbow."

Sir Hugo did not think it needful to express his sympathy or even assent, and perhaps Lush himself did not expect this sketch of his motives to be taken as exact. But how can a man avoid himself as a subject in conversation? And he must make some sort of decent toilet in words, as in cloth and linen. Lush's listener was not severe: a member of Parliament could allow for the necessities of verbal toilet; and the dialogue went on without any change of mutual estimate.

However, Lush's easy prospect of indefinite procrastination was cut off the next morning by Grandcourt's saluting him with the question,

"Are you making all the arrangements for our starting by the Paris train?"

"I didn't know you meant to start," said Lush, not exactly taken by surprise.

"You might have known," said Grandcourt, looking at the burned length of his cigar, and speaking in that lowered tone which was usual with him when he meant to express disgust and be peremptory. "Just see to every thing, will you? and mind no brute gets into the same carriage with us. And leave my P.P.C. at the Mallingers'."

In consequence they were at Paris the next day; but here Lush was gratified by the proposal or command that he should go straight on to Diplow and see that every thing was right, while Grandcourt and the valet remained behind; and it was not until several days later that Lush received the telegram ordering the carriage to the Wancester station.

He had used the interim actively, not only in carrying out Grandcourt's orders about the stud and household, but in learning all he could of Gwendolen, and how things were going on at Offendene. What was the probable effect that the news of the family misfortunes would have on Grandcourt's fitful obstinacy he felt to be quite incalculable. So far as the girl's poverty might be an argument that she would accept an offer from him now in spite of any previous coyness, it might remove that bitter objection to risk a repulse which Lush divined to be one of Grandcourt's deterring motives; on the other hand, the certainty of acceptance was just "the sort of thing" to make him lapse hither and thither with no more apparent will than a moth. Lush had had his patron under close observation for many years, and knew him perhaps better than he knew any other subject; but to know Grandcourt was to doubt what he would do in any particular case. It might happen that he would behave with an apparent magnanimity, like the hero of a modern French drama, whose sudden start into moral splendor, after much lying and meanness, leaves you little confidence as to any part of his career that may follow the fall of the curtain. Indeed, what attitude would have been more honorable for a final scene than that of declining to seek an heiress for her money, and determining to marry the attractive girl who had none? But Lush had some general certainties about Grandcourt, and one was that of all inward movements those of generosity were the least likely to occur in him. Of what use, however, is a general certainty that an insect will not walk with his head hindmost, when what you need to know is the play of inward stimulus that sends him hither and thither in a net-work of possible paths? Thus Lush was much at fault as to the probable issue between Grandcourt and Gwendolen, when what he desired was a perfect confidence that they would never be married. He would have consented willingly that Grandcourt should marry an heiress, or that he should marry Mrs. Glasher: in the one match there would have been the immediate abundance that prospective heirship could not supply, in the other there would have been the security of the wife's gratitude, for Lush had always been Mrs. Glasher's friend; and that the future Mrs. Grandcourt should not be socially received could not affect his private comfort. He would not have minded, either, that there should be no marriage in question at all; but he felt himself justified in doing his utmost to hinder a marriage with a girl who was likely to bring nothing but trouble to her husband—not to speak of annoyance if not ultimate injury to her husband's old companion, whose future Mr. Lush earnestly wished to make as easy as possible, considering that he had well deserved such compensation for leading a dog's life, though that of a dog who enjoyed many tastes undisturbed, and who profited by a large establishment. He wished for himself what he felt to be good, and was not conscious of wishing harm to any one else; unless perhaps it were just now a little harm to the inconvenient and impertinent Gwendolen. But the easiest-humored amateur of luxury and music, the toad-eater the least liable to nausea, must be expected to have his susceptibilities. And Mr. Lush was accustomed to be treated by the world in general as an apt, agreeable fellow: he had not made up his mind to be insulted by more than one person.

With this imperfect preparation of a war policy, Lush was awaiting Grandcourt's arrival, doing little more than wondering how the campaign would begin. The first day Grandcourt was much occupied with the stables, and among other things he ordered a groom to put a side-saddle on Criterion and let him review the horse's paces. This marked indication of purpose set Lush on considering over again whether he should incur the ticklish consequences of speaking first, while he was still sure that no compromising step had been

taken; and he rose the next morning almost resolved that if Grandcourt seemed in as good a humor as yesterday and entered at all into talk, he would let drop the interesting facts about Gwendolen and her family, just to see how they would work, and to get some guidance. But Grandcourt did not enter into talk, and in answer to a question even about his own convenience, no fish could have maintained a more unwinking silence. After he had read his letters he gave various orders to be executed or transmitted by Lush, and then thrust his shoulders toward that useful person, who accordingly rose to leave the room. But before he was out of the door, Grandcourt turned his head slightly and gave a broken languid "Oh."

"What is it?" said Lush, who, it must have been observed, did not take his dusty puddings with a respectful air.

"Shut the door, will you? I can't speak into the corridor."

Lush closed the door, came forward, and chose to sit down.

After a little pause Grandcourt said, "Is Miss Harleth at Offendene?" He was quite certain that Lush had made it his business to inquire about her, and he had some pleasure in thinking that Lush did not want *him* to inquire.

"Well, I hardly know," said Lush, carelessly. "The family's utterly done up. They and the Gascoignes too have lost all their money. It's owing to some rascally banking business. The poor mother hasn't a *sou*, it seems. She and the girls have to huddle themselves into a little cottage like a laborer's."

"Don't lie to me, if you please," said Grandcourt, in his lowest audible tone. "It's not amusing, and it answers no other purpose."

"What do you mean?" said Lush, more nettled than was common with him—the prospect before him being more than commonly disturbing.

"Just tell me the truth, will you?"

"It's no invention of mine. I have heard the story from several—Bazley, Brackenshaw's man, for one. He is getting a new tenant for Offendene."

"I don't mean that. Is Miss Harleth there, or is she not?" said Grandcourt, in his former tone.

"Upon my soul, I can't tell," said Lush, rather sulkily. "She may have left yesterday. I heard she had taken a situation as governess; she may be gone to it for what I know. But if you wanted to see her, no doubt the mother would send for her back." This sneer slipped off his tongue without strict intention.

"Send Hutchins to inquire whether she will be there to-morrow."

Lush did not move. Like many persons who have thought over beforehand what they shall say in given cases, he was impelled by an unexpected irritation to say some of those pre-arranged things before the cases were given. Grandcourt, in fact, was likely to get into a scrape so tremendous that it was impossible to let him take the first step toward it without remonstrance. Lush retained enough caution to use a tone of rational friendliness; still he felt his own value to his patron, and was prepared to be daring.

"It would be as well for you to remember, Grandcourt, that you are coming under closer fire now. There can be none of the ordinary flirting done, which may mean every thing or nothing. You must make up your mind whether you wish to be accepted; and more than that, how you would like being refused. Either one or the other. You can't be philandering after her again for six weeks."

Grandcourt said nothing, but pressed the newspaper down on his knees and began to light another cigar. Lush took this as a sign that he was willing to listen, and was the more bent on using the opportunity; he wanted, if possible, to find out which would be the more potent cause of hesitation—probable acceptance or probable refusal.

"Every thing has a more serious look now than it had before. There is her family to be provided for. You could not let your wife's mother live in beggary. It will be a confoundedly hampering affair. Marriage will pin you down in a way you haven't been used to; and in point of money you have not too much elbow-room. And, after all, what will you get by it? You are master over your estates, present or future, as far as choosing your heir goes; it's a pity to go on encumbering them for a mere whim, which you may repent of in a twelvemonth. I should be sorry to see you making a mess of your life in that way. If there were any thing solid to be gained by the marriage, that would be a different affair."

Lush's tone had gradually become more and more unctuous in its friendliness of remonstrance, and he was almost in danger of forgetting that he was merely gambling in argument. When he left off, Grandcourt took his cigar out of his mouth, and looking steadily at the moist end while he adjusted the leaf with his delicate finger-tips, said,

"I knew before that you had an objection to my marrying Miss Harleth." Here he made a little pause, before he continued, "But I never considered that a reason against it."

"I never supposed you did," answered Lush, not unctuously, but dryly. "It was not *that* I urged as a reason. I should have thought it might have been a reason against it, after all your experience, that you would be acting like the hero of a ballad, and making yourself absurd—and all for what? You know you couldn't make up your mind before. It's impossible you can care much about her. And as for the tricks she is likely to play, you may judge of that from what you heard at Leubronn. However, what I wished to point out to you was that there can be no shilly-shally now."

"Perfectly," said Grandcourt, looking round at Lush and fixing him with narrow eyes; "I don't intend that there should be. I dare say it's disagreeable to you. But if you suppose I care a damn for that, you are most stupendously mistaken."

"Oh, well," said Lush, rising with his hands in his pockets, and feeling some latent venom still within him, "if you have made up your mind!—only there's another aspect of the affair. I have been speaking on the supposition that it was absolutely certain she would accept you, and that destitution would have no choice. But I am not so sure that the young lady is to be counted on. She is kittle cattle to shoe, I think. And she had her reasons for running away before." Lush had moved a step or two till he stood nearly in front of Grandcourt, though at some distance from him. He did not feel himself much restrained by con-

sequences, being aware that the only strong hold he had on his present position was his serviceableness; and even after a quarrel, the want of him was likely sooner or later to recur. He foresaw that Gwendolen would cause him to be ousted for a time, and his temper at this moment urged him to risk a quarrel.

"She had her reasons," he repeated, more significantly.

"I had come to that conclusion before," said Grandcourt, with contemptuous irony.

"Yes, but I hardly think you know what her reasons were."

"You do, apparently," said Grandcourt, not betraying by so much as an eyelash that he cared for the reasons.

"Yes, and you had better know too, that you may judge of the influence you have over her, if she swallows her reasons and accepts you. For my own part, I would take odds against it. She saw Lydia in Cardell Chase, and heard the whole story."

Grandcourt made no immediate answer, and only went on smoking. He was so long before he spoke, that Lush moved about and looked out of the windows, unwilling to go away without seeing some effect of his daring move. He had expected that Grandcourt would tax him with having contrived the affair, since Mrs. Glasher was then living at Gadsmere, a hundred miles off, and he was prepared to admit the fact: what he cared about was that Grandcourt should be staggered by the sense that his intended advances must be made to a girl who had that knowledge in her mind and had been scared by it. At length Grandcourt, seeing Lush turn toward him, looked at him again and said, contemptuously, "What follows?"

Here certainly was a "mate" in answer to Lush's "check;" and though his exasperation with Grandcourt was perhaps stronger than it had ever been before, it would have been mere idiocy to act as if any further move could be useful. He gave a slight shrug with one shoulder and was going to walk away, when Grandcourt, turning on his seat toward the table, said, as quietly as if nothing had occurred, "Oblige me by pushing that pen and paper here, will you?"

No thunderous, bullying superior could have exercised the imperious spell that Grandcourt did. Why, instead of being obeyed, he had never been told to go to a warmer place, was perhaps a mystery to several who found themselves obeying him. The pen and paper were pushed to him, and as he took them he said, "Just wait for this letter."

He scrawled with ease, and the brief note was quickly addressed. "Let Hutchins go with it at once, will you?" said Grandcourt, pushing the letter away from him.

As Lush had expected, it was addressed to Miss Harleth, Offendene. When his irritation had cooled down he was glad there had been no explosive quarrel; but he felt sure that there was a notch made against him, and that somehow or other he was intended to pay. It was also clear to him that the immediate effect of his revelation had been to harden Grandcourt's previous determination. But as to the particular movements which made this process in his baffling mind, Lush could only toss up his chin in despair of a theory.

CHAPTER XXVI.

He brings white asses laden with the freight
Of Tyrian vessels, purple, gold, and balm,
To bribe my will: I'll bid them chase him forth,
Nor let him breathe the taint of his surmise
On my secure resolve.
Ay, 'tis secure;
And therefore let him come to spread his freight.
For firmness hath its appetite, and craves
The stronger lure, more strongly to resist;
Would know the touch of gold to fling it off;
Scent wine to feel its lip the soberer;
Behold soft byssus, ivory, and plumes
To say, "They're fair, but I will none of them,"
And flout Enticement in the very face.

Mr. Gascoigne one day came to Offendene with what he felt to be the satisfactory news that Mrs. Mompert had fixed Tuesday in the following week for her interview with Gwendolen at Wancester. He said nothing of his having incidentally heard that Mr. Grandcourt had returned to Diplow, knowing no more than she did that Leubronn had been the goal of her admirer's journeying, and feeling that it would be unkind uselessly to revive the memory of a brilliant prospect under the present reverses. In his secret soul he thought of his niece's unintelligible caprice with regret, but he vindicated her to himself by considering that Grandcourt had been the first to behave oddly, in suddenly walking away when there had been the best opportunity for crowning his marked attentions. The Rector's practical judgment told him that his chief duty to his niece now was to encourage her resolutely to face the change in her lot, since there was no manifest promise of any event that would avert it.

"You will find an interest in varied experience, my dear, and I have no doubt you will be a more valuable woman for having sustained such a part as you are called to."

"I can not pretend to believe that I shall like it," said Gwendolen, for the first time showing her uncle some petulance. "But I am quite aware that I am obliged to bear it."

She remembered having submitted to his admonition on a different occasion, when she was expected to like a very different prospect.

"And your good sense will teach you to behave suitably under it," said Mr. Gascoigne, with a shade more gravity. "I feel sure that Mrs. Mompert will be pleased with you. You will know how to conduct yourself to a woman who holds in all senses the relation of superior to you. This trouble has come on you young, but that makes it in some respects easier, and there is benefit in all chastisement if we adjust our minds to it."

This was precisely what Gwendolen was unable to do; and after her uncle was gone, the bitter tears, which had rarely come during the late trouble, rose and fell slowly as she sat alone. Her heart denied that the trouble was easier because she was young. When was she to have any happiness, if it did not come while she was young? Not that her visions of possible happiness for herself were as unmixed with necessary evil as they used to be—not that she could still imagine herself plucking the fruits of life without suspicion of their core. But this general disenchantment with the world—nay, with herself, since it appeared that she was not made for easy pre-eminence—only intensified her sense of forlornness: it was a visibly sterile distance inclosing the dreary path at her feet, in which she

had no courage to tread. She was in that first crisis of passionate youthful rebellion against what is not fitly called pain, but rather the absence of joy—that first rage of disappointment in life's morning, which we whom the years have subdued are apt to remember but dimly as part of our own experience, and so to be intolerant of its self-inclosed unreasonableness and impiety. What passion seems more absurd, when we have got outside it and looked at calamity as a collective risk, than this amazed anguish that I, and not Thou, He, or She, should be just the smitten one? Yet perhaps some who have afterward made themselves a willing fence before the breast of another, and have carried their own heart-wound in heroic silence—some who have made their latter deeds great, nevertheless began with this angry amazement at their own smart, and on the mere denial of their fantastic desires raged as if under the sting of wasps which reduced the universe for them to an unjust infliction of pain. This was nearly poor Gwendolen's condition. What though such a reverse as hers had often happened to other girls? The one point she had been all her life learning to care for was that it had happened to *her:* it was what *she* felt under Klesmer's demonstration that she was not remarkable enough to command fortune by force of will and merit; it was what *she* would feel under the rigors of Mrs. Mompert's constant expectation, under the dull demand that she should be cheerful with three Misses Mompert, under the necessity of showing herself entirely submissive, and keeping her thoughts to herself. To be a queen disthroned is not so hard as some other down-stepping: imagine one who had been made to believe in his own divinity finding all homage withdrawn, and himself unable to perform a miracle that would recall the homage and restore his own confidence. Something akin to this illusion and this helplessness had befallen the poor spoiled child, with the lovely lips and eyes and the majestic figure—which seemed now to have no magic in them.

She rose from the low ottoman where she had been sitting purposeless, and walked up and down the drawing-room, resting her elbow on one palm while she leaned down her cheek on the other, and a slow tear fell. She thought, "I have always, ever since I was little, felt that mamma was not a happy woman; and now I dare say I shall be more unhappy than she has been." Her mind dwelt for a few moments on the picture of herself losing her youth and ceasing to enjoy—not minding whether she did this or that: but such picturing inevitably brought back the image of her mother. "Poor mamma! it will be still worse for her now. I can get a little money for her—that is all I shall care about now." And then, with an entirely new movement of her imagination, she saw her mother getting quite old and white, and herself no longer young but faded, and their two faces meeting still with memory and love, and she knowing what was in her mother's mind—"Poor Gwen too is sad and faded now"—and then for the first time she sobbed, not in anger, but with a sort of tender misery.

Her face was toward the door, and she saw her mother enter. She barely saw that; for her eyes were large with tears, and she pressed her handkerchief against them hurriedly. Before she took it away she felt her mother's arms round her, and this sensation, which seemed a prolongation of her inward vision, overcame her will to be reticent: she sobbed anew in spite of herself, as they pressed their cheeks together.

Mrs. Davilow had brought something in her hand which had already caused her an agitating anxiety, and she dared not speak until her darling had become calmer. But Gwendolen, with whom weeping had always been a painful manifestation to be resisted if possible, again pressed her handkerchief against her eyes, and with a deep breath drew her head backward and looked at her mother, who was pale and tremulous.

"It was nothing, mamma," said Gwendolen, thinking that her mother had been moved in this way simply by finding her in distress. "It is all over now."

But Mrs. Davilow had withdrawn her arms, and Gwendolen perceived a letter in her hand.

"What is that letter?—worse news still?" she asked, with a touch of bitterness.

"I don't know what you will think it, dear," said Mrs. Davilow, keeping the letter in her hand. "You will hardly guess where it comes from."

"Don't ask me to guess any thing," said Gwendolen, rather impatiently, as if a bruise were being pressed.

"It is addressed to you, dear."

Gwendolen gave the slightest perceptible toss of the head.

"It comes from Diplow," said Mrs. Davilow, giving her the letter.

She knew Grandcourt's indistinct handwriting, and her mother was not surprised to see her blush deeply; but watching her as she read, and wondering much what was the purport of the letter, she saw the color die out. Gwendolen's lips even were pale as she turned the open note toward her mother. The words were few and formal.

"Mr. Grandcourt presents his compliments to Miss Harleth, and begs to know whether he may be permitted to call at Offendene to-morrow after two, and to see her alone. Mr. Grandcourt has just returned from Leubronn, where he had hoped to find Miss Harleth."

Mrs. Davilow read, and then looked at her daughter inquiringly, leaving the note in her hand. Gwendolen let it fall on the floor, and turned away.

"It must be answered, darling," said Mrs. Davilow, timidly. "The man waits."

Gwendolen sank on the settee, clasped her hands, and looked straight before her, not at her mother. She had the expression of one who had been startled by a sound and was listening to know what would come of it. The sudden change of the situation was bewildering. A few minutes before she was looking along an inescapable path of repulsive monotony, with hopeless inward rebellion against the imperious lot which left her no choice: and, lo! now a moment of choice was come. Yet—was it triumph she felt most or terror? Impossible for Gwendolen not to feel some triumph in a tribute to her power at a time when she was first tasting the bitterness of insignificance: again she seemed to be getting a sort of empire over her own life. But how to use it? Here came the terror. Quick, quick, like pictures in a book beaten open with a sense of hurry, came back vividly, yet in fragments, all that she had

gone through in relation to Grandcourt—the allurements, the vacillations, the resolve to accede, the final repulsion; the incisive face of that dark-eyed lady with the lovely boy; her own pledge (was it a pledge not to marry him?)—the new disbelief in the worth of men and things for which that scene of disclosure had become a symbol. That unalterable experience made a vision at which in the first agitated moment, before tempering reflections could suggest themselves, her native terror shrank.

Where was the good of choice coming again? What did she wish? Any thing different? No! and yet in the dark seed-growths of consciousness a new wish was forming itself—"I wish I had never known it!" Something, any thing, she wished for that would have saved her from the dread to let Grandcourt come.

It was no long while, yet it seemed long to Mrs. Davilow, before she thought it well to say, gently,

"It will be necessary for you to write, dear. Or shall I write an answer for you—which you will dictate?"

"No, mamma," said Gwendolen, drawing a deep breath. "But please lay me out the pen and paper."

That was gaining time. Was she to decline Grandcourt's visit—close the shutters—not even look out on what would happen?—though with the assurance that she should remain just where she was? The young activity within her made a warm current through her terror, and stirred toward something that would be an event—toward an opportunity in which she could look and speak with the former effectiveness. The interest of the morrow was no longer at a dead lock.

"There is really no reason on earth why you should be so alarmed at the man's waiting a few minutes, mamma," said Gwendolen, remonstrantly, as Mrs. Davilow, having prepared the writing materials, looked toward her expectantly. "Servants expect nothing else than to wait. It is not to be supposed that I must write on the instant."

"No, dear," said Mrs. Davilow, in the tone of one corrected, turning to sit down and take up a bit of work that lay at hand; "he can wait another quarter of an hour, if you like."

It was very simple speech and action on her part, but it was what might have been subtly calculated. Gwendolen felt a contradictory desire to be hastened: hurry would save her from deliberate choice.

"I did not mean him to wait long enough for that needle-work to be finished," she said, lifting her hands to stroke the backward curves of her hair, while she rose from her seat and stood still.

"But if you don't feel able to decide?" said Mrs. Davilow, sympathizingly.

"I *must* decide," said Gwendolen, walking to the writing table and seating herself. All the while there was a busy under-current in her, like the thought of a man who keeps up a dialogue while he is considering how he can slip away. Why should she not let him come? It bound her to nothing. He had been to Leubronn after her: of course he meant a direct unmistakable renewal of the suit which before had been only implied. What then? She could reject him. Why was she to deny herself the freedom of doing this—which she would like to do?

"If Mr. Grandcourt has only just returned from Leubronn," said Mrs. Davilow, observing that Gwendolen leaned back in her chair after taking the pen in her hand—"I wonder whether he has heard of our misfortunes."

"That could make no difference to a man in his position," said Gwendolen, rather contemptuously.

"It would, to some men," said Mrs. Davilow. "They would not like to take a wife from a family in a state of beggary almost, as we are. Here we are at Offendene with a great shell over us as usual. But just imagine his finding us at Sawyer's Cottage! Most men are afraid of being bored or taxed by a wife's family. If Mr. Grandcourt did know, I think it a strong proof of his attachment to you."

Mrs. Davilow spoke with unusual emphasis: it was the first time she had ventured to say any thing about Grandcourt which would necessarily seem intended as an argument in favor of him, her habitual impression being that such arguments would certainly be useless and might be worse. The effect of her words now was stronger than she could imagine: they raised a new set of possibilities in Gwendolen's mind—a vision of what Grandcourt might do for her mother if she, Gwendolen, did—what she was not going to do. She was so moved by a new rush of ideas that, like one conscious of being urgently called away, she felt that the immediate task must be hastened: the letter must be written, else it might be endlessly deferred. After all, she acted in a hurry, as she had wished to do. To act in a hurry was to have a reason for keeping away from an absolute decision, and to leave open as many issues as possible.

She wrote: "Miss Harleth presents her compliments to Mr. Grandcourt. She will be at home after two o'clock to-morrow."

Before addressing the note she said, "Pray ring the bell, mamma, if there is any one to answer it." She really did not know who did the work of the house.

It was not till after the letter had been taken away and Gwendolen had risen again, stretching out one arm and then resting it on her head, with a long moan which had a sound of relief in it, that Mrs. Davilow ventured to ask,

"What did you say, Gwen?"

"I said that I should be at home," answered Gwendolen, rather loftily. Then, after a pause, "You must not expect, because Mr. Grandcourt is coming, that any thing is going to happen, mamma."

"I don't allow myself to expect any thing, dear. I desire you to follow your own feeling. You have never told me what that was."

"What is the use of telling?" said Gwendolen, hearing a reproach in that true statement. "When I have any thing pleasant to tell, you may be sure I will tell you."

"But Mr. Grandcourt will consider that you have already accepted him, in allowing him to come. His note tells you plainly enough that he is coming to make you an offer."

"Very well; and I wish to have the pleasure of refusing him."

Mrs. Davilow looked up in wonderment, but Gwendolen implied her wish not to be questioned further by saying,

"Put down that detestable needle-work, and let us walk in the avenue. I am stifled."

CHAPTER XXVII.

Desire has trimmed the sails, and Circumstance
Brings but the breeze to fill them.

WHILE Grandcourt, on his beautiful black Yarico, the groom behind him on Criterion, was taking the pleasant ride from Diplow to Offendene, Gwendolen was seated before the mirror while her mother gathered up the lengthy mass of light brown hair which she had been carefully brushing.

"Only gather it up easily and make a coil, mamma," said Gwendolen.

"Let me bring you some ear-rings, Gwen," said Mrs. Davilow, when the hair was adjusted, and they were both looking at the reflection in the glass. It was impossible for them not to notice that the eyes looked brighter than they had done of late, that there seemed to be a shadow lifted from the face, leaving all the lines once more in their placid youthfulness. The mother drew some inferences that made her voice rather cheerful. "You do want your ear-rings?"

"No, mamma; I shall not wear any ornaments, and I shall put on my black silk. Black is the only wear when one is going to refuse an offer," said Gwendolen, with one of her old smiles at her mother, while she rose to throw off her dressing-gown.

"Suppose the offer is not made, after all," said Mrs. Davilow, not without a sly intention.

"Then that will be because I refuse it beforehand," said Gwendolen. "It comes to the same thing."

There was a proud little toss of her head as she said this; and when she walked down stairs in her long black robes, there was just that firm poise of head and elasticity of form which had lately been missing, as in a parched plant. Her mother thought: "She is quite herself again. It must be pleasure in his coming. Can her mind be really made up against him?"

Gwendolen would have been rather angry if that thought had been uttered; perhaps all the more because through the last twenty hours, with a brief interruption of sleep, she had been so occupied with perpetually alternating images and arguments for and against the possibility of her marrying Grandcourt, that the conclusion which she had determined on beforehand ceased to have any hold on her consciousness: the alternate dip of counterbalancing thoughts begotten of counterbalancing desires had brought her into a state in which no conclusion could look fixed to her. She would have expressed her resolve as before; but it was a form out of which the blood had been sucked—no more a part of quivering life than the "God's will be done" of one who is eagerly watching chances. She did not mean to accept Grandcourt; from the first moment of receiving his letter she had meant to refuse him; still, that could not but prompt her to look the unwelcome reasons full in the face until she had a little less awe of them, could not hinder her imagination from filling out her knowledge in various ways, some of which seemed to change the aspect of what she knew. By dint of looking at a dubious object with a constructive imagination, one can give it twenty different shapes. Her indistinct grounds of hesitation before the interview at the Whispering Stones, at present counted for nothing; they were all merged in the final repulsion. If it had not been for that day in Cardell Chase, she said to herself now, there would have been no obstacle to her marrying Grandcourt. On that day and after it she had not reasoned and balanced: she had acted with a force of impulse against which all questioning was no more than a voice against a torrent. The impulse had come, not only from her maidenly pride and jealousy, not only from the shock of another woman's calamity thrust close on her vision, but from her dread of wrong-doing, which was vague, it is true, and aloof from the daily details of her life, but not the less strong. Whatever was accepted as consistent with being a lady she had no scruple about; but from the dim region of what was called disgraceful, wrong, guilty, she shrank with mingled pride and terror; and even apart from shame, her feeling would have made her place any deliberate injury of another in the region of guilt.

But now—did she know exactly what was the state of the case with regard to Mrs. Glasher and her children? She had given a sort of promise—had said, "I will not interfere with your wishes." But would another woman who married Grandcourt be in fact the decisive obstacle to her wishes, or be doing her and her boy any real injury? Might it not be just as well, nay, better, that Grandcourt should marry? For what could not a woman do when she was married, if she knew how to assert herself? Here all was constructive imagination. Gwendolen had about as accurate a conception of marriage—that is to say, of the mutual influences, demands, duties of man and woman in the state of matrimony—as she had of magnetic currents and the law of storms.

"Mamma managed badly," was her way of summing up what she had seen of her mother's experience: she herself would manage quite differently. And the trials of matrimony were the last theme into which Mrs. Davilow could choose to enter fully with this daughter.

"I wonder what mamma and my uncle would say if they knew about Mrs. Glasher!" thought Gwendolen, in her inward debating; not that she could imagine herself telling them, even if she had not felt bound to silence. "I wonder what any body would say; or what they would say to Mr. Grandcourt's marrying some one else and having other children!" To consider what "any body" would say was to be released from the difficulty of judging where every thing was obscure to her when feeling had ceased to be decisive. She had only to collect her memories, which proved to her that "any body" regarded illegitimate children as more rightfully to be looked shy on and deprived of social advantages than illegitimate fathers. The verdict of "any body" seemed to be that she had no reason to concern herself greatly on behalf of Mrs. Glasher and her children.

But there was another way in which they had caused her concern. What others might think could not do away with a feeling which in the first instance would hardly be too strongly described as indignation and loathing that she should have been expected to unite herself with an outworn life, full of backward secrets which must have been more keenly felt than any associations with *her*. True, the question of love on her own part had occupied her scarcely at all in relation to Grandcourt. The desirability of marriage for her had always seemed due to other

feelings than love; and to be enamored was the part of the man, on whom the advances depended. Gwendolen had found no objection to Grandcourt's way of being enamored before she had had that glimpse of his past, which she resented as if it had been a deliberate offense against her. His advances to *her* were deliberate, and she felt a retrospective disgust for them. Perhaps other men's lives were of the same kind—full of secrets which made the ignorant suppositions of the woman they wanted to marry a farce at which they were laughing in their sleeves.

These feelings of disgust and indignation had sunk deep; and though other troublous experience in the last weeks had dulled them from passion into remembrance, it was chiefly their reverberating activity which kept her firm to the understanding with herself that she was not going to accept Grandcourt. She had never meant to form a new determination; she had only been considering what might be thought or said. If any thing could have induced her to change, it would have been the prospect of making all things easy for "poor mamma:" that, she admitted, was a temptation. But no! she was going to refuse him. Meanwhile, the thought that he was coming to be refused was inspiriting: she had the white reins in her hands again; there was a new current in her frame, reviving her from the beaten-down consciousness in which she had been left by the interview with Klesmer. She was not now going to crave an opinion of her capabilities; she was going to exercise her power.

Was this what made her heart palpitate annoyingly when she heard the horses' footsteps on the gravel?—when Miss Merry, who opened the door to Grandcourt, came to tell her that he was in the drawing-room? The hours of preparation and the triumph of the situation were apparently of no use: she might as well have seen Grandcourt coming suddenly on her in the midst of her despondency. While walking into the drawing-room she had to concentrate all her energy in that self-control which made her appear gravely gracious as she gave her hand to him, and answered his hope that she was quite well in a voice as low and languid as his own. A moment afterward, when they were both of them seated on two of the wreath-painted chairs—Gwendolen upright with downcast eyelids, Grandcourt about two yards distant, leaning one arm over the back of his chair and looking at her, while he held his hat in his left hand—any one seeing them as a picture would have concluded that they were in some stage of love-making suspense. And certainly the love-making had begun: she already felt herself being wooed by this silent man seated at an agreeable distance, with the subtlest atmosphere of attar of roses and an attention bent wholly on her. And he also considered himself to be wooing: he was not a man to suppose that his presence carried no consequences; and he was exactly the man to feel the utmost piquancy in a girl whom he had not found quite calculable.

"I was disappointed not to find you at Leubronn," he began, his usual broken drawl having just a shade of amorous languor in it. "The place was intolerable without you. A mere kennel of a place. Don't you think so?"

"I can't judge what it would be without myself," said Gwendolen, turning her eyes on him, with some recovered sense of mischief. "*With* myself I liked it well enough to have staid longer, if I could. But I was obliged to come home on account of family troubles."

"It was very cruel of you to go to Leubronn," said Grandcourt, taking no notice of the troubles, on which Gwendolen—she hardly knew why—wished that there should be a clear understanding at once. "You must have known that it would spoil every thing: you knew you were the heart and soul of every thing that went on. Are you quite reckless about me?"

It was impossible to say "yes" in a tone that would be taken seriously; equally impossible to say "no;" but what else could she say? In her difficulty, she turned down her eyelids again and blushed over face and neck. Grandcourt saw her in a new phase, and believed that she was showing her inclination. But he was determined that she should show it more decidedly.

"Perhaps there is some deeper interest? Some attraction—some engagement—which it would have been only fair to make me aware of? Is there any man who stands between us?"

Inwardly the answer framed itself, "No; but there is a woman." Yet how could she utter this? Even if she had not promised that woman to be silent, it would have been impossible for her to enter on the subject with Grandcourt. But how could she arrest this wooing by beginning to make a formal speech—"I perceive your intention; it is most flattering, etc.?" A fish honestly invited to come and be eaten has a clear course in declining; but how if it finds itself swimming against a net? And apart from the net-work, would she have dared at once to say any thing decisive? Gwendolen had not time to be clear on that point. As it was, she felt compelled to silence, and after a pause, Grandcourt said,

"Am I to understand that some one else is preferred?"

Gwendolen, now impatient of her own embarrassment, determined to rush at the difficulty and free herself. She raised her eyes again and said, with something of her former clearness and defiance, "No!"—wishing him to understand, "What then? I may not be ready to take *you*." There was nothing that Grandcourt could not understand which he perceived likely to affect his *amour propre*.

"The last thing I would do is to importune you. I should not hope to win you by making myself a bore. If there were no hope for me, I would ask you to tell me so at once, that I might just ride away to—no matter where."

Almost to her own astonishment, Gwendolen felt a sudden alarm at the image of Grandcourt finally riding away. What would be left her then? Nothing but the former dreariness. She liked him to be there. She snatched at the subject that would defer any decisive answer.

"I fear you are not aware of what has happened to us. I have lately had to think so much of my mamma's troubles that other subjects have been quite thrown into the background. She has lost all her fortune, and we are going to leave this place. I must ask you to excuse my seeming preoccupied."

In eluding a direct appeal Gwendolen recovered some of her self-possession. She spoke with dignity, and looked straight at Grandcourt, whose long,

narrow, impenetrable eyes met hers, and mysteriously arrested them: mysteriously; for the subtly varied drama between man and woman is often such as can hardly be rendered in words put together like dominoes, according to obvious fixed marks. The word of all work, Love, will no more express the myriad modes of mutual attraction than the word Thought can inform you what is passing through your neighbor's mind. It would be hard to tell on which side—Gwendolen's or Grandcourt's—the influence was more mixed. At that moment his strongest wish was to be completely master of this creature—this piquant combination of maidenliness and mischief: that she knew things which had made her start away from him, spurred him to triumph over that repugnance; and he was believing that he should triumph. And she—ah, piteous equality in the need to dominate!—she was overcome like the thirsty one who is drawn toward the seeming water in the desert, overcome by the suffused sense that here in this man's homage to her lay the rescue from helpless subjection to an oppressive lot.

All the while they were looking at each other; and Grandcourt said, slowly and languidly, as if it were of no importance, other things having been settled,

"You will tell me now, I hope, that Mrs. Davilow's loss of fortune will not trouble you further. You will trust to me to prevent it from weighing upon her. You will give me the claim to provide against that."

The little pauses and refined drawlings with which this speech was uttered gave time for Gwendolen to go through the dream of a life. As the words penetrated her, they had the effect of a draught of wine, which suddenly makes all things easier, desirable things not so wrong, and people in general less disagreeable. She had a momentary phantasmal love for this man who chose his words so well, and who was a mere incarnation of delicate homage. Repugnance, dread, scruples—these were dim as remembered pains, while she was already tasting relief under the immediate pain of hopelessness. She imagined herself already springing to her mother, and being playful again. Yet when Grandcourt had ceased to speak, there was an instant in which she was conscious of being at the turning of the ways.

"You are very generous," she said, not moving her eyes, and speaking with a gentle intonation.

"You accept what will make such things a matter of course?" said Grandcourt, without any new eagerness. "You consent to become my wife?"

This time Gwendolen remained quite pale. Something made her rise from her seat in spite of herself, and walk to a little distance. Then she turned, and with her hands folded before her stood in silence.

Grandcourt immediately rose too, resting his hat on the chair, but still keeping hold of it. The evident hesitation of this destitute girl to take his splendid offer stung him into a keenness of interest such as he had not known for years. None the less because he attributed her hesitation entirely to her knowledge about Mrs. Glasher. In that attitude of preparation, he said,

"Do you command me to go?" No familiar spirit could have suggested to him more effective words.

"No," said Gwendolen. She could not let him go: that negative was a clutch. She seemed to herself to be, after all, only drifted toward the tremendous decision—but drifting depends on something besides the currents, when the sails have been set beforehand.

"You accept my devotion?" said Grandcourt, holding his hat by his side and looking straight into her eyes, without other movement. Their eyes meeting in that way seemed to allow any length of pause; but wait as long as she would, how could she contradict herself? What had she detained him for? He had shut out any explanation.

"Yes," came as gravely from Gwendolen's lips as if she had been answering to her name in a court of justice. He received it gravely, and they still looked at each other in the same attitude. Was there ever before such a way of accepting the bliss-giving "Yes?" Grandcourt liked better to be at that distance from her, and to feel under a ceremony imposed by an indefinable prohibition that breathed from Gwendolen's bearing.

But he did at length lay down his hat and advance to take her hand, just pressing his lips upon it and letting it go again. She thought his behavior perfect, and gained a sense of freedom which made her almost ready to be mischievous. Her "Yes" entailed so little at this moment that there was nothing to screen the reversal of her gloomy prospects: her vision was filled by her own release from the Momperts, and her mother's release from Sawyer's Cottage. With a happy curl of the lips, she said,

"Will you not see mamma? I will fetch her."

"Let us wait a little," said Grandcourt, in his favorite attitude, having his left forefinger and thumb in his waistcoat pocket, and with his right caressing his whisker, while he stood near Gwendolen and looked at her—not unlike a gentleman who has a felicitous introduction at an evening party.

"Have you any thing else to say to me?" said Gwendolen, playfully.

"Yes. I know having things said to you is a great bore," said Grandcourt, rather sympathetically.

"Not when they are things I like to hear."

"Will it bother you to be asked how soon we can be married?"

"I think it will, to-day," said Gwendolen, putting up her chin saucily.

"Not to-day, then. But to-morrow. Think of it before I come to-morrow. In a fortnight—or three weeks—as soon as possible."

"Ah, you think you will be tired of my company," said Gwendolen. "I notice when people are married, the husband is not so much with his wife as when they were engaged. But perhaps I shall like that better too."

She laughed charmingly.

"You shall have whatever you like," said Grandcourt.

"And nothing that I don't like?—please say that; because I think I dislike what I don't like more than I like what I like," said Gwendolen, finding herself in the woman's paradise where all her nonsense is adorable.

Grandcourt paused: these were subtilties in which he had much experience of his own. "I don't know—this is such a brute of a world,

things are always turning up that one doesn't like. I can't always hinder your being bored. If you like to hunt Criterion, I can't hinder his coming down by some chance or other."

"Ah, my friend Criterion, how is he?"

"He is outside: I made the groom ride him, that you might see him. He had the side-saddle on for an hour or two yesterday. Come to the window and look at him."

They could see the two horses being taken slowly round the sweep, and the beautiful creatures, in their fine grooming, sent a thrill of exultation through Gwendolen. They were the symbols of command and luxury, delightfully contrasting with the ugliness of poverty and humiliation at which she had lately been looking close.

"Will you ride Criterion to-morrow?" said Grandcourt. "If you will, every thing shall be arranged."

"I should like it of all things," said Gwendolen. "I want to lose myself in a gallop again. But now I must go and fetch mamma."

"Take my arm to the door, then," said Grandcourt, and she accepted. Their faces were very near each other, being almost on a level, and he was looking at her. She thought his manners as a lover more agreeable than any she had seen described. She had no alarm lest he meant to kiss her, and was so much at her ease that she suddenly paused in the middle of the room and said, half archly, half earnestly,

"Oh, while I think of it—there is something I dislike that you can save me from. I do *not* like Mr. Lush's company."

"You shall not have it. I'll get rid of him."

"You are not fond of him yourself?"

"Not in the least. I let him hang on me because he has always been a poor devil," said Grandcourt, in an *adagio* of utter indifference. "They got him to travel with me when I was a lad. He was always that coarse-haired kind of brute—a sort of cross between a hog and a *dilettante*."

Gwendolen laughed. All that seemed kind and natural enough: Grandcourt's fastidiousness enhanced the kindness. And when they reached the door, his way of opening it for her was the perfection of easy homage. Really, she thought, he was likely to be the least disagreeable of husbands.

Mrs. Davilow was waiting anxiously in her bedroom when Gwendolen entered, stepped toward her quickly, and kissing her on both cheeks, said, in a low tone, "Come down, mamma, and see Mr. Grandcourt. I am engaged to him."

"My darling child!" said Mrs. Davilow, with a surprise that was rather solemn than glad.

"Yes," said Gwendolen, in the same tone, and with a quickness which implied that it was needless to ask questions. "Every thing is settled. You are not going to Sawyer's Cottage, I am not going to be inspected by Mrs. Mompert, and every thing is to be as I like. So come down with me immediately."

Editor's Easy Chair.

WHEN the Japanese special embassy was in this country four years ago, the State Department gave a *fête* in its honor at the Masonic Hall in Washington. The hall was beautifully decorated; the guests were brilliantly attired; and on a raised platform at the end of the room—such a dais as President and Mrs. Washington stood upon to receive their guests—the chief officers of the government received the company, and presented every guest to Iwakura, the chief embassador, and his associates. Later in the evening, when dancing began, Iwakura approached the edge of the dais, and gazed in grave but courteous wonder at the waltz and the mazourka. Of course it was impossible not to think of the barbarian foreigner who was amazed that civilized people did not compel their slaves to do such work for them. But the attitude of Iwakura, as he watched the dance, and doubtless wondered what pleasure or profit it could possibly afford to any human being, is that of the social satirist and philosopher whenever he contemplates the gay spectacle of what is called distinctively "society." To wear costly and superb clothes; to sit by a possibly dull man or a bore at a prolonged and magnificent dinner; to stand in a brilliant drawing-room and twaddle or gossip with other men, or to waltz with them to ravishing music; to drive, richly dressed, in a fine carriage among other richly dressed people in other fine carriages; to make a series of calls upon people whom you hope not to find at home—this is, to most women at least, the substance of "society." To the spectator it is very much what the dancing was to Iwakura; and if you had told some Iwakura who went with you into "society" that women would lie and steal and cheat and fawn and sneak and disgrace themselves and their children in order to wear those clothes and talk that twaddle and drive in those carriages and make those calls, you would merely have told him what was true in Rome and Paris and London, and is true now in New York and Washington. Juvenal and the satirists have always laughed at it. The dramatists and novelists have always described and denounced it. The pulpit has thundered to the top-knots to come down. But the top-knots have only towered more superbly and disdainfully than ever, and Bottom still lures Titania to his arms by the promise of a diamond and a carriage.

This passion is so consuming that it not only ruins character, but it can disgrace a nation. We have recently seen a humiliating illustration of this ghastly truth. How easily it might have been somebody else who furnished the illustration! How easily, for instance, the Easy Chair and its moralizing readers might have been the awful example! The power of that tyranny—call it what we will—to which the unhappy Secretary and his wife yielded may seem absurdly contemptible, but experience certainly shows it every where to be most formidable. To "get into society" is the great aim and endeavor of innumerable persons. Men defile their souls to secure a political position which will compel "social recognition," that is, an opportunity to twaddle and gossip in fine clothes and in beautiful houses. Charles Lamb says that he toiled to learn to smoke as

some men toil after virtue. But does any body toil after virtue with the total devotion of those who struggle for "society?" Ridicule helps to temper the fever, but it can not destroy it. If you sneer, the toiling aspirant retorts by asking, what is a medal, a decoration, a cross, but a bit of metal or ribbon? Yet men become heroes to secure them. Nelson goes into deadly battle exclaiming, "A peerage or Westminster Abbey!" It is not the ribbon he wants, nor the coronet, but that of which they are the signs. And the aspirant makes the same plea for his endeavor. He wishes to be recognized as one of the "best."

This frenzy has peculiar dangers for us in this country, arising from our political system. Where there is a titled nobility, a respect of primogeniture, and consequently a familiar and well-defined lineage, a superior social class, an aristocracy of blood, is possible of which there can be no question. There is no doubt in England what are the "best" families and the best society. They are not necessarily titled, but they have "the claims of long descent." Their ancestors did not sell cheese yesterday, although virtuous and honorable persons do vend that commodity. They may be poor, also, and unable to wear splendid dresses or to keep a carriage. But for all that, the wearers of the most gorgeous raiment and the occupants of the stateliest chariots bow before them, and would give the price of many dresses and chariots for an invitation to their circle. In a country with a court and nobility and distinct recorded lineage, fine society is definite and visible. But wealth has been always an element of rank, for titles were not barren. They were attended with estates and revenues. The things that money could buy have become, therefore, naturally the insignia of fine society. Palaces, plate, gems, pictures, equipages, visible magnificence, have accompanied rank. High political position has also been accorded to it. The nobles were rich, they were at the head of society, and they filled the great offices of state by the appointment of those whose power did not depend upon the popular will.

These are conditions that do not exist in this country. There is no rank, no lineage, in the aristocratic sense, no primogeniture, or hereditary social or political advantage, no power of appointment separate from the popular will, no monopoly by any class of high political offices. When the government was formed, the re-adjustment of social etiquette was difficult. The faint and vanishing shadow of regal prestige was sought for the Chief Magistrate, and the first President received with a stately ceremony that has disappeared. Jefferson thought it his duty to abolish social distinction and ceremony as much as possible, and Jackson succeeded in doing it. The Senate itself did not disdain to deliberate upon the momentous question of social precedence, and it is recorded upon the journals that the Senators decided not to call first upon any personages except foreign ministers. But it is obvious that the only element of a distinctive fine society which is common to us with other countries is money; and unfortunately that which is merely accessory and subordinate elsewhere, became primary here. High official position, intrinsic charm, education, ability, refinement, have not of themselves constituted or maintained what is called standing in society. The temptation to obtain money has therefore become most powerful; and under a system in which official patronage is enormous, the greed of money to gratify the passion of society and display has been often overpowering. Sale of offices under some form, as of political and personal support or of money for influence, has been long practiced. Stripped of phrases, the practice is simple corruption, and radical demoralization of character necessarily follows. A distinction is sometimes attempted between political and personal dishonesty, and there is some appearance of reason in it. It is asserted that a man will lie and cheat and steal in politics, on the principle that "all is fair in politics and at the custom-house," who would not be false or venal upon other subjects and in other relations. But it is a dangerous distinction. For if a man will tell a lie for one purpose, he is not too good to tell it for another, under sufficient temptation. There is no need of casuistry. A man who will sell an office illicitly will sell any other commodity in the same way. If, indeed, public opinion condones the sale of office and not of something else, it is merely the fear of consequences, and not moral principle, which restrains him.

Of course moderation in "society" is more difficult in this country than elsewhere, for the reason that education, character, and refinement have no support in rank. A duchess may dress simply, live economically, and entertain plainly. She is always a duchess, and in the best society, and to cross her threshold is to be admitted to it. But a lady who is not a duchess, who has only the vague tradition of "good family" upon her side, must be a very exceptional person if without money she maintains any kind of corresponding position. In Washington, for instance, a high officer of state who should live upon his salary, and hope to save something from it against the evil day of his removal, would find it very difficult to maintain in a boarding-house, and without a carriage and without entertainments, the social standing which an ambitious, clever, and daring wife might require. Yet by his position she would be necessarily exposed to the splendid rivalry of luxury and profusion of every kind, and if she sold her influence, it would be that she might shine and conquer by magnificence. Such a woman—we read of them in novels, and smile at the bold invention of the author—would carry her gay audacity to the very moment of disgraceful exposure and ruin. In her house, superbly furnished with fraud and richly decorated with corruption, she would stand supreme and queenly in a costly robe woven of lies and embroidered with bribes; careless, graceful, ready, smiling with free-flowing gossip; knowing, as she graciously bowed and chatted and greeted the bright guests of a moment, that the scene was all a hideous phantasmagoria of deceit, that the naked sword hung by a hair just above her stately head, and that at any moment the ghastly *mene, mene*, would glare upon her walls in the appalled eyes of her blithe company.

What is the moral of this sermon? The text, indeed, it is not necessary to announce. What is it but the old one that if we are to be saved from the swift dry-rot of corruption, the foul decadence of older states, one way to begin is individually and unitedly to discountenance extravagance. Intelligence, refinement, wit, shrewdness, cultiva-

tion, are still more lovely and desirable than vulgarity and display. They can "set a fashion" if they will. If they choose, they can make extravagance vulgar by confining it to those who can be nothing but extravagant. Mere riches can always rival riches, and the largest sum will triumph. The Easy Chair is not bound to furnish a manual of rules. The object is to be obtained only by tact and good sense. To discountenance extravagance is not to be parsimonious, squalid, mean, nor to renounce beauty and grace, music and flowers. The social power of money can not be readily reduced. But certainly one obvious method of doing it is that those who have money in plenty shall steadily discountenance its abuse. There was a legend in Barataria, before Sancho Panza's time, that a chief dignitary who was richer than his associates, and whose home was in every way attractive, asked his associates and especial friends to join him in a crusade of simplicity and economy. They gladly assented, and as their houses were the resort of the choicest company, it presently happened that ladies crusted with jewels became grotesque, and the wearers of costly clothes uncomfortable. The company was entertained with the tea and cake and lemonade and ices of Barataria, and it gradually became possible even for the chief people to live in society without lying or cheating or stealing to raise the necessary money. It was so pleasant, indeed, that Barataria gradually came to be called Arcadia. But a dervish from Bagdad, to whom the Easy Chair told the story, sighed as he twirled, and lamented that Barataria was fabulously far away, and Arcadia farther.

THERE is a gentleman who is sometimes so kind as to give the Easy Chair the benefit of his opinions upon matters and things in general, who lately asserted that the true law of life is to fight the devil with fire. The conversation had fallen either upon the conduct of the man who, being accused of a hole in his elbow, had retorted by the charge of a cast in his accuser's eye, or upon the other case of the youth who, upon being told that his grandfather was an infidel, replied that his antagonist's grandmother was a snuff-dipper. "There is no other way," insisted the friend of the Easy Chair. "I am a practical man if I am any thing, and I assure you, in these days when there is so much earthquake, the only way is to carry the war straight into Africa. Fight the devil with fire. If a fellow says that your clothes are not clean, tell him his face is dirty; that will shut him up. Fire burns the Old Scratch as well as the rest of us. I squint, do I? Well, your wife is a dowdy. How do you like that? No, no, my dear Easy Chair, you are a well-meaning, harmless, softish piece of furniture. But 'twill never do. In this world we must be practical. I wish men were angels, but they are not. They are devils rather; and I say, as a practical man, we must fight the devil with fire."

The Easy Chair has met a great many other gentlemen who pride themselves vociferously upon being practical men, and the chief proof seems to be that they have a profound contempt for human nature. The acumen of the practical man is constantly turned to discover the mean motive that he is sure underlies every action, however generous it may seem. The practical lexicographer, Dr. Johnson, defined patriotism as the last refuge of a scoundrel. And that seems to be the view very generally entertained of other good professions. They are professions merely. The practical man is persuaded that every body has his price. Milksops and visionaries may imagine that there are such things as disinterestedness, but I know, Sir, as a practical man, that it is all moonshine. He concedes that a man may be kind to his family, but beyond that he feels sure of some personal end. "What's he after?" he asks, as confidently as the Turkish cadi asked, "Who is she?"

This kind of cynicism is of very easy growth, and it is a fashion among certain youth. Enthusiasm, faith, generosity of feeling, are condemned by them as "young." Doubt, indifference, and causticity are their signs of worldly wisdom. But age has nothing finer than the bloom of boyhood, and its wisdom is truly wise only as it is touched by the ready faith of youth. "When you shall say, As others do, so must I; I renounce, I am sorry for it, the dreams of my youth; I must let learning and romantic expectation go until a more convenient season—then dies the man in you, then perish the buds of art and poetry and science, as they have died already in a thousand, thousand men." There is no deeper wisdom than that, and he who disbelieves it is the only visionary and impracticable. Applied to politics, this theory, that the devil can be fought only with fire, produces and perpetuates the meanness and corruption of parties, and the half despair which settles like a cloud upon so many bright and noble minds, for it is merely a polite way of saying that the only way to deal with thieves and blackguards is to steal and lie as they do. But to fight the devil with fire is to undertake to dazzle Phœbus Apollo with your glance. It is trying to outrun the cat in the seven-league boots, or to outdrink Silenus. The devil is the master of fire, and to challenge him to a bout is to burn your fingers and your soul.

A mean opinion of other men soon debases him who holds it, and the habit of suspicion robs life of all its beauty. Charles Lamb said it was very likely that the man or woman to whom he gave a charitable penny was an impostor; but he would gladly give it when he could not detect the artifice, since he gave ten times as much for the pleasure of a conscious deceit. And who would not rather give the penny to one who does not need it than cultivate the suspicion which refuses it to one who does? The practical man, of the kind that we are discussing, sneers at knowledge, at culture, at the recorded lessons of experience, and supposes that wisdom to-day consists in despising what was proved yesterday. Yet it is a truth upon which the Easy Chair has more than once insisted, that while it is this scoffing, skeptical, loose, good-natured rascal who claims to be the really practical man, the world is lifted and advanced only by those whose counsels he rejects as those of fanatics and visionaries. The discoverers, the inventors, the reformers—those who enlarge knowledge and refine civilization and reclaim outcast men and women—those who make human life richer and the world nobler, and who bring heaven down, are not those who fight the devil with fire, and suspect human motives and despise human effort, but those who rely upon that central and eternal es-

sence in man which always and every where applauds the hero and reveres the saint.

Edgar was a youth of generous tastes and gently educated, who had many friends and more admirers. Active and vigorous and gay, his mind was open to all humane hopes and efforts, and his society was sparkling and exhilarating. But his brightness and facility and his many talents failed to give him money or fame, and at last he stood in the middle way of life with no fortune laid by, and the hard necessity of daily labor still urgent. Then came the tempter and carried him up into an exceeding high mountain. But the tempter had not hoof nor horns, nor did he emit fire as he breathed. The tempter was a smiling figure in a blue scarf and diamond pin, who showed him the kingdoms of the world, and told him that he might have them if he would; told him that he was a visionary, impracticable dreamer, who had not yet learned that men take each other at their own valuation; that if he did not look out for number one, certainly no one else would; that he could not make a silk purse out of a sow's ear; and that if he would successfully fight the devil, he must fight him with fire. The tempter departed, and Edgar said that it was true, that the world owed him a living, that he had very much more talent than most men, yet that he stood in the middle way of life without riches or success. "I will take men as they are," he cried. "They are mean, sordid, false; my scruples and refinements of virtue, and faith in generous motive and effort, are futile folly. Every man for himself, and the devil take the hindmost!" Edgar is old and rich. That is all. He has companions and houses and lands and equipages, and he has no more. The friends of his youth, his fresh confidence in all that is good and true, his heroic impulse, public esteem, private honor—these are all gone. He has fought the devil with fire, and the devil has burned up all that makes life worth having. Old and rich, he is a pauper in the treasures that defy moth and rust. He has fought the devil with fire, and his opponent has seared his soul. The Easy Chair told his story to the friend who had given his valuable opinion upon the secret of practical wisdom. It showed him that Edgar had the success of money, and had gained it upon the principle which the Easy Chair's friend had inculcated. Amazed, he shook his head as he heard the tale, and he said, slowly and solemnly, "After all, what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?"

A RECENT statement that a newly nominated minister to England did not play any game at cards reminded the Easy Chair of a little incident which it remembered to have heard related by one of the most accomplished of our foreign ministers—Edward Everett. Mr. Everett's accomplishments were different from those of an American minister who was once sent to the court of France, and of whom an admiring *attaché* remarked, with enthusiasm, that he could "smoke and chew perfectly at the same time." Presumptively the same gentleman could play an excellent game at whist. But this, as Mr. Everett said, was very much more than he could do. According to the story, Mr. Everett was to present his credentials to the Queen on the same day with the presentation of the Italian minister, and repaired at the proper hour, in the costume of ceremony, to the palace, where he found his Italian colleague, also officially and splendidly arrayed. The presentation took place in due form, and the ministers having been bidden to dinner, were informed by the Prime Minister that the Duchess of Kent, the Queen's mother, desired them to join her in a game at whist.

"I am sorry for either of you who may be my partner," said the Prime Minister, smiling, as he rose to lead the way to the Duchess, "for I know very little about the game."

As they passed along, Mr. Everett turned to his diplomatic companion, and said, with lofty urbanity, "I also must entreat your Excellency's forbearance if you should have the misfortune to be allotted to me as a partner, for I have very little practice in the game." The Italian Excellency bowed courteously, and gravely assured the American minister that the necessity of forbearance was mutual, for he also had very little acquaintance with the game. The Duchess received her guests with all ceremony, and having indicated who was to be her partner, the three dignified personages who were not very familiar with whist seated themselves, and the game was about to begin, when a lady of honor placed herself by the chair of the Duchess, who graciously remarked to her companions, "Your Excellencies will excuse me, but, to prevent embarrassment to you, I have requested this lady to prompt me, as, indeed, I am not very familiar with the game." The Excellencies bowed profoundly, and the ceremonial game of whist proceeded.

Se non è vero, è ben trovato. Mr. Everett had a keen sense of humor, and he said that in all his official life he had seen nothing more absurd than that game. He was an excellent story-teller, and the narrative lost nothing in the telling that Washington Irving was one of the amused listeners. The recent Congressional debate upon diplomatic appropriations revealed the fact that there is a great deal of this kind of dummy whist in diplomatic life, a great deal of playing at playing at cards, solemnly and in fine clothes. It is perhaps no serious disadvantage to an American minister that he is not an accomplished whist player, nor even an expert in simultaneous smoking and chewing. The Easy Chair has seen in other years an American minister driving through the streets of a great city, during a festival, with one leg hanging over the side of an open carriage, and a cigar protruding from his mouth at the familiar Bowery angle. Within the range of the same memory another American minister stood in the balcony of a hotel in the costume of the King of the Cannibal Islands, haranguing the wondering crowd in the street with the tearful pathos of Senator Dilworthy. Still another received two American ladies by appointment in his chamber at an inn in the morning, wearing his hat, and with a half-emptied bottle of whiskey standing upon the table. Expressive silence may muse the moral. But it is pertinent for the Easy Chair, which deals with the minor morals and manners, to suggest that they should always be reckoned as necessary parts of the outfit of every American minister, as, indeed, they conspicuously have been in the instance of Mr. Everett himself and some of his illustrious successors.

THE peculiar freedom of remarks about persons in the newspapers seldom leads in this coun-

try either to suits at law or lashes with a horse-whip. But a recent case in London was the occasion of some exceedingly vigorous remarks from Lord Chief Justice Cockburn. In this country, indeed, it seems to be regarded as an evil inseparable from a free press; and the most hurtful stories are wantonly told of the most innocent persons, or they are unjustly held up to unsparing ridicule, or dishonorable insinuations are likely to be invented and uttered in regard to every person whose name has any notoriety. This has become so universal that it is the most terrible penalty of public life. The appetite for slander and the expectation of it have become so great that the supply is maintained. A man has only to state in a conspicuous journal that "it is confidently asserted," or that "there are singular stories told," or that "important revelations are about to be made which will probably show," or, as the Easy Chair observes in a paper at this instant under its eye, "within forty-eight hours probably, and certainly as soon as the committee can get at it, a well-known gentleman of unimpeachable integrity will testify to a fact" which will disgrace somebody. And this assertion of what some unknown person will probably say if it can be made possible is wholly anonymous. Yet the dart is flown and the wound is made. "What people want to read about," said a master of newspaper gossip, "is other people."

This coarse and vulgar passion, of course, spares no relation of life, however intimate and sacred. Courtship, betrothal, marriage, the domestic circle, affairs in their nature the most remote from legitimate public interest or curiosity, are the subject of slander, ridicule, and falsehood. There is no other restraint than such as a common sentiment of decency imposes, and where that is not enforced, there is no limit whatever. Lies, indeed, can not finally destroy character. No; and mosquito bites are not fatal. But that undeniable fact does not enable a man to disregard them. "Gutter-snipes," or placards posted upon the curb-stone, may be mere slanders. But many a man would gladly pay a hundred dollars rather than walk down Broadway in the morning through several miles of the false assertion that he is a swindler. A patriotic citizen may well hesitate to accept a nomination to office, knowing that he will be pitilessly pelted with metaphorical mud of every kind. Yet he will probably observe that those who wantonly revile and ridicule him, and do not spare by innuendo those who are dearer to him than himself, are the most vociferous in denouncing the characters of public men, and demanding that men of high standing shall not hesitate to come forward and take part in affairs. Such men do not hesitate because of the affairs; but they hesitate to expose themselves and their families to a ceaseless volley of calumnies. It is the very journal that deplores the decadence of the character of public men which often most zealously promotes that decadence.

It is thus that the whole community is made to suffer from the passion for scandal and the fury of party spirit and mere personal hostility. A libel is, therefore, not a private matter only. It is not an offense which can properly be condoned by an apology merely and an assertion of want of malice. The law has a wise maxim that certain things may be "inferred." If a man discharges a loaded musket into a crowd, and another man is killed by the shot, the man who pulls the trigger is held for the homicide. For every person must be held to be responsible for the probable and logical consequences of his act. So if a man publishes a slander upon another, he is justly responsible for the legitimate result, and if part of that result be the deterring good men from serving the public, the public is aggrieved as well as the victim of the slander. This was the position taken by the Lord Chief Justice of England. A newspaper asserted that a certain man had cheated his brother-in-law of four hundred thousand pounds. The truth was that he had borrowed the sum, and had given ample security. When the case was called, the counsel of the newspaper begged that a complete retraction and apology should be accepted, and stated that the editor was deeply grieved, and had had and could have had no malicious motive in the publication. The counsel of the slandered person was ready to accept the apology and retraction, and to agree that the suit should be dropped.

But the Lord Chief Justice said that he was not satisfied. He might not be able to help it, but he was none the less sure that it ought not to be done. The libeler's counsel tried a little sparring with his Honor, but his Honor worsted him. When the counsel said that no malice could be inferred, his Honor replied that if you tear a man's character to pieces, it is nothing to say that you did it by mistake. The counsel added that no doubt the proprietor of the paper was legally liable— "And morally," interposed his Honor. But if, resumed the counsel, he has acted under an honest error, and then comes forward and offers an apology— "But not until a criminal information is hanging over his head," retorted his lordship. To which the counsel could only answer that doubtless his lordship's words would have the most beneficial effect upon the public mind, but that the parties to the suit meant to withdraw it. The Lord Chief Justice then said that the question was really not of vindication of character, but of public justice, and that when there was such a serious offense, it was doubtful whether a proposal for compromise should be entertained. The court should not be used as a convenience to adjust private differences and extort an apology, and henceforth it would be necessary to insist that a suit of flagitious libel should be prosecuted to the end before allowing proceedings to be instituted. The court is not a party to the present proceeding, said the Lord Chief Justice, but it has no power to prevent it. And "all we say is that the rule for a criminal information is discharged."

The clear and vigorous remarks of the Chief Justice are an indignant declaration of the great principle that a libel is a public injury as well as a private wrong. There is a not very difficult jest that if a man sues for defamation, and claims damages to the amount of twenty thousand dollars, he does not consider his character worth twenty-one thousand dollars. But the object is not to recompense the injured man only, but to preserve the public moral tone by making libel costly. If a free press should be supposed to mean free lying, the consequent demoralization of society would be appalling. Yet the remedy at law is not often sought, for obvious reasons,

although that remedy is valuable. The remedy of the horsewhip and pistol is reserved for extreme cases. But the true and final remedy is a higher sense of editorial honor.

An extraordinary story is told in a recent letter from England of a clergyman who supports his family upon a small salary and what he can earn by his violin-playing for strolling dramatic companies and other wandering bodies—circuses probably and menageries. This is a rural clergyman, of course; and how many of them there are in this country who would gladly do the same thing, with the same result, if only they could! More than once the Easy Chair has pleaded their cause, and been almost willing to behold a return of the days when the clergyman was king of his parish. The clerical has been always the educated guild. The satisfaction in seeing for how long a period the highest offices in England were in ecclesiastical hands is due to the fact that they were the educated hands. Something of the old social deference is paid to the clergyman, not because he is of a spiritual, but of a cultivated, hierarchy. In the village he is especially the scholar. He is, *ex officio*, often a member of the school committee, the leader of the lyceum and the debating club, the director of the library. He is at the call of every body for the most various purposes. Is it possible to think of the endless prosing and commonplace to which he must needs listen, the outpourings of bores, the flow of folly in every degree, when his studies or his rest or his pleasure demand him elsewhere, without the utmost sympathy? The one man in the village who should be most largely remunerated for hard and various work is the clergyman. But while men of other professions can earn immense sums for their professional services, the income of no clergyman is comparable to that of men of the same ability in other professions and pursuits. Dr. Hopkins, the famous divine whom Mrs. Stowe makes the hero of her *Minister's Wooing*, when he preached in Newport, after the Revolution, was supported by a weekly collection which amounted to about two hundred dollars a year, and he had the use of a small parsonage. One of the richest members of the society, and a "communicant," subscribed "ninepence," or twelve and a half cents, for every Sunday in the year, which, said the patient doctor, was much less than subscribing nothing, because it diminished the subscriptions of poorer men.

The English incident of the clergyman's eking out his support by playing a fiddle in the orchestra, and perhaps, upon occasion, for the dance, recalls the humiliating condition of the chaplain in old English country-houses, as it appears in Macaulay and the old novels. It was good fortune if he could marry the lady's-maid or worse. But there was never a time in our history when the clergyman held other than a respectable position. Often enough now it is a desperate struggle upon the slender pittance that he receives to maintain himself properly with those who are his natural associates. Often enough it is implied by brutal or merely dull men that he is a kind of pensioner upon the bounty of others. But no shoe-maker or carpenter or ditch-digger or lawyer or doctor or stock-broker or gold-gambler or merchant earns his money more legitimately or by sincerer toil of brain and body. As the factitious part of his position disappears, and he stands upon his real and not his perfunctory spiritual service in the world, the essential dignity of his calling is enhanced, and the donation party becomes only a well-meaning insult.

There are many remote villages in this country where the story of the fiddling English clergyman will be heard with amazement and a little contempt for a country that would compel any pastor to such a strait. Those quiet and comfortable little villages will probably thank God that they are not as other villages are, especially that particular English village. But it was not that spirit which the parable honors. It was he who prayed for mercy to him a sinner who is commended to our love and sympathy. If it be a shabby thing that an English village should compel a clergyman to fiddle for a living, is it a cause of praise that an American village should permit its clergyman to scrimp and squeeze to rub through the year, or be forced into debt, or even to deny himself and his family education and a score of comforts, for the lack of a few hundreds of dollars more of salary? As the American community regards that English sinner with lofty pity and contempt, what if the voice of truth should be crying at the same moment, Thou art the village!

Editor's Literary Record.

The Border-Lands of Insanity (G. P. Putnam's Sons) is a book of larger scope and greater importance than its title indicates. The author, Dr. Andrew Wynter, is of the opinion, shared by most medical men who have any especial familiarity with mental disease, that insanity is more common than most of us take it to be, and that not a few who are reputed only a little odd are, in fact, living so close to the border that a very slight impulse would, or at least might, suffice to send them over. He regards insanity as always of a physical nature, and generally due to "the absorption of some poison into the blood, or the starving of it of some of its nutritive constituents." He points out some of the early symptoms of mental disease; and this portion of his pages we do not recommend to those who have any tendency to intellectual hypochondria. The symptoms are at once so numerous and so slight that it requires some courage to read his account of them. They may all, however, be comprised in the general statement that any sudden and remarkable change in mental habits or condition is to be looked upon with suspicion, if not with alarm, an intense and profitable mental activity being quite as often a precursor of insanity as the condition of mental sluggishness, or even as incoherent and irregular action. Thus the portrait painter who required of his subject but one sitting of half an hour, during which time he impressed upon his mind so accurate a representation of the sitter that he was able to call him up and paint him from im-

agination, paid the penalty of his excessive intellectual activity by his eventual insanity. Our author attributes insanity very largely to the excessive use of stimulants, and this, again, especially in the case of women, to the lack of healthful intellectual employment and ambition. The most valuable chapter of his book, which is composed of disconnected but allied papers, is that on "Non-restraint in the Treatment of the Insane." His history of the radical amelioration in the treatment of the insane during the last half century will be a revelation as agreeable as it will be surprising to those who have not made this subject a study; his deductions as to the direction in which further reform is required will commend themselves certainly to all non-professional readers; and we are inclined to agree with him in his opinion that those who are not familiar with and wedded to the old methods are the best fitted to consider and adjudge what should be the new. No testimony to the power of kindness could be more marvelously eloquent than the simple story, quoted from Pinel, of the release, from bonds of forty years' duration, of the supposed hopelessly intractable English captain. The trenchant criticisms on the system pursued even to this day in the English county asylums are, we have good reason to believe, yet more applicable to those of this country, where, we fear, it will be some time before the Gheel system of Belgium comes into any general acceptance. The town of Gheel is devoted to the care of lunatics. They live in the cottages of the attendants, one, two, or sometimes three patients being boarded in a family. They share the common occupations of the town, and enjoy large liberty, and have the benefit of healthy employments, neither of which is practicable in the gregarious life of a great asylum. Dr. Wynter proposes to carry this system out still further, providing for the care of incurable patients, not in asylums, but in private houses, leaving them under the close supervision of medical authorities detailed for that purpose, and reserving only the few exceptional cases for the special care and treatment of the asylum, his fundamental postulate being the apparently common-sense position that "the true principle of cure for the curable and of support for the incurable is an association with healthy minds." We commend his unpretentious little volume very heartily to the study of such as have any special interest in, care for, or responsibility concerning the right management of the insane.

The first thought which occurs in taking up *A Glimpse at the Art of Japan*, by JAMES JACKSON JARVES (Hurd and Houghton), is the question whether Japan has any art, and from this question we find ourselves unable, in the reading, to get away. It evidently occurred to the author, for he devotes the first pages of his book to prove that he has a theme to talk about. He concedes that "by no charity of taste can we train ourselves to admire their effigies of cumbrously dressed men and women, with their narrow elongated eyes, noses, mouths, and chins, false eyebrows, hideous toilets of hair, ungraceful contours and movements, and deficiency of elevated sentiment in their features;" he concedes, too, that "architecture, in its noblest condition, is equally unknown in Japan;" in brief, that "painting, sculpture, and architecture, in their supreme significance—the *fine* arts, with the human soul and form as their fundamental motives, and human excellence or spiritual loveliness as their distinctive aims in expression—are not found in the æsthetic constitution of the Japanese." He nevertheless endeavors to prove that they have an art, which, in some passages, he seems to regard as superior to that of Europe; and in this we can not regard him as successful. Possibly his ingenious and somewhat metaphysical argument would have been more effective but for the curious fac-similes, produced by photo-lithography, of many of the plates and pictures belonging to the galleries of Japanese masters. These are very curious, very entertaining, full of a certain kind of life; but they are, with one or two exceptions, all in the nature of grotesques, and we look in vain for any approximation to noble sentiment—love, heroism, patience, sorrow; or any manifestation of divine ideals either in human life or in representations of nature. They are of a kind such as we might expect the pencil of a quick-witted and active-thoughted boy would produce, who had neither experience of life enough to comprehend its mysteries of passion, nor experience enough with the pencil to interpret them even if he knew them. Even such a picture as that of the "Demon of Gambling watching his Victims," one of the most effective in the book, is in the nature of a grotesque; and with the single exception of the "Bird and Foliage" (p. 74), there is nothing in form or grouping of the quieter pictures which suggests even a trace of sentiment in the artist. Mr. Jarves correctly regards art as an expression of national life, and consequently intimately associated with the national history and character, and thus from his text evolves a somewhat elaborate and certainly entertaining treatise on the religious philosophy and mythology, the literature and poetry, and the social life of Japan. In this aspect his book is both fresh and valuable, though to be read with caution, because evidently not written wholly without prejudice.

From Everglade to Cañon with the Second Dragoons, by THEODORE F. RODENBOUGH (D. Van Nostrand), traces in detail the history of a single regiment—the Second Cavalry—through experiences beginning with the Florida Indian wars in 1836, and ending with the Yellowstone expedition of 1870. It thus fills out, in the experience of a single body, the suggestive outline of the Comte de Paris in his history of our civil war; shows how the early Indian wars prepared for the more serious Mexican campaign, and how that, in turn, educated for the still more arduous and trying experiences of the civil war. It gives, in a diorama, the successive pictures of army life—both its warlike and its peaceful pursuits; and it contains, as we might expect, no small amount of genuine romance and adventure. It is very handsomely published, mechanically, and illustrated with a frontispiece of eight portraits, five chromo-lithographs in color, eleven wood-engravings, six pen-and-ink sketches, and two excellent war maps. A number of pens have contributed personal recollections; and the book is any thing but a dry or statistical record, made up of official reports, though the statistical and official element is not wanting.

There is somewhat the same difference between General Sherman's *Memoirs* and Chaplain VAN HORNE'S *History of the Army of the Cumberland* (Robert Clarke and Co.) that there is between the

brilliant, bold, but sometimes incautious Sherman and the sedate, solid, substantial, and safe Thomas. For these two handsome volumes are, in their substance, General Thomas's contribution to the history of the war. It was at his request that they were prepared. He placed in the author's hands his diary—a very full one—and all his private letters and papers, as well as all official documents pertinent to the history to be prepared; he was in frequent personal communication with the author; and he subsequently examined and approved portions of the narrative submitted to him. It is not in any sense called forth by General Sherman's work, nor does it form any part of the controversial literature to which that provocative biography gave rise. It was commenced in the summer of 1865, and was completed in manuscript in 1872—some time, therefore, prior to General Sherman's *Memoirs*. It presents, however, a different view of the same campaigns, though we have not undertaken to compare with any care the two accounts, for the purpose either of noting or reconciling the real or apparent discrepancies. As a history, it lacks that intense and positive personality which makes General Sherman's pages the most entertaining of war records; it is not pictorial in style; it does not offer criticism or commendation to any considerable extent on men or movements; it recites, and leaves judgment to the reader. But it describes the movements of armies with great clearness and with a singular freedom from prejudice or partisanship; and its colorless record renders it by so much the more trustworthy as it is the less romantic. Simple in style, sober in statement, devoid of sentiment or prejudice, carefully abstemious in rhetoric, it will commend itself to the student of American history by the conscientious investigation with which the author has evidently prepared himself for his task, and by the self-restrained spirit in which he has performed it. A striking illustration of the spirit of the work is the supplemental volume, containing twenty-two admirable military maps, prepared under the direction of Edward Ruger, superintendent of the Topographical Engineer Office of the Department of the Cumberland. General Thomas's direction to Chaplain Van Horne was, "Write nothing but truth." He has evidently aimed to carry out faithfully this direction.

An interesting and valuable contribution to Centennial literature is the volume of *Familiar Letters of John Adams and his Wife, Abigail Adams, during the Revolution*, edited by CHARLES FRANCIS ADAMS (Hurd and Houghton). Newspapers have essentially modified, almost destroyed correspondence; the familiar letter no longer gives the news of the day, or even much comment thereon; and it is doubtful whether the last war could have produced such a photograph of life as this invaluable series of letters affords of the first one. There are many phases of experience revealed by such an interior view as this volume affords, which the elaborate descriptions of a Bancroft, or even the graceful pen of an Irving, do not disclose, which, indeed, can not be translated into the *oratio obliqua* of history, but must be read in the original tongue of sorrow and sympathy, or not read at all. The separations, the long delays in mails, the intolerable suspense, unknown in these days of steam and telegraph, the hard times, with impaired commerce and depreciated paper currency, are not more notable features than the single-hearted patriotism and the simplicity of desire and of life, with the native dignity of character and integrity of purpose and steadfastness of will in both husband and wife, which make this volume peculiarly invigorating as a political and moral tonic in these days of social luxury, personal effeminacy, and political corruption.

Such a little book as MR. D. L. MOODY'S *How to study the Bible* (A. D. F. Randolph and Co.) is liable to be quite lost sight of by the critic from its diminutive size; it is only a pamphlet of twenty-eight pages. Yet the critic will certainly do neither himself nor his theme justice if he allows it to pass unheeded merely for this reason. The Bible is the most abused book of modern times; it suffers more from its friends than from its foes; and a fetich reading of it, as sensible and as efficacious as the repetitious charms of an ancient Ephesian necromancer or a modern African savage, so often takes the place of an intelligent and capable study, that it is a source of no small satisfaction to find so very orthodox a preacher as Mr. Moody inveighing against it in terms so vigorous. The main thought of the book, which is in genesis and form a sermon, is that the Bible should be studied topically. Considering that it is not a book at all, but a library made up of sixty-six volumes by forty or fifty different authors, it ought not to require a genius to discover that this is the only true way to study it; but the idea, simple as it is, will be a novelty to a great many persons who imagine that they are quite familiar with the Bible, and we commend them, by all means, to get this little book, and see just how Mr. Moody counsels them to do this studying. The only fault we have to find is that he barely suggests the method; a much more detailed and elaborate description would have been serviceable to most Bible readers.

The second volume of John and the books of Philippians and Colossians constitute the last two volumes of *Meyer's Commentary on the New Testament* (Scribner, Welford, and Armstrong). For the critical study of the New Testament, especially of Paul's epistles, there is no so good a critical apparatus as *Meyer*, because none at once so thorough and so impartial. His interpretation of the Pauline epistles is more satisfactory than his reading of the gospels, for far more the right comprehension of them depends upon critical acumen and the study and interpretation of words, and far less on that spiritual sight which discerns the meaning of passages as a whole, and interprets words and phrases by paragraphs and chapters. Mr. Moore's translation of the commentary on Philippians and Colossians is more satisfactory in execution than that of some of the previous volumes has been.

The second volume of *Johnson's New Universal Cyclopedia* (A. J. Johnson and Son) carries the work about half through the letter L. It has grown on the editors, as it has progressed, from three to four volumes. We are glad that they have yielded to the pressure put upon them by the demands of the field in which they have entered. By doing so they bid fair to produce a work which will take the front rank among American cyclopedias, for which purpose some enlargement of the original design was indispensable. We recommend the purchasers to enlarge it still further by dividing each of these too pon-

derous volumes, and allowing the binder, at a slight increase of cost, to make eight volumes out of four. This will obviate what is now by far the most obvious fault in the work—the unmanageable bulk of its several volumes. In science and art this cyclopedia is notably full, and its numerous illustrations are a valuable addition, especially in this department. There are few or none inserted for mere ornament. In a few articles there is a singular failure to bring history down to the present time. Thus the article France ends with the advent to power of the first Napoleon, and though that on the Franco-German war supplements it, bringing down the record to March, 1871, no information appears to be given any where in the volume respecting later endeavors, now finally successful, to organize a permanent republican government. But in the main the work is fresh, full, and apparently, at least so far as our examination has gone, trustworthy.

The Life and Letters of Lord Macaulay, by his nephew, G. Otto Trevelyan (Harper and Brothers), is undoubtedly to be the standard and authoritative biography of the great historian. The author has had afforded him every facility for his work; and while he has an unconcealed admiration for the subject, as the biographer always ought to have, he fully redeems, by the general spirit of his writing, the promise of his introduction—"I will suppress no trait in his disposition or incident in his career which might provoke blame or question." Lord Macaulay's reputation as an author has dimmed his glory as a statesman, and there are many tolerably well-informed American readers to whom the chapters in his political history opened to them by this volume will be almost if not quite new. It leaves Mr. Macaulay just returning from his four years' service in India (1838); a second volume will complete the work.

The third volume of the "Douglass Series of Christian Greek and Latin Writers" is *The Select Works of Tertullian* (Harper and Brothers). We have already had occasion to recommend very cordially this series, both in its conception and in the manner in which it is executed by Professor March. Tertullian was "the Puritan of the primitive church—a stern, austere, severe moralist, a zealous guardian and defender of the church against the prevalent laxity of morals and heresies of the age." His works are not merely nor mainly important in an ecclesiastical point of view. Indeed, the theological controversies in which he took so important a part have long since ceased to vex the church or the world; but those truths to which he bore such earnest witness, that are the common heritage of all branches of the Christian church, are as new to-day as they were when he wrote, and the vigor of his thought and style has lost nothing by the lapse of time, and suffers nothing by comparison with modern writers. Moreover, his writings give the student a familiarity with the intellectual and religious life of the first centuries such as no mere study of history can do. We can not read, in this volume, the essay "Ad Martyres" without a new appreciation of the spirit of self-sacrifice in those ancient saints, nor "Apologeticus" without a new sense of the vital power in Christianity which gave it the victory over such a combined hostility as threatened it in its cradle, nor "De Spectaculis" without a new and clearer conception of the advance in moral life which the world has made under the tuition of Christianity since the days of the Colosseum.

Halves, by James Payn (Harper and Brothers), is decidedly original in plot. Two brothers starting out in life agree, whenever they meet again, to share equally whatever fortune they may have acquired. Alec returns, after an absence of thirty years, possessed of a fortune, to find his brother married to an unprincipled and selfish wife, who, believing him to be poor, turns him from her house, to which, on the discovery of her mistake, she is only too glad to receive him back again, but not till he has declared that none of his brother's family shall ever have part or lot in his fortune. The rest of the story is composed of the plots of this woman, unlike in her fiend-like nature any woman outside the melodrama. She endeavors to compass the death of her husband's ward; she incites her son to personate the brother after his death, that she may receive the annuity payments; she drags her weak husband into her own wickedness; and finally she escapes the just recompense of her crimes by suicide. It is a tale of improbable iniquity, scarcely relieved by the lighter threads of love that are woven into the dark background of tragedy; but it is wrought out with a skill that demands the attention of the reader at the outset and retains it to the end.—*The Curate in Charge*, by Mrs. Oliphant (Harper and Brothers), is written, apparently, for the purpose of putting in strong relief the evils incident to the present administration of the Established Church in England. Its moral significance makes it better for English than for American readers. It is dark and sombre in its coloring, with not enough sunlight to afford adequate artistic contrasts. The American reader will, however, get from it a graphic and realistic picture of certain peculiar phases of English life and society.—We enjoyed *Mistress Judith;* we have enjoyed *Jonathan*, by the same author—C. C. Fraser-Tytler (H. Holt and Co.). It is a quiet tale of love and sin and sorrow; it deals mostly with very plain people, living plain lives, with little outward excitement or incident. The characteristic feature of the story is not in the charming sketches of nature, artistic as they are, nor in the well-conceived and well-drawn characters, no one of whom, however, lacks a definite individuality, but in the devout and genuine religious spirit, which in isolated sentences suggests rather than deduces the divine lessons that even the commonest life has to teach us, if we are but apt pupils.—*Pausanias, the Spartan* (Harper and Brothers), the last of the late Lord Lytton's romances, is interesting rather as a study in literature than intrinsically as a novel. The author left it half finished; his son, who edits it, gives in the preface the probable conclusion, but wisely does not attempt to fill out the outline of the story, which, like an unfinished piece of tapestry, is attractive rather as the fragment of a work by a master in romance than as a picture perfect or beautiful in itself.—Mrs. Amelia E. Barr is one of our most prolific newspaper writers, and in certain lines one of the most successful. *Romances and Realities* (J. B. Ford and Co.) is a collection of tales and essays, chiefly the former, most of which have appeared before in some newspaper or magazine. For leisure-hour reading it is decidedly above the average of such collections.

Editor's Scientific Record.

SUMMARY OF SCIENTIFIC PROGRESS.

Astronomy.—The 160th asteroid was discovered by Professor Peters on February 24. It is of the eleventh magnitude, and was first seen February 20. This is the twenty-third asteroid discovered by Dr. Peters.

One of the most important events of the month of February has been the mounting of the large reflecting telescope, of 46.8 inches aperture and 23.3 feet focus, at Paris. The instrument is to be used in the open air, its temporary covering-house being moved away during observations. The mounting is a modification of the English equatorial form, and all the motions are said to be easy and satisfactory. The mirror (of silvered glass) is of high optical perfection. The instrument, which is to be used as a Newtonian reflector, is in the immediate charge of M. Wolf, who intends to devote himself to astronomical spectroscopy and photography and to an investigation of the satellite systems.

Zenger, of Prague, announces that he has been able to photograph the solar corona on several occasions with an uneclipsed sun. If his results are confirmed, this success is of capital importance.

Several of the binary systems have lately received attention. Schiaparelli has investigated the orbit of *Gamma* Corona Australis with results which agree closely with observation. The period is 55.582 years, the semi-major axis being 2.400″. An ephemeris is given extending to 1882, and it is desirable that attention should be paid to this interesting couple.

Another binary which has been frequently observed and investigated is 70 Ophiuchi, the different orbits of which have never satisfactorily agreed with observation. Tisserand, of Toulouse (aided by Perrotin, of the same observatory), has exhaustively studied this system, and has arrived at elements which he shows may be corrected by further observations at suitable times, which he indicates. It is possible that the double star *Beta* Leporis (discovered by Burnham, of Chicago, in December, 1874) may prove to be a binary of short period, as observations by Burnham, Dembowski, and Hall show that the position angle has changed from about 270° in December, 1874, to 280° in February, 1876. In this connection we may refer to the extensive collection of double-star measures made by Wilson and Seabroke at Rugby, and Gledhill at Halifax, published in vol. xlii. of the Memoirs of the Royal Astronomical Society.

Weiss, of the Vienna Observatory, has investigated the orbit of the comet discovered by Coggia November 10, 1873. He concludes that there is scarcely a doubt but that this comet is identical with one discovered by Pons in 1818, and in this case the determination of the period of revolution becomes of importance. There are three possible periods, viz., of 55.82, 18.61, and 6.20 years; of these, the second is the least probable; and Dr. Weiss considers that of 6.20 years to be the most probable for the present, although his computations are not yet concluded.

A study of the nebula of Lyra has been published by Holden, in which most of the previous measures are compared with those made at Washington. These comparisons seem to show that some changes in the brightness of the interior star and of the bright patches in the ring itself may have occurred. We have seen advance proofs of a fine series of drawings of nebulæ and clusters made by Vogel, of Bothkamp, which will be published in the fourth volume of the publications of that observatory. Terby, of Louvain, continues his studies on the physical aspects of Mars. Plummer, of the Durham Observatory, publishes a list of stars which he has selected from those observed both at Armagh and Greenwich, which probably have large proper motion. Christie, of Greenwich, describes a new form of solar eye-piece which he has had constructed, and which he has found to be convenient. Martin, of Paris, gives the details of his present processes for silvering glass speculæ. Harkness, of Washington, has lately described the details of an ingenious application of the spherometer for determining the inequality of the pivots of transit instruments.

Ellery, of Melbourne, describes an adaptation of the parabolic pendulum of Huyghens to the regulation of the motion of chronographs (and possibly to the motion of equatorial telescopes), which has proved successful. The posthumous papers of the late Professor Rigaud, of Oxford, have been catalogued and presented to that university. They contain many autograph letters of scientific men; among them some of Bernouilli, Boscovich, Cassini, Euler, and others. Rigaud's life of Edmund Halley, which he left unfinished, is to be completed by Professor Pritchard, of Oxford. The gold medal of the Royal Astronomical Society is to be awarded to Leverrier for his researches on the theories of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. It will be remembered that in 1868 he received the gold medal for his researches on the interior planets of the system. We note the appointment of Professor J. J. Sylvester, of London, to be Professor of Mathematics at the Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore; and among the lectures announced for the first term are two courses—one on the History of Astronomy, by Professor S. Newcomb, United States Navy, and one on Geodesy, by Professor J. E. Hilgard, United States Coast Survey.

In the steady growth of *Meteorology* as an exact science no problems are more important than those that relate to the motions of the atmosphere, whether as a whole or in minuter detail. We therefore welcome every research into the laws of moving air, and among these some of the most interesting are those that relate to the motions of vortex rings. The remarkable mathematical investigations into this subject by Helmholtz and Sir William Thomson have been supplemented by careful experiments and observations by Professor R. S. Ball, of Dublin, who has sought to determine to what extent the motion of the vortex ring is retarded by the fact that air is not a perfect fluid. He finds that the ring is retarded as if it were acted upon by a force directly proportional to the velocity. The influence of temperature and barometric pressure is at present undetected.

The refractive and dispersive powers of numerous gases, among them the atmosphere and the aqueous vapors therein, have been carefully inves-

tigated by Lorenz, of Copenhagen. The comparison of his results with those deduced by astronomers such as Bessel, Gylden, Fuss, etc., shows a good agreement, and also the necessity of introducing a correction for moisture in the tables of astronomical refraction.

The radiometer, or instrument for measuring in units of force the strength of the radiation emitted from the sun or other body, has lately been applied by its inventor, Mr. Crookes, to the measurement of actinic effect, his previous researches having been confined to the heat and light rays. It seems probable that this simple instrument will afford a valuable substitute for the various apparatus that have hitherto been applied to the important meteorological question of the absorption of the sun's heat by the atmosphere.

At the annual meeting of the Meteorological Society of England, Mr. H. E. Eaton was elected president, to succeed Dr. Mann. The number of first-class observing stations has been considerably increased. The subject of solar radiation has been officially taken up by the society, which will undertake to carry on the work begun by Rev. F. W. Stow; but the society will adopt the comparison of the black with the bright bulb thermometers, both *in vacuo*, instead of comparing the black *in vacuo* with the maximum temperature of the air as recorded in the shade.

The applications to meteorology of mathematical and mechanical principles have of late years rapidly increased in number. Among the latest contributions of this kind we notice papers by Captain Ansart and by Lieutenant Antoine, published in the *Revue Maritime et Coloniale.*

A new form of siphon barometer has been proposed by Wild, of St. Petersburg, and introduced by him at the Russian meteorological stations. It consists essentially of two vertical tubes firmly inserted into the cover of the cistern; it is heavier and more costly than the ordinary Fortin barometer, as made by Green and others, but has some advantages as to accuracy.

An office for the study of maritime meteorology has been opened at the "Dépôt des Cartes et Plans," in Paris, and has been placed under the superintendence of M. C. Ploix.

M. Gautier communicates to the Physical Society of Geneva a second note on the meteorological observations made in Labrador by the Moravian missionaries. The observations available to him were made in the years 1867–74, and possibly surpass in value and accuracy those which we have, as he says, reason soon to hope to receive from Professor Abbe, of Washington, into whose hands fortunately there has fallen the long-lost original record of the observations made in Labrador from 1776 to 1784. M. Gautier gives a valuable list of dates of auroræ observed from 1869 to 1873.

The important tidal observations made by Dr. Bessels at Polaris Bay from November, 1871, to June, 1872, and the conclusions drawn by him as to the certain existence of an open polar sea, have been so frequently misunderstood that he has published in advance a short synopsis of the forth-coming chapter in his official report on the scientific results of the Hall expedition. The tidal waves from the Atlantic divide at Cape Farewell, whence they travel to the northeast and the northwest around Greenland, until they meet in Smith Sound.

In *Physics*, the activity of the month has not been great. Kimball has published the results of some experiments made by him to ascertain whether the co-efficient of sliding friction is constant at all velocities, as it is ordinarily stated to be, or whether it varies inversely as the velocity, as certain practical results seem to render probable. The figures given show: (1) that with a given inclination of the plane, the co-efficient of friction decreases as the velocity increases, rapidly at first, but more slowly afterward; (2) with the same velocity, the co-efficient of friction is greater the greater the inclination of the plane, within the limits of the experiments; (3) that the co-efficient of friction in each experiment tends toward a constant quantity; and (4) this constant seems to be the same in each experiment.

Wagner has made an investigation of the accuracy of the results obtained with the effusion apparatus of Schilling for determining the density of gases. Three perforated platinum plates were used, having holes of different sizes. With coal gas the density was 0.46 with the largest, 0.47 with the mean, and 0.48 with the smallest opening. Oxygen gave 1.21, 1.08, and 1.21 under these conditions, the true density being 1.10. Hydrogen gave 0.22, 0.20, and 0.23, its actual density being 0.069. Carbonic acid gave 1.51, 1.36, 1.36, instead of 1.52. For gases other than coal gas, therefore, the method is inaccurate. And even for this the variation from the actual density, as determined by the balance, was 0.03, a value of great importance so far as the illuminating power is concerned.

Crova has suggested a most excellent experiment for showing the relation of heat, electricity, and mechanical work to each other. The apparatus used is a Clamond thermo-battery, a Gramme magneto-electric machine, and a coil of platinum wire inclosed in a glass globe. 1st, if the wire coil be attached to the battery alone, the heat from the gas flame, transformed into electricity by the battery, re-appears as heat in the external circuit. 2d, if the Gramme machine be put in the circuit in place of the coil, the electricity developed by the heat is transformed into mechanical work, and the machine acts as a motor. 3d, if both coil and machine are put in circuit, heat is produced in the coil, and work in the machine. But if now the machine be stopped, the incandescence of the wire is increased; as it gradually acquires velocity again, the glow of the wire is reduced. The expenditure of heat necessary to produce a given quantity of work is thus made evident to the eye. Finally, if the machine be turned by hand in the direction of its previous rotation, the incandescence of the wire diminishes, until finally a velocity is reached at which the wire no longer glows at all. But if the rotation be in the opposite direction, the incandescence increases until the wire fuses. The additional energy introduced appears as heat.

Ettinghausen has made an ingenious use of the stroboscopic method of Mach for the purpose of studying the uniformity of motion of rotating bodies. The rotations compared were obtained with an electro-magnetic motor with Helmholtz's regulator and an accurately constructed clock-work. The former of these gave the most uniform motion.

Witz has experimented successfully with the freezing mixture suggested by Pierre and Puchot,

i. e., a mixture of hydrochloric acid and snow. He finds, for example, that 250 grams of fine snow at zero mixed at once with 250 grams of hydrochloric acid (commercial) of sp. gr. 1.1823, at −1°, gives in the course of one minute a solution having a temperature of −37.5°. If the acid be cooled previously to −18°, the mixture produces a cold sufficient to freeze mercury very readily.

Page has described a simple form of gas regulator, which has the especial advantage that it is not affected by variations in the barometric pressure. It consists of a mercurial thermometer, the stem of which is open at the top. The gas is admitted through a fine tube which is placed within the thermometer tube, so that the rise of the mercury within this cuts off the supply of gas when the desired temperature is exceeded. This regulator kept a beaker of water for four or five hours within a range of 0.2° C., and kept the temperature of an incubator for six weeks within 0.5° C.

Gaumet has devised a new telemeter, or distance measurer, which is small enough to be carried in the pocket, and which gives the distances it measures to within one-fiftieth of their actual value. Even this may be exceeded by using an observing telescope. It is founded on doubly reflecting the object from two mirrors placed at 45° from each other, one of which is movable. By means of a base-line, and the angle formed by the lines drawn from the distant object to the extremities of the base-line, the distance may be calculated.

Salet has investigated anew the question of spectra of different orders. He combats the view of Schuster that nitrogen ceases to give the characteristic channeled spectrum after being heated with sodium, and shows, 1st, that the spectrum in question can be obtained from nitrogen heated in contact with sodium; 2d, that the disappearance of this spectrum in the experiment is due to the disappearance of the nitrogen itself, it being absorbed by the sodium under the influence of the electric discharge; and 3d, that the spectrum described by Schuster is really due to vapors of the alkali-metal.

Tresca has given the results of some experiments with the Gramme machine, made with great care to determine the economic value of this machine for the production of light. Two machines were employed, one of about six times the power of the other. The number of candle powers obtained from the first was 12,950; the consumption of power 7.68 horse-powers, or 1686 candles to the horse-power. From the second and smaller machine the light was equal to 2114 candles; and the power consumed was equal to 2.81 horse-powers, being 752 candles to the horse-power, thus showing the greater economy of the larger machine. The cost of the illumination by the larger machine was only one-hundredth of that of the same light when obtained with oil, and only one-fiftieth of that obtained with coal gas.

In *Chemistry*, Mills has published an important paper on "The First Principles of Chemistry," in which he places in a strong light the dynamic theory of chemistry in distinction from its statical theory now generally received.

Lodge has given an interesting discussion on nodes and loops in connection with chemical formulas, showing that the number of each may be easily calculated in any given case.

Ostwald has experimented to determine the effect of mass in the chemical action of water upon other bodies. He used a solution of bismuth chloride, to which various quantities of water were added, the amount being in all cases more than enough to produce the precipitate. These precipitates were analyzed, and the ratios of the chlorine and bismuth determined. From them a curve was constructed, which is hyperbolic along two-thirds, and straight for the other third of its length. Hence the author believes Berthollet's law is true, the action being proportional to the mass, the curve being due to external influences.

To the *Monthly Microscopical Journal* for January Dr. Joseph G. Richardson, of Philadelphia, contributes an article on the microscopic test for blood stains, in which he describes his improved method of procedure where the greatest possible economy or even parsimony of material is needful, and he states that from a single particle of blood, which certainly weighed less than one fifteen-thousandth, and probably less than one twenty-five-thousandth, of a grain, he has actually obtained three kinds of evidence, to wit, that of spectrum analysis, that of the microscope, and that of chemical reaction. He also states that his method is an improvement on the ordinary and facile application of spectrum analysis to blood stains, by which this important test is rendered at least one hundred times as delicate as it has hitherto been when employed according to the directions of the highest British or Continental authorities, thus enabling us to detect a recent blood spot on white muslin covering one ten-thousandth of a square inch, and forming a speck scarcely visible to the unassisted eye.

The analyses of the air and other experiments made by Pasteur for the purpose of investigating the doctrine of spontaneous generation have demonstrated that the germs of inferior organisms, micrococci, bacteria, etc., are every where present in the air. In a hospital the air contains a great number of these elements, and, in addition, certain special bodies, such as pus globules and spores of epiphytic parasites, which emanate from diseased organisms, and owing to their volatility after desiccation, are susceptible of hovering in the atmosphere. One square meter of the wall in the surgical ward of La Pitié having been washed, after neglect of two years, the liquid expressed from the sponge (about thirty grams) was examined immediately afterward. It was black, and showed micrococcus in large amount, bacteria, epithelial cells, pus globules, red globules, and irregular blackish masses and ovoid bodies of unknown nature. More recently Dr. Esbeth, of Zurich, has, says the *Medical Record*, found, by aid of the microscope, in the sweat from the face, axilla, breast, and thigh, enormous numbers of bacteria. They appear to have originated from minute bodies found upon the hairs in the mentioned regions, forming little nodules on them, and appearing as accumulations of micrococci.

Anthropology.—The fourth number of Vol. I., Memoirs of the Peabody Academy of Science, is devoted to a report upon the Fresh-water Shell Heaps of the St. Johns River, Florida. The work was in press when its author, Professor Jeffries Wyman, died. It has been carried on by

friends, especially by Professor F. W. Putnam. After a careful relation of localities, the author gives a minute description of each mound examined, and also of the remains of man and his works. The subject of cannibalism is thoroughly discussed.

The New York *Herald* of January 27 has a long illustrated letter describing the discoveries of idols, ornaments, etc., collected for the National Museum, in Middle Tennessee, by Dr. W. M. Clarke.

The Russian government is about to publish a photolithographic edition of the famous *Codex Babylonicus*. This codex contains all the later prophets in the original, and is distinguished from the ordinary Hebrew Bible by having the accents above instead of below the various readings.

A small pamphlet entitled *The Pipes of all Peoples* is reproduced from the Birmingham *Daily Post*, December 16, 1870, giving a graphic account of the magnificent collection of Mr. William Bragge, containing over 3000 specimens from all parts of the world.

Mr. George Smith has succeeded in obtaining permission from the Turkish government to renew his excavations at Nineveh, and ere this is doubtless on his way. He hopes to continue his researches until all the remaining fragments of Assur-bani-pal's library are recovered, which will enable him to complete the interesting set of legends upon which he has been engaged.

As a contribution to *Zoological* science, the Academy of Sciences has received from M. P. Fischer a paper on the hypsometric distribution of mollusca, that is, the altitudes at which they are found. It is a striking fact, says Galignani, that plants thrive on mountains with great regularity, each at a certain height. Every species has its peculiar habitat, and if the mountain exceeds 8000 feet or 9000 feet, vegetable life gradually disappears near the summit. The terrestrial mollusca, being unprovided with means of locomotion enjoyed by birds and insects, and being, moreover, dependent upon vegetable life for food, could not, our author thought, fail to be distributed in the same way as plants, and this supposition is confirmed by observation. Each species extends to an altitude the limits of which it does not overstep. M. Fischer has verified this in the Central Pyrenees as well as in the Alps, and divided the altitudes into five zones, comprised between 1500 feet and 7500 feet. Each zone is distinguished by the name of a species of *Helix*. Thus in the Pyrenees the first zone, ending at a height of 3000 feet, is called that of *Helix carthusiana;* the second, ending at 3600 feet, *Helix aspersa;* the third, terminating at 4500 feet, *Helix limbata;* the fourth, limited at 6000 feet, *Helix nemoralis;* and the fifth, ending at 7500 feet, *Helix carascalensis*. In the Alps, at the same altitudes, the names of the zones are respectively *Helix carthusiana*, *obvoluta*, *Fontenelli*, *sylvatica*, and *glacialis*. A few individual mollusks may, indeed, climb as high as 9000 feet, but they will stop at the limit of perpetual snow. Various genera of fluviatile mollusks do not ascend higher than 3000 feet—a circumstance of some importance to geologists, since it proves that in the quaternary beds the fossiliferous strata containing those genera, such as *Neritina*, etc., were deposited at small altitudes.

A snake-eating snake is noticed in the *American Naturalist*. Mr. Gabb recently brought one of these snakes (*Oxyrrhopus*) from Costa Rica, almost five feet long, which had swallowed nearly three feet of a large harmless snake about six feet in length. The head was partially digested, while three feet projected from the mouth of the *Oxyrrhopus* in a sound condition. Professor Cope suggests that its introduction into regions infested with venomous snakes, like the island of Martinique, would be followed by beneficial results.

In *Agricultural Science*, the most interesting subject we have to record is the report of the Transactions of the Section for Agricultural Chemistry of the German Association of Natural Philosophers and Physicians, whose forty-eighth annual meeting took place at Gratz, in Styria, in September of last year.

Dr. Fittbogen reported results of observations on the amounts of carbonic acid in the air at Dahme, in Prussia. The maximum during the year from September, 1874, to August, 1875, was 4.17, the minimum 2.70, volumes of carbonic acid in 10,000 volumes of air. The mean of 347 daily observations was 3.34. On the basis of former observations by Saussure and Boussingault, the average amount of carbonic acid in the air has been assumed to be 4 to 4.15 volumes in 10,000. But the later determinations by Henneberg, at Weende, who found an average of 3.2, and of Franz Schulze, in Rostock, who made 1600 determinations, with an average of 2.92 volumes in 10,000, unite with those of Fittbogen in indicating that the figures just mentioned are too high. The very low proportion of carbonic acid in the air at Rostock, however, may be due in part to the proximity to the Baltic Sea, by whose waters some of the carbonic acid of the air was doubtless absorbed.

Dr. Kellner, of the experiment station at Proskau, reported results of experiments on the influence of shearing, and of small doses of arsenic, upon the digestion of food by sheep. As has been already noticed in these columns, shearing was found to have no effect upon digestion. The better fattening of shorn sheep is thought by Kellner to be due to improved appetite. But the feeding of twenty milligrams (about one-eighth grain) of arsenious acid (white arsenic) per head daily increased both the digestion and the accumulation of flesh in slight degree.

It is well known that a large number of experiments have been made within the last few years in the German stations on the influence of potatoes and turnips upon the digestion of hay and other coarse foods with which they are fed. It has been found that concentrated foods which contain little albuminoids and considerable carbohydrates (starch, sugar, etc.) decrease the digestion of coarse foods, and that this is quite true of turnips, and still more true of potatoes. Dr. Wolff, of Hohenheim, gave the results of 109 different feeding trials with sheep, in which these results are fully confirmed.

Dr. Wolff reported some experiments upon the much-discussed subject of the influence of the fats and oils of food upon digestion. Four full-grown wethers were fed in each of several experiments with hay, to which were added in the individual trials concentrated foods, in some cases nearly free from oils, and in others containing more or less fatty or oily substance. Bean-meal, palm-oil cake, with varying quantities of oil, were

the substances employed. Wolff concludes from these experiments that the fat in nitrogenous foods causes no alteration in the digestibility of the albuminoids, unless, as is apt to be the case when an excess of oily substance is fed, a disturbance of the digestion is thereby brought about.

In *Engineering*, we may record the fact that a contract for the construction of the much-talked-of bridge over the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie has been awarded to the American Bridge Company. From the published details of the proposed structure we glean that the main river bridge will be composed of five spans of 525 feet each, from centre to centre of piers, each span having a clear width of 500 feet at water-line. The river spans and approaches are to be built for two tracks, with sidewalks and iron hand-rails throughout, and when completed the structure will be what is termed an under-grade or deck bridge. The total length of the bridge and its approaches, as designed, will be 4500 feet. The erection of the above-described structure, it is understood, will be a preliminary step to the opening of a new line of railroad between New York and Chicago, which, it is affirmed, will be but 921 miles in length, or fifty-nine miles shorter than the shortest existing route.

The accounts from the jetty works in course of construction at the mouth of the Mississippi continue to be most favorable. The results of the works so far constructed are beginning to appear on the bar itself, where some thirteen feet of water was reported some weeks ago; and the daily papers of a few days ago contained the statement that a schooner of thirteen feet draught had successfully made the passage over the bar.

The statistics of ship-building in the United States during the past year indicate somewhat of a falling off in this important industry as compared with previous years. The diminution, however, is principally confined to a class of vessels which do not figure very prominently in the ship-building industry proper, such as canal-boats and barges. The cause of the decrease in this special branch of the trade is to be ascribed mainly to the fact that the railroads are gradually absorbing the carrying business from the canals. The following figures may prove of interest as indicative of the work of the last year compared with that of the two preceding years:

Year.	Ships and Barks.	Brigs.	Schooners.	Sloops, Canal-Boats, and Barges.	Steamers.	Total.
1873	28	9	611	1221	402	2271
1874	71	22	655	995	404	2147
1875	114	22	502	340	340	1318

Our commercial marine at the close of 1875 comprised, according to the best sources of information at our disposal, a total of 32,285 vessels, representing a tonnage of 4,853,732, showing an increase of 53,080 tons over the total of 1874, of some 157,700 tons over 1873, and of 415,995 tons as compared with 1872.

The submarine cable between Sydney, Australia, and Wellington, New Zealand, has just been successfully laid, and is now open for business traffic. Every colony of Great Britain, it is affirmed, is now in telegraphic connection with the mother country.

The following is a summary of the prominent facts relating to the iron industry of the United States, as set forth in the Centennial edition of a work entitled *The Iron-Works of the United States*, just published by the authority of the American Iron and Steel Association:

Whole number of completed blast furnaces, January 1, 1876	713
Annual capacity of same, in net tons	5,439,230
Whole number of rolling-mills, January 1, 1876	332
Total annual capacity of same, in finished iron, net tons	4,189,760
Annual capacity of all-rail mills, in heavy rails, net tons	1,940,300
Number of Bessemer works (twenty-four converters), January 1, 1876	11
Annual capacity, net tons	500,000
Number of open-hearth steel-works, January 1, 1876	16
Annual capacity of same, in net tons	45,000
Number of crucible and other steel-works, January 1, 1876	39
Annual capacity of merchantable steel, net tons	108,250
Number of Catalan forges making blooms direct from ore, January 1, 1876	39
Annual capacity in blooms and billets, net tons	59,450
Number of bloomeries making blooms from pig-iron, January 1, 1876	59
Annual capacity in blooms, net tons	60,200

In *Technology*, we may record the fact that a new variety of bronze, containing manganese, is now being introduced by an English manufacturing firm. It is affirmed to be very valuable for all kinds of small work where gun-metal is now used, and to be capable of being forged like iron.

Dr. Vogel, of Berlin, gives an account of a curious novelty devised by a Paris physician, which may ultimately result in an altogether new and useful application of photography. It consists of a flame burning at an opening made in the head of a drum of some very elastic membrane. Any noise, as by speaking, singing, etc., sets the membrane in vibration, which vibration is communicated to the flame. If now a rotating mirror is placed behind the flame, and revolved at the proper rate of speed, a succession of intricate figures is thrown upon the wall or a screen, which figures vary according to the sounds emitted. It has been suggested that by employing a flame of high chemical intensity, the figures produced by it in the mirror might be photographically reproduced upon a properly prepared sensitive surface passed before the mirror at the proper rate of speed. Carrying the idea a little further—that is to say, should it be possible to interpret the images thus continuously produced—we will then be able to take down speeches, addresses, etc., photographically, instead of reporting them stenographically, as is now the custom.

MM. Trève and Durassier have made some interesting researches on the internal magnetism of magnets, and find that the magnetism, far from being confined to the surface, penetrates to the very centre of steel. Their experiments involved the solvent action of acids on bars of steel magnetized to saturation, and they conclude that either the magnetism, at first superficial, penetrates successively into the mass in proportion as the outer layers are dissolved away, or that the magnetism penetrates into the entire mass of a piece of homogeneous steel.

Dr. Barnard has addressed a memorial to Congress advocating the preparation of coins of metrical weight and uniform fineness ($\frac{9}{10}$), and the securing of legislation and treaty stipulations, whereby such coins shall become legal tender according to their weight.

Editor's Historical Record.

POLITICAL.

OUR Record is closed on the 21st of March.—In the United States Senate, February 29, the Military Academy Appropriation Bill was passed. The House bill appropriated $259,231; this amount was increased by over $40,000 in the Senate bill. The House refused to concur with the Senate amendments, and a committee of conference was appointed, March 20. A bill was introduced in the Senate, March 1, appropriating $3,200,000 for repairing and in part rebuilding the levees of the Mississippi River. In the House, March 8, the Legislative and Executive Appropriation Bill was reported; the sum appropriated was $12,799,883, being a reduction from last year of nearly $8,000,000. The appropriation for the Bureau of Education was reduced from $35,570 to $16,000.

Resolutions of impeachment against William W. Belknap, Secretary of War, were passed by the House, March 2, and the next day the Senate was notified of the appointment by the House of a committee to impeach him at the bar of the Senate. The ground of impeachment was the charge that General Belknap had profited by a post-tradership appointment. General Belknap had already resigned his position, and his resignation had been accepted by the President.

An important bill was passed by the House, March 1, recommending the people of the several States to assemble in their respective counties or towns on the approaching Centennial anniversary, and to cause to be delivered a historical sketch of the county or town from its formation, copies of which are to be filed in the County Clerk's office and in the Library of Congress, so that a complete record may thus be had of the progress of the republic.

The Senate, February 25, passed a bill amending the acts for refunding the national debt (July 14, 1870, and January 20, 1871), so as to increase the amount of bonds bearing four and a half per cent. interest to $500,000,000, and to make them payable after thirty (instead of fifteen) years.—A bill was introduced in the House, March 2, appropriating $163,000 to provide for engraving and printing United States notes, and directing the Secretary of the Treasury to issue silver coinage for the redemption of fractional currency.—The Senate, March 6, adopted a resolution requesting the Secretary of the Treasury to furnish information as to the annual product of gold and silver in the United States from 1845 to 1875; also the amount of gold and silver in other parts of the world for the same period, and an estimate of the gold and silver in the United States at the present time.—A bill to repeal the Resumption Act of last year failed in the House, March 20, the vote to suspend the rules and pass the bill standing 109 to 108.

The Senate passed a bill, March 7, authorizing the appointment of a commissioner to gather information concerning insects injurious to agriculture, in order to devise methods for their destruction.

The House passed the bill for the re-organization of the judiciary, February 21.

The Senate, March 10, passed a bill for the admission of New Mexico as a State.

The Senate, March 8, decided against Mr. Pinchback's admission to a seat in that body, 29 to 32.

The nomination of Judge Alphonso Taft, of Ohio, for Secretary of War was confirmed by the Senate, March 8. The President has nominated R. H. Dana, Jun., for Minister to England, to succeed General Schenck, resigned.

The Republican State Convention of Indiana, February 22, nominated Godlove S. Orth for Governor, and proposed Senator Morton for the Presidency.—The same day the Republicans of Iowa advocated specie resumption, and suggested Mr. Blaine for President.

The Connecticut Republican State Convention, February 29, nominated Henry C. Robinson for Governor.

The New Hampshire State election, March 14, resulted in the election of Mr. Cheney, the Republican candidate for Governor, by a plurality over Mr. Marcy of 3693, and a majority over all of 3273.

The French ministry has been definitively constituted as follows: M. Dufaure, Vice-President of the Council and Minister of Justice; M. Ricard, Minister of the Interior; M. Waddington, Minister of Public Instruction and Worship; M. Christophle, Minister of Public Works; M. Teisserene de Bort, Minister of Agriculture and Commerce; Admiral Fourichon, Minister of the Marine; M. Léon Say, Minister of Finance; General De Cissey, Minister of War; the Duc Decazes, Minister of Foreign Affairs. All the members of the new cabinet belong to the Left Centre.

The French Senate, on the 13th March, elected the Duc d'Audiffret-Pasquier as President, and MM. Martel, Duclerc, and Kerdrel, and General Ladmirault Vice-Presidents. M. Grévy was elected President of the Chamber.

The civil war in Spain is concluded, Don Carlos having fled to France.

DISASTERS.

February 23.—A sleeping-car was thrown from the track on the Harlem Railroad Extension. The car was burned, and Mr. Bissel, of the Sherman House, Chicago, and his son perished in the flames.

March 6.—A freight train, with a passenger-car attached, fell through a bridge on the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, and eleven persons were killed.

March 7.—The Home for the Aged, in East Brooklyn, New York, was partly consumed by fire. Eighteen old men were burned to death.

March 12.—The British ship *Eumenides*, from Port Royal for Greenock, capsized at sea. The captain and twelve others were lost.

OBITUARY.

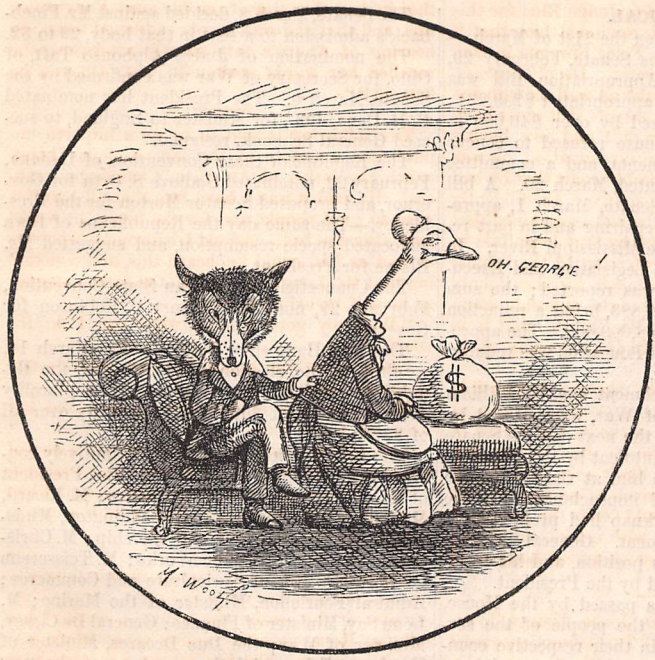
February 28.—In New York city, Charles Edward Horsley, a distinguished musical composer, aged fifty-one years.

February 23.—In France, Ambroise Firmin Didot, the noted publisher.

February 24.—At Monrovia, ex-President Roberts, of Liberia.

March 1.—In England, Lady Augusta Stanley, wife of Dean Stanley. Buried in Westminster Abbey.

Editor's Drawer.



FOX AND GOOSE.

IN a recent number of the *Bibliotheca Sacra* is an entertaining and instructive article on "Misquotation of Scripture," in which are given several instances where men distinguished not only in theology, but in public life, have made absurd blunders in quoting, as from the Bible, passages that are not to be found in the Sacred Volume. For instance:

The late Governor Wise, of Virginia, in a letter to Hon. David Hubbard, said, "The Reubens have tried to sell me into Egypt for my dreaming." Unfortunately for the Governor, Reuben was the only one in the company of treacherous brethren who did not wish to sell Joseph into Egypt.

An eminent lawyer of Maine, in an argument at a session of the Supreme Court in Saco, wishing to emphasize the fact that deeds, not words, show a person's *animus* in any given transaction, cited to the jury the case of the prodigal, whose father divided his property between his two sons, and said, "Go, work to-day in my vineyard." One of them said, "I go," but didn't; the other refused, and afterward repented and went.

An unfounded notion has been wide-spread that the forbidden fruit in Paradise was the apple (Genesis, ii. 16, 17; iii. 1, 6). Hence we have *Adam's apple*, a designation, both popular and scientific, of a projecting cartilage in the human neck, and especially the male neck, as if the prohibited morsel stuck there in the throat of our first parents. In anatomy this protuberance is known as *pomum Adami*, "so called," says Cooper's *Medical Dictionary*, "in consequence of a whimsical supposition that part of the forbidden *apple* which Adam ate stuck in the throat, and thus became the cause." So, too, in the line, "Mala mali malo mala contulit omnia mundo," exhibiting a play on the words *mala*, "a cheek," *malum*, "an apple," *malus*, "bad," and *malum*, "evil." "The cheek of an *apple* brought all misfortunes to the wretched world."

An instance is mentioned of a man, whose recollections, especially after a public dinner, were apt to be somewhat confused, who, on being asked for a toast at a political gathering, gave the following: "Members of the Hartford Convention: may they all hang by the hair of the head, as did Saul of Tarsus!"

Dr. Olinthus Gregory, in editing Robert Hall's celebrated sermon on modern infidelity, gives the following prefatory note. It should be stated that Dr. Gregory acted as Mr. Hall's amanuensis in writing out the discourse, which had not been committed to paper before delivery. "After the apostrophe, 'Eternal God, on what are Thine enemies intent! what are those enterprises of guilt and horror that, for the safety of their performers, require to be enveloped in a darkness which the eye of Heaven must not *penetrate!*' he asked, 'Did I say *penetrate*, Sir, when I preached it?' 'Yes.' 'Do you think, Sir, I may venture to alter it? For no man who considered the force of the English language would use a word of three syllables there but from absolute necessity.' 'You are doubtless at liberty to alter it if you think well.' 'Then be so good, Sir, as to take your pencil, and for *penetrate* put *pierce:* pierce is the word, Sir, and the only word to be used there.'"

"Know thyself" is one of the most valuable utterances of the old gnomic philosophy, and it is worthy to be written in letters of gold over the temple door at Delphi, but does not happen to be found, as some have supposed, in either the Old or New Testament. Something more than a dozen years ago, Mr. Lamar, member of Congress from Mississippi, replying to Mr. Clark, of New York, said, in the House of Representatives, "I would commend to my friend from New York that passage of the Bible, 'Know thyself.'"

The Hon. Nathan Clifford (now a justice of the United States Supreme Court) was engaged, some years since, as counsel on a murder trial at Lewiston, Maine. In the course of an argument which he offered, Mr. Clifford, in order to clinch an improbable hypothesis of his invention, remarked, with great solemnity and great emphasis, "Secret things belong to God." "At this point," says the

Biddeford *Journal*, "the learned counsel laid down his brief, took off his spectacles, and, thrusting his hands into his pockets, observed to the court that he was indebted to Judge Rice for this thought, who, at the trial, reminded him that it was the language of Hon. Peleg Sprague in concluding his argument for Sager. Deeply impressed with its forcible language as well as with the originality of the idea, he suspected it must have been borrowed by Mr. Sprague; and now, having devoted some time to the investigation, he was happy to state to the honorable court that he had traced the quotation to its source. By diligently searching the authorities, he had ascertained that the language was first used by 'my lord Hale in his pleas of the Crown,' referring to the volume and page. This was too much for the County Attorney, Mr. Goddard, one of the opposing counsel, who interposed: 'Oh, Mr. Clifford, that is in the Bible; you will find it in Deuteronomy, chapter xxix., verse 29.'"

The pulpit is in a great measure responsible for the loose and sometimes slovenly treatment of sacred language. Out of the 31,173 verses of the Bible, there are not more than one in five that a sermonizer will be likely ever to have occasion to use. Is it too much to require of him that in citing these he should verify the passage? Otherwise, why not admit, with quaint old Thomas Fuller, "Lord, I discover an arrant laziness in my soul."

A FRIEND in Monticello, Jones County, Iowa, contributes the following: "This being Centennial year, I thought to contribute to the Drawer a little incident of the 'lang syne' of New York, intended for a joke, though a very tragic one. Just above the terminus of Twenty-eighth Street, forty years ago, was Kipp's Point, on the East River, in the rear of which ran Cornwallis's trenches, in which, as a boy, I fished many a year. Fronting this creek stood the old stone Kipp mansion, possibly built by Jacobus Kipp, of Irving's 'Knickerbocker.' On the gable end of this house was a face carved in stone, and underneath it the iron figures, 1679. When the British held New York, Major André was a frequent visitor to this Kipp mansion, and on very intimate and friendly terms with the family, especially with a young lady, Miss Polly Kipp. When about to leave for West Point, he called to bid good-by, and on parting with Polly, shook hands, exclaiming, 'Come now, Polly, we are old friends; kiss me good-by.' She, in a half-joking way, repulsed him, exclaiming, 'Oh, you be hanged!' and he left. In 1837 one of the sons of the Kipp family (about twenty-six years old) told me that he had this story from his aunt Polly's own lips, and that she was deeply saddened when, on hearing of André's fate shortly afterward, she recalled her words spoken in jest, 'Oh, you be hanged!'"

THE following is sent to us as a hitherto unpublished anecdote of the late Nicholas Longworth, the father of American Champagne makers. He said it was a hard fate that all luxuries went to good people, and for the future he would look after the bad. An old Irishwoman, who was as bad as bad could be, heard this, and concluding that Mr. Longworth was in the same category as herself, called upon him.

"Well, my good woman, what can I do for you?"

"But, plaise yer honor, I'm like yerself—one of the bad sort."

Mr. Longworth smiled, and again asked her what she would have.

"Would yer honor be after givin' me a sup of whiskey?" Having swallowed it, she exclaimed, "Och! I bless and thank yer honor, and when ye rache the wicked place, may I be the one to give ye the cup of cowld water!"

LETTIE was our "help" last summer in the country—a good girl, but not very bright. In the busiest part of the season she went "a-visiting" her folks at Hope, notwithstanding an epidemic was prevalent there. On her return we asked how she enjoyed herself. She replied: "Never had such a nice time—never! Why, we had a funer-

STRATEGY.

al every day, and sometimes two. Hardly had time to eat and wash dishes!"

On another occasion some city friends were visiting us. One of the ladies remained in the dining-room when Lettie sat down to her tea. Lettie commenced with sponge-cake, followed with pound-cake, and had nearly finished the fruit cake when the lady left. No sooner was she gone than Lettie exclaimed:

"Well, I never was so glad to see any one's back."

"Why, Lettie?"

"Because I'm jist *gouged* with cake."

"Why, then, didn't you eat something else?"

"Do you think," replied that child of nature, "that I would let them stuck-up city folks see me eat biscuit? Not much!"

A CORRESPONDENT, having seen in a previous number an allusion to "The Owl and the Pussy-Cat," one of Lear's Nonsense Songs, desires us to reprint the rhymes. As other readers may not have seen them, we comply with his request. "Jumblies," alluded to in the same connection, will also be found in Lear's book, which is published in this country by J. R. Osgood and Co.

THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

The owl and the pussy-cat went out to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and lots of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to his light guitar,
"O pussy, O pussy, O pussy, my love,
What a beautiful pussy you are, you are!—
What a beautiful pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the owl, "You elegant fowl,
How charmingly sweet you sing!
Come, let us be married—too long we have tarried;
But what shall we do for a ring?"
So they sailed away for a year and a day,
To the land where the bong-tree grows,
And there in the wood a piggy-wig stood,
With a ring in the end of his nose, his nose—
A ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will;"
So they took it away, and were married next day,
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined upon mince, and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the golden sand
They danced by the light of the moon, the moon—
They danced by the light of the moon.

A ROCHESTER correspondent, who had read in the Drawer Mark Twain's epitaph on the cook, is reminded of a conversation between himself and another gentleman on the Reformation, in which he (the correspondent) chanced to repeat Martin Luther's saying of himself, "I am a most *rare* man." The other man, with a twinkle in his eye, remarked, "I grant you Luther in his day was a most *rare* man, but, as a good Catholic, I suppose I am bound to maintain that by this time he is *well done*."

A MEMBER of that great and good body, the House of Representatives of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, sends us one.

In a little village in Maine formerly lived a man whom nothing could surprise. Whenever any thing unusual occurred, he always put on a wise look, and said, "Well, I've been expecting that; I knew it would happen." One evening, in the village grocery, a neighbor came in and said to him, "Mr. H——, did you know a whale was stuck under the bridge?" (The stream was so shallow that boys waded across.)

Our friend raised his eyebrows and answered, "Well, no, I didn't know he had got here, but I heard there was one a-coming."

WE wish to embalm, as it were, in the records of the Drawer two or three bright little things sent to the *Tribune* from London by "John Paul" Webb. They are about the Queen's stables, and her opening of Parliament.

LONDON, *February 7.*

When a distinguished friend asked me if I would not like to visit "the Royal Mews" with him, I at once sent my dress-coat to be pressed and a pair of white kids to be cleaned, and bought a new red neck-tie besides, thinking a call was meant on the Marquis of Lorne, who I knew had lately published a book of poems.

Judge of my surprise, then, when our cab brought up at the back-doors of Buckingham, and a groom showed us into the stables. Luckily I had an oat book in my pocket, or the occasion would have found me unequipped. Le Roi sa Mews. Recollection of a play of that name came into my mind, and though there were no kings running about the yard, a rein or two was to be seen inside the stables. This made it easy to trace the connection, as it were—to see why they spell stables so queerly. La reine s'amuse. Isn't that 'ere apparent—*aux yeux*, indeed?

Though not often in an admitting mood, I will admit, and without qualification, that the Queen's mews lay over any mewses that I have ever before seen, not even excepting the Third Avenue mew of my own native city. In number of horses the latter has the advantage, perhaps, but when it comes to quality, candor compels the admission that her Majesty leads. Nor on the score of number, either, are the royal mews to be sneezed at. Besides horses for her own use, the Queen has to keep a mount for equerries, exons, and other exigencies; so she has 160 in all....

"There's what we call a proper cob," said the groom, pointing to a good-looking horse. When I asked if they called the horse so because he held corn nicely, he said, "Not at all," and kindly went on to explain the various points which go to constitute propriety in a cob.

Now it is the afternoon of to-morrow—February 8—and we are just home from seeing the Royal Procession. (It was kind and thoughtful of her Majesty to thus open Parliament on Jonathan Edwards's birthday; else there would have been no fitting celebration of it)....

We did not follow her Majesty quite into the House of Lords. Nor was it necessary. To see that we were out evidently pleased the Queen, for she bowed and smiled as she passed. And at Westminster Palace the Usher of the Black Rod (a black-bass rod is meant, I suppose), the Lord Privy Seal (originator of the phrase, *Fiat justitia ruat Sealum*), and other high officials stood ready to receive her Majesty. It is questionable if we were missed even, and in the procession which escorted the Queen through the doors I could have done but little. The Sword of State would have been too heavy for me. I might have carried the Cap of Maintenance, perhaps, but I could put nothing in, unfortunately. I'm too poor for that; it is quite as much as I can do to maintain my own family, and sometimes I wish I had a nation to help me do that!

A CORRESPONDENT at South Pueblo, Colorado, sends the following:

A short time ago I attended one of the sessions of the Convention now framing a Constitution for the "Centennial State," Colorado. The question under debate was the formation of the Legislature. Several members desired to have the body very small, in order to save expense, and certainly laid themselves open to the charge of saving at the spigot and wasting at the bung. The debate had gone on for some time, Judge B——, somewhat tinctured with Grangerism, vigorously supporting the motion. After he had shown the terrible drain the "dear people" would

suffer by having a few more members, old Judge C——, from the mountains, slowly rose, and after disclaiming any intention of being personal, said: "Mr. Chairman, there are some people, Sir, so mean, so tenacious, that, Sir, they would squeeze the eagle on an old-fashioned ten-cent piece until the claws of the proud bird stuck through on to the other side, and involuntarily scratched the face of the Goddess of Liberty."

The proposed measure was lost.

It occurred in Bucyrus, Ohio.

A certain trader had sold to a dealer, in Crawford County, a barrel of oil. When it reached the railroad station the buyer declined to receive it, for the reason that the cask was defective and much of the oil had leaked out. A suit at law followed, the defense being as above indicated. The defendant, to make his case doubly sure, called the drayman to testify. In answer to a question from counsel, the noble carter replied, "I examined the barrel as a *speciality*, and found *it leaked unanimous*."

Verdict for def't.

Rev. Dr. W——, of Philadelphia, has a little daughter about ten years of age, who partakes largely of her father's humor and aptness of repartee. The other day the doctor overheard her in an adjoining room tell her mother that her lips were chapped. As soon as she made her appearance, her father said to her, jokingly, "What is this I hear, Miss Bell? *Chaps* on your lips! I am amazed. Pray, miss, what chap has been on *your* lips?"

Looking up archly, with eyes beaming with fun, she instantly replied, "*Jack Frost!*"

A friend of the Drawer, at Dayton, Ohio, sends us the following reminiscence:

In conversation with one of our venerable citizens the other day, whose title to being a pioneer none in this region will dispute, he related this incident in the life of the late C. L. Vallandigham. "Val" was, when quite a young man, a member of the Ohio Legislature, and ambitious to show off his accomplishments. One day he concluded one of his speeches with quite a lengthy Latin quotation. After he had taken his seat, a portly member from Miami sedately arose, arrested the attention of the Speaker, and proceeded to declaim a Wyandot Indian speech in the original tongue. At its conclusion he solemnly took his seat. All eyes were turned upon the member in wonder and amazement until he finished, then catching a glimpse of "Val" frowning and showing his teeth, a roar of laughter fairly shook the house. It is safe to say, after that "Val" wasted no more Latin quotations on that House.

We are afraid that even our friends of the clergy are not unappreciative of the value of a title properly bestowed. We are quite sure that in England much weight is attached to it, judging by the following anecdote, which has just come to us from abroad:

A certain rural dean said to his bishop that he thought it rather hard, as the dean was entitled to be styled "The Very Reverend," and the archdeacon "The Venerable," the rural dean—who had, as the bishop knew, very grave and responsible duties attaching to him—was merely "The Reverend." The prelate, reflecting for a moment with apparent seriousness, said he saw the grievance, but was at a loss for the remedy, unless styling the rural dean "The *Rather* Reverend" might meet the difficulty.

Speaking of church dignitaries, in that clever modern novel, *The Bachelor of the Albany*, the wines proper to be set before high clerical people are described at a dinner given by that beau ideal of an English clergyman, the Dean of Ormond:

"As to Dr. Bedford himself, his radiance, his benevolence, his amenity, his fullness and fatness, are only to be illustrated by supposing that, by some marvelous alchemy, the spirit of good humor had been distilled, concentrated, and incorporated into a folio body of divinity. The dean had brought forth from his cellar, for the occasion, his oldest and finest wines: his *very reverend port*, his *right reverend claret*, his *episcopal Champagne*, his *archiepiscopal Burgundy*."

The fluid suitable for Reverends and Rather Reverends is not mentioned. Perhaps beer or sherry.

A friend at Richmond, Kentucky, sends us a little witticism of the late William P. Hockaday, one of the clever men of the class of 1846, at Centre College, Kentucky. He said, on one occasion, "I always knew I had an ear for music, but, for the life of me, I could never tell which one it is."

The manner in which the man of property in St. Louis, Missouri, deviseth his estate may be inferred from the following will, which was recently admitted to probate in that city. It is copied *verbatim* from the record:

South St. Louis *Feby 9th* 1876

the last will & words of John Cushing are she says John what are you going to doe about this place he says i leave all to your manigement she says the chilldren may be quarling about it afterwards he says they will have nothing to doe about it all is in your hands you may doe as you plase.

his
John × Cushing.
mark.

Wittness Timothy J. Collins,
his
Patrick × Barrett,
mark.
her
Mrs. × Murphy.
mark.

Of the late Bishop of Lonsdale, who was something of a wit, the following anecdote is told:

A blustering man in a railway carriage said, "I should like to meet the Bishop of Lonsdale; I'd put a question to him that would puzzle him."

"Very well," said a voice out of another corner; "then now is your time, for I am the bishop."

The man was rather startled, but presently recovered, and said, "Well, my lord, can you tell me the way to heaven?"

"Nothing is easier," said the bishop: "you have only to turn to the right, and go straightforward."

Take them for all in all (not for "'alf and 'alf," as an English wag sadly spoke of a defunct publican), we doubt if any great judicial body in our day, at home or abroad, contains so many capital *raconteurs* as the present Supreme Court of the United States. Among these Judge David Davis is by no means the least. Not long since, at Indianapolis, Indiana, which is within his circuit, a

She. "ARMAND, YOU HAVE BEEN ABSENT FOR THREE EVENINGS. HAS YOUR LOVE COOLED SO SOON?

lawyer named Ketchum was ready when his case was called, but his opponent was absent, and had sent word that he couldn't arrive for an hour or two. Ketchum insisted upon proceeding at once. The judge remonstrated in behalf of the absent lawyer, but to no purpose. "Well," said he, finally, "if you insist upon going on, Mr. Ketchum, you have, of course, the technical right to do so; but if I were you, I wouldn't urge the matter. Over at Springfield, the other day, there was just such a case, and the lawyer would insist upon going on with the trial; and so I had to look after the interests of the other party myself—and, do you know, curiously enough, Mr. Ketchum, we beat him!" It is needless to add that Mr. Ketchum concluded to wait.

Another anecdote is of a farmer who had fallen into bad habits and bad courses, and was convicted before him of having counterfeit United States notes in his possession with intent to pass them. The judge called him up, and, before sentencing him, asked if he had arranged his affairs in anticipation of his enforced absence. The culprit replied that conviction was a surprise to him, and nothing was in order, but that he could settle his business in about ten days. As the criminal could find no one to go on his bail-bond, the judge allowed him to depart on his own recognizance, much to the amusement of the lawyers in the court, who laughed at the idea of the man being fool enough to come back again; but Mr. Davis insisted that the fellow had not "taken to the tall timber." His knowledge of human nature was justified, for at the appointed time the farmer returned, like Regulus, and the judge sentenced him to the penitentiary.

Frequently the penalties attached to violation of the revenue laws are too severe, considering the fact that they may be ignorantly and innocently broken. In such a case, when the least term of imprisonment allowable by statute was one year in the penitentiary, Judge Davis sent the prisoner thirty days to the county jail, with the remark that nobody would mind whether he neglected the law except the prisoner, and he would hardly venture to complain about it.

Still another anecdote is related, describing a court scene in Indianapolis, Judge Davis presiding, with his coat off, a cigar in his mouth, and his feet up on a table, and Senator M'Donald arguing the cause with a cigar in his mouth and his feet up on the other side of the table. Both parties, however, assert that court was adjourned at the time, and that they were merely continuing the discussion of the question for their own private satisfaction.

A GENTLEMAN living in a small town in Western New York kept a country store for a year or two, and gave it up in disgust. A friend inquired why he had quit the business, and was answered, "I couldn't stand it to lie for *sixpence*, and then *charge* it."

RATHER good, this toast, given at an agricultural dinner: "The game of fortune!—shuffle the cards as you will, spades must win."

SENATOR W——, of ——, built a fine residence last summer. While the workmen, under the Senator's direction, were filling up a low place in the grounds near the house, the Senator was asked by an acquaintance who was looking on, "Where will you get dirt enough to fill that hole with?"

To which the Senator replied, "When I get out of dirt I will throw in some of these diggers, and fill up with them."

One of the "diggers," whose memory no doubt went back to last election day, promptly responded with, "Yis, an' jist afore next elecshun time you'll be 'round diggin' us out agin."